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Chrissy sat in silence, her mind thinking of a thousand things at once. She was thinking about her life over the past year and even further back than that. Her future was and the things it held were there too. Not the least of the things on her mind was her present. All of these thoughts carried various emotions with them: sadness, anger, joy, excitement, and arousal.

Currently she was sitting on her knees at her Owner's feet. She had her arm wrapped around his leg and was happily, all be it absent mindedly, nuzzling it. This was her happy place, one of many now that she was with her Owner.

One of her thoughts was of dreams she used to have of a nameless, faceless man that kidnapped and imprisoned her. She thinks he kidnapped her at least, she didn't dream that part specifically just knew that she was some place she didn't want to be. There was sex in spades but also dominance and not as a result of Stockholm's Syndrome either. She was wore down and broken and over the period of a year or more of having these dreams she was made to her serve her master, calling him M'lord before all was said and done.

She'd never been in to that kind of thing before these dreams, but afterwards she knew she had to look in to it.

As many can attest to being that young, 20 in Chrissy's case, it's hard to find someone that can be a real Dom. She couldn't bring herself to go looking for anyone too much older than herself. The thought of giving herself to some guy 10-15 or more years older than her knowing that she was only with that person to learn then be given to someone else was one she couldn't bear.

Instead she would start dating a guy and tell him she wanted to be his sub and then it proceeds to go bad from there. Sure it would start ok and what she wanted, even it start growing and still be ok but at some point it always seemed to just go wrong. After a number of tries she decided to stop looking for a Dom, to deny her submissive self and just go for 'normal'.

She'd had a 'normal' relationship, which went just as bad as the others. He ended up cheating on her just like her Doms had. So she was now just out to be on her own for a while now at 23. That was until he came along. A friend had said that someone she had met online was looking for a friend with similar interests that she shared and passed along his IM screen name. She almost didn't use it but something said to go for it since all he said he was looking for was a friend.

She should have known something was going to be different about this guy from the start. Just the way she spoke to him the first message she sent, since she had his screen name not the other way around Chrissy was first to speak. Her message, 'Howdy stranger'. True he was a stranger but never before had she sent anyone new a message like that, or rarely any message at all unless spoken to first. But there was something in the way she said she, she felt it but what got her was that He felt it too. Things progressed very quickly from there. Three days in he knew her deepest darkest secret and she hadn't told him, he'd told her what it was and was right.

By two weeks, they were together. Two months in another shocker. They had been trying to take it slow, and obviously failing, but were exploring the start of a D/s relationship. Needless to say Chrissy was scared but put to ease when they were talking about what she should call him. He didn't want 'Sir' and was deadest against 'Master', to which she was grateful. What did He want to be called...M'lord.

She hadn't told him about that part of the dream. She'd never told anyone at all about the dream but certainly not that part. At that point she knew her fate was sealed and she liked it.

Fast-forward a year, she's living with her Owner. Another something a little different than all the things you could find on the internet. They weren't Dom/sub or Master/slave, they were Owner/Pet.

So here she sits, complete in love and in awe of her Owner, loving nuzzling his leg. A show of her love and devotion. There were more but this was by far one of her favorites, partly because there was nothing overtly sexual about it. Even saying that though, she was soaked, her thighs wet with her juices and she was insanely horny.

She loved sitting there at His feet. It was where she belonged and she felt it even in her bones. And being naked was second nature to her now, sure it still turned her on to have to strip the second she walked in the house but that didn't fully explain what she was feeling right now.

Chrissy could feel something coming, she'd even commented on it. "M'lord seems extra horny and incredibly worked up about something today." It was as much a question as a statement. He'd used his Pet three times before they even got out of bed for the day, another two since and it was just barely 4pm. Sure there had been similar days like that but something just felt different about today. Maybe that was why she was nuzzling her Owner's leg like she was and as horny as she was, grateful for having been so thoroughly used and ready in anticipation of more to come.

There was a knock at the door that made her jump out of her skin. She moved to allow her Owner to get up to answer the door, not being allowed to answer it herself unless being instructed to. "My Pet is to go upstairs to my bedroom, shut the door and sit on the bed until I come get her." The order shocked her enough to cause a moment's hesitation. "It wasn't a request."

Those words always sent a thrill right to her clit, even if she knew it meant she was going to get in to trouble for causing them to be said. "Yes M'lord." It was all she said even though she had a zillion questions. Once behind the bedroom door it was impossible to hear anything more than the smallest of whispers and Chrissy's hearing wasn't the best to begin with.

The minutes felt like hours. At some point she ended up on the foot of the bed curled up on the foot of the bed napping. She knew she wouldn't be in trouble for falling asleep when she opened her eyes and was greeted with a huge grin. "Stand up and turn around." She did as she was told and just as she was about to start asking questions she realized she was about to be blindfolded. Which meant all of her questions were about to be answered.

She'd learned some time ago, during similar situations, how to follow her Owner's subtle movements of her without stumbling or being jerked around. Chrissy was intently trying to pick up on anything that might hint at what awaited her. Times before it had been things like a surprise birthday party or long lost friend, and even once a romantic candlelit dinner for their anniversary (the day she was collared). All those times she'd been clothed.

Her intense arousal had long since passed, replaced by curiosity but she was still aware that she had been that way earlier as she could her thighs still wet. As she stood there waiting on the blindfold to be removed or for permission to do it herself she thought she heard something. It almost sounded like an animal sniffing the air but she couldn't be certain because she was also hearing, for certain M'lord moving around behind her. So the sound could have just been his pant legs brushing together.

Just as she was turning her head to try to verify it wasn't just some fabric moving around she got the second huge shock of the day when a huge animal tongue pressed itself against the skin of her inner thigh. It started only three or four inches from her pussy and didn't stop until it licked well up to her belly button.

As the monster tongue was about half way through its first lick the blindfold was removed. Chrissy

would have come right then had she been allowed to. As it was her knees quaked and threatened to give way as she parted her legs hoping to entice the animal to continue licking her. He of course needed no enticing and was starting his second intense lick before she could make a move. "Please M'lord, let this one cum?!"

Her voice was a struggle to find and she just barely got out her plea. "Not yet Poppet." She loved her pet name but had no time to savor hearing it, only being able to acknowledge that fact that she was being denied an orgasm. She whimpered hoping the dog in front of her didn't lick her clit with his tongue before she'd been given permission to cum. If that happened she didn't know if she could obey.

Thankfully for the next several licks he didn't. "If and when he finds your clit, then you can cum." There it was, now all she had to do was wait, glad that her Owner knew his Pet well enough to not put her in a position to disobey him. He'd never pushed her too far at once, a little at a time, expanding her ability to hold out until she was given permission. This was one of those times He knew where her hard limit would be.

After all, this was her most intense fantasy. It was more than that. Being claimed by a dog, having a dog breed her like she was a bitch in heat wasn't just a fantasy. She'd come to realize that that's what she was, what she was born for. She knew it was true the first time her Owner spoke the words and she'd had the most intense orgasm to date. There had never been a chance for it to happen, even for her to cum on a dog's tongue, until now.

Chrissy didn't think she could get any hornier than she had been earlier in the day but from the first lick the dog gave her she had already surpassed that level. And with every lick it was getting more intense. She could feel her juices flowing, now to the point there was some mixed with dog slobber trickling down her leg. She knew this orgasm would be insane and she was already shaking considerably and whimpering with her need.

Just when she didn't think her torture would end she felt the dog's tongue part her delicate folds and drag slowly the entire length of her sensitive slit. From the moment she could tell what was going to happen everything seemed to go in to slow motion except her. She could have sworn the dog was doing it on purpose to torment her. Then she felt that raspy tongue, pressed firm against her womanhood, engulf her clit.

It took her mind a moment to register the sensation but when it did it wasn't just a mere touch she felt. By the time she felt it fully the dog's tongue had pulled back her hood and exposed her ultra-sensitive button fully to his assault.

Words couldn't describe what she felt. She'd been anticipating how it would feel once the flood gates had been opened but that was nothing compared to what it was actually like. Her legs refused to hold her up any longer and she fell back flat on her ass. That didn't stop the dog, he continued to lick her, lapping up the deliciousness he had found. Now he was pushing his tongue inside her, scooping out her juices.

She convulsed and screamed. Looking up at the man that put His mark on her, she cried out to him. "Thank you M'lord!" Her words were ragged and pieced together. Even though it hadn't been his tongue that brought her this immense pleasure, he had made it happen. She knew the moment she looked down at this beautiful beast that before the day was out she would be surrendering to him and would be calling him Master.

Chrissy was on the verge of becoming hypersensitive and like always her Owner knew without her having to speak a word. "Duke. Sit." Amazingly the dog did. She'd marvel at it more once she recovered. She laid there waiting for the tremors to stop. It seemed like they took forever to. Once

they did she moved her hand between her legs and felt all the wetness. Her hand found a puddle of goo. A mixture of dog slobber and her own creamy goodness.

Bringing her hand to her mouth she cleaned her fingers thoroughly. She'd always loved how she tasted, always cleaning her fingers after she had gotten herself off or the toy she used or her most favorite, cleaning her Owner's cock after sex. Knowing her own taste, intimately, she could tell what was her and what was from the dog. That thought alone sent a small orgasm through her.

Again her fingers were between her legs, this time instead of cleaning them off when she brought her fingers to her mouth she caressed her lips. The knowledge of what she was doing exciting her. She propped herself up on her elbows, looking first to her Owner then to the beast who had so completely satisfied her.

This was the first chance she had to really take the time to admire him. He was a beautiful Rottweiler. Some would replace 'beautiful' with 'terrifying', and they'd be right, he was terrifying as well. That was as much a turn on as anything about him. Chrissy was getting off on the thought that at any second Duke could turn on her and rip her throat out. She knew she would orgasm the second his fangs tore through her flesh.

The power he possessed poured off of him. Her eyes took in every inch of his well muscled body. He was every bit of 100 pounds, if not more. She ached to be beneath him, where she belonged. Her Owner told her that she had been born to be a doggy sex slave. Looking at this creature in front of her, she knew it to be true. And that was before her eyes came to rest on his cock.

Only the tip was visible and to her mind that had to be every bit of three or four inches and almost two of her fingers thick. She trembled imagining how big he would be at his fullest and even while that image scared her, it excited her even more. She licked her lips hungrily. She had to have him inside her, to surrender to her K9 Master. It took everything in her to tear her eyes from that gorgeous weapon Duke called his cock and look up to M'lord, but she did.

"Worship his cock like a good Bitch." It wasn't the order she had expected but one she was ecstatic to get all the same. Chrissy wasn't sure how to go about it exactly or if she even be allowed to. She thought for a moment before leaning in, bending at the waist, the top of her head brushing past the dog's massive chest. A shiver went down her spine knowing how vulnerable a position she may be putting herself in but she didn't care, she was about to have a dog cock in her mouth and that overrode any fear she might have.

Her breath faltered as she neared Duke's sheath. She could smell his musky scent and it excited her more. It hadn't crossed her mind the position she was in until the side of her heel pressed in to her clit and she had to fight back an orgasm. Moving her foot quickly she extended her tongue. Her heart was beating so fast she might have worried about a heart attack if she wasn't focused elsewhere. The instant her tongue made contact with the inhumanly hot piece of flesh she knew she was forever addicted.

When she would think back on this moment later she would question as to why her life flashed before her eyes. Everything that lead her here, all her 20 years of existence and even in to her future. Kennels played heavily in her vision of her years to come. Lots of time spent on her hands and knees having dogs breed her, taking her from both ends at once, their cocks trying to meet in the middle of her. Nights spent tied down so multiple dogs could take turns with her even if she passed out or somehow managed to fall asleep.

All of that in a mere instant. She stroked Duke's cock with her tongue, caressing it as if hoping to

hear him tell her she was a good girl and doing it like he liked. She felt him start to grow, responding to her touch. Almost at the same time she became aware of his heavy panting. She'd always wondered how that sound would affect her if she ever got the chance to be in a position even remotely like the one she was lucky enough to find herself in now. It was as if every pant was a gust of wind fanning the flames in her loins.

She wrapped her lips around the dog's growing erection, caressing him with her tongue as she bobbed her head slowly. Chrissy had no idea of this would be something a dog would enjoy or not but she knew she would get better with experience, finding out what worked and what didn't and what really drove her Master wild.

Duke pressed up off his haunches, rising up to all fours, towering over his bitch's back. At first Chrissy was worried, ready to cry if the dog moved away from, suddenly not interested in this human even if she was willing to do anything he could have wanted. She was relieved when he made no motion to move away. The realization struck her like a ton of bricks as to how hot it was to be beneath her Master, him hovering over her possessively. Whether for Duke it was show of possession or not didn't much matter, that's how his bitch viewed it.

With her Master standing she had to get properly on all fours to be comfortable. She knew her comfort was irrelevant but there was nothing preventing her from getting comfortable and it would make it all the easier for her to worship the cock in her mouth so why not.

Sensing a change in dynamics and getting more turned on, Duke shifted his weight and put a paw on Chrissy's back. Feeling a steady platform beneath his first paw, the other front paw followed. Not knowing exactly what to make of things Chrissy kept still, she was there for her Master's use in any way he wanted. Duke recognized the feeling of this position, having been trained this was a way to breed human bitches, a specific request from Chrissy's Owner.

Being perfectly at home in this position, Duke started to fuck the mouth that was so lovingly wrapped around his cock. Not having expected this particular development Chrissy was a bit freaked out, to which her Owner would credit her with sticking with it telling her she was a good girl and he was proud of her. Those two being things she desperately loves to hear and would do anything to.

The strokes were tentative at first, heights and angles being a little different for Duke now than with the only other bitch he had been with. Once he got things right in his head there was no stopping him, not that Chrissy would ever dare do such a thing. From the beginning a rule had been that she was to, under no circumstances ever, deny a dog anything he wanted. All the potential times, places and circumstances that included ran through her head when she was informed of the rule but she shuddered with excitement none the less.

Chrissy groaned, her pussy was desperate for attention but she couldn't move her hands to attend to it nor could she beg her Owner for assistance. There was something about the situation that added fuel to the fire, knowing that her Master's need came before hers. As that sank in she started to feel her Master's cock pressing at the back of her throat. Now would be the time she found out just how big he was and just how well she had mastered her gag reflex.

As she felt Duke swell more she did get a real sense of dread. "What happens if his cock is too big that I can't breathe?!" She asked of herself in a near panic. The answer instantly calmed her. "No better way to die than choking on my Master's cock." She knew she meant it but hearing the words in her head almost made her cum.

"When your Master cums, you can." She heard her owner say then became aware that she had been

so wrapped up in pleasing Duke that she hadn't even thought of her Owner since he gave his last order to her. She knew he wouldn't mind though, he knew how important this moment was to her and that he'd always said he would enjoy watching her first time.

Duke had really started to pound his bitch's mouth, his cock pushing down her throat. She knew she would be hoarse and have a very sore throat tomorrow but it would be a constant reminder of what she had done. There were so many sensations for Chrissy to try and absorb, she suddenly became aware that her Master was shooting precum in to her.

She knew enough to know that he wasn't cumming yet but the hot liquid flowing in to her stomach was driving her mad. She was starting to choke, unable to breathe around the still growing behemoth in her mouth. Maybe she would remember to ask M'lord for a tape measure when she could speak again. Chrissy adjusted the angle of her head, making it easier for Duke to get down her throat, she wanted as much of him inside her that way as possible.

Opening her eyes, that she hadn't known she'd shut, she could see her Master's knot just in front of her lips. She hoped her lips wouldn't swell too badly if they were busted with how hard she was being used. As the thought crossed her mind she felt the knot start banging in to her lips. Thankfully she could still breath in between thrusts and started sucking in as much oxygen as she could preparing for Duke to hold himself inside his bitch as he came.

She proved herself nearly as intuitive as her Owner because after a few deep breaths her Master forced himself as deeply in to her throat as he could and began filling her with his hot cum. Duke whining as he began emptying his balls in to his bitch sent Chrissy over the edge. If she didn't believe her orgasms could any stronger than the one she had on Duke's tongue, she proved herself wrong with her. This new level of intense so all consuming she passed out.

When she came to her Master wasn't in sight neither was her Owner. She sat up and spotted a puddle of dog cum on the hardwood floor next to where her face had been. It wasn't much granted but any was enough to make Chrissy lean and lick it up.

"That may have been even hotter than watching Duke use your mouth." She blushed, her tongue still on the floor. Teasing her Owner Chrissy looked up in to his eyes as she caressed the wood one last time, making sure every hint of Duke's cum was gone. Then she was on her feet running to him. Luckily he had been standing in front of a chair when his Pet leapt in to his arms, wrapping her legs around him, the two falling backwards with her momentum.

"Thank you M'lord!" Chrissy hugged her Owner tightly, loving him even more than she thought possible. She knew this day was a in the cards just didn't know it would be happening so soon. She became aware of the fact that her ass was exposed between her Owner's legs as Duke started licking at her. "Looks like someone isn't through with their Bitch yet." She shivered as she saw the intense look in the eyes in directly in front of her.