

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Julie Marie

I had decided that Jurgen was the man I wanted to marry and I was smart enough to know that he could never love a woman who did not share his passions for his way of life. That included his trucks, friends, and most of all, his dog. It was obvious the way to this man's heart was through his dog. And it was a very big dog. I was young and naive. To me, he was the most gorgeous man alive!

Jurgen had a nice, lean muscular build and looked wonderful in a tight tee shirt and faded blue jeans, which was what he wore around his house. He was the sexiest man alive, as far as I was concerned. I loved his piercing grey eyes, his big strong hands, his charming smile. I was infatuated. He was so romantic and exciting. He enchanted me like no man ever had. He had a dark side that I found exciting. He was not like any man I had ever known.

On our first date he took me to a wonderful restaurant high up the tallest building in the city. We had the best table and a wonderful view of the city lights. At dinner he noticed my charm bracelet. He asked me to explain the significance of the charms. He seemed fascinated by my explanation of how the charms represented the essence of my life. In fact I had worn it deliberately that night hoping he would ask so I could tell him about myself. I wanted him to know. I had been given the bracelet by my mother on my sixteenth birthday and had been collecting charms from friends and family ever since.

I showed him the little diploma my father had given me for my high school graduation, the ballet slipper from my years of dancing, the winged Mercury foot my father gave me after my cross country season. Gifts from boyfriends.

He asked me about my background, my heritage he called it. I told him about my Spanish and French relatives, but he was most impressed that I had a Mohawk Indian grandmother. He said I had good bloodlines and he said that of all my attributes, he was most impressed by the bone structure in my face. He ran a finger along my face, praising my cheekbones, my mouth and my big green eyes. He pinched my lower lip between his thumb and forefinger and gently pulled it out, telling me he liked the way my lower lip was naturally pouty. You have good genetics, you know. You were designed to be attractive to men. Every feature was genetically designed to excite men physically, to invite sex. You were meant to be bred!

That was a rather curious thing.

I kept quiet when he lit up a cigarette after our meal.

I was an adamant nonsmoker. I always despised smoking. I always found the odor of cigarette smoke nauseating and I had no interest in ever putting one of those things to my lips or inhale that smoke into my lungs. I found the whole idea of smoking to be incomprehensible. It was a dirty, disgusting habit. I hate cigarettes. Hate them! When I was little I watched my aunt died of lung cancer. Cigarettes are immoral. I object to smoking on political, philosophical, health, hygienic. economic and social reasons. There is no reason at all to smoke. It is stupid. For stupid people.

Jurgen listened to me rant against cigarettes with a condescending smile, then slowly blew his cigarette smoke into my face. It was a deliberate, dramatic gesture. I felt humiliated. He was mocking me, but he seemed intrigued that I had never smoked a single cigarette in my life. He asked me many questions in an incredulous tone.

"Weren't you ever tempted?" he asked.

"Never."

"You never smoked one, not one? In all your life? Everyone sneaks a cigarette in junior high!"

"Not me. I don't even date a man who smokes. At least I never did. Until you. I plan to convince you to stop!" I told him.

"Lips that touch tobacco, shan't touch yours, huh?" he said with a wry smile.

"Something like that. I never thought it was cool. I never wanted to have a cigarette dangling from my lips. Wouldn't you rather I smell of lilacs or Poison? Rather than Camels?"

At one time he reached out and touched my lips, very lightly, with his fingers and said they were virgin and pure because they had not touched a cigarette.

"Good for you! It is a vile, dirty habit."

"Cigarettes enslave people."

"That's right," he said agreeably. "You would not want to be a slave to cigarettes, sacrificing your lungs so some corporation can make a profit." Jurgen seemed to be thinking. He had a strange look on his face. That was before I knew how Jurgen's mind worked.

"I bet you have the prettiest, pinkest, sexiest lungs on earth," he told me as he blew a big puff of smoke into my face.

He found my attitude amusing. He said it was sad that I did not even try smoking. That I did not know what I was talking about, but he was fascinated by the fact that no cigarette had ever touched my lips. He considered me some sort of virgin and a challenge. He teased me, blew smoke in my face and vowed he would get me to smoke.

"I smoke," Jurgen said firmly. "You will have to accept that. It is pathetic that you don't even know what you are talking about."

Jurgen had some unusual quirks, but I was willing to put up with anything imaginable for this man. I was willing to change, and deep inside I was confident he would make some changes for me. For one thing, he smoked. Never in my life did I think I would have ever loved a man who smoked. But I did. Jurgen was a man's man, who liked dogs and hunting. Jurgen was not like any man I had ever known. He was a bit older. He liked guns, worked on Jeep engines, drove a pickup truck and often wore the same flannel shirt two days in a row. He was a weight lifter and had the hunkiest chest I had ever seen. He also had a master's degree in European history. He was, by far, the smartest man I ever dated. Jurgen had some quirks about sex, but those were exciting. I willingly followed him where he took me. I let him know I was open minded and he could do anything he wanted with me. He appreciated that about me, he said, after going through a series of prudish women of kissed with clenched teeth and would not roll over in bed.

Jurgen insisted Diesel was unique. It would kill in a minute to defend its master or its home, he said. But that was its nature. He had raised Diesel from a puppy and was confident he knew his dog.

During my first tour of Jurgen's place, he took me out to the garage to introduce me to what he called "The Intruder" and to show off the power of his big dog. "The Intruder" was a man-sized dummy dangling from a chain hanging from a rafter in the garage. When Jurgen said something in German to his dog, Diesel went absolutely wild, leaping for the intruder's throat. The dog was in a frenzy. It was a growling, hair-raising, teeth baring savage. If the intruder was a person, it would have been dead. It was a horrifying demonstration. Jurgen was beaming with pride.

I loved that man so much, I only saw the greatness in him.

I wanted to be his wife. There was nothing imaginable I would not do with this man. What he wanted of me was unimaginable. I had it bad. Jurgen made me feel the way I did over Tommy Saunders back in the eighth grade. I found myself whispering our names in my mind all the time, Jurgen, Julie, Jurgen, Julie. It became my secret mantra. I was convinced that the alliteration was proof that we were meant to be together. I found myself writing our names over and over, and writing my name as Mrs. Julie Goetz , Mrs. Jurgen Goetz, and Julia Marie Goetz just to see what it looked like. It looked right to me.

Jurgen always said he loved the way I kissed. He had never had a woman who kissed with such abandon. That was something guys have always liked about me. I had no secrets from Jurgen and told him the story behind my kisses, how in my sophomore year in high school I used to get a pass from study hall for the library, but sneak off to the back of the empty auditorium where I would give "French lessons" to senior boys. My kisses were always open mouth with my tongue wriggling around inside their mouths or sucking their tongues into my mouth, topped off with licking their lips and faces. The guys loved it. Those French lessons got me into a lot of trouble. They got out of hand when word got out and guys I did not know would show up in the auditorium. I got scared, but there was nothing I could do, but go through with the lessons. It started out with me and a guy I liked meeting secretly in the dark shadows of the auditorium. Then he begged me to kiss one of his buddies and within weeks it was an open secret among all the guys. Some days I would have as many as six guys, including steady boyfriends of other girls, taking turns kissing me back there. I would go from boy to boy with my open mouth, tongue wriggling kisses. Some of the guys tried to go farther than the kisses and would paw my breasts or grab my ass with their hands and press me against them. I got a bit of a reputation from that, but Jurgen said it was all part of my passionate nature. Jurgen said my kisses were sexual experience by themselves and kissed for hours until my lips were swollen.

I had told Jurgen about those French lessons and all about my life before him. He had demanded to know every detail of my sex life and he was constantly asking me for every story of every sexual experience I ever had. Of course, his life remained a mystery to me.

Jurgen said the way I kissed was an indication of incredible passion inside me. He was going to develop my wildness while I was planning to civilize him. I did get him to the ballet once and a few times I read him poetry and once I played my flute for him. I thought I would get him to stop smoking for me and dress better. For his part, he was insistent that I dress to please him, and he was constantly pushing me to be more wild sexually. In the struggle between the two of us, he was always the stronger personality and he always prevailed. I found myself abandoning my efforts to make him into a sensitive male and becoming more wildly erotic to make him happy. It was my kisses that made me special to him and the way I would hang on to him.

He was constantly testing me, constantly making me prove my love to him or prove that I was different from other women. It seemed like my life revolved around demonstrating to him that I was "the one woman" for him. The harder I tried, the more indifferent he acted, and that indifference drove me crazy, making me go to further extremes to win his approval. I see now, of course, that that was his strategy and, blinded by love, I was falling into his trap.

He was incredibly imaginative when it came to sex.

One memorable evening Jurgen had incense burning in his living room, romantic music on his stereo and several candles burning as he spent more than an hour just brushing my hair and kissing me, telling me how much he loved my long brown hair. It excited me to hear him say the word "love." I

told him I loved him with all my heart. He would not say he loved me, but he did say he loved my long hair. I was sure that it was hard for a man like Jurgen to say he loved a woman, but I was confident I would soon hear those words. He made me promise never to cut my hair.

He had some expensive German white wine bottles just for the occasion. After a few glasses I began to feel the soft warmth of the alcohol enveloping me, lulling me. It was a nice sensation.

When he was finished brushing my hair Jurgen undressed me and gave me an incredible, luxurious back rub, then he painted my fingernails and toenails. He put a beautiful diamond necklace around my throat and brought out a delicate gold ankle bracelet and put it around my ankle while he stroked my legs. He then brought out eight gold and silver rings that he put on the four little toes on each foot. It was like he was decorating me!

He had me stretched out rug. I felt absolutely sinful. My naked body adorned with all that jewelry made me feel like an exotic Egyptian slave. After the wine and the massage, I was in a strange, languid mood, reveling in my love for Jurgen and I watched my man get up in the flickering candlelight. I remember how strange the shadows were as he stood over. Suddenly I was being burned all over my belly and my breasts. He had taken the candles and was drizzling the hot wax on my body, enjoying the sight of my naked body writhing in shocked pain. I screamed as he dripped the hot wax over my breasts and around my belly button. He was aiming much of the wax at my nipples. I twisted and turned over to escape the hot wax and he dripped it onto my shoulders, down my back and all over my butt, making sure it went between my crack. He manipulated the pain of the hot wax by holding it close to me or further away.

When he had poured the last of the melted wax over my body, Jurgen knelt down and kissed and licked my burns, which were not very serious, but bad enough to leave red marks in places. He took ice cubes from the wine bucket and rubbed my flesh with them, making me shiver with the cold. I was trembling from the shock and the pain when he started making love to me.

It was an incredibly sensual evening and he made love to me in the most soothing, erotic way. I was so wound up I cried when he brought me to the most delicious orgasm of my life.

All the while his dog was sitting across the room watching us. It was very attentive. I was certain it was watching me. Occasionally it whined, but Jurgen would not make the dog leave. I felt like we were being watched the whole time we made love.

He was unlike any other lover I had known. Men are always so gentle and loving with my breasts, especially my nipples, kissing and licking and sucking them. But he was just the opposite. He was mean to them.

He did not like his women to wear bras.

He had this intense fascination with women's nipples, more than breasts, it was the nipples. My nipples are small, the size and color of old copper pennies and very sensitive. He seemed to disapprove of my nipples. They were inadequate. He kept telling me about his old girlfriend, Linda, and comparing me to her. She had such nice breasts, he said, full, and nipples the size of silver dollars. Not half-dollars, I remember him stressing, but SILVER dollars. Mine were just pennies to him.

Where other men would roll my nipples between their fingers, he would pinch and twist them, making me wince and cry out. He would sneak his hands into my coat when we were in the car or in my sweater when we were at the movies and do that to me until tears rolled down my cheeks and I could not make a sound or embarrass myself in public.

He liked to torment my nipples in all sorts of devilish ways. For my birthday he gave me a very beautiful panty and bra set that he had carefully inserted little circles of fine sandpaper in the tip of the bra so that my nipples rubbed against the fine grit when I wore the bra. It took a while before I felt anything but suddenly the agonizing burning set in as the sand paper rubbed my nipples raw until I worried they were bleeding. He thought my reaction was all very funny. I had no idea what was happening to me. The rule for me after that was that if I wore a bra, it had to be with the sandpaper inside, irritating my nipples so the pain would make me think of Jurgen. He was a genius in making him dominate my body and mind twenty-four hours a day no matter where he was.

My nipples were constantly tender and sore during that time. I remember being at work and feeling the fabric rubbing against them, the hurt constantly reminding me of my lover. I worried that I would not be able to respond normally to a man ever again, that I would always need that burning pain to orgasm.

Jurgen was an incredible lover. I loved being beneath him, running my fingers through the coarse curly chest hairs, feeling the hard muscles of his wonderfully broad chest against me. I felt dwarfed by his masculinity. He was unpredictable and at times maybe a little dangerous. That danger made him even more exciting to me. Adding to the danger was Jurgen's insistence on unprotected sex. The first time we made love he felt my diaphragm inside me and made me take it out. He said he would never make love to me with that inside me or if I used any birth control. I had never had a man treat me like that. It was exciting to see him take my diaphragm in his hands and tear it in two. I liked the idea of risking pregnancy for him. It was an opportunity to demonstrate the depth of my commitment to him. Every time we made love, I was showing him I was willing to have him impregnate me. There was nothing I wanted more than to be the mother of his baby.

I don't know what kind of father he would have made, but Jurgen was certainly good to his dog.

Jurgen loved that dog more than anything. Even its name — Diesel — seemed to represent everything masculine. Everything about the Rottweiler was big. It had a big head, a massive chest, a thick neck, and it was all muscle, one hundred and forty pounds of canine masculinity, or "stud muscle" as Jurgen called it. The animal outweighed me by more than twenty-five pounds. Except for that red tongue lolling out of its mouth, the dog reminded me of those body builders on the cover of men's magazines. The damn dog intimidated me. It intimidated everyone, everyone except Jurgen, of course. He made no effort to make me at ease around the animal. It seemed dangerous, on the verge of being out of control. I stayed close to Jurgen whenever it was around. The dog did not like strangers and Jurgen made sure it regarded me as a stranger. When I was at Jurgen's the dog's brown eyes never left me. The dog seemed arrogant and aloof to me. It strutted around. If a dog could swagger, that dog swaggered with its massive chest thrust out. The only person who could make the dog act like a dog was Jurgen. To everyone else, the dog was a spoiled bully. I hated the dog, but I knew right away that the way to Jurgen's heart was through his dog.

I told myself the dog would get used to me. It would just take time. I loved Jurgen so much, I certainly was not about to let an unfriendly dog get between us. Jurgen warned me to keep my distance and never make a sudden move when the dog was around.

"He doesn't make friends easily. He's not a Lab," Jurgen said. He'll tear out your pretty throat.

Jurgen had photographs of the dog hanging on his walls, files and file of records tracing its lineage back to some famous dog in Germany. There were certificates, ribbons and trophies all over the living room.

Jurgen said his dog was handsome, strong, brave, loyal; better than a person, according to my lover.

It was a stud and people came hundreds of miles away and paid Jurgen hundreds of dollars to breed their female Rottweilers with Diesel. The dog was scheduled for months in advance, according to when the female dogs were in heat. At least every other week, Jurgen's canine stud muffin had a "date." Jurgen was obviously proud of his pet's sexuality. Jurgen bragged that it took three strong men at breeding to keep the dog from hurting the female.

Several times a year Jurgen took the dog to shows. He spent more of his time and money on that dog than anything else, including me. He gave it everything. Jurgen's life revolved around that dog. We could not even watch television together without listening to the annoying sounds of that big dog noisily crunching its dry dog food and lapping up water with its big tongue. At least I found it annoying. Jurgen did not mind. It made me uncomfortable when we would be nestled on the sofa together whispering and kissing and his big dog would start licking its genitals with an incredibly disgusting slurping sound. Jurgen seemed to enjoy my reaction.

The dog was extremely loyal to Jurgen and from the start it regarded me as its rival. The dog was trained to be safe around people, except me. It was trained to guard him and his house. It would be friendly if its master gave approval to certain people. He never gave it that approval for me, no matter how much time I spent with him. The dog had no respect for me, and that was the way Jurgen wanted it. I did not like the way it looked at me, always watching me, always growling, always waiting for me to make a wrong move. It scared me.

The dog was especially trained to obey only its master's commands, which were always in German. I could not even understand what my boyfriend was saying to his dog. The dog seemed to think that I was a rival for Jurgen's affections, that I was a threat to it. I always tried to be friendly to the dog and never show it my fear. That was what I had been taught when I was little. Dogs can smell fear, I had been told.

Jurgen would not allow me to pet his dog or even to have eye contact. He was to be the dog's only source of affection, praise and food. If I were to give the dog a treat or pet it I would be confusing the animal and jeopardizing Jurgen's authority over it. Authority was all-important to Jurgen. He had a ritual that he performed every other day, making the dog sit before him and hold direct eye contact with Jurgen until he gave the dog permission to look away. The dog seemed to be intimidated by Jurgen. Then Jurgen made the dog present its muzzle to him and he would grab the dog's snout and, in a very solemn voice, say My muzzle. Then the dog would present its paws and Jurgen would say My paw. It was Jurgen's way of reinforcing his control over the big dog. I felt privileged to even be allowed to witness those intimate moments between Jurgen and his dog.

Smoking remained an unresolved issue between us the first month or two of our relationship. He would stiffen and turn mean when I tried to coax him into putting out his cigarette and I was annoyed by the sight of the ashtrays in his house. He knew it bothered me and that made him more determined not only to keep smoking, but to turn me into a smoker.

Jurgen's friends were very important to them. He went out a lot with a small group of friends and it was important to him that they like me if I was going to fit in. In fact, it was clear that he wanted them to want me, to envy him for having me. I had to be as unique a woman as Diesel was a dog.

All his friends, I called them "the dog people," smoked. And he had a bunch of them over at least once a week to watch football or play cards and talk about raising dogs, hunting dogs and running dogs. They were crude and old fashioned, but basically friendly people. They always smoked and drank. They argued about which breed was the best, what was the best method of training dogs, what was the best dog food. Dogs were their favorite subject. And they all seemed to respect Jurgen the most for his accomplishments and they all talked admiringly of Diesel, Jurgen's big Rottweiler. It

became one of my roles to play hostess to his friends, to entertain them, feed them, make sure they had their drinks and, of course, to clean up after them. I always hated being around guys who smoked, the way the stink would cling to my hair. But Jurgen smoked and I loved him. He was the only man who smoked that I would go out with.

Jurgen was especially concerned with my appearance when his friends were over. He insisted on picking out my clothes. He liked me to wear sheer blouses with no bra so the guys could see my nipples. He liked men looking at me. And he wanted me to act provocatively. He liked me to tease them and make sexual innuendoes. He liked me to touch him and sit in his lap in front of his friends. He embarrassed me terribly the first time he had them over to meet me by telling them all the story about my "French lessons" back in high school.

The first time I realized how difficult Jurgen could be when he gave me a sheer blouse and insisted I wear it to meet his friends, the people I called "the dog people." They were having one of their weekly parties and Jurgen wanted to introduce me to them. He wanted me to make a good impression. I tried the blouse on, but was embarrassed to see my bra was clearly visible through the fabric. He did not care about my embarrassment and insisted I wear the blouse, but without the bra.

At first I was outraged and humiliated, but he coaxed me into going to that party in the blouse showing off every detail of my breasts and nipples for his friend. That was the whole idea. He wanted to show me off, to give his buddies a thrill. He was the one thrilled.

He had insisted I wear the clothes he picked out for me. A black blouse so sheer that it was virtually see-through, a pink mini-skirt and black stockings with pink high heels. It was his fantasy outfit. I bought a pretty pink lace bra that was cut daringly low so my nipples peeked through the delicate lace. I knew he would like the effect, and the blouse was so sheer it demanded a beautiful bra. I felt hot. Jurgen would be so pleased. I knew he would not be able to keep his hands off me.

Jurgen was not pleased, I had never seen him angry before and the sight of his cold dark eyes and the clench of his jaw frightened me.

No bra.

Don't be silly, Jurgen. The blouse is beautiful. I love it. I really do. But it shows everything. I am practically naked. I don't want your friends to see my nipples.

That's the idea. Get rid of the bra.

I don't want your friends to think I am cheap.

They'll think you are sexy. They'll know my woman is one hot bitch.

I stiffened at the word. He liked to call me that when we made love. It turned him on to call me his bitch. He was my Alpha Dog. It was our secret game. But now he used it with a special harshness. He was extremely angry.

Lose the bra and make me proud, bitch, his voice was stern. The way he called me bitch sent a shiver through me. In a strange way I found it exciting when he called me dirty names. No man had ever talked to me that way. Only Jurgen. He used that word a lot. Bitch. Sometimes he called he slut or whore, not only in bed, but routinely. Coming from him, for some reason I never understood, it was all right. It was exciting to be his bitch.

He unbuttoned the blouse, slowly and methodically, one button at a time. The vein in his neck was

pulsing, the smell of his cigarettes and beer on his breath. I stood still, afraid to move. He opened my blouse wide and grabbed the bra in his fingers between the cups, pulling it away from my skin. He pulled a lighter out of his pocket and flicked it with his thumb, letting the flame flare up close to my face. I stopped breathing as he put the flame to the beautiful lace. I could feel the heat of the flame against my skin and smelled the burning material as the bra melted away beneath the flame. Jurgen was rough as he pulled the slender straps away from my shoulders and burned them off with the flame until he had completely burned the bra off me.

"You have wonderful breasts. You are such a beautiful, sexy woman. I want to show you off. I want to see men looking at you, wanting you. You like to be noticed, to be talked about. Admit it. All women do, You like men wanting you."

"Sometimes. Sometimes it scares me." I realized my eyes were tearing up. My lip was trembling. I worried about my mascara running.

"And you like to be scared. It turns you on. I know."

"I'll be friendly. They're your friends. And I love you."

"That's right. Just be yourself."

"I feel like you are putting me on display, like you're giving me away."

"These are my friends. I want them to meet you, he said in a wounded voice that tugged at my heart. I want them to be impressed with my woman. Excuse me for that."

In the hallway outside the apartment door Jurgen gave me a kiss on the forehead and last minute instructions.

"Show them how much you love sex. I want them to see your smile and your tits. It will make me so proud to have my friends wanting my woman. You know what I mean?"

I nodded, but said nothing.

"I mean I'll be proud when they want to fuck my bitch. When they want to fuck you."

"That scares me."

"That's just the way it is. Humor me. I am Alpha Dog."

I did not like what I was hearing.

I grabbed his hand just as he was going to knock on the door. I hugged him, pressing myself against him erotically and gave him a passionate, deep kiss. Just tell me you love me, I whispered. I want them to know you love me.

"You know I do."

I looked around the cramped, dirty apartment. There were only three men and two women waiting for us. I expected more people.

"Where is everybody?"

"This is all," one of them said, looking me up and down appraisingly. "Are you disappointed?"

The men were drinking beer and eating peanuts and chips. They had a stereo blaring so loud I could barely understand what people were saying. The men had obviously been drinking before we got there and they were in a good mood. Everyone was smoking. Two ashtrays were overflowing with stinking butts and ashes.

Jurgen had brought a bottle of his German white wine, which had become my favorite. I was drinking a lot of wine since I met him and he always encouraged me to drink, saying I was more fun when I was tipsy. I gratefully accepted a glass, happy to have something to do with my hands. I occupied myself by sipping the wine slowly, constantly. At first I tried holding the glass in front of my breasts to block their view, but I felt like they might think I was trying to attract their attention to my breasts. As I sipped my wine, Jurgen refilled my glass, keeping it full. I was so nervous, I kept drinking until it was too late and I realized I was getting myself drunk.

At the party everyone stared boldly at my breasts and snickered. I was very self-conscious, wishing I could hide. I drank to take the edge off my anxiety. Jurgen talked about my breasts right in front of me. The men were friendly. I kept quiet and stayed by Jurgen's side, avoiding eye contact with the men. I was aware of them nudging one another and whispering about me, eyeing my breasts, my legs. I felt so naked. I crossed my arms in front of me to cover my breasts. The men, Jurgen most of all, enjoyed my discomfort. When they whispered amongst themselves I knew they were making lewd jokes about me and when they laughed, they were laughing at me. I just drank my wine and pretended I did not notice the men.

I realize he was telling them about our fight over my bra and was describing to them in a low voice how he had burned off me. One of the men had the charred pink lace bra in his hands. They were passing it around, laughing. They were clearly amused by the story.

If it had been any other man I would have been furious and demanded to be taken home. That would have ended our relationship and any respect I had for the man, but with Jurgen I did not feel that way for some reason. I accepted the situation, pretending I was not aware of what was going on.

I crossed my legs and watched their heads move in unison as the men shifted their gazes from my breasts down to my legs.

Jurgen was happy. He was solicitous, affectionate.

"I am so proud of you," he said, squeezing my knee. His words touched my heart and I smiled. I craved his approval.

The more I drank, the more I relaxed. Soon I was laughing with the men. I uncrossed my arms and gave them all full, uninhibited views of my breasts. I even bantered, teased the men, making eye contact and giggled at their lewd comments about me. They became progressively more suggestive as they tested me, seeing how far they could go, how far Jurgen would allow them.

As Jurgen grinned proudly, I got in the spirit of the evening.

One of Jurgen's friends, a rough looking talkative guy named Bone, who was drinking Jack Daniels straight, kept staring at me strangely. Jurgen had sat me down in the empty chair next to Bone. He was older, fifty something, a bit gaunt and grizzled looking.

He told me he had heard a lot about me from Jurgen.

"So you must like dogs, if you like Jurgen," he said, downing a glassful of whiskey. "You better learn to love dogs, especially Diesel if you are going to be Jurgen's girl. That man is devoted to his dog."

"I know. He loves dogs!"

"Jurgen does not like many people, and he does not usually trust a woman. He prefers the company of a good dog."

Jurgen was eavesdropping on our conversation from across the table. He smiled.

"There is a purity about a dog that women can't match," Jurgen said in a loud voice that quieted the rest of the room. "A dog will unquestionably obey its master. No matter what. A woman, no matter how much she thinks she loves the man, will argue, will question every instruction. In the end she will only do what she wants, ruled by her self interest. A dog cares only about its master."

"I have high standards for women," Jurgen went on. "Perfect temperament. Beauty, boldness. Submit to voice control."

"Like a dog," Bone added.

I assumed they were all joking, but I feared there was an edge of truth to their jokes. I realized Jurgen's comments were directed to me and my resistance to go braless for him. He was giving me a message. I did not miss his point.

"We are careful to select brood bitches for their characteristics, should be as careful selecting a girlfriend," Jurgen said. "I make it clear what I expect from my woman. Julie knows. She has no illusions. And the benefits make it worthwhile. Right, bitch?"

I blushed.

"He's had a lot of girlfriends over the years," Bone said. "Women like him. But they all get tired of competing with dogs for him. They think all the work, money and time devoted to these dogs is pointless and worthless. If they think that for a minute, they can't last long with Jurgen."

I laughed. I once dated a mountain climber who complained that women left him because they could not compete with mountains, and a wrestling coach who lost his wife because she did not want to compete with his wrestlers for his time and attention. I would not be like that.

He told me about Jurgen. He admitted Jurgen could sometimes be hard for people to understand. Some people at least. "Once you do understand him, know him, he is a tremendous guy. You need to be especially committed to him."

Jurgen bragged to his friends about my never having smoked a single cigarette in my life, never inhaled a puff in all my years. My adamant position on smoking made me a target for him for the months that we had been dating. Half the time Jurgen lit up a cigarette I think he did it just to annoy me.

"I think you'll smoke a cigarette for me," Jurgen said to me in front of his friends. "Do it for me, babe. It is important. I want you to." It was a showdown. I knew that Jurgen would be incredibly angry if I embarrassed him in front of his friends and refused him, and I had already made him angry with my reluctance to go braless to that party.

I figured it wasn't worth it. I loved the man. I trembled as I put Jurgen's half-smoked cigarette to my lips. I was aware of the circle of amused faces watching me. I inhaled and coughed.

Jurgen beamed. "One phobia down!"

"Anal sex is next, honey," his friend, Pete, shouted from across the table. Jurgen laughed.

I was awkward and clumsy. I did not know how to hold the cigarette and the men all laughed at the way I inhaled it. I did not even know what I did wrong. I felt foolish and stupid. After three cigarettes I felt more comfortable. I stopped coughing and I felt more polished holding the cigarette and putting it to my lips.

The men approved. Jurgen seemed quite pleased.

"You've come a long way baby!" I heard one of his friends say somewhere in the haze.

"By God, she's a natural," the bleached blonde said mockingly.

They gave me drink after drink. When I could not work the lighter anymore, Jurgen announced it was time to go home.

"I think she's about ready," I heard him tell his friends when I had to ask someone else to light my last cigarette. I had smoked eight cigarettes and drank four glasses of Jack Daniels. The room seemed tilted and the faces of Jurgen's friends all seemed strange and huge. I was stupid drunk. I could not walk without help. I smelled of decadence, a mixture of whiskey, cigarettes and perfume. My scent excited Jurgen.

That night he made love to me while I lay motionless beneath him, my stomach turning over and over. But I was pleased I had done that for him. I had demonstrated my love.

I remember him telling me how proud he was of me, that he was going to make me a completely different woman.

"You don't know what you are capable of," he said. "You don't even know who you are, yet. But I am going to show you."

In the morning he gave me a cigarette before I even get out of bed. The idea of someone smoking as soon as they woke up always disgusted me, but I lit the cigarette, inhaled deeply and savored the menthol. It tasted good. I smiled at Jurgen. He had succeeded in breaking down my refusal to smoke cigarettes. My lips were no longer virgin to tobacco and my lungs had been filled with smoke and nicotine flowed through my blood stream, just as he had told me it would. But that was not his true objective. It was unspoken, but after I had smoked that first cigarette, I was a smoker. Jurgen wanted me to smoke every day. It was his decision, not mine.

After that he insisted I smoke with him all the time to keep demonstrating my love for him. I smoked alone in my apartment, practicing so that when I smoked in public I would look smooth and comfortable with a cigarette in my hand.

One day he ordered me to go and buy cigarettes. I felt so scared standing nervously at the convenience store counter, working up my courage to order a pack of cigarettes, trying to act calm so the clerk could not tell. I had never expected to do that in all my life. I felt like a shoplifter. I felt so wicked. My heart was pounding. I felt like I was making a drug deal. I was embarrassed and excited. It was a thrill, a rush, just to buy a pack of cigarettes... I giggled when I got back. Jurgen said he was proud of me. He was expanding my horizons.

"I know that was hard for you. The point is you see you are capable of doing things you never thought you would. That is the point of our relationship. Otherwise, I might as well spend my time with someone else."

I didn't want him to do that!

Smoking narrowed the difference between me and him and me and his friends. They were more accepting, more friendly. I became one of them when I smoked. It made all the difference. Before I smoked, they saw me as an outsider, someone who thought I was better than them. Stuck up. Now I was one of them.

The weekly gathering of his friends became "smoking parties" focused on me. Jurgen liked making me the center of attention. But at the same time that he liked having men wanting me, he made sure they all understood I was "off limits." He was very possessive.

He made me carry his cigarettes in my purse and to always have a lighter ready for him. He called me his cigarette slave in front of his friends. He would have me light his cigarettes and whenever any of his friends wanted to smoke it was my responsibility to pull out my lighter and light their cigarettes. They would send me out to buy him and his friends more cigarettes, something that they knew I found humiliating.

One of his closest friends, Gene, a guy in his sixties, who had a particularly bad smoking habit since he was ten, loved Marlboro s. Jurgen had me sit with Gene at the next meeting of the dog people. Gene held up a half-smoked Marlboro with a wet sloppy filter and demanded that I finish it. I put that wet soggy cigarette to my lips while they all watched. I tasted his saliva and smoked. They all got quiet. It was intense, strangely erotic for me. And for them, too. I could see it in their eyes. It was an intimate and forbidden act with another man. They had all broken down my moral resistance. What could be next? Group sex?

"I like you wicked," Jurgen told me.

Jurgen made me put my hands on the man's shoulders and kiss him. Someone took a picture of me with the cigarette in my mouth. I felt lightheaded, giddy and silly.

Jurgen made me take turns smoking each of the men's cigarettes, then kissing them deeply. It was like those French classes in high school. And it was like group sex. I felt whorish and cheap. But it was exciting, definitely forbidden. One guy put his hand on my leg under the table, but I never told Jurgen.

All evening I had to put cigarette after cigarette to my lips, light it and inhale deeply to get the cigarette burning, then hand it to Jurgen or one of his friends, whoever wanted to smoke. They laughed at my awkwardness with the cigarettes and would make me take a second or third deep puff before they deemed their cigarette ready. They thought it was sexy to see my lipstick on the filter.

"Those lungs aren't so pretty and pink any more, bitch," Pete said. "We re going to give you lung cancer."

I could not be sure if he was serious or not.

From then on I had to buy him and all his friends their cigarettes — with my own money. I had to carry packs for all his friends at all times. My purse was filled with Camels for Bone. Lark Box for Joe. Marlboros. Kools. I had to buy myself a bigger purse. And I smoked pretty much anything. They called me the cigarette bitch, or the cigarette whore, the tobacco slave. The nicest thing they called me was the pack horse. And every night they would send me out on cigarette runs. And generally every night they would all sit at a table and they would demand that I smoke a cigarette from each one of their packs, one after the other. On those nights they insisted I always have a cigarette going.

I sampled all their brands and settled on Newports as my brand.

One night Jurgen casually told me to buy an extra pack for his nephew, who was just sixteen and too young to buy cigarettes on his own. I objected. I felt it was immoral, practically child molesting. He insisted. I felt humiliated and he ordered me to hand the pack to the kid and light one of his cigarettes the way I did for his friends.

He told me the kid had a crush on me and he made me go to the movies with the kid to give him a thrill. The kid held my hand and after the movie he kissed me, saying he was looking forward to "dating" me again. Jurgen made me buy cigarettes for the kid and his friends.

My throat burned. I developed a cough. My clothes stunk. My hair stunk. My apartment reeked of cigarette smoke. The ashes made my car filthy. After awhile I did not care. Then I got so I actually liked the smell, it gave me comfort, and then after awhile I never noticed the smell that I used to find so nauseating. I spent so much money on cigarettes. I woke up and had a smoke before I could think about eating. I got irritable and jumpy if I went an hour without a cigarette. I felt a sense of unease and insecurity when I was down to my last pack and such a sense of comfort when I opened a brand new carton. There was something satisfying, something exciting about smoking, especially under those circumstances.

Jurgen had turned it into something sexy.

Before long I was smoking two packs a day, every day. Smoking my first cigarette before I got out of bed in the morning and the last one in bed before falling asleep.

I lost weight. The pounds just came off. I was too skinny. The cigarettes had sapped my appetite and ruined the taste of food. I did not care.

One time I stopped outside the grocery store to take the last desperate drags on my cigarette before going inside. As I stood next to the trash can hungrily inhaling the precious puffs of that cigarette I looked up and saw a well-dressed woman watching me with an unmistakable look of disgust on her face. The woman wrinkled her nose and walked by me. I knew what she was thinking, but it was too late. She didn't understand. I just wanted that nicotine in my bloodstream. I saw the men looking at each other with that knowing look and they laughed. At me. That was what they had reduced me to.

Jurgen had enslaved to cigarettes and he was proud of it.

Jurgen was surely and deliberately breaking down all my moral standards that had shaped my life. When he found out I did not like something, he made it his mission to break down my objections. He made me eat oysters and sushi when he found out I did not like that kind of food. He made me drink whiskey with him and spend time with his friends, especially the ones that made me uncomfortable. On election day, he insisted I vote all Republican, which made me probably the first person in my family not to vote Democratic in all of history!

I convinced Jurgen to take me to the New Year's Eve party my boss was throwing at a downtown bar for the people in my office. I was proud of my boyfriend and I figured it was my turn to show him off to my friends. It was bitterly cold that night, the temperature was something like eight degrees below zero. I cared about what those people thought of me. I mean, I had to work with them every day, so I was sure Jurgen would not humiliate me the way he did around his friends. Because of the cold, I was wearing wool slacks and a black turtleneck sweater, which was appropriate for an office party. Jurgen refused to be seen with me unless I wore what he told me what to wear: a very short black corduroy skirt with big brass buttons up the front and a lovely, but very sheer, white blouse he had bought me for the party. No bra and a thick gold chain necklace. And open toed high heels. I

had wanted to wear slacks because of the severe cold, but he would not allow that! I also wore a beautiful green suede leather coat with a white fur trimmed hood. I loved that coat. It was very expensive and expensive to clean. He had a nice suit and a beautiful full length brown coat and gloves. We could see our breath in the car and I shivered all the way over. He made me drive. He liked me to drive because he could do things and I was in no position to resist. It was a game he liked to play. I did not know where we were going and he made me park the car blocks away.

When I stopped the car he made me take off my coat and he made me remove my pantyhose and panties. It was sooooo cold. He made me walk several blocks like that. My feet were numb. I was shivering by the time we got to the party. He had that big warm coat and gloves. I never really got warm. Jurgen liked the way the cold made my nipples stand out against the fabric of the blouse. I know my friends from work thought I was strange that night. I could tell the way they looked at me. The men ogled my breasts and the women looked daggers at me. After the party Jurgen made me get in the back seat and take my clothes off and lay down naked on the cold upholstery so he could open his pants and make love to me in the freezing cold. It was sooo cold, but I was thrilled to show him how far I would go for him. He had no respect for my limits. He always told me that. He said I needed to be pushed to new limits.

Jurgen lived a very ordered life. The more I stayed with him, the more I was surprised at how ordered he was. It was more than just putting the cap back on the toothpaste. It was clear to me that if I wanted a place in that life I would have to adapt to him. He was very unyielding in so many ways. He always went to bed at eleven thirty and he always woke up at five thirty every morning. And he never lingered in bed. I do not know how he did it. It irritated him if I did not get right up and he could not stand to let me sleep in. In Jurgen's life, I soon learned, everyone follows Jurgen's rules. So I went to bed at eleven thirty and I got up at five in the morning so I could brew his coffee before he woke up. Jurgen had taught me how to make the coffee his way and how to make his breakfast the way he liked it. And, of course, he got very upset if I did not keep his kitchen in the exact order he liked.

Adding to the tension and sense of danger for me was the constant presence of that big dog. Diesel did not seem to like me at all.

I knew how dangerous Rottweilers can be. I read in the newspaper how drug dealers use them for protection in the big cities, how they are used for dog fighting because of their viciousness. Jurgen showed me the terrible newspaper clippings about the little boy who had been killed by three Rottweilers while he waited for his school bus. Jurgen made sure I knew about the woman jogging on the other side of town had been attacked a month ago. She had required more than four hundred stitches. I thought of that woman a lot. I jog, too. At least I tried to, but the smoking was making that hard for me.

One of Jurgen's friends, an interesting guy named Pete, showed me his hand where his own Rottweiler bit off three fingers. He said Rottweilers had to be treated with respect and raised by people who knew what they were doing. But he said that if he saw a Rottweiler show the slightest aggressiveness or out-of-control behavior, he got rid of them because they were so dangerous. He had the Rottweiler that bit him destroyed because he could never trust the dog again.

Pete told me stories about how he had one dog that killed two bitches that were not receptive to his advances. But the dog was sweet around people. I think he was trying to warn me.

I also met one of Jurgen's old girlfriends, Jean, who seemed kind of amused by me. We could not have been more different. She seemed hard-edged with stringy bleached blonde hair and a big rose tattoo on her right calf. Jean was a chain smoker and she drove a pickup truck. There was an instant

dislike between the two of us, but she did tell me that if I wanted to keep Jurgen's interest she said I would have to be willing to jump hoops for the man, and to never make him choose between me and his precious dog. She said that was why they broke up. She wasn't willing to play second fiddle to a dog for any man. When she talked to me it seemed that she was smirking at me all the time.

One afternoon I came out of work and found Jurgen had pasted a "I Love My Rottie" bumper sticker on my car. I remember feeling that Jurgen was "marking" me in some strange way. In fact, I felt flattered. It was like he was declaring me a part of his world.

After several months of dating every weekend, Jurgen encouraged me to spend my time at his house and to bring my clothes over. He did not want me moving in completely, but he wanted me to almost live with him! I was thrilled when he cleared out a dresser and space in his closet for my clothes. It was romantic for me to hang my dresses and tops alongside his slacks and shirts in his closet and to fill drawers with my things, to sort our laundry together and see my panties and bras mixed in the basket with his boxer shorts and socks. It was very intimate. I told him many times I loved him and wanted to have his baby. He did not discourage me from talking about marriage, but he never brought it up I felt that someday it would happen.

He liked having me there to do things for him and I loved to do things for him. Sometimes he would get a craving for a nice salad and I would go out into the kitchen and make him the most wonderful salad just to his specifications. Sometimes I would sit next to him and feed it to him forkful by forkful. I had never been so in love, so devoted to a man before. I brought my favorite plants from my apartment to brighten up his house, even my most favorite asparagus plant which had grown huge under three years of my loving care.

I devoted myself to Jurgen. I cleaned his house the way he liked it cleaned, washed his clothes the way he insisted, made his meals the way he liked, and I was thrilled when he allowed me to balance his checkbook and pay his bills. I felt really close to him when he allowed me to deposit my paycheck into his checking account. It meant I had no control of my own money and I had to ask him before I bought anything, but it made me feel so close to my man.

Jurgen put me to work washing and waxing his Jeep and his Dodge pickup truck. When it was cold he made me fill up the three heavy kerosene stoves he used to heat up parts of his big house. That was back breaking to lift and carry those stoves once they were full of fuel, but Jurgen never offered to help. He liked watching me struggle. I recognized it as just another test.

I felt like I was his wife in many ways. In his mind, I was his bitch. I felt so domesticated. Jurgen was very demanding and very possessive. He was very detail conscious and everything had to be done his way or he would get very angry. Something in Jurgen's dominating personality filled a need of mine. The more dominating he was, the more determined I was to please him. I realize now that he was a control freak, but I did not care, I just wanted to know what to do to make him happy.

I lived in constant fear that he would lose interest in me. He was a hard man to please. I had never dealt with such a complex person in all my life.

Life with Jurgen was full of rituals and games. Some were fun. Some were strange. He had strict rules, rules that he expected me and the dog to follow precisely. The dog had been trained to follow his rules since it was a puppy. Diesel was programmed. It was more difficult for me. Jurgen always said dogs love rituals and Rottweilers especially needed structure.

He expected to be obeyed. He had me keep a notebook filled with lists of foods that he liked, recipes he wanted me to memorize, brand names he liked, directions on how to grind his favorite coffee

beans and daily schedules he expected me to follow. He did not like the way I folded towels and taught me the right way to fold them. He eased up on his ban on bras for me, but the rule was whenever I wore a bra, it had to be with that sandpaper tormenting my nipples. He said he wanted the irritation to remind me of him all the time.

When I got dressed nicely to go out, in my high heels, Jurgen would give me paper towels and send me on "poop patrol" into the three kennels and stand outside watching me in my dress and heels bending down to pick up dog shit while the dogs growled suspiciously at me. Jurgen would go out with me and make sure I picked up all the turds. I think that chore was the most humiliating of all, but I saw it as a special opportunity to demonstrate my devotion to him.

Meals with Jurgen were always special. When we went out to restaurants he always ordered for me. I never had any say what I ate, except that he deliberately ordered food I did not like, even liver and onions once. Yuck! He said eating out with him was not for my pleasure, but his entertainment and he took pleasure in making me eat food I would never eat with anyone else. It was part of his power over me. He always made me eat it all, too. It was always my opportunity to demonstrate the depth of my devotion to him.

When it was time to feed the dog, Jurgen would stand in the kitchen and order Diesel to "stay" while he filled the bowls with food and fresh water. The dog would wait patiently for Jurgen's approval to eat. I was not allowed to feed the dog, and I was never to give it a command. Jurgen forbade me from speaking to the dog or to even have eye contact with it.

It was important for Jurgen to be in control, not only of his life and his dog, but to be in control of me. And changing me was essential to controlling me. He started talking about tattooing me. And he had to control what I ate, what I did and he took special pleasure out of controlling what I wore, right down to my underwear. I had no say in such matters.

One day while we were shopping at the mall, Jurgen saw a knife he wanted. It was very well made, he said. It was also expensive. It was big, and very sharp with a mean looking serrated blade. He told me to buy it for him with my credit card since I could not pay cash because he had not given me any of my money.

When we got out to the car he drove out to the back of the parking lot by the garbage bins and put his arm around my shoulders while he held the knife in front of my face with his other hand. He was very intense and had a strange look in his face as he told me how much he liked the knife. He pressed the blade against my face, then ran it along my throat. I knew he would not hurt me, at least I hoped he wouldn't. He could have killed me if he wanted. He knew that he had that power over me, which is what I think that knife was all about. I could feel my heart pounding and I was barely breathing when he moved the blade downward and I couldn't believe it when he sliced through my sweater and bra, then up through my skirt until I was sitting there in the car with all my clothes sliced away. He pressed the blade between my thighs and I remember fighting the urge to pee when I felt the cold steel down there. The whole thing was very arousing for Jurgen and he made love to me right there in the car in broad daylight. It was an awesome experience. I was surprised at how exciting it was. He made me carry the knife in my purse for him after that.

After one of those parties of the dog people, Jurgen started talking about Bone, and how the old guy really liked me, wanted to make love to me, in fact. And Jurgen thought it would be a great adventure.

I was shocked and would not even consider the idea. I told him it would never happen.

"I can't. I don't love him. He doesn't love me."

"That's the whole point," Jurgen said. "You're going to for me, because I want you to."

"I can't make love to someone I don't love."

"It's sex. It's not making love."

"Don't make me do this," I said in a begging voice. "Please. Not that."

"Do you think Diesel loves all those bitches he breeds with? He does it because I decide he will. Are you less loyal to me than the damn dog?"

Jurgen called it a favor for a friend. He said the guy had not had a woman since his divorce and he was worried that Bone was getting depressed. He wanted to give me to his friend to lift his spirits! How thoughtful.

I could tell Jurgen was annoyed with me over my prudishness. I was shocked and sickened by Jurgen's suggestion that I make love to his friend. I guess I should not have been so surprised. Bone kept eyeing me like the dirty old man that he was, and he would touch me sometimes when we were alone together. Jurgen never stopped bugging me to make love to his friend. It was probably inevitable I would give in. I always did. Jurgen had so much power over me. After a month of incessant badgering, I gave in.

The favor was rather involved. It included a four-day weekend trip to Nevada to be Bone's date at his son's wedding. The idea was to make his ex-wife jealous when she saw Bone walk into the reception with what he called a young babe. Like everything else in my life, Jurgen had choreographed everything I said and did. He had picked out my clothes, told me what to say and do. Jurgen did not go with us, but he never relinquished control. Bone drove a rusted old Chevy pickup truck that was raised up off the ground and had oversized tires. It was a struggle in my heels and short skirt just to climb into the cab. During the drive over he had his big hand on my thigh practically every mile of the trip. I was surprised that Bone's son was younger than I am by a few years and I felt all his relatives eyeing me disapprovingly. Bone introduced me as his college girl, and made me tell people about my college degree in English. I felt foolish and self conscious, but Bone was beaming with pride. Who would have thought ole Bone would have gotten himself a college girl, he told people over and over.

I played my role as Bone's girlfriend that weekend just the way Jurgen had told me to. I hung on him like an adoring groupie. I laughed at his stupid jokes and I nibbled his ear when his ex-wife was watching.

After the wedding I went with Bone to a seedy motel. I had a horrid time. I did not like it at all. But I did what Jurgen had told me. It had been more than four years since Bone had seen or touched a naked woman. He was like a starving man given a steak. He was ravenous. I understood it had nothing to do with me. He would have been just as excited for any woman. While he had me down between his legs, nuzzling, licking, kissing and sucking his penis, like I had been told to, he laid back and called Jurgen on the telephone to share with him what I was doing. I did not realize what Bone was doing until it was too late. I was ashamed and embarrassed to listen to Bone describing in the crudest terms what I was doing and what it felt like to the man I wanted to marry. I did everything Jurgen had told me too. I thought of Jurgen the whole time I was with Bone. Bone enjoyed himself and came at me two more times that night. I could not sleep. I hated myself afterward.

When I came back to my apartment I knew immediately I had made a horrible mistake. My pillow

had been chewed to pieces. The apartment had been closed up while I was gone and it stank horribly of dog urine and there was a huge stain on my bed and on the carpet. It was obvious Jurgen had brought Diesel into my apartment while I was gone. He was marking his territory — me — with his dog. I never got the stain out and no matter how much scrubbing I did, I never got rid of the odor. It was obvious Jurgen had Diesel deliver a message.

Despite his promises that he would not hold it against me, I could tell Jurgen never trusted me again. I felt he had set a trap that I could not escape. He would have been angry if I had not let Bone make love to me, and he felt I betrayed him when I did. It was a test I was doomed to fail no matter what I did.

Jurgen could not contain his rage at me for having made love to another man. He did not seem to understand I did it for him. He had insisted. But he got violently angry at me. He called me a whore and said I had turned him into a pimp. I begged his forgiveness. I apologized over and over. It was not logical. Jurgen had almost forced me to go with Bone, but afterward he acted as though I had betrayed him. I accepted the responsibility and the blame. I had to make it up to him. If it had been any other man but Jurgen I would have left him before it ever gotten so weird, but I would have done anything for that man. It was extremely difficult after that night with Bone. My relationship with Jurgen seemed to be very precarious after that. Things were never the same between us again. There was an edge of meanness in the way Jurgen treated me. I should have left him then.

I drank more wine, smoked my Newports incessantly and smoked marijuana whenever I could. I was always a little tipsy and I started having problems at work. I was more desperate than ever to be whatever kind of woman Jurgen wanted me to be.

What was happening to me? I would look in the mirror and not recognize myself. My hair was losing its body. I was getting strung out. My eyes were red. The smoking, the stress, the drinking was all taking its toll on me physically. Jurgen was actually changing me. The things he had me doing to please him were not the things I would have ever thought I would do. I had lost control of the kind of person I was. Jurgen was in total control.

As difficult, though, as Jurgen was to please, his dog was always harder to deal with. When it wanted something, the dog just stared at me until I jumped up and got whatever it wanted: fresh water or to be let outside. It would just sit there, watching me intently, its head moving if I moved, never taking its dog eyes off me. With Jurgen's encouragement, the dog clearly regarded me as its slave. In its dog eyes, I was only there to serve its needs. Diesel regarded itself, with Jurgen's blessing, as my Alpha Dog and me as its bitch.

The dog was trained to get out of Jurgen's way if it was laying in his way, but I always had to step around the animal if it was sleeping in my path. Jurgen had trained the dog to let him walk through doors first as demonstration of his dominance over Diesel, but I was never allowed to go before the dog. I was not even allowed to turn the lights on or off in his house because Jurgen did not want the dog to think I had that sort of power. When we went anywhere in Jurgen's Jeep I had to ride in the cramped, crude back seat so that Diesel could ride in the passenger seat because the dog liked to stick its head out the window and feel the wind against its face. The message the dog was given was that I had no power over it.

I was mortified one afternoon when I went to the bank and opened my purse to have a dried dog turd rolled out on the counter in front of a grossed out teller. Jurgen just laughed. He had planted it in my purse. I found those disgusting things all over my apartment. I would find them in my bed, in my pockets. He had tucked them into my dresser drawers with my underwear and lingerie, taking away the perfumed sachets I kept with my clothes. I have always taken very good care of my clothes

and love to smell nice, but Jurgen was on a campaign to make me carry a subtle smell of dog with me. I had assumed they were Diesel's, but he told me the turds were collected from the bitches' kennels. I was a bitch and he wanted me to smell like one to his precious dog! In a way, he was marking me. He said the scent would make me more acceptable to the dogs. I was not so sure.

One time Jurgen caught me offering Diesel a piece of chocolate in a pathetic attempt to make peace with the dog. He yelled at me, making the dog bark at me. He called me a "stupid cow." He made a big deal out of it, accusing me of trying to poison his dog and he made me sit there and offer the dog chocolate again and again while he taught Diesel to refuse my offer. That night after we finished making love, he gave me a pillow and a blanket and told me to sleep on the floor with the dog. I curled up under the bed while Diesel slept on the floor by his master's side of the bed. Jurgen said I was an undisciplined bitch.

There was a constant tension between me and the dog. I was allowed to water it, let it out, bring it in on its whim and pick up its turds, but the dog seemed ready to bite me if I did not behave properly. The threat of the dog turning on me gave both the dog and Jurgen authority over me in the household. There seemed to be a definite sexual edge to the way the man and his dog related to me.

Jurgen had me do chores in the kennels where the visiting bitches stayed. I could feed the bitches and clean up after them. Jurgen told me to watch them, to learn how the female dogs behaved. Diesel was quite physical with them and he usually left them exhausted and bleeding. I spent one weekend nursing and comforting one pathetic bitch that had been injured by Diesel. The poor thing bled all weekend and when it wasn't sleeping, it just whined sadly. The mating was a success, though, and Jurgen was thrilled when he was told the bitch was pregnant.

One day a friend of Jurgen's came over with his wife, to test drive a pickup truck Jurgen was selling. They were "dog people", too, and had known Jurgen for years. They had brought their dog, a big black lab to check out the truck.

I was proud of Jurgen. He looked hot that day in a black tee shirt, tight jeans, dark sun glasses and black cowboy hat. I watched the other woman flirt with him. The woman was pregnant. She was rough looking, not at all feminine. I did not feel threatened, just proud that I was Jurgen's woman.

I couldn't believe it when they told us to ride in the back of the pickup with the two dogs. The woman was at least seven months pregnant and she looked tired, but she merely shrugged and climbed up awkwardly in the back of the truck. The two dogs leaped eagerly behind her, and crowded close to her, wagging their tails and licking her face. I was surprised at the twinge of jealousy I felt at the sight of the woman affectionately petting the big dog. I was practically engaged to the dog's owner, and after four months the Rottweiler acted like it would rather bite me. I climbed into the truck and crouched down in the corner near the cab. The dogs ignored me as they crowded affectionately around the pregnant woman.

The men thought it was funny to have us riding in the back of the truck. Jurgen and the woman's husband were laughing as the driver took a turn too wide and too fast, making us slide across the truck bed. It was cold and windy. I was shivering and my lips were trembling, but the pregnant woman seemed quite content as she rode with her arms around the two big dogs. Diesel eyed me warily from his position across the truck.

We had been traveling for twenty minutes or so down the rough country roads. A sudden, sharp right turn sent me flying across the truck bed. I put my hands out to catch myself, but the momentum sent me right into Diesel. The dog yelped angrily and bit at my wrist, before the woman grabbed its collar and pulled it back, scolding the growling Rottweiler. I was stunned and yelled. The

dog let go of my wrist and sat back down by the woman. It was woofing at me excitedly. I held my arm, but I was not bleeding.

The woman crossed over to my side of the truck and examined my wrist with a concerned expression.

"You are lucky he did not break the skin," she shouted over the road noises.

I just nodded, too upset to speak.

"Lady, you d better learn to get along with this dog. What did you do to make him hate you so?"

"I don't know. It has never liked me."

"Diesel's a good dog, if you give him a chance. You better learn to get along with him or find yourself a new boyfriend."

"I'd appreciate it if we did not tell Jurgen about this. It is nothing really. The dog probably thought it was being attacked. I mean the way I was thrown into him. He was just reacting."

"I don't know, lady. Jurgen might want to know. If he has an aggressive Rottweiler he really needs to do something about it before something happens, you know? For the dog's sake. He's got to think of the dog."

Her logic seemed twisted to me, but it was much like the way Jurgen's mind worked when it came to his precious Diesel I thought as I rubbed my wrist. I get bit and everyone is concerned about the dog!

"Biting puts the dog at risk," the woman said, reinforcing her lack of concern for me. I had to go away for a week to see my mom when she had her operation. Jurgen made it clear that he did not like me leaving, but I had to be with her. I have always been a good daughter. When I came back to my closed-up apartment I was stunned by the nauseating stench and mortified by the huge dark stains on the carpet, on my bedspread and even on my white terricloth robe. It was obvious that Jurgen had brought his dog to my apartment to urinate on my things to teach me a lesson. Once again, I felt "marked."

Jurgen enjoyed playing his weird games, making me and the dog fetch toys. At first it was just me and a playful game that led to me and Jurgen wrestling around, giggling on the floor as a prelude to making love. He especially liked it when I would lick the palm of his hand like a dog. The games were a relief for me because no matter how angry he was they were important to him. After my weekend with Bone he brought the dog into the games, using a toy that belonged to Diesel so it would growl and nip at me. If we got a hold of the toy together the dog would growl menacingly and bare its teeth, scaring me into releasing it. Sometimes the dog would get my slender wrist between its teeth and growl, but not bite down. I knew that dog could easily have ripped my arm off and I would go stiff with horror, waiting for Jurgen to call his dog off me.

The dog barely tolerated me when Jurgen was around and ignored me when he wasn't. There was a constant tension between me and the big animal. It clearly did not like me, regarded me as some kind of rival. In its way, the dog recognized me as a threat for Jurgen's attention.

Jurgen let the dog gnaw on my pink rubber vibrator and when it was all chewed up and wet with dog slobber, he used the dildo on me, getting off on the dog's slobber mixing with my own feminine juices. As he fucked me with that chewed up dildo, Jurgen made he say over and over that I loved his

dog. I should have realized he was marking me inside and out for Diesel. At the time I was just thrilled that Jurgen was so incredibly passionate for me!

Whenever we made love, Diesel was never far away. The dog slept on the floor in Jurgen's bedroom and I always felt it was jealous of me sleeping in his master's bed. Sometimes when we made love I got the sense that Jurgen was putting on a show for the dog, positioning me for the dog to see me in a provocative or vulnerable position, to hear me moan beneath his master. It was like Jurgen was showing off in front of his dog!

As Jurgen pushed me further and further into his strange games, he helped me overcome my inhibitions with expensive wines and one night he introduced me to marijuana, which I discovered had a very strong affect on me, leaving me giddy and languid after just a few puffs on his hand-rolled joint.

I played the games for Jurgen, to make my lover happy. And we did have fun for awhile. I thought he would stop it before anything really happened. I thought it was a game. I never objected to the dog being around because I knew how much the animal meant to Jurgen and I did not want him to think I would ever make him choose between me and the dog. I was flattered in a way that by having the dog around when Jurgen and I were intimate, that he was allowing me to share in his close relationship with his dog.

Jurgen pushed the games further and further.

One night while we were lying on the floor drinking wine, smoking marijuana and listening to music he had a silly idea and I went along. I had a bit too much wine. I was too agreeable. I couldn't really believe he would let anything happen. He was just testing me.

It started out with me lying naked on the carpet and he getting the dog to sniff my cunt and lick me. He put peanut butter on me, spreading it on my throat to get the dog to lick me there. Jurgen said I was offering the dog my throat to show I was no threat. I looked into its inhuman eyes as it watched my throat hungrily. The dog held me down, its paws on my shoulders as it lapped up the peanut butter. Jurgen then smeared the peanut butter on my chest to get the dog to lick my breasts and on my face to get the dog to "kiss" me. He spread the peanut butter on my butt and soon had the dog nuzzling and licking its wonderful tongue up the crack of my ass. I was shivering. It was intensely exciting and frightening. I had never been so close to the big dog before. I felt exposed and vulnerable. This was the most wicked thing I had ever done. I was covered with dog saliva. Jurgen was pleased. He spread the peanut butter on my cunt to get the dog to lick me energetically. The dog growled as it licked me, its warm, rough tongue getting so deep inside. I have to admit that vigorous, warm sandpaper tongue was exciting. I held myself very still while its muzzle was between my legs and it growled menacingly, but that incredible tongue would lap and lap and lap. The licking frenzy was unlike anything I had ever experienced. The dog was tireless and eager. I shuddered and Jurgen laughed as his dog brought me to an awesome orgasm. When the peanut butter was gone, Jurgen spread more on. After awhile, the dog was not interested in the peanut butter, but continued tonguing me. It was incredible, relentless and after awhile I was raw and aching from the tongue.

"He knows his way around females. He'll figure it out. Whether it's a blonde or a Rottweiler, a bitch is a bitch," Jurgen said as he watched his dog licking me, then circling my body, whining. It seemed confused, agitated.

Jurgen said something in German and the dog was suddenly on me, its forelegs tight around my waist, its hind legs digging into the carpet. It was humping frantically. I felt the length of its cock against my belly and I panicked. I screamed to get it off me.

Jurgen grabbed the dog's collar and pulled it off me, it was still straining to get to me as he pulled its heavy body away.

I had to take deep breaths to calm down. My heart was pounding out of control. We were playing a dangerous game, playing with one of the most profound taboos. The dog was agitated, growling and whining, trying to get to me. I could see its erection sticking out hard from between its rear legs. It was incredible that an animal, an alien species, could get sexually excited over me. I was scared, yet thrilled. I felt wicked.

Jurgen had no conflicting feelings. He was hot. He loved it. I wanted to make sure he understood I did it for him.

"That's what you wanted? You liked seeing that, right?" Jurgen's voice was strangely husky. I could see he was incredibly excited.

"You were beautiful. You should have seen your face when you were cumming. God, you're hot. Sometimes you need to do what you don't want to do to demonstrate love. Sometimes you have to do something that frightens you to grow as a person. You impressed me."

As he held me, I thought about what I had done, remembered how warm that dog's prick had been against my stomach. I could still feel it. Diesel had made quite an impression. I was still shaking. As wild as the dog was, I felt safe with Jurgen there. He would protect me.

Jurgen made love to me on the floor, saying it excited him to see his dog licking me like I was its bitch, that it turned him on to smell his dog on me. While Jurgen made love to me that night the dog pranced around us, whining nervously, sticking its cold nose in between us. I thought that was strange. When I went to leave at the end of the night I found my beautiful suede coat was ruined. It had been ripped and chewed, but, something far more ominous, it was reeking of dog urine. It had been marked. I was no dog psychologist, but I knew in my heart that it was very angry with me and it was sending me a message. I did not say anything to Jurgen, though. The coat had been a gift from him and I did not want him to be upset.

But Jurgen's game did not end there.

The very next time we got together he made me offer my leg to the dog to hump, which it did quite vigorously. Growling and wolfing as it did. He had been training the dog to do that before I came over.

And it did not end there.

While we were cuddling on the floor, sipping wine and smoking marijuana on our next Saturday night date Jurgen called his dog and commanded Diesel to lay down next to us. Jurgen had waited until I was really high on the marijuana and he had the dog roll over on its back, exposing its belly, which Jurgen said the dog would never do for anyone else. The dog watched me as Jurgen had me lean over and look at the dog's thing. It started out innocently enough with me tickling and rubbing the dog's belly. The dog liked that, whining and growling softly as my hand gave it a soothing belly rub.

Jurgen told me to touch the dog's penis. "Just touch it," he insisted. "See what happens." I did. The dog was on its back, its hind legs splayed as I put my finger down there timidly, gently stroking its hairy sheath. Jurgen closed my hand down over the hairy sheath and made me stroke it. His voice was hoarse. I could tell he was really getting into this. It was a very intense moment. My heart was beating wildly. I was afraid the dog would bite. "Now kiss it!" Like Diesel, I was trained to obey him.

I had several glasses of wine and I was pretty high on marijuana. Nothing seemed real. I was giddy and stupid from the joints he had me smoke. I was giggling. Soon my face was between the dog's furry hind legs, inches away from its penis. I stuck my tongue out and gingerly licked it, then with Jurgen's hand pushing on the back of my head, I gave it a kiss.

I was amazed to see the glistening greyish pink penis emerge from its sheath right before my eyes. My face was down there between the dog's legs as its cock slide smoothly from its sheath. It was much bigger than I had imagined. It was a little like watching the slimy aliens emerge from the shells in the Alien movie with Sigourney Weaver. I tried to back away, but Jurgen held me firmly in place so that the pinkish grey canine cock emerged slowly toward my mouth. I was fascinated by what I was seeing. The dog's cock was as big as any man's, and very long. I noticed it was bent as it reached its full length and at its base featured a large bulb wider than the shaft. It was much different from any man's penis I had ever seen.

"Kiss it," Jurgen said in a low, husky voice. "Kiss your dog lover."

I closed my eyes as Jurgen made me kiss that thing. I couldn't believe it was really happening. I couldn't believe I was really doing that. The dog was very aroused. I could feel it was very tense and anxious.

"Now lick it, bitch. Taste it."

Diesel held still and Jurgen was silent as the tip of my tongue came in contact with the dog's erection. This was so forbidden! I could smell the dog, its coarse hairs brushed my nose. The pungent taste filled my mouth. An erotic stickle warmed my belly.

On Jurgen's instructions, I then knelt down on all fours. Jurgen was excited. He said we would just see what the dog would do. I felt the dog sniff me, sticking its cold nose in my crotch. Then it began licking me with its warm, rough tongue. It felt like sandpaper on my pussy.

The dog circled me, sniffing. I knew I was in trouble from the way its ears were perked up and the hair on its back was up. The dog got more excited and started growling a low throaty growl, sometimes making a whining noise. I made myself hold still. I was doing this for the man I loved. I was showing him the totality of my devotion to him. Jurgen said something in German and the dog responded immediately with a yelp and climbed on my back. Its paws digging at my shoulders, its nails raking my back as the dog tried to get on me. It was struggling to get a hold of me, growling, digging its hind feet into the carpet. I was relieved when it gave up and slid off me. The dog was not finished with me, though, and it circled me, licking my face and growling as it passed my head. When it got behind me again Jurgen repeated his German word and the dog mounted me again.

This time its front legs locked around my waist with amazing strength. Its grip was like steel. Its big chest rested heavily on my back, its muzzle was on my shoulders and I felt its drool on my skin as the huge dog started to frantically hump me. I couldn't believe this was happening, but I braced myself against its weight, waiting for it to be over. Its claws scratched my butt, stinging me.

I was not prepared for what happened next. I hate to think Jurgen intended it to happen. Things just got out of control. I did not think it was possible, but I felt its cock against my thigh. It was hard, wet and long. It was also incredibly warm. I started to wriggle and cry, but the dog growled meanly until I held still. It was getting desperate. I felt its warm tip touching my pussy and I thought I would die.

If I thought the man I loved would intervene to spare me the indignity of being raped by his dog, my hope was shattered when Jurgen reached between us and helped guide the canine cock into me! The big dog was straining and digging into me, jabbing its warm penis into me, driving deep into me, as

deep as any man had ever gone. I was stunned and confused by what was happening. I felt paralyzed by my fear. I was surprised at how wonderfully warm the dog's penis was inside me. It was not an unpleasant sensation. Its front legs tightened around my waist and I felt like I was in a vice as the dog humped wildly into me. I was in a fog. I heard the sounds of the dog's tags jangling as it humped me frantically. The buckle on its collar was scraping painfully along my back. Diesel was growling and wolfing as it strained into me. Its back feet treading the floor. I felt the dog pressing deeper into me and realized Jurgen had his hand on the dog, pressing it down. I winced as I felt that last inch, that swollen bulb on the base of its cock, enter me. Jurgen knew exactly what he was doing. The dog's chin and massive chest rested heavily on my back. I could hear it panting, its drool on my skin. That strange penis pulsated inside me. Jurgen never made a move to stop his dog. I had had enough. I got panicky.

"Get him off me!" I begged in a shrieking voice.

Jurgen did nothing.

"You might want to keep the knot out. Otherwise you might get hurt," he said in that husky voice.

I had not thought about the knot. I reached down between my legs and touched the canine prick ramming into me. I felt its hardness and heat and then I felt the knot. It seemed huge! It felt like it was the size of a tennis ball, certainly more than I could handle. In panic, I clenched my muscles tight and pushed against it with my fingers.

I was gasping and crying. It was like it was not really happening. I could not believe it was me this was happening to. Behind me, I could hear my lover's voice encouraging his dog. "Atta Boy! Good Dog. Get her, Diesel!"

The big dog was out of control.

I tried to calm the dog down with a soothing voice, but there was no calming this dog. It was an animal, not a man, not a lover who cared about my feelings. The dog did not care if it hurt me badly. There was no reasoning with the beast. Instinct drove it to drive its knot into me and it certainly wasn't going to be gentle with me. I was clumsy and outmatched. With a searing pain and suddenness that made me scream, the knot was inside me.

Suddenly, the dog froze on me. I felt its muscles tense. That dog's penis pulsed strongly three times inside me. There was an incredible sensation of warmth and fullness inside me. The dog had been frenzied, and fast. It had only been on me a few minutes before its come was oozing down my thighs. I thought it was over, but Jurgen knew better. He warned me not to move. I felt the dog's cock swelling inside me, growing bigger and thicker. Its forelegs still gripped my waist as it rested its massive chest on my back. The dog was panting quietly. I could feel its heart beating against my back. I remembered how it took three men to keep Diesel from damaging the brood bitches it was bred with. Now I was the brood bitch. There was an insistent sense of fullness inside me as the thickened dog cock filled my womb. I had never felt anything like that before.

"You better not move."

After awhile, the panting dog raised one hind leg over my hip. I felt that thick knob at the base of its penis inside my vagina as it shifted its position until the dog and I were locked together back to back. It was that swollen knob that held me to the dog.

"That's the tie, honey. Don't fight it. Stay still if you don't want to end up in the hospital," Jurgen said in a low whisper.

I was terrified, humiliated.

I stayed “tied” to that dog for several long minutes before its cock slipped free. I was a mess. I was trembling. My back was scratched from the dog’s clawing and I could feel the dog slobber in the scratches. I looked down and saw blood on my thighs. I worried about infection.

I couldn’t stop trembling. I crawled away and knelt next to the sofa, shivering as I tried to compose myself. I felt sick to my stomach. I needed reassurance from my boyfriend, but Jurgen was across the room hugging his Rottweiler.

“Good dog!,” Jurgen shouted, rewarding the happy dog with a cookie and patting its head. “Good work!”

I felt ashamed and abused. I was also aching and scared. I wiped away the tears and found my glass of wine. I needed something to get the bitter taste out of my mouth and soothe my stomach. I was sore and bloody.

“You were beautiful, Julie,” Jurgen said, as he rubbed his dog’s head affectionately. “I always wondered what that would be like. Incredible.”

Like Diesel, Jurgen’s praise washed away my bad feelings. I desperately needed to be held by Jurgen, to sleep in his arms, to be kissed and reassured that he loved me. Jurgen did not hug me, though. He did not want to confuse his dog.

Jurgen would not let me clean myself. He thought the dog would want to do that. The dog was agitated, pacing the room, growling and barking.

“The dog’s jealous. You’re his bitch now.”

To emphasize that point, Diesel came over and very aggressively licked me clean.

“Sleep with your lover tonight,” Jurgen said when I tried to get ready for bed. He made me sleep on a blanket on the floor with the dog. I laid curled up with the dog all night. The dog wanted its space and was not at all affectionate with me the way it craved affection from Jurgen. When I got cold and moved closer to the dog in the middle of the night for its warmth it responded with a warning growl. It was crazy.

In the morning Jurgen scraped oatmeal into the dog’s bowl and said, “Here’s your breakfast.” He said I had fleas and smelled like a dog. He only called me by one name after that – bitch. I was Diesel’s bitch, exclusively Diesel’s bitch. As if on cue, the dog tried to nose its way into my crotch. I slowly backed away and the dog whined as I closed the door.

I went back to my apartment the next day, locked the doors, took my phone off the hook and kept the lights off. I filled the tub with scalding hot water and made myself sit in it for hours as if I could sterilize my body from that forbidden act. I sat in the tub and cried out of shame and hurt. I felt abused and betrayed. I loved Jurgen so much. I wanted to marry him. He was just looking to find a woman to sic his dog on. I could not really hate Jurgen, though, and after awhile I started to think about the incredible warmth of the dog’s cock inside me and I found myself touching myself until I orgasmed in the water. The orgasm was a intense physical relief from the stress that had built up inside me, but it did not relieve me of my guilt. I still felt so evil.

I did not go to see Jurgen after that. I was too humiliated and repulsed by what had happened. I stayed at my apartment, eating whatever I had in the refrigerator because I could not bear to go

outside. I slept a lot. I was like those bitches after Diesel had finished with them. I was exhausted and sore. I was relieved, though, that the bleeding had stopped after the first day. I took several baths a day, brushed my teeth and gargled with Listerine every hour and dabbed Miss Dior perfume all over me. I was sore and worried. I missed Jurgen. I had loved him more than any man.

I stopped going to work and I did not even care when my boss called me to tell me I had been fired. I was numb.

After more than a week — the longest stretch I had gone without my Jurgen in more than a year — he sent over a romantic card, a dozen beautiful roses and a dog biscuit. The dog biscuit was humiliating, but the roses were wonderful. I missed Jurgen. He was difficult to please, but he was the most exciting man I had ever known. I wanted to be with him. I made a covered dish of Jurgen's favorite beef stew, dressed the way he liked me — in a short denim skirt and halter top — and went over to his house. The dog was tied up out back and started barking loudly and straining on its chain when it saw me.

Jurgen hugged me and kissed me on the forehead. He patted me on the top of the head, jokingly. He said he was glad to see me. He sat me down on his sofa and poured me wine. We ignored the incessant howling of the dog as best we could as we talked. The dog was going crazy.

Finally, Jurgen went outside. He had not said anything to me, but I knew he was letting the dog in. I could hear its nails clattering frantically on the tile floor in the kitchen, and those damn tags jangling. I tensed. The dog yelped and made a beeline for the living room where it smelled me. The dog was beside itself with excitement. Its stub of a tail was wagging wildly. Diesel's ears were up and the dog was whining and shaking at the sight of me.

"He's glad to see you," Jurgen said calmly. "Diesel missed you."

The dog moved on me immediately, burrowing its snout up my skirt. Its wet nose pressing against my thighs. With its muzzle in my skirt, the dog started growling menacingly and nipping at me. I was terrified.

"It knows what it wants!" Jurgen said, smirking as I cringed, shrank back and parted my legs, afraid of being bitten by the frantic animal. It got its teeth into my panties and began shaking its head, backing away, tearing my panties right off me.

"I taught him that while you were away," Jurgen said proudly as the dog burrowed its snout back up my skirt, its rough tongue now licking at my vagina. Tears of humiliation streamed down my face.

The dog gripped the hem of my skirt in its jaws and dug its claws into the carpet, straining as it backed away, tugging me off the sofa and toward the floor. It was growling, its teeth bared. I looked to Jurgen for help, expecting him to call off the dog with a few harshly spoken German words. Jurgen said nothing. He just watched with an amused smile on his face. Our eyes met and he just shrugged.

"Say something! Make it stop," I whispered pathetically. "Call your dog off me!"

"I am not getting involved. This is between you and the dog," the man I had loved so fiercely said just before he turned his back on me and walked out of the room. As the dog used its power to drag me onto the floor I heard the refrigerator door open and the unmistakable sound of a beer can being opened. I had twisted around as the dog dragged me from the sofa and I was on my hands and knees, trying to get to my feet and the dog had worked itself into an absolute frenzy. The dog's snarling face was inches from mine. Its lips were back, its teeth bared. Saliva dripped onto the carpet. I was shivering with terror.

"If you don't want your throat ripped out in the next ten seconds, Julie, I recommend you slowly lay down on your back. Very slowly." Jurgen's words were calm and softly spoken. I had no choice. I did as he said, going onto my back in slow motion. The dog was still snarling and baring its teeth inches from my face. The hair on its back was raised. Its ears were flattened. I was in trouble.

"Offer it your throat, Julie."

I didn't move. I thought about the woman jogger and her four hundred stitches. I tried not to imagine what that must look like. Four hundred stitches. I thought about the teen-age boy who had been mauled just the other day. I tried not to think about that snarling dog baring its teeth and slobbering in rage at me at that moment.

"Offer the dog your throat. Show him you are submitting. If you don't, you will be torn apart. I know what I am talking about."

I raised my head, presenting the angry dog with my throat. I couldn't stop shaking. I was so vulnerable at that moment to a frenzied animal that was capable of killing me in a moment. When the dog's jaws closed down around my throat and growled I peed on the carpet. I knew I was dead. But the dog did not bite down. It held my throat in its jaws and growled.

"He just establishing its dominance, Julie. That's its nature. If you are going to survive, you must be totally submissive," Jurgen said. "The stud dominates the bitch. Welcome to the animal kingdom."

When the dog finally released my bruised throat, Jurgen told me to lick its mouth. "That is all submissive behavior the dog can understand," Jurgen told me as I desperately lavished the dog's mouth with my tongue.

"You have to understand Diesel will never tolerate any sign of equality or dominance from you. Do you understand? This is not a poodle. You must be totally submissive to it. Or suffer the consequences."

As Jurgen calmly sipped his beer, I obeyed every instruction he gave me and carefully wriggled out of my damaged skirt and torn panties, slipped out of my halter and got back on my hands and knees, presenting myself to the eager dog. It mounted me with urgency.

"What Diesel wants, Diesel gets!" Jurgen said smugly as Diesel got me. "Good dog, Diesel!"

After the dog had ejaculated inside me and its cock swelled to fill my womb, Jurgen got up and turned on the television set, clicking restlessly through the channels.

"You should be grateful," he said to me while I knelt back-to-back with his dog, my head resting on the floor, enduring the "tie" that follows mating, waiting several long minutes for that dog's cock to shrink enough to slip out of me. "People pay me a lot of money to let Diesel fuck their bitches. You get it for free."

When the dog's penis shrank and slipped away, Jurgen gave the dog a cookie and a big hug, rewarding it for what it had done to me. I knew he was training the dog, teaching it that by fucking me it was pleasing its master. That was powerful motivation for Diesel. In fact, it was what motivated me, too.

Jurgen told me things between us could never be the same. Yes, he loved me, more than ever. He said I never looked so beautiful or sexy as when I was with his dog. Not many women would do that and I was special. But he did not want to confuse his dog. I could no longer be his girlfriend, I was

now the dog's bitch. And like Diesel, I was Jurgen's pet. But in the dog's world, a bitch is a bitch, and I rated beneath both males in that household.

Jurgen never let me forget what I had done. I had let him push me too far, farther than he could stomach himself. He would scrape food into the dog's bowl and make me eat on the floor next to the dog, calling it a romantic dinner with my lover. I was there to serve at the dog's pleasure only. He joked cruelly that I might have a litter some day. He called me a brood bitch.

When he had his next ritual with Diesel, making the dog present his paws and muzzle to Jurgen, he had me kneel down next to him and had the dog sit close to me. After he went through the ceremony declaring the dog's paws and muzzle to belong to him, Jurgen placed the dog's paw against my lips and told me to lick it. When I did, Jurgen announced in his most authoritative voice, "Diesel's bitch." He had me sit still while he had the dog's paws rest on my shoulder and he repeated the announcement, "Diesel's bitch." It was official. For Jurgen, and for the dog, that little ritual carried all the authority of a wedding ceremony.

Things were different. The way the dog looked at me after that. It always wanted ME. It was humiliating to be wanted by a dog. Jurgen made me walk the dog at night. Jurgen called them "romantic walks" with my lover. I never took the dog on those walks, the dog took me, straining its massive weight on the leash to set the direction and pace. If I lagged behind or started off in the wrong direction, the dog would snarl viciously. It was clear who was dominant in our relationship. Diesel was the alpha dog. On those walks, Diesel would go wild if another dog came near me. He would lunge at it, snarling viciously, its teeth bared. It would not allow any other male dog around me. It was jealous, protecting its property.

Jurgen said the dog was his best friend and he always let me know he loved that dog more than me. He said the dog only loved its master, not me. Jurgen said the relationship between Master and Dog was so strong that no bitch would ever come between them. If Diesel were ever to injure me, Jurgen said he would not hesitate to let me bleed to death and dump my body rather than risk his beloved dog being destroyed. That chilled me, but I had no reason to doubt him.

Jurgen would no longer have sex with me. He said he would not put his cock where a dog's cock had been. He said he did not fuck dogs. And I was a dog now. I was beneath him. He would not even kiss me. We did not go to the movies or out to dinner. I was hurt. I had not given up my dream of marrying Jurgen. He is an unusual man and I tried so hard to be the unusual woman that he would want.

"You don't understand dogs. They are very simple. Obedience. Loyalty. Courage. He thinks you are his now. You are his now. Think of it from the dog's perspective. If I made love to you now, I would become his rival. It would ruin our relationship. Diesel's and mine. He would not trust me. I'm his master. He would be confused."

When I protested, saying we could make love at my apartment and the dog would never know, Jurgen said it would smell his scent on me and feel betrayed.

"That would be unfair to the dog," he said, closing any further discussion on that topic. "And by the way, from now on, keep off the furniture." He was serious. I was not allowed to sit on the sofa, lay on his bed or eat at the table ever again. After all, what would Diesel think?

While cleaning the bedroom I found some Camel cigarette butts with telltale red lipstick marks in the ashtray on the nightstand. That was the brand Jurgen's old girlfriend, the one with the bleached blonde hair and rose tattoo, smoked. That confirmed my suspicions. I had smelled her perfume on

his pillow case when I did the laundry, but I was still devoted to Jurgen and even though it hurt, I continued doing everything I could to please him.

Jurgen wanted to keep his precious Diesel on a regular schedule so it would continue to perform for what he called "the paying bitches."

Jurgen decided when I could see him, and his dog. He insisted that I come over to his house twice a week for "dates" with Diesel, never more, and never less. He made me dress up for those dates and he trained the dog to "ask" him before it mounted me. And I was instructed to come over four evenings a week to walk the dog. When I was at Jurgen's house I was there to see the dog, not him. And the dog and Jurgen decided if there would be sex. Once the dog decided, there was nothing I could do. I was not allowed to say no. When that dog stuck its nose in my crotch I was expected to be completely pliant. But Jurgen kept tight limits on my visits.

"If the dog had his way, he'd be fucking you ten times a day! You'd like that wouldn't you?"

He made me say yes.

From then on, my Saturday nights belonged to Diesel and Jurgen. Instead of sex with me the way it used to be between me and Jurgen, Jurgen would have me wear a sexy nightie and have me lay on floor and let dog into room. He would sit on the sofa and watch it fuck me. The dog had a ritual of sniffing me, growling and licking my face before it mounted me. Jurgen always rewarded with praise and its favorite cookie. I learned the German command Jurgen uttered before the dog mounted me that first time was "Get girl", the command he gave Diesel when it was breeding a brood bitch. After that first night, though, Diesel did not need his master's command to mount me.

As we got more comfortable with each other as lovers, the dog and I found new positions, and it would take me on my back and fuck me in the missionary position, its paws on my shoulders, licking my face with its big red tongue, biting my throat and growling as it jabbed its penis into me. Just like a wife grows accustomed to her husband's preferences and manners in bed, I got quite familiar with the dog's rituals and habits. I could sense when it was about to ejaculate inside me. I learned that by pressing myself back into him, I could relieve some of the pressure from the heavy dog's humping into me. And I developed a technique of resting my face and one elbow on the floor when I was being mounted so that I could free one hand to press against my vagina to protect it somewhat. The massive dog outweighed me by more than twenty pounds and when it got really going on me, of course, it was more than I could support and he would break me down beneath him.

As a lover, the dog was unlike any man I had known. Diesel was a quick, powerful, dominating lover, and it was never satisfied with just once. It had to have me at least two or three times before it would leave me alone. The dog always left me scratched and sore, aching and thrilled.

Jurgen made me talk to the dog the way I had talked to men in bed while it mounted me, whispering that I loved it, encouraging it, whispering come on, love, the way I used to talk to Jurgen in bed.

I also became more skilled at playing with the dog's penis, learning to lure it out of its sheath so that I could kiss it, suck it's long, crooked erection and lick the reddish bulb at its base. Jurgen was thrilled when I actually succeeded in making the dog come in my mouth. The dog's come was more fluid and pungent than the men I have tasted, and its three powerful ejaculations produced more come than I could swallow. Jurgen was thrilled by the lewd sight of his dog's come drooling down my chin. Jurgen said there were not many women that could do that with a dog! After awhile Diesel liked me doing that so much the dog would sometimes demand I suck its cock on our dates rather than mate.

At Jurgen's insistence, Diesel and I mated face to face. Jurgen positioned me on the edge of the sofa and placed the dog's forepaws on my shoulders. The big dog lapped my face excitedly with its warm sandpaper tongue while Jurgen had me guide its warm erection into me. I pressed my palms against its wide muscular chest while the heavy dog humped into me in a bestial imitation of the missionary position. The dog was heavy on me and its big, broad chest reminded me a bit of Jurgen's chest on me when we used to make love.

Once I was Diesel's lover I could see that dog had a personality. It was much like Jurgen in many ways, not only was its muscular, chesty physique much like its master's, but its arrogant swagger and dominating personality was a canine version of the man I loved. Both dog and man treated me about the same, it seemed.

After several weeks of the Diesel "dating game" I came down with a severe bladder infection and spent a Thursday night in the emergency room. Before writing out a prescription for antibiotics, the doctor quizzed me about my sex life. He joked about the newlywed disease, but frowned when he saw the scratches on my back. He never said a word about them, thank God. I had no idea what I would have told him. When I told Jurgen about the infection he told me to stay away from the dog for two weeks. He did not want me infecting Diesel with anything! He would never believe the dog infected me.

The big dog required lots of exercise. Jurgen let it run loose in his big back yard, but he also took the dog for long walks every evening. Sometimes he would invite me along. He often liked to send me out alone with the dog for walks that sometimes covered several miles over two or three hours, again, the dog decided that too.

On the evenings I walked alone with Diesel, Jurgen would give it a German command, "No girl," meaning the dog could not have sex with me. On those walks I was instructed to wear jeans so I would not be accessible to the dog. Jurgen was the only one who could say no to Diesel. When the dog stuck its nose in my crotch and started growling I was not allowed to say no. "Resistance would be ill advised," Jurgen said as he watched his dog push me down on the floor.

Sometimes Jurgen would go with us and he would have me run alongside the dog down on the bike path. Jurgen always insisted I wear my hair in a pony tail for my runs because he liked to see my hair swinging from side to side as I ran.

Jurgen liked provoking his dog around me, to keep me on edge more than anything else. He thought it was funny. He would tell Diesel that this black Lab or that Siberian Husky was going to get me and the dog would go into a jealous frenzy. "He's going to get her! He's going to get your bitch!" Jurgen would whisper to Diesel whenever another dog came near me and the big dog would react with a frightening frenzy, its ears would go up, the hair on its back would rise and it would snarl, bare its teeth and strain against the leash.

On a raw winter day Jurgen made me wear a short skirt and no panties and we went for a long walk with the dog. It was windy and cold, but the dog did not mind. It loved the outdoors. Jurgen told me to start running. I had trouble in the snow and ice. Jurgen waited a full minute, then he let the dog loose. I heard its tags jangling and its barking as it ran me down. Diesel lunged at my back and knocked me down, scraping my knees on ice. The dog mounted me and raped me in the snow in broad day light while Jurgen watched. I was shivering and bleeding. The dog wanted to get loose and stepped over my back, turning itself around over me, but we were stuck and Diesel and I laid butt-to-butt in that awkward "tie" for several freezing minutes, but the dog, of course, did not care about my discomfort. It was a lot like its master in that regard.

I stunk of wet dog. My clothes were ruined and my ankle was sprained. The dog was happy and it ran around barking. As I limped next to him Jurgen said I made an excellent bitch. Maybe he would hire me out to other dog owners, he said with a laugh that chilled my soul. That was something he would say from time to time and it bothered me.

That dog dominated my life. Jurgen made sure of that. My shoulders constantly ached from the strain of supporting myself against the lunging weight of the big dog. My back was constantly marked by the deep red scratches inflicted by the dog's nails during our frantic lovemaking. I could not wear a bathing suit all summer because of the scratches. My clothes were getting ruined by the dog. I hardly had anything that was ripped by Diesel's sharp teeth. When I was going out in public I had learned to examine everything I wore for teethmarks. Even my underwear had teethmarks. Everything in my life seemed covered in black dog hair. My favorite halter was ruined by stains from the dog's slobber. Other clothes were marked by muddy paw prints or worse. The dog had chewed up my favorite green plaid jumper because I had not been able to get out of it fast enough. Another time the big dog has knocked me down and rolled me around the ground in its backyard run, getting its manure all over me. I was disgusted, but Jurgen just laughed and said the dog was "marking" its property. I started wearing extra perfume because I was so self conscious about smelling like a dog. Jurgen would not let me wear old clothes to his house. He insisted I dress nicely for my "dates" with Diesel, and usually had me wear a sexy negligee on Saturday nights.

While cleaning his house I made a chilling discovery in his bedroom closet. A dummy. This was different from the "intruder" in the barn that Jurgen used to train Diesel to attack. This one obviously had been for training, too, but for a different kind of lesson. This dummy was smaller, just my size. It had a chestnut brown wig and it was dressed in one of my skirts and sweaters. It had a mouth drawn on its face with my lipstick. It even had my earrings. The dummy was a grotesque sight. When I got close, I could smell my perfume on the dummy. The dummy was in pretty rough shape. My clothes were torn and smelled of dog. And the stuffing was coming out at the neck where the fabric had been ripped by the dog's teeth. One arm was torn nearly off. The eerie sight of the dummy disguised as me made me shudder. I realized Jurgen must have gone to great lengths to train his big dog to be my lover. I had images of what the training must have been like. I realized, too, that he had been training me as much as he had been training the dog.

One Saturday he decided he wanted to test the dog's endurance and he let Diesel know he wanted it to fuck me over and over again. Five times the dog mounted me and stuck its penis into me. Jurgen was thrilled and let his dog know. He told me I was what was known in the trade as "a receptive bitch." He said it as a compliment.

Whenever I was around other dogs, they went wild picking up the smell of the other dog, and the smell of canine sex on me. Once a big Retriever knocked me down in the park and started sniffing me while its bewildered owner pulled him off me, apologizing profusely, saying his dog had never acted like that before.

I had always been fascinated by the mating ritual, but Jurgen would never let me watch Diesel impregnate one of the pedigreed Rottweiler bitches. He said I would be jealous seeing my lover with another bitch and my presence would distract the dog from its duties. Diesel's mating and his show appearances were a mystery to me. I was not allowed to attend because I would be a distraction.

On the dog's fifth birthday I bought Diesel a new collar. Jurgen was touched and pleased that I would do something like that without him ordering it. He gave me the dog's old choke chain and told me I had to wear it whenever I visited the house.

Jurgen loved his role as master. And I was giving him an authority he never had with other woman. I

thought he appreciated that, and he did keep telling me how unique I was.

Jurgen was a master manipulator. He knew what he had to do to control me. He showed just enough interest in me, enough consideration, to give me hope. On my birthday he told me to wear my black dress, what he called my “fuck dress”, and he would take me out for drinks to celebrate. We sat in the darkened lounging drinking and talking, almost like old times, when Jurgen gave me a little gift wrapped box. I was sure it was the engagement ring I wanted so badly. My heart was pounding as I unwrapped the box. It was not an engagement ring. It was a dog tag. Jurgen had a tag made up with “Julie” engraved on one side and “Diesel’s Bitch” engraved on the other. He went down to the town hall and got me licensed as a dog, registering me as a Rottweiler bitch. He added the license to the “Julie” tag on my collar, so the tags jangled when I moved, just like Diesel.

Jurgen enjoyed doing everything he could to push me into the role of his dog’s bitch. He loved using that word around me. He gave me Diesel’s cast off dog brushes and made me throw out my hair brushes. I had to brush my hair with Diesel’s old dog brush. Jurgen made sure I carried a dog’s brush and a rawhide bone in my purse. Jurgen had a color photograph of the dog enlarged and framed and ordered me to put it on the nightstand by my bed. Jurgen made me give him back my picture of him.

“You’re lucky. Diesel is going to show you a purity that you will never know again with any man.” Jurgen told me. “But don’t forget, you’re its bitch. Dogs don’t love bitches the way you would like. It is not their nature.”

The dog treated me differently, like I belonged to it. That dog could not get enough of me. It went crazy whenever I was around, wagging its stub of a tail, whining, and trying to nose its way into my crotch. The big dog was always prancing around, jumping on me, trying to knock me down. It acted the way dogs do when they want to play or be fed, except this dog wanted to fuck me. Under Jurgen’s rules I could never resist, I could never say no. It was the dog’s decision. When I was in the house and it was tied up outside it would howl incessantly until it was brought in to be with me. Those brown dog eyes watched me intently where ever I went.

Diesel certainly did not regard me as Jurgen’s peer. One morning I walked into the kitchen to make myself a cup of tea and when I opened the cupboard door for a cup the dog went wild, its back arched, its ears raised menacingly and it barked furiously, chasing me away from the cupboard. Jurgen found me backed into a corner crying as the angry dog snarled at me. Jurgen was furious — with me.

“You can’t help yourself to anything in this house. You fuck the dog. You walk the dog. That’s it! Stay off the furniture. Stay out of the cabinets.”

Jurgen lectured me on and off the rest of the day.

“I am the master. You are not. You are the bitch. The dog cannot think a bitch, whether it’s you or a Rottweiler, is its master. That can’t be changed. The rules have to be strict. It is all about dominance and submissiveness. That is what the dog understands. You are the bitch. You are submissive. He is the stud. And I am the master. Black and white.”

The incident left me shaken and in tears. I was hurt by Jurgen’s reaction and surprisingly I was hurt by Diesel’s attack.

Jurgen did not let go of his anger at me. He was fuming. I had violated a rule by acting as a person in his house in front of the dog.

"There can be no ambiguity here. The dog's mind cannot handle ambiguity. You can't be a person and a dog. There is no crossing the line. Remember, you are the one who will get bitten."

I could only nod.

To punish me in front of the dog, Jurgen gave Diesel my beautiful leather purse as a chew toy. That had been a Christmas present from my mother. It broke my heart to see the dog tearing it apart.

One task I was permitted to carry out was to clean the two kennels in Jurgen's backyard. The second kennel was for the visiting bitches for the mating. I was in Diesel's kennel, bending down to pick up his turds in my gloved hands when I heard Jurgen's voice. He said two words in German that I recognized immediately as his command "Get Girl. The dog immediately had me down on the ground, growling and biting at my sweat pants as it carried out its instructions in typical frenzied canine fashion. I was menstruating and that seemed to excite the animal even more. When Diesel broke free of me Jurgen was standing outside the kennel with a camera in his hand and a big smile in his face. He tossed the dog a cookie, gave it a "Good boy," and told me to clean up the mess.

I accepted what Jurgen and Diesel wanted of me. I no longer thought about men. I think I was trying to prove to Jurgen that I was loyal. I even stopped referring to the dog as an "it." In my mind Diesel had become a "he." I even started wearing the choke chain around my neck in public. No one could possibly know its secret, and people regarded it as a bizarre fashion statement. It actually looked interesting when I wore a sweat shirt and jeans. I began to regard my adventures with Diesel as exciting and special rather than anything freakish and unnatural. Just as Diesel went from being an it, to being a dominant "he" in my mind, I accepted that I was a bitch, something submissive. No one called me Julie or treated me with any respect, not even Jurgen's friends. They all called me bitch, sometimes "Julie bitch", sometimes "The Bitch." I did not mind.

Having sex with a dog was an unnatural act, one of the most forbidden acts possible. Jurgen made sure I knew how few women would do such a thing, yet the fact that it was so forbidden, so unnatural was probably what made it seem so exciting and intense for me.

I think Jurgen was playing God. He enjoyed the power of manipulating genes and directing the breed, he was directing a great experiment with nature, combining two species. I know he kept all sorts of notes and records and photographs of my "relationship" with Diesel. He was pushing me into this unnatural relationship under the guise of anthropology. Of course, I believed Jurgen. I was blind, I loved that man so much. I would do anything for him, even give up my humanity. I worried sometimes about going to Hell.

He kept meticulous records of every aspect of Diesel's life. He had records of the dog's weight, what it ate, as well as records of its showings in competition and its stud work. Looking through the stud files I saw Jurgen had carefully recorded every encounter I had with his dog, listing me as "Bitch Julie," right alongside the names of the female Rottweilers that Diesel was paid to breed.

Jurgen documented our love affair by taking pictures of me with his dog. Whether I was out for what looked to be a routine walk with Diesel or if I was mounted by the dog with its glistening penis penetrating me, Jurgen had pictures. He had one photo of me naked with my choke chain and tags enlarged to go side-by-side with a color portrait of Diesel that he kept in his bedroom, even though I told him I was so embarrassed if someone saw it. Of course, that was the purpose.

One evening during a walk in the park a black lab ignored Diesel's growling and barking to circle me. I froze as the strange dog sniffed my rear. Suddenly Diesel lunged at the animal and the two huge dogs were snarling and tearing at each other with their teeth. I had to let go of Diesel's leash

and stand back out of the way. There was nothing I could do, but watch. It was an eerie feeling to watch two huge dogs go at each other so violently, knowing that they were fighting over me. It was not unlike having two men in a bar fight over a woman, I suppose. And like a woman watching her boyfriend in a barroom fight, I cried at the sight of my lover bleeding and stood by praying he would win. The fight ended with the black lab running off all bloody and crying. Diesel was triumphant and knocked me down right there to demonstrate that I belonged to it. I had to take Diesel back to Jurgen with a torn ear and bleeding from a few other bites. The dog was not badly hurt, but Jurgen was furious that his prized dog had been damaged.

It had been so long since I had gone out with a man. I regarded my sessions with the dog as real dates after awhile, just like Jurgen wanted. The dog consumed my social life. It had been months since I had been held by a man, kissed human lips. My body began to respond instinctively to the dog. Soon the warmth of its pulsating penis inside me, the frenzied high-speed humping and the friction it generated was enough to give me genuine orgasms. As my body was trained to respond sexually to the dog I worried that I might never respond that way to a man who was not capable of the frenzied, inhuman humping and lacked the incredible warmth that Diesel had. I felt guilty about thoughts I was having about the big black Lab that I crossed paths with occasionally after its fight with Diesel and wondering what it would have done to me if it had won.

I never gave up hope of my relationship with Jurgen returning to what it had been before we started playing this weird game with the dog. But Jurgen took it so seriously. It was not a game to him. I was naive, I guess, but I believed I was doing this for him. I did start to get suspicious that he was seeing another woman at times.

Jurgen always pestered me for details about my affair with Diesel. He wanted to know every detail, what it felt like, how did it compare to a man, what did I like best. I told him the warmth. It had gotten so I craved its warmth inside me. Afterward I found out he tape-recorded those conversations.

Where I was concerned, the dog enforced the rules. If I dared break a rule and sit on the sofa Diesel would go wild, growling and barking, sticking its snout inside my skirt. If I wore panties, it would growl and nip me there, trying to tear them off to get at me. Jurgen had trained it to do that. I always wound up being pulled away from the sofa and knocked to the floor to have sex with the dog.

After several months, Jurgen worried that I was ruining Diesel for breeding, that the dog was losing its enthusiasm for other bitches, that it only wanted me. He cut back my "dates" with Diesel to one day a week, which the dog did not like, and Jurgen cut back my "romantic" walks with the dog to twice a week so Diesel could focus on his stud duties. He started talking about hiring me out to other stud dogs for entertainment. He mentioned that idea more than once. Jurgen was getting worried that I might not be good for his dog.

The dog continued to give Jurgen trouble. I had gotten to know Diesel quite well and suggested that it was not me that was upsetting the dog, but that it was angry because its time with me was being cut. That did not matter to Jurgen. The issue is over who is in control, he said. "I am the master and I will not be argued with."

When Diesel failed to mate with one brood bitch that came all the way from Texas, Jurgen ordered me to stay away from him and his dog for a week to punish the dog. During that week of exile, Diesel was excluded from a dog show when it got aggressive with a judge. Jurgen was beside himself with anger. He was afraid of losing control over his dog. He called and told me to stay away until he decided I could come back.

I told him that taking me away from Diesel would make the dog worse, but he did not care what I had to say. I was not dominant. I was surprised I had tried to talk Jurgen into letting me see the dog.

I went back to see Jurgen without waiting for him to call. Jurgen was incensed that I would disobey him. He raised his hand to hit me, but stopped when Diesel growled menacingly at him. The dog was in its fighting stance, its back arched, hair up, ears perked and teeth bared. The dog moved protectively in front of me. The expression on Jurgen's face was incredible. He looked stunned. I saw something in his eyes when he looked at me at that moment that chilled my soul: pure hatred. I left with the two of them facing each other. I hated to see that. I would rather Jurgen had hit me. I knew something terrible had happened. I called Jurgen several times, but he never picked up. I left messages on his machine. Finally, after four days of calling he called me. His message was simple: "Stay away from me and stay away from my dog."

I was restless. I was surprised at how much visiting Jurgen and his dog had become a part of my life. After several restless days I finally got out, going shopping for new clothes, flirting with guys again and going for longer and longer runs. After two weeks the scratches on my back were almost healed. I felt like I had broken the dark spell that man and his dog had cast on me. I even had a date with a real guy who had been pestering me for months to go out. We went to the movies and kissed in the car. I was feeling normal again. It felt good to talk to a man again.

Weeks went by. For the first time in more than a year my life was not dominated by Jurgen's strange sexual needs or his dog. I was surprised and relieved when I realized I had not thought of them in days.

I got my hair cut short. That was something I had wanted to do for a long time. I was sick of wearing my hair long. I had been wearing it long all my life and I wanted a change. Jurgen of course had not allowed me to get my hair cut during his year as my master. But I was not wearing my hair to please him anymore. After more than a year of having Jurgen decide everything for me down to the length and color of my fingernails to what I ate for breakfast, it felt strange to make a decision for myself. It was liberating to walk out of the hair salon without the weight of all that hair. I also bought a real hairbrush and put it in my new purse.

It took awhile for Jurgen's spell over me to break and for me to emerge from his dominance. It was hard at first to order meals for myself without thinking of him. I spent hours in front of the mirror examining my body, thinking about what I had become. I felt guilt, shame, revulsion. I felt sick to my stomach at times. I took several showers a day and went on shopping sprees to buy new clothes. I threw out anything with a dog hair or bite mark on it. I went to church every Sunday morning. I was desperate to get back to who I had been before I crossed paths with that man and his dog.

Then after six weeks Jurgen called. His terse message on my answering machine got my heart racing. He said I was to show up for my regular Saturday night date, just like we had been doing for the past year. "Be ready for a night of passion!"

I hesitated. I had finally put them behind me, or so I thought. I didn't know what to do. The guy who had taken me to the movies the last two weeks had made reservations for the two of us Saturday night at a romantic restaurant. He had potential. He really liked me. Why would I go back to Jurgen and his dog?

I went in through the side door and went straight to Jurgen's bedroom, which was part of our Saturday night routine for more than a year. He had a sexy lavender nightie laid out on the bed for me to wear. It was sheer and flimsy. It looked beautiful on me, but I knew the dog would tear it off me as soon as it saw me, especially after being without me for the longest period in more than a

year. I had prepared myself for an especially rough evening by lubricating myself with KY Jelly. I heard the dog howling wildly in the backyard. Its howl had an unusual wolf like sound to it, but I figured that was because it was especially horny after two weeks. I checked myself in the mirror, more for Jurgen, obviously, than the dog, and put on my collar.

There was another man in Jurgen's living room. I was embarrassed. I started to hide, but Jurgen waved me into the room. I was so self conscious standing in that lavender nightie and choke chain in front of that stranger. I knew immediately the man's presence was no accident. He was a breeder, too, he said as he leered knowingly at me, looking at the tags hanging from my collar. He said he bred German Shepherds.

"Do you like German Shepherds?" The man seemed to be smirking at me as he asked the question. "They are beautiful animals. I have a wonderful male. Big. Handsome dog. A little on the wild side. But that makes them more interesting, don't you think?"

I did not know what to say to the man. Jurgen was silent. My heart was pounding. In a minute Diesel would be in the room. The stranger reached out and examined the tags hanging from the choke chain. I reddened with embarrassment as he read out loud the inscriptions on my tags. I heard the dog's bark again, but it was not the familiar bark that had been a part of my life. There was something slightly odd about the jangling of tags. When the dog entered the room, it was not Diesel, but a stranger, a huge German Shepherd. It immediately circled me, sniffing at my butt and growling.

"Perhaps we should leave you two alone," the stranger said.

That was so many years ago, a lifetime ago, it seems. Diesel is an old dog now, or maybe dead. I am a typical suburban soccer mom with two wonderful kids, a loving husband and a cat. I don't drink. It took me a long time, but I finally stopped smoking, too. I never miss going to church on Sunday.

To this day, I get nervous whenever a big dog shows any interest in me. Even when I am walking through the park with my kids, I am afraid when a dog comes near me. I am afraid they somehow know they can fuck me.

On my birthday I still receive a gift from Jurgen. An unsigned card and a dog biscuit.