

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



PROLOGUE

This is the story of a mature woman, Deepti Sinha. She lives in the greater metropolitan region of Mumbai, India. She comes from a conservative Indian family and married to a troubled businessman through an arranged marriage, still a common custom in India and other countries in the region. She is a good woman, a good wife, and has made it her goal to create an environment of peace and comfort for her husband. It has been a task that she was predisposed to perform even if the effort seemed under-appreciated.

Deepti is a submissive in personality and nature. The only problem is that she was unaware of that and didn't know what that was or meant, even if she was aware. All she knew at the time was that her role was to please and serve her husband in much the same way she did when she lived with her parents and family before her arranged marriage. Her natural impulse to please was of primary importance to the man's family in order that he be freed to concern himself only with his rising career in business. They believed he was a man destined to succeed and bring credit to the family.

Deepti was a virgin at marriage and understood little of the sexual world or its potential. As it turned out, her husband, Prakash, had as little interest in sexual relations as she had knowledge of it. Unfortunately for Deepti, though, the consummation of their marriage and the early years to follow opened something within her that remained frustratingly unfulfilled by an inattentive husband interested more in his business efforts and vices, gambling and drinking, than the significant charms of his wife. And, despite her subtle hints and flirtations, he remained consumed by other things. Being submissive, however, she found it difficult, if not impossible, to express her interest in exploring sex with him.

After 15 years of a childless and sexually frustrating marriage, she began to contemplate, fantasize, and imagine what might have been or might be if ... The if was something she was not comfortable with. This story is the exploration she innocently began and found difficult to control.

Hidden deep inside Deepti was a desire and need to satisfy and be satisfied in simple ways initially, but in not so simple ways, eventually. But finding the way to satisfy and be satisfied seemed impossible to her. Impossible until her world was opened up before her in a very unexpected way.

The wonders Deepti experiences through adventures devised and supported by her secret benefactors lead her to increasingly satisfying and risky behavior. Mr. Venkat Iyer, a very successful businessman, and his personal and professional assistant, Swapnil Kolte, show her what her world might be like if she was respected, honored, and made safe along her journey.

After those years of being neglected and trivialized, she finds excitement in exhibitionism, canine sex, and sex with men like she had never experienced with her husband. The cravings she yearned for in Part I of this story opened a world of experience she had never dreamed of. With each new opening presented to her by Mr. Iyer and Swapnil, she eagerly passed through and found herself craving more. She learns what her craving involves and what her personality means to her. She learns the meaning of being a submissive, traits she had always recognized of herself.

At the end of [CRAVING, Part I](#), she was presented with an opportunity for her consideration:

"Deepti, do you know what a submissive personality is?"

"You have used the term before, Sir. I looked it up on the internet and did some research. I think I understand."

"You understand the term?"

I giggled nervously, "Yes, certainly, but I also understand why you have used it with me. I see now how my family had control over me and was able to dictate and manipulate my decisions and choices. I understand why my husband's family was willing to settle on a girl from my background. I would be easily controlled and manipulated to serve the needs of my husband."

He was nodding, still seeming to be engrossed in some story in the paper. "I am guessing that despite the treatment you receive from your husband and your growing craving for sexual gratification, you still maintain an orderly and efficient home for him." I nodded. "But, you don't feel whole, fulfilled, do you, Deepti?" I shook my head. My eyes moistened and I looked away from the match, my eyes not focused on anything. He was right, I didn't feel any fulfillment in my life. And, if this was his way of letting me know he couldn't continue to help me, I didn't know what I might do. His hand moved to my arm and gently touched it. "Deepti, a submissive is fulfilled by pleasing and serving, but there is also a deep need to be respected and honored in the process. Without that, it might as well be a servant's job."

I looked directly at him and he put the paper down on his lap. "That is the way I feel. You understand, don't you? You have for a long time." He nodded. I dropped my head and mumbled, "I don't know what to do. Are you telling me we are done? Are you saying my duty is to my husband? Are you saying this has been an intriguing lark, but it can't continue?"

I couldn't bear to look at him in case his answer was the dreaded response I didn't want to hear. But, I heard his voice light, but firm, in control, "Are you dressed appropriately for our meeting?" My eyes opened wide. I was wearing a saree with a top, but underneath I was not wearing a bra or panties or petticoat. I looked up smiling and nodded. I was also blushing, not because of the admission but because of the feelings of anticipation. I glanced at Swapnil and saw the kind, friendly, and caring smile lighting up his face. "I have no desire to end this, Deepti. Quite the opposite, in fact. I want to move this relationship forward, but I think to move it forward would require some changes in your life."

"What kind of changes?"

He turned on the bench to look directly at me. "Big changes. You want to be free to experience what is possible, don't you? You are more than a bitch, Deepti. Recently, you have shown that you could also be a slut." My face showed my reaction. "Do you doubt it? I know your desire, craving for dogs. It was the dogs that truly set you free. But, you have also shown you might crave the pleasures of men, as well, like a true slut. A submissive like you, Deepti, a bitch to dogs and a slut to men, would be fun to play with."

"What I now appear to be was with your guidance and assistance, Sir."

He nodded. "Yes, there was that. I confess my part in directing and manipulating your experiences all the way to sucking and fucking Swapnil before you eagerly did the same to both of us together." He chuckled. "Then, as though we weren't enough for you, you wanted to be mounted by Sheru." I giggled shyly at the recent memory. "Swapnil called you a sex goddess, remember? I think he was right, more so than he might have expected. Do you disagree, Deepti?"

I shook my head. "No, Sir. I mean, I don't know about the goddess part, but the idea he was expressing is exciting for me to imagine. But, it has been through your guidance ..." I looked over to Swapnil ... "and Swapnil's, of course."

He smiled and nodded. Then, he became very serious and held my eyes with his. "Deepti, do you want this to continue, even to grow?" I nodded. "Are you sure, Deepti? To continue like this would

continue to be restrictive and risky. To continue it and to grow it would require the big changes I was referring to. We have to bring this out of the shadows. You are a woman who needs strong control and direction."

"I'm not sure I understand."

He chuckled, "I know you don't. You are like a neophyte waiting to be groomed into being the slut and bitch you could be. That can't be done a few hours at a time, a few times a week. It requires turning your life over to it."

I looked up at him. I was stunned. When he said there would need to be changes, I never thought he meant changes at that level. How could those changes happen as a married woman afraid of what could happen to her? Oh ... my God! Is he talking about leaving Prakash?

"Sir, I can't leave ..."

He put up his hand. "I understand how important the perception of your marriage is for you and your family. Though, I don't think that husband of yours deserves you. He is a fool to have left you in this state that you should find yourself."

I stood and faced him while keeping a respectable separation between us in case someone should notice us. "I don't understand, Sir. What can you possibly do to make a difference beyond what we have been doing?"

"Answer me this simple question: Do you want to be shown, led, instructed, guided, and freed to seek and discover experiences you have only imagined and then well beyond those?" How would he do that? How do I answer that? How could I still be married and realize all that? But, if I could ... of course, I would want that. What does that make me? A slut, a bitch? Yes, that's what it would make me. Isn't that what I have been moving toward with his guidance, already? Of course!

"Yes ... I would want that, but how?"

"Deepti, there is a saying: To live fully you have to experiment; to have the ability to experiment, you have to have confidence; to have confidence, you have to be secure; to be secure, you have to trust." He looked into my eyes deeper. "I have asked you before if you trusted me and you always said, yes. This time it is a much bigger question, isn't it? Do you trust me this much, Deepti? Do you trust me to not only to free you up to experience more of this while maintaining your marriage but do you trust me to control what you experience? I am not offering you a love relationship, Deepti, this will be directing you into experiences, but I will keep you secure."

"Yes, Sir. I do trust you with my being. However you think you can manage all this, yes, I trust you to do it. It excites me, Sir. I have become wicked in my desires, I need your guidance."

"Good, excellent. I am excited, too, as I am sure is Swapnil." He chuckled and glanced to his assistant who smiled. Keep that phone nearby. In the next day or two, I will call for a meeting for it all to be explained."

"Yes, Sir." I was almost giddy, which on its face seemed strange. I was almost giddy to truly become a submissive, controlled woman directed to increasing sexual experiences. But, I very definitely was.

He turned to leave, his eyes showing that he wanted to give me a parting kiss. After only a few steps, I saw Swapnil say something to Mr. Iyer and he turned around. "Deepti, when I call for you, don't forget to dress appropriately."

I smile ... and blushed. I call after him with excitement, "Yes, Sir."

EXPLOIT, Part II of the story takes up with Deepti's meeting with Mr. Iyer to learn of his solution and her life beyond that meeting. As Mr. Iyer will explain to her, a rewarding life filled with excitement, joy, and satisfaction is one where you are able to exploit your skills, interests, motivations, and desires into a way of life. Some find the ability to incorporate a piece that into business, sales, science, teaching, art, or acting. The lucky ones are those who find a way to live their lives entirely within their motivations and desires. The ability to realize the opportunity, then take the risk, make the leap, to decide to live and experience a life dedicated to using, exploiting the interests, motivations, and desires that drive your soul.

What will Deepti when she attempts to live what she now understands about herself through her cravings, hoping to step into a life in which she will find fulfillment, reward, and being whole?

Of course, exploiting your own desires and cravings can open the door to exploitation and abuse, in the process. Is it possible to rely on others to exploit your desires and cravings without putting yourself in a position of abuse?

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## CHAPTER ONE

"That was humiliating." Prakash was glaring at me.

I had just walked into the apartment following being dropped off by Swapnil after the meeting with Mr. Iyer at his club. To my surprise, Prakash was there and they had been talking for a while before I arrived. The club was an exclusive golf course with very limited and restricted membership. I was escorted into a private meeting room past the pro shop, restaurant, and bar/lounge. There were several such rooms and it appeared to be a location where serious business could be handled privately after a round of golf. The room was decorated very much like an old English study with dark wood paneling and a wall of books. There was a small table with four chairs on one side and a cluster of three leather easy chairs on the other side. Mr. Iyer, Swapnil, and Prakash were seated in the leather chairs, each with a drink.

Prakash didn't seem as surprised by my arrival as I was to see him sitting there. I thought it odd that Mr. Iyer should call for a meeting on the very night Prakash had also called to say he would be meeting with a potential client and not be home until later. Oddly, the first thing to cross my mind upon seeing Prakash was that I was dress as requested by Mr. Iyer: saree with only the top, no other clothing underneath.

Whatever the discussion had involved up to my arrival, it carried on almost as if I wasn't there. With three chairs, all occupied, and nobody moving to bring one from the table, I stood between Prakash and Swapnil and facing Mr. Iyer. He glanced at me, but he kept his attention on Prakash as if waiting for something from him. Prakash looked my way with glaring, angry eyes. Normally, that look was reserved for me when he had been drinking or gambling too much and I made the mistake of mentioning either.

With a long, deep sigh that seemed to speak volumes of resignation and hopelessness, Prakash uttered the words Mr. Iyer was apparently waiting for, "Yes, I agree to all the terms."

Mr. Iyer clapped his hands, reached over and patted Prakash's arm on the chair, then looked up at me with a big smile. Swapnil was making notes on his open laptop. "Excellent! In truth, I knew you would, dear man. It was too good an offer, especially under your ... well, your circumstances, shall

we say?" He seemed very pleased with himself and I wondered what this offer and terms were that Prakash had agreed to. Mr. Iyer seemed pleased and Prakash did not.

With a slight, almost imperceptible nod to Swapnil, he stood and came up behind me. Mr. Iyer focused his full attention on me. I felt Swapnil lift the saree material draped over my left shoulder and passed it in front of me. I reached out to stop the material from falling, but Mr. Iyer's fingers moved slightly to indicate, no. My eyes pleaded with him. I didn't know what the arrangement was they had agreed to, but to do this in front of my husband seemed too much and not what I expected from the man who had been so considerate and helpful. Swapnil continued his effort without hesitation. He pulled the material behind me and unwrapped it around my body, pulling the tucks from the belt. With each unwrapping and untucking, I knew the inevitable. My mid-drift was exposed and as the material was unwrapped, I was exposed. Mr. Iyer's directive to not wear anything under the saree made my exposure quick.

Prakash looked at me in my semi-nakedness, his eyes moving from my only covering of the top to my nakedness below it. Then, I gasped and moaned in my embarrassment as Swapnil removed my top leaving me completely naked except for my shoes and my jewelry. I was blushing deeply and my eyes moistened. I fought to control my reactions.

Prakash looked, then turned his gaze to the floor between his feet. That apparently wasn't enough for Mr. Iyer, though.

"No! You look at your wife! Look at her naked body you have forsaken. How many years have you ignored that body, Prakash?" He looked at him, then back to me and I had tears in his eyes, but he didn't say anything. "Just as well. I wouldn't want to admit it, either." He turned his attention back to me. "Deepti, I do enjoy seeing your body. I think I do enjoy a more mature body." He smiled, but I wasn't feeling the pleasure of his words at the moment. Not like I had before. I watched as he patted Prakash's knee, "Oh, come now, dear boy. This is your doing, you know. You squandered the reputation you won on the race track. You gambled away your money. Your gambling and drinking followed to ruin your work ability. Now, look at you." He looked up at me, "Deepti, did you know he is bankrupt? He was on the brink of losing your apartment and car. Heaven knows what would have happened. I should say it is very fortunate for both of you that your little adventures led you to me ... or should I say to my dogs?" He gave me a little smile.

I gasped and buried my face in my hands about the same time I heard Prakash exclaim, "Dogs?!? Adventures with dogs?!? What's been going on?"

Mr. Iyer shushed him. "Control yourself. Don't forget our agreement. I will have no qualms about following through with the conditions."

Prakash sat back heavily in the chair, his hands hanging off the side of the chair armrests, shaking his head.

"I am a man of my word, my dear. You wanted the freedom to experience more adventures, more situations, more pleasures. And, you said you wanted to keep your marriage. I have arranged all that." He looked back to Prakash, "You know, you really should be grateful to her for wanting to keep the marriage intact. For the life of me, though, I can't imagine why." He returned his attention to me. "I have agreed to underwrite some basic leases like your apartment and car. Prakash will have the opportunity to handle my real estate needs and work with my trainers for brokering and transporting my animals. Well, that is as long as he does a good job for me. In return, he will stop all gambling and reduce his drinking to social amounts, only." He smiled at me, again. "Two more things: You will spend time with me; and, he is not to visibly harm you." That caught my attention. I

knew Prakash's temper and I hadn't considered his reaction to all this. "How much time you spend with me isn't defined, but I was thinking at least half the time. I think that's fair for all I am spending because I am sure I could have the real estate and animal brokering done more efficiently and cheaply with my current agents."

I was stunned by everything I was hearing and my mind was having difficulty focusing on what was most significant of the revelations. I had almost forgotten I was naked in the midst of these men when I caught Mr. Iyer nodding to Swapnil behind me and hands reached around to take my tits in them and lift them up. I looked quickly down at Prakash. His eyes expressed sadness like I hadn't seen for years as his naked wife was being fondled in front of him.

"Prakash", Mr. Iyer was still making his points to him, "look at her body." Swapnil removed his hands from my tits and turned me around so I was displayed completely. "You will see there are no marks on her, anywhere. Keep her that way." Oh, my God, even he had anticipated a violent reaction.

Then, he returned his attention to me, "Deepti, you will be submissive to both your husband and me when you are with each of us. You have demonstrated to me how submissive you are. That is the way you will continue to be ... with both of us." Swapnil handed a wine bottle around to me, which I took from him in confusion. But, Mr. Iyer didn't leave any confusion in my mind to remain for long. "Show your husband how submissive and obedient you are, dear." I didn't know what he meant by that. Or, I was too afraid of what he meant. "Dear, come now ... slide the neck of the bottle into your cunt. I am sure it is wet; it always is."

God! I was humiliated! I couldn't even glance at Prakash, anymore. I bent over slightly, spreading my feet as I did. I was embarrassed and disgusted with myself that the neck of the bottle did slide easily into my cunt. I was wet. Even being humiliated and degraded I was wet!

I looked up to find Mr. Iyer indicating that I should close my legs. Trapping the bottle between my thighs, I released my hold on it. I stood before him and my devastated husband with a wine bottle lodged between my thighs and inside my cunt. I could feel the heat of the blush rushing over my body. I looked at Mr. Iyer. What happened to the man I thought would take care of me? What have I done? Tears fell from both of my eyes, down my cheeks and off my jaw. Even humiliated, I could feel the drops fall onto my tits. My body was betraying me with sensory awareness even now. I felt betrayed. I felt humiliated. I felt degraded and cheapened.

But ... I also felt turned on by it. I couldn't believe it. Whether I wanted to believe it or not, it was true. I was turned on by the humiliation.

As the reality of what was happening washed over me, Prakash was dismissed. Dismissed. Whatever I had felt about my husband before, I felt saddened for him now. With his wife standing in the private room naked with a wine bottle lodged in her cunt, he was dismissed from the room. The door to the room opened behind me, there was a brief murmur from Swapnil to him as the door hung open. Whether anyone else was outside to see into the room or not, it had the effect of pointing an exclamation point on my humiliation and situation. All I had wanted was to experience more of the unique pleasures of sex with dogs. How naïve and foolish. I was ignored, discounted, isolated, unappreciated, and made to feel inconsequential for so long. As taboo the masturbation and the dogs might have been, it somehow hadn't felt like cheating in my mind. But, I know it was. It was why I was scared and threatened by being discovered and found out.

The door closed behind me and Swapnil took his chair and swallowed the last of his drink. For a moment, there was nothing said. They simply looked over my body as I stood before them.



Then, "Deepti, are you happy? You have everything you wanted. Now you can enjoy all the sexual gratification put in front of you AND have your marriage intact at the same time." I saw Swapnil's eyes wince, a slight flinch of his shoulder at the comment as if even he was taken aback by the meanness of the comment. But, while he basically controlled his physical reaction, my mouth opened in a gasp, my eyes releasing more tears. Despite the tears flowing from my eyes and the involuntary shaking of my body, his eyes and demeanor indicated no change in his attitude. I had completely misread this man and I had to wonder by Swapnil's nearly hidden reaction if this wasn't something he also was surprised by. What I was seeing for the first time was a man who relished in control and manipulation; a man who could find the weakness in someone and attack it with not only efficiency and skill, but delight; and, a man who seemed to take pleasure in delivering humiliation and degradation. This was a man who was a master at hiding his intentions, manipulating others, and striking his prey while most vulnerable.

As if reading my very thoughts and wanting to put an exclamation point to them, he directed his comments to Swapnil while holding my eyes with his. "We shouldn't delay her too much longer. I am sure she is anxious to be reunited with her husband. I am sure they have much to discuss." His face lit up with amusement that was lost on me and not particularly shared by Swapnil who hid his reaction by standing and turning to me. "Bend her over the table and fuck her. I want her going back to her husband with another man's cum in her slut-bitch cunt."

I slightly parted my legs as Swapnil turned me toward the table with a touch to my shoulder. The bottle unceremoniously dropped from my hole to the carpeted floor where it teetered for a moment before falling onto its side.

My shoulders sagged as I walked to the table, Swapnil's fingers lightly pressing into the spot between my shoulder blades. When I stopped a foot from the side of the table, his fingers pressing into me continued and I leaned over the table until my body was pressed into the smooth, hardwood surface of the table, my tits flattened between my body and the surface. There were several moments of nothing but the faint sounds of Swapnil unbuckling his belt, then unzipping his trousers. I obediently, and without other direction, parted my feet wide. I felt his cock head moved along my slit and I could tell he was already hard. I couldn't be surprised by all that had happened and all the humiliation he watched heaped onto me. When his cock stopped at my hole, I took a deep breath anticipating his thrust into me. I sensed this would not be like the other times when he was gentle and considerate. I sensed this would be like the rest of this evening, another example of my place as nothing more than a slut and bitch. When those words were introduced to me before, they seemed playful. They no longer seemed so playful.

His hands grasped my hips and the cock head parted my opening. He hesitated, but for only a moment. He reset his grip on my hips and pulled me back as he drove himself forward. The penetration was deep and swift, his thighs smacking against mine. I gasped and released a soft cry. He pulled back and drove back into me, remaining deep inside for a moment, then repeating the action, then faster and faster with no hesitation or pause. He fucked me hard and relentlessly. He drove his cock into my cunt with an abandon I had never felt. He fucked me like I was nothing to him, just a slut ... or maybe just a cunt. Those times before ... only part of the setup? That was just a manipulation? That was just their game of some kind?

He thrust deep into me and held himself tight and deep. I felt his cock inside jerk and pulse, then I felt him cum. His seed spurting into me. I felt everything. He was pressing my body into the tabletop as he came, but I raised my head. In the reflection of the picture on the opposite wall, I saw Mr. Iyer sitting on the edge of his chair watching, I saw Swapnil straining, his mouth open and gasping. And, despite it all, all the humiliation and degradation, my body proved to me and them what I was. I climaxed strongly, intensely, and I cried out as my body shook, my legs weakened and my cunt



spasmed around the cock inside me.

That was how I found myself back in the apartment and my husband's words reaching out with accusation and menace, "That was humiliating."

"Yes, it was. I had no idea he was going to do that."

He laughed, "What were you thinking to bring a man like that into our lives? Were you that desperate? Your life was so terrible?"

I looked at him. It wasn't my nature to get into a fight with him or anyone. "That's not fair. You were the one who got us into this. You've ignored me, treated me like I was a servant, a nobody. You never touched me. You never showed me any consideration, any respect or value. And you threw away all our money. What were you thinking? How would we have lived? What would have happened to me without a home, you no job, just drinking and gambling with your friends?"

"Shut up!" His hand was raised and I feared he would strike me, but his hand wavered above his head, the fury of what had just happened coursing through him like red-hot lava scorching his control and restraint. But, the strike never came. His arm slowly dropped to his side. At that moment, he looked defeated, utterly defeated. Seeing him like that, what all the humiliation had done to him, was almost more painful than the humiliation itself.

I stepped to him and took his hands. "Prakash, I'm sorry. Truly, I never thought ...", I sighed deeply and more tears dropped from my eyes, "I guess I didn't think. I only wanted some excitement, some way to feel like I was alive and desired. I wanted to feel that feeling ... sex. I wanted more. I'm sorry." I looked up at him. "But you are at fault here, too."

"He humiliated me. He bought my compliance and rubbed my nose in it. He stripped you in front of me and his man fondled you. In front of me!" I don't think he heard I word I said. This was about his humiliation. Nothing about my humiliation seemed to be registering with him. As usual, it was all about him. I had felt sorry for him before seeing him broken and beaten. But, he didn't care what had happened to me. Just about him. He shook his head and I knew from experience he wasn't done. He turned and looked at me. "Put the neck of that wine bottle inside you like you knew exactly what to do."

"No! Don't do that! He had to tell me to do that."

"You did it, though. And easily, hardly any hesitation. He said you were a good submissive. He said you would be submissive to both of us. He said he wanted me to see how good a submissive you were."

I was shaking. All of that was true. I acted as a submissive and he used that to further humiliate us.

He turned to look out over the city below. He seemed lost in his gaze, but I saw him focus on my image in the window like I was focused on my own image in the mirror so many times. Without turning around, he calmly commanded me. "Take off your saree and top." I didn't hesitate. I didn't dare. I removed the material over my shoulder and pulled the tucks and unwrapped it from me. I dropped the material on the floor and removed the top. I stood behind him completely naked. I stood by the same window I had found so exciting before being naked. Now I was tentative, anxious, nervous, unsure of what was to come next.

He turned to look at me. "I have to say, Deepti, I do have regrets. I have for some time now, I just didn't know ..." It died away. Whatever was coming into focus about himself slipped away without

further verbalization. "He made you be naked. He made me look at your nakedness as if I had not seen it before. Maybe it has been awhile since I have noticed." He shook his head and turned back to the window. He seemed deeply conflicted. His mind seemed torn with regrets and anger. "He turned us into whores."

At first, I wasn't sure I heard him right, he said it so softly. "What?"

"Whores. That's what he turned us into. He bought us with his 'help'. He was willing to finance me out of debt in return for you. Maybe you're the whore. Maybe I'm your pimp." He shook his head more.

I hadn't considered what had happened to be like that. The humiliation, exhibitionism, control, and demands. All with a price tag. His financial solution to Prakash's failure.

He turned back to me. There was a change in his eyes. "Why are you so much later? What happened after I left?" I stammered. "Don't bother searching for a story, something to hide the truth behind. They fucked you, didn't they?"

"Swapnil." My head sagged and when it did I saw my nakedness. "Only Swapnil. He was brutal, hard." If I thought he was broken before, something snapped inside him, again. The look was different. I wasn't sure I liked how whatever snapped changed something.

He took my arm in his hand and pulled me around the sofa and pushed me over the back. He kicked my feet apart. For the second time tonight, I knew I was going to be punished with a fuck. I didn't even hear the sounds of his pants being opened. I felt his cock at my cunt, then it being driven into me.

He laughed. It was a wicked kind of laugh. "Yeah, you've been fucked, alright." He laughed. "You've missed the sex, huh? Well, we'll take care of that." He fucked me hard, driving his smaller cock into as if he were trying to punish me. That was how it physically felt. That was how it emotionally felt.

When his cock spasmed inside me, I felt it. All I needed was to slip a hand between my thighs and to stroke my clit a few times. When I felt his cum spurt into me, I came, crashing in orgasm with him. This was so unlike Prakash. He could be angry, but he had never been this dominant, forceful, and commanding. It was like he was taking what was his, after all, this time. Or, at least, he was taking that part that was his, that part left to him by Mr. Iyer. He had been humiliated by that man and he was taking some of himself back now through what he was doing to me. Despite everything, Prakash and all the baggage of before, the trauma of the night, and all the thoughts and concerns bouncing off the inside of my brain about this new uncertain future, I had cum while being brutally dominated by both men. I wasn't sure if I was sick somehow, or if I was learning something new about myself as I had along the way with Mr. Iyer.

He pulled out of me and slapped my ass cheek. Hard. I was sure it would leave a mark, but it would be gone by morning. He came. I came. He didn't concern himself with whether I did or not. Two dominating fucks. The first was commanded, Mr. Iyer commanded his assistant to fuck me while he watched. He didn't even do it himself. I was now something for him to use. And Prakash. He fucked me the same way; he fucked me, pulled up his pants and left. For him, too, I was something to use. But, he used me. Tears came to my eyes, but I pushed them back, denied them. Part of this was my fault. I was the submissive. I opened this door without knowing what might happen by stepping through it. That was what Mr. Iyer said, submissive to both. There were ramifications if Prakash didn't follow through; were there ramifications if I didn't, also? Did he not mention it because he assumed my compliance? He discounted any possible resistance or objection from me. I did what he

commanded in front of my husband. Would he need any more assurance than that? And, what of Prakash? What ramifications might I find from him if I should displease him? He draped me over the back of the sofa in view of the large living room window and fucked me, unceremoniously, dominantly, without reservation or concern.

I slid to my knees from the back of the sofa, too stunned about the evening to immediately follow Prakash into the bedroom. He didn't call for me to follow. Did he even want me in the same bed? I stood and picked up my clothes. I stopped to gaze at the window. I raised my hand and pointed at my reflection there. "This is all your fault ..."

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CHAPTER TWO

The aftermath was tense. I heard nothing from Mr. Iyer or Swapnil. Prakash was obviously angry. He was angry with himself, with me, and certainly at our benefactor. That's what he was, our benefactor. He came to our rescue in a manner of speaking while taking his pound of flesh and self-respect in return.

I was walking around as if the apartment floor was covered with bubble-wrap and I didn't want to draw any attention to myself, and I didn't. He left for the day without a word to me. I decided to let him initiate the communication. I dedicated myself to making the apartment perfect and to have his favorite dinner prepared, not knowing if he would return or when. I also speculated how I should dress for him. I leaned toward the traditional saree but worried because it was what Mr. Iyer required. Prakash wouldn't know that, however, and the full saree hopefully would give the image of a dutiful, Indian wife, though it was a little late for that now.

Prakash returned home quiet. Although his demeanor was even and controlled, I was an emotional and psychological mess. I was dressed in a saree he had previously liked. When I heard the door being unlocked, I moved to the archway of the kitchen and stood with my hands clasped in front of me, my eyes on the floor. He stopped on seeing me but didn't say anything as he then moved to change into more comfortable clothes. All through dinner, my hands shook as I passed bowls of food to him. Dinner was quiet, barely a word exchanged between us except to indicate a desire for something more of one of the dishes.

After I had cleaned up after the dinner, I returned to stand at the entrance to the living room where he was watching something on the television. I almost wished he would explode at me, again, just to get it over with. When he noticed me standing to the side, he turned off the television with the remote, then lightly tossed it onto the coffee table in front of the sofa he was sitting on. Just over his right shoulder was the location he had bent me over the back to fuck me last night. I couldn't help looking at the spot. It had been an unexpected reaction to the night. I had expected him to yell, shout, and curse me. I even half expected to be hit or slapped despite Mr. Iyer's warning. I had not expected to be fucked so forcefully. It had been so long since he had touched me in that way I wasn't sure he could any longer. I now suspected he never stopped, just had stopped with me. Perhaps some of the time with his buddies had been spent in such activity with some woman, maybe some prostitute. The consideration hurt me emotionally, but I could no longer object. Though, it would be another example of how he had shaped the inevitable path we found ourselves on.

After turning off the television, he looked at me. Even with his quiet, his eyes still flashed his inner wrath and turmoil. He motioned me to the other side of the table where I took up my position in a similar pose of supplication, which was both a defensive reaction and a deep internal response from my submissiveness.

I stood before him in silence for several moments. I ventured a glance at him without lifting my head. He seemed to be nodding, then, "Yes, I like that. I want to see you in the saree as much as possible. If there is a reason for you to wear something else, it will be decided with my input. Do you understand?"

I nodded. The instruction I was given last night echoed in my ears, I was to be submissive to both men. "Yes, Prakash."

"Now remove it." I glanced up at him, then to the side at the window. It was nighttime outside, the lights inside glowed bright and if anyone could see in, they would be able to see very well. But, it was no different than those time when I would stand deliberately against the window naked for the exhibitionistic thrill. Now, Prakash was leading me to the same exposure and he was doing it without seeming to care if someone could see.

I began unwrapping the long material, first the left shoulder drape, then from around my waist, pulling the tucked material from the waistband of the petticoat. I glanced at him as I continued. When enough of the material was removed, he saw the petticoat underneath. He nodded. With the saree material removed, I pushed the petticoat down my legs and stood before him in panties and top. He made a rolling motion with his hand to indicate that I should continue. I removed the top, which left me in bra and panties. He smiled and made the same motion. I reached my hands behind my back and unclasped my bra, sliding the straps off my shoulders and off my arms. Glancing at him, I pushed my panties off my hips and down my legs, stepping out of them and the petticoat.

I stood before him naked. He was inspecting my naked body, twirled his finger for me to turn around. I turned so my ass was to him. I turned my head and he was twirling his finger, again. Face him, again.

"I vaguely remember when you walked into the bedroom naked and your pussy was cleaned of hair. Were you trying to entice me, Deepti?" I nodded. "You didn't know how to get a sexual response from me, so you experimented?" Upon cross-examination, I had confessed some of my actions. I did not confess my actions with the dogs. "We've created quite a mess, haven't we?"

"I am sorry, Prakash, for my part in this. I wish now I hadn't felt so desperate to experience sexual attention, again."

His face returned to being stern, again. His eyes narrowed into slits and his mouth tightened. "But, you did." His eyes continued inspecting my body. He might have been looking at me more intently and deliberately than he ever did before, even after we were initially married. He stood up and unbuckled his belt, then opened the clasp of his pants, unzipping them, and pushing his pants down to his ankles. "Have you also learned to suck cock?" Embarrassed, I nodded. "Then get over here and start sucking."

I stepped to him and sank to my knees. I didn't want to offer anything more than I had to. I wouldn't want him to know that I had first sucked a dog's cock in the National Park. His uncircumcised, limp cock was hanging in front of my face. I took it in my right hand and raised it to my mouth. I put it all into my mouth, covering it with my saliva. Then, I started stroking it after adding saliva to my palm. I pulled the foreskin back to expose the cock head, licking it and putting it between my lips to suck the head. I kept the foreskin pulled back as I started pushing my mouth down the length of his cock, pulling back with suction, twirling my tongue around the head, then pushed my mouth back down its length. It wasn't taking long for my mouth to cause him to begin hardening.

He gasped, "He made you into a good cock-sucker, wife. A little more and I will fuck you, again. You

said you missed having sex. We're going to do this every night. You'll suck my cock, then I'll fuck you." He groaned as I pumped my mouth over his hard cock. "Where did this skill come from, wife? Now, bend over the sofa back. I'm going to fuck you that way, again."

I released his cock and walked to the back of the sofa. I leaned over the back and spread my feet wide and waited. I saw him sit back down, remove his shoes, then stand and remove his pants. He came up behind me, sliding his cock head along my cunt until he found my opening. Then he grabbed my hips, like last night, and drove forward as he pulled my hips back toward him. His penetration was deep and instant. I came on his cock, again.

That became our routine. After dinner, I sucked him hard, then he fucked me. Almost every time it was the same. He took me bent over something. If not the sofa, it was the dinner table or leaning against the side of the bed. It was as if looking into my face and eyes might be too personal. Or, he just wanted a cunt to put his cum and now that was how he saw me.

A few days later, the call came. Mr. Iyer was sending the car for me. I was to dress appropriately and there was no need for me to pack anything. Anything I would need would be provided at his home. This time, Swapnil picked me up at the lobby door. No more pretending what was happening, everything was out in the open, at least to those in the know.

I waited anxiously as the car approached the entrance to the Western Expressway. With his full attention to the merging traffic, Swapnil spoke calmly, "You will get undressed now, Mrs. Sinha." Once in the flow of traffic, he looked in the rearview mirror and saw I was looking at him questioningly. "Now, Mrs. Sinha. His expectations have not changed. You are away from your husband and you will be submissive to him now. That was the understanding, correct?"

I shifted in the seat as I had learned to do with my knees on the seat facing backward to unwrap the material from around me. I piled it to one side, then removed my top. I took my position in the middle of the seat between the two bucket seats of the front and glanced into the rearview mirror. I found Swapnil watching, glancing at the road, but watching. When I parted my legs wide, he smiled. When I dropped my fingers to my exposed cunt, he nodded, then punched a speed dial on the Bluetooth. Swapnil alerted someone that we were on our way.

This time, he did not pull off the expressway to the remote location. When he did pull off, he stayed on well-maintained roads. As the car moved down the roads leading out of the bustling city into a rural setting remarkably near the city, my mind raced over the preceding months and days that brought me to this moment with my fingers in my cunt in the backseat of a car heading to a man's home who I had gravely misjudged.

There was no doubt about what he had proposed to Prakash or why. He had manipulated me into feeling trust and desire for a life that should have sent warning signs flashing in my head: If it seems too good to be true, it must be. Now that it has been started, though, there would be no going back to what I had. Would I find that what I used to have, but disliked, was better? Prakash had already shown change, but I had no idea yet if it was good or bad. Mr. Iyer was certainly different than the man I thought I had known and I was having trouble thinking that it could be good. No, there was no doubt about what he had proposed or was expecting. I was to be a submissive slut and bitch to himself, Swapnil, and his dogs. And, there was the very real implication that my slut and bitch boundaries could be expanded to his desire and wish. There could be a fine line between slut, concubine/mistress, and whore. I was not going to be only for his appreciation, so the mistress label didn't seem to apply. Slut and/or whore, then. According to Mr. Iyer, a submissive slut was one who celebrated in her sexuality and ability to please others. He believed when I embraced my inner submissive self, I would find the fulfillment and deep satisfaction I have craved. It just was looking

different now than it did before.

I already understood that my deepest desires were to please and serve and the frustrations of my life had awakened deep cravings inside me that needed, demanded, to be fulfilled. That deep craving had been shown to me in the recent months of exploration and culminated in Mr. Iyer turning the tables on Prakash and me. My submissive nature, in combination with my deep sexual craving, could be a compelling life experience, according to him. It was impossible for me to imagine what this might lead me to do and accept about myself. That element of unknown produced hesitancy, trepidation, and fear. But, there was no turning back, now.

Swapnil briefly described the other member of Mr. Iyer's household, his housekeeper and cook, Jesi Bulsara. I would be meeting her shortly. Like Mr. Iyer, she was widowed a number of years before. Her function was to take care of the house, it was a responsibility I would assist her in when I was there. I knew a lot depended on her response and acceptance of me. She was used to being in charge of the house, schedules, and activities. In the house, she was like Swapnil was to Mr. Iyer in the other parts of his life.

We had driven up to a remotely controlled gate, a sign indicating, "Mumbai Kennels and Stables, Ltd.". That certainly fits with his brief description of this property. Swapnil saw my interest in the sign and the security. "The property is quite large. People bring their priced bitches here for breeding from many countries. There is also general kenneling in a separate building. Horses are stabled here with a riding arena for training and learning." He looked at me and winked. I wasn't sure what that meant. I smiled back at him, hoping I wasn't giving him any message I didn't intend.

He wound down a snaking roadway lined with trees, shrubs, and flowers. He said the delivery and staff traffic entered by a separate gate. This was for residents, clients, and guests only. I could see the main road curve to the left, but we continued to the right to a large grouping of trees that blocked everything behind them. As the car went through the trees, a large grassy area with islands of shrubs and flowers surrounded by more trees opened to my gaze. At the center was a large two-story home. A large garage building was to the left and a flowing fountain was directly opposite the front entrance to the house. The walls were a concrete-type material, huge windows were everywhere, and the roof was red clay tiles.

As we pulled up to the front door, Mr. Iyer and a woman are waiting at the top of the four steps. At the bottom of the steps are two men. "Swapnil, who are those men?"

"They work for Mr. Iyer, Mrs. Sinha." Mrs. Sinha, he keeps saying that, not my first name. It hits me. It is a ploy to drive the situation home. I am no longer the woman they are merely assisting in experimenting. I am a married woman reduced to being a submissive slut.

It is obvious, but I can't hold the question back, "I have to arrive in front of them naked?"

He didn't laugh or even smile in the rearview mirror, but his eyes connected with mine. "He wishes to make it plain what your position here is, Mrs. Sinha."

Oh, he's making that very clear, indeed. I'm his submissive slut that he feels he can control into doing anything he desires. And, I suppose, he is correct, too.

As Swapnil opened my door, they came down the steps. I was marveling at the house. A private home like that didn't exist in the main part of the city. There was just no room for such a structure, not to mention the grounds. But, despite being impressed by the house, I couldn't ignore that I was standing alongside the car completely naked in front of these two strange men and the woman descending the steps with Mr. Iyer. My fear all along had been that I might be seen in my

exhibitionist play either at the window or in the Park. Now, here I am fully exposed and there was nothing I could do about it.

As they came to a stop in front of me, I looked tentatively at the woman. Then, my eyes shifted to the men before going back to Mr. Iyer.

"Deepti, this is Jesi Bulsara. As much as I have the say over my businesses, she has say over everything regarding the house." Jesi Bulsara was in her mid-50's with smooth light, brown skin. Her face was soft and gentle, her eyes peered out partially squinting with dark pupils. Her hair was dark and worn to her shoulders. She was 5' 3" tall and about 155 pounds, maybe an inch shorter and 15 pounds heavier than me. She was an attractive, mature woman who carried herself with pride and confidence. As Swapnil had told me, her husband died some years ago and found Mr. Iyer in need of help. She has been with him ever since.

She appraised me. Without turning her attention from me, "I like the look of her, Venkat. The dogs like her?"

I saw him nod. "Very much. She enjoys them, too."

"While in the house, you will only wear the saree. As you can see, I wear them, also." She smiled. "Though, yours will be different from mine. Yours will be quite sheer and you will wear nothing else underneath, not even the top." She now looked at Mr. Iyer, "What could be sluttier than wearing a traditional garment while being exposed." He nodded as she turned to return to the house. Whether they had discussed that previously or not, it was obvious that he approved.

He then indicated the two men. My gaze fell on them, again, and I found them still appraising me, but in that way men can that seems chilling and degrading at the same time.

They were Kabir and Ishaan. Kabir was the older being in his mid-40's, average height and a little heavier than average. He was in charge of all the dog kennels for Mr. Iyer. Ishaan was a decade younger in his mid-30's, average height and weight. He reported to Kabir but was responsible for the breeder kennels where I assumed Sheru and Balaji were housed. Both were dark skinned with dark hair, though Kabir's had some grey on the temples.

Mr. Iyer introduced us. They didn't seem to know what to do when introduced to a naked woman so they simply stood there and continued to eye my body. It wasn't until Mr. Iyer dismissed them, indicating they would be seeing more of me, that they broke their gaze with me, turned to him, nodded and left for the direction I assumed the kennels were.

"You will be seeing more of them, too. I know it seemed I allowed the dogs free rein with you in the Park, but they are quite valuable dogs and I don't want them to be accidentally released while you are mating with them. One of those men will be overseeing your mating times. You may also find them interested in sampling your cunt, too."

As we stood outside his house, he continued to familiarize me with the situation. First, he owns a vast array of diverse business. His effort to be semi-retired led him to the conclusion that he should find the very best people to represent him and guarantee their loyalty with the power and resources to deliver results. He also pays those people better than they could find anywhere else. He did the same within his household. He lives in a large house on the property of a kennel and animal housing and training facility. This was his retreat from his other businesses. His household was small, Swapnil and Jesi, a widowed woman who was cook/housekeeper. To guarantee stability and unity, he established accounts for them, funded and managed to create their own wealth and security in life if they were to ever wish to leave. It occurred to me that he bought them, as well.

Sexuality was my defining identity, he made that perfectly clear. He explained how he saw my life with him. That was encompassed by sex. It would be my primary role. As a submissive, he envisioned an open, relaxed, and compliant sexual response at all times to every need. My desires and cravings would be refined, developed, and expanded beyond any expectation I or he might now have. Happiness in life is found by being able to exploit deep desires and enjoyment into parts of your life. Complete fulfillment in life is found by making those deep desires and craving your life.

My role would mostly include himself, Swapnil, and anyone he instructed me to please. It would include being a bitch to his high-priced breeding dogs of which he had quite a few. Other animals in the facility may be expected to evolve into play as my sexuality expanded by challenge and his desire.

As a sexual being, my dress would be exposing whenever possible. He personally found the tease of a light covering more intriguing than complete nudity. If I was dressed, it would always be in a saree. The kind of material, the use of a top, petticoat, or underwear would be at his direction. He made it clear from the start that the sarees would most generally be very sheer. I would be exposed and I would wear it as he directed regardless of who else might be in attendance.

I was introduced to the house. It's a grand home with living room, formal dining room, kitchen, dinette area, and study on the lower floor. On the second floor were four bedrooms, each with its own bathroom and a corner of the house allowing windows on two sides. The bedrooms were for Mr. Iyer, Swapnil, and Jesi. The other room was for a guest. When I was there, I would join in the bed of one of them. I was to find that it would generally be with Swapnil and his sexual interest with me was frequent during the night.

I wasn't introduced to the dogs until late afternoon of the first day. To that point, Jesi showed me the sarees I was to wear. To say they were sheer was an understatement. My tits were on display and working at cleaning around the house would often cause the material to loosen, sometimes fully exposing my tit.

When I was taken to the kennel, I was told to undress. I was marched to the kennel naked except for shoes on my feet. Swapnil showed me the way and brought me to the area where Ishaan worked. I thought I was finally going to feel the mating of a dog, again. Instead, I was leaned over the desk and my feet kicked to be further opened. Ishaan opened his pants and drove his already hard cock into my cunt.

"She is already wet. Was she anticipating the dogs or me?" He laughed as he thrust his cock into me. Swapnil stood to the side without comment. It seemed everything was to be an additional humiliation and degradation.

It didn't take him long to dump his seed into my cunt. He then fastened his pants and took my arm and led me down the aisle of dog runs along each side. He asked me if I preferred a dog to start with. He was to keep a record of my mating with the dogs. I mumbled the first name I thought of, Sheru. He brought the dog out into the commons area between the runs. There was set up, already, a thick mat on the floor and he indicated that I should go to it. As I knelt on the mat waiting for the dog, the feeling of being a bitch swept over me. He gave me a direction and I complied, waiting for the dog to come to me and mate with me. But, when Sheru did, all the rest of it melted away as the feeling of being mounted by a dog returned to me.

"What have you learned?" I heard something to the side, but I didn't hear enough to want to focus on it. The conversation didn't apply to me and I was too involved with Sheru.

"She was quite forthcoming, sir. It would seem that her husband had been making her suck him hard each night after dinner, then he fucks her. That would seem to be it, however."

Mr. Iyer sighed. "I think that man is quite the disappointment. I showed him what a submissive slut his wife was. I stripped her in front of him. She put a bottle inside her, she was fucked. His wife! All in his presence. And, that's all? I was expecting he would take more action than that."

"You want him to abuse her? You told him not to hurt her, sir."

"I told him not to mark her. Not to mark her." He watched me under the dog, it climaxed in me and I cried out in orgasm. As the dog turned on me and I was recovering, "Swapnil, bring him here tomorrow. Call when you have him here. Let's let him see her with her precious dogs." He chuckled and walked away. Swapnil watched him leave, turned back to look at me. I looked up just at that moment to wonder, for an instant, what that concerned look was about.

"Okay, you said I had to come with you and here we are. You said Mr. Iyer had something important for me. Why are we just sitting in the car?"

"Patience, Mr. Sinha. In just a moment." Swapnil wasn't quite sure what was happening, either. He had called from the main gate to announce their arrival and was told to park the car under the trees by the entrance to the kennel and to wait. They were not to leave the car until signaled. So, they waited.

"There you are, Mr. Sinha. This is the beginning of what Mr. Iyer wished for you to see. Just a few moments, now."

Prakash looked out the windshield in the direction Swapnil had indicated. His view was blocked by a bush on his side of the car, then he saw her. His wife, naked, walking from the house to the kennel next to an Indian he had never seen before. She seemed relaxed as she walked and he could see her turning to him as he spoke to her. Whatever he had said, she responded with a nod of her head. She never looked toward the car, but the man did glance their way and smiled.

Soon after, Mr. Iyer appeared following them. He held up his hand in a clear indication for them to remain in the car for a moment longer. It was more than a moment and Prakash was becoming more nervous and concerned as he waited. The other man appeared at the door and appeared to be fastening his pants as he waved to them. Swapnil opened his door and Prakash followed.

The bright sun outside made seeing when he stepped into the kennel difficult. In the moments for his eyes to adjust to the darker interior, he heard sounds and images on the floor between the two rows of dog enclosures. As his pupil opened to allow sufficient light, the scene before him became clear. His wife, his naked wife he had seen walking outside, was underneath a dog that was humping her with more energy and determination than he had ever imagined. Not only that, though, the sounds he had heard was the moaning and gasping and sighs of pleasure coming from his wife.

He watched, stunned by what he found before his eyes. Then, "Oh, God, YES! Oh, you fucking beast, yes, give me your knot."

Not only was she being fucked by this dog, she was enjoying it. In fact, she was enjoying it with more enthusiasm than she had ever expressed with him.

"Quite a sight, isn't it? Your wife does enjoy the dogs." Mr. Iyer was really enjoying this part.

Another opportunity to put this excuse of a man down another notch. He had control of him and all but owned his wife. But Prakash still hadn't come to grips with taking his role in the further degradation and humiliation of his wife. Sucking and fucking? No, his Deepti wanted to experience more ... much more. She just didn't know what she had opened up for herself.

"Why did you do this?"

"Not me, Prakash. No, no ... this was her. I only happened upon her cravings. It was accidental on my part that she began using my dogs for her pleasure. After I discovered, though, I may have enabled her to experience them. But, it was all her." Prakash stood frozen in place. "I showed you what a submissive she was. I showed you what a slut she was. Right in front of you, Prakash. Right in front of you, she stripped naked in that room. With a mere suggestion, she put that bottle up her cunt. She allowed Swapnil to fuck her before she left. You discovered that when you fucked her, didn't you? Of course, you did. But, look at the slut. A dog-bitch. What won't she do, Prakash?" He turned the man by the shoulders to look at him. "A better question is, what are you going to do with her knowing what she is?"

At that moment, she cried out, orgasming on the dog's cock and knot. Her upper body fell to the thick mat, her breathing heavy and rapid.

"She doesn't know that you know about this part of her, does she?" He shook his head. He couldn't take his eyes from her. He didn't know if he was furious, outraged ... or excited. "Kneel in front of her and make her suck your cock while she is still tied to the dog, while she is trapped and can't deny what you now know." Prakash started moving as his hands went to his belt. He was stopped by Mr. Iyer's voice, "Then, when I send her back to you, you will realize how she should be used. She'll do anything ... just don't mark her."

Mr. Iyer's mouth turned into a devilish sneer as he watched the woman's husband approaching her. He turned to walk out of the kennel, his scheme completed. Now, he believed she would be degraded and exploited at home, too.

In his self-obsessed enjoyment of the moment, he failed to notice the look of uncertainty, disbelief, and misgiving on Swapnil's face.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

I had just climaxed. The feelings of the spurting dog cock inside me, the hot seed flooding my insides, the knot tying dog and bitch together were coursing through my body with the waves of my ebbing orgasm. This was what I thought Mr. Iyer was going to give me, the simple opportunity to enjoy the dogs in a free and safe environment. Instead, everything had seemed to be about humiliation and degrading me with my own expressed cravings.

Yesterday, the experience of mating with Sheru was weakened by having to fuck Ishaan, first. He didn't hurt me or verbally degrade me. He was gentle enough when he fucked me. But, he just fucked me. There was no consideration of me. I was just to be fucked. And, that came from Mr. Iyer. That was what I was for this man I knew nothing about. After, though, I had the dog and the dog was what I had wanted. But, it had been cheapened. Nothing about this has been what I had anticipated or desired. Everything that had led up to that fateful night in the club with Prakash must have been a very well contrived and orchestrated manipulation.

But, this time it was all different. This time, I had enjoyed a new dog. I hadn't bothered with seeking

its collar to identify it, there were so many dogs here it no longer seemed to matter what the names were. This time, I was mounted happily without being used by a man as a prelude. True, Ishaan and Mr. Iyer watched, but I understood that all along. Watching, the exhibitionism, was always a part of the thrill I had expressed to Mr. Iyer in our texts and discussions. It was part of his selection of that remote location where I was visible, at a distance, to workers, the Expressway bridge, and the trains. This was just closer viewing and the proximity of the men while I was fucked by the dog generated the feeling of wantonness, sluttiness in my behavior. There was that question: are they going to fuck me next?

Then, my eyes were drawn to the sudden appearance of shoes in front of my head. There was a moment of acceptance and understanding of my situation that now a man was going to somehow be using my body. I raised my head in preparation, but I was still tied to the dog. He had just turned on me, his claws lazily dragged over my side and another scratch added as something of a marking on his bitch. They healed quickly with only a little care and attention, but they were noticeable when I was naked. Even the sheer saree with nothing underneath exposed my sides and back, the scratches visible reminders of a recent lover.

I noticed the man in front of me kneeling on the thick mat and found his pants loose and dropped to his knees, his cock semi-hard in front of my face. I opened my mouth as my hand reached out to guide it to my lips. I pulled the foreskin back and kissed the head, took the head between my lips and sucked on the end. I pushed my mouth down the cock, the motion moving me forward and in opposition to the pulling of the dog at the other end. I moaned at the feel of the knot pulling inside me, bumping against my g-spot, sending new jolts through my body still ebbing from the orgasm. My mouth lost contact with the cock and I forced some attention back to that effort and it was then that I finally looked up almost as an indication of apology for neglecting his cock.

I was expecting nobody in particular. It could have been anyone from the facility: Mr. Iyer, Swapnil, Ishaan, or Kabir, who hadn't as yet used me. The one person I was not expecting to have his cock in my mouth at the moment was the person it was, Prakash.

My mouth opened wide and his now hard cock dropped from my mouth. I gasped and stammered, but he wasn't interested in what I might say. He grasped the back of my head and pulled it back to his cock. My already opened mouth was soon refilled with cock. The dog pulled his knot from me, his seed leaking from my cunt, but I continued to suck on Prakash's cock. Nobody said anything, I just did it. I sucked and sucked until his seed erupted in my mouth and I swallowed.

Once he was done with my mouth, I sat back on my heels and cautiously looked up at him. I wasn't sure what to expect, but I wasn't really surprised to find a look of mild contempt on his face. He walked away from me, heading for the open doorway. I turned my head to follow him, but I was met with another dog being brought to me. He quickly mounted me. He already thought of me as a slut, he now understood me to be a bitch ... a bitch to dogs.

My return home was filled with concern and anxiety. Mr. Iyer's action with Prakash was to drive an expected reaction. He had an expectation of what should happen to me and he hadn't been satisfied with what Prakash was doing on his side. That Prakash's reaction and follow-through from the meeting at the club were not as expected, and that Mr. Iyer was eager to further humiliate me and Prakash to get the reaction he wanted, all pointed to a foreboding future. He could just as easily have given Prakash direction, but he wanted him to think of what to do to me as punishment, retaliation, and payback for the humiliation he suffered.

When Prakash returned from work, I had another of his favorite meals prepared and the little dining room prepared nicely for him. It was a Friday night and his entrance to the apartment was quiet.

The anger and frustration I expected to see him wearing after how he saw me the day before with the dogs was absent or being covered. He gave me a terse greeting as he removed his jacket and took up the drink I had waiting for him. That surprised me ... and it made me nervous. I had the very real sensation like what sometimes happens with a very calm and sunny day immediately precedes an unexpected violent storm off the ocean.

All through dinner and after as I cleaned up, he was quiet. I watched him from a lowered head, sneaking peeks from under my lowered brow. He was thinking something through, weighing options or detailing steps in his head. And, it wasn't about something from his work. He would periodically raise his own head to gaze at me, then he would nod to himself, sometimes even with a mumbled response to a silent question.

I left the kitchen after cleaning up with an expectation of a continuation of the routine he had established. I stood before him but to the side of his view of the television and waited quietly, my hands clasped in front of me. As required by him, I was dressed in the full saree garments, including petticoat, top, and underwear. It was still a surprising contrast from how I was to dress for Mr. Iyer, a very sheer saree material with nothing else worn underneath. I wondered as I waited if that might change with whatever it was he was now planning in his mind for me.

When he remotely turned off the television, he looked up at me. "Tomorrow afternoon starts a full day and night of televised national tournaments." Suddenly, I thought I might have the day to myself. He always joined his friends at a public bar for such events. But, as though hearing my very thoughts, "This will be different. I have invited three of my friends to watch from here. I will give you a list of refreshments to get tomorrow morning for us. You will be our hostess, making sure we always have what we want." A disdainful smile crossed his face and eyes with that. He seemed very pleased with himself and his plans. I knew in that look my duties as 'hostess' would not be limited to keeping the snack bowls filled.

He opened his slacks and raised his hips to push them onto his thighs. I began to pull the draping material of the saree from my shoulder. "No, remain dressed for now. You will suck me until I cum in your mouth. I liked the look of you swallowing my cum yesterday. A dog-bitch-slut. My naked wife on her hands and knees with her mouth around my hard cock, sucking me to climax, which you did so eagerly in front of those other men. Iyer is a cruel man. How all this came about is immaterial now. It is done. It is what it is. How you went from a conservative, reserved, and proper wife to a slut who doesn't care who sees her naked and fucking other men ... sometimes in front of me ... or fucking dogs is done. Iyer has made his point. You are nothing but a fucking slut!"

I stood before him frozen. His lowered pants exposed his cock and it was becoming hard without my touching it. He was exciting himself with his derisive comments and I could see in the back of his eyes that he envisioned me being treated in ways he might have only considered in drunken bombastic exchanges with his friends while watching loose women in bars.

A smile crossed his face. Maybe he was finally feeling like he was taking control of his wife back from Mr. Iyer with his plans. I knew better, of course. No matter what Prakash might do to me personally or with his friends, it was clear to me to be an outcome orchestrated to happen. A thought had crept into my mind that wouldn't let go after all this, did Mr. Iyer actually detest the kind of women he managed to bring out in me? Was that what was behind his apparent change in attitude to me? Had my continued progressive willingness to experience more and more through his playful guidance turned me into a kind of woman he despised? It would certainly seem so. And, in the process, he had turned my husband away from me, too. It seemed I was trapped between two men who may only see me as a whoring slut and dog-bitch.

His voice snapped me out of my reflection. "Tonight, after I cum and you swallow it, you will continue to suck me until I am hard, again. Then, you will undress and go to your hands and knees for me to fuck you like the dog-bitch I saw yesterday."

I simply nodded and knelt between his knees, still dressed. His cock was hard. His words and thoughts excited him. Even if Prakash didn't accept it, Mr. Iyer had won ... again.

I wasn't surprised that starting with his cock hard, it didn't take him long to climax. I employed everything I had learned in my experimentation with the dogs, Swapnil, and Prakash since that fateful night at the club. I pulled back his foreskin, kissed the exposed head, putting it between my lips and sucking at the hole at the top while running my tongue around the sensitive skin just under the head. I pushed my mouth down its length and pulled up while sucking hard. Over and over and soon I felt his cock flinch in my mouth and his semen spurt.

I sat back on my heels and looked up at him. I had decided that my life was changed whether I had expected or wanted this particular change or not. But, since it was changed, making the best of it was best and then hope for the best.

"Prakash, before I continue sucking your cock, may I get you another drink?"

He smiled. It was almost in spite of himself, but he nodded. Upon returning, I settled back between his knees and began licking, kissing, and sucking on his cock. He had turned the television back on and was watching a special pre-tournament show discussing each of the teams that would be playing the next day. I don't think Prakash had ever tried to get hard twice in the same night and I had no idea what to expect, but before long I had his cock hard in my mouth, but I continued until I felt the first pulse along the underside. Then, I stood after a final kiss on the head. I stood to the side so I wouldn't interfere with the television, but I saw him remotely turn the screen off as I pulled the fabric off my left shoulder. I unwound the material, pulling it from being tucked into the petticoat. With the material removed, I slipped the petticoat down my legs. I glance at him, then removed the top. His gaze was fully on me. I bent over to slide my panties over my hips and down my legs and I could feel my tits swing underneath me as I bent over.

I stood before him naked. I parted my feet and found his eyes dropping to my cunt now exposed between my thighs. I moved to the floor and took the position he wanted on my hands and knees. I glanced behind me at the sound of movement and saw him rising from the sofa. In a flurry of clothes being removed, he was soon at my ass, his hand on my waist as the other guided his cock to my cunt opening. I was, of course, already wet and ready. Once his cock head was at my opening, he pressed firmly into me, driving his cock home with his weight driving into my ass and hips. I sighed at the feel of him taking me. Ohhhhh ... if only he had been like this all along ...

The doorbell started ringing shortly after 12:30 PM. The televised tournament was to begin at 1:00 PM and Prakash already had the television on with the announcers giving a running commentary about the first teams and what they should expect from the players. Prakash had invited three of his friends from his contacts with horse training. These were some of the same men he spent time with, both gambling and drinking. Despite his commitment to stopping gambling, they were still his drinking and sports watching friends.

As he let the men in, I was busy putting out snacks and requesting their preference for drinks. Prakash hadn't let me know what the expectation was for me other than to be a hostess to their needs. Given what had already happened to me since that fateful night, I was preparing myself for much more than serving drinks and snacks.

About halfway through the first period of the first match, Prakash stopped me after I put down a refilled bowl of snacks. He asks his friends about my appearance in the saree. They all seemed tentative but offered compliments. He chuckled, "No, no ... I mean, there are many ways of wearing a saree in public and for formal situations. There are also ways to wear a saree in private ... for a husband, for instance."

They all agreed, though they still didn't understand where he was going with the discussion. Only one of the men was married and he never struck me as being a particularly romantic type so I doubted he got much romance or seduction from his wife, either.

He pushed the men to tell him how the saree could be worn to be more interesting, sexier. The men were nervous, though they were pressed to consider me standing before them and to express their ideas. Finally, I am sure to Prakash it felt like pulling teeth to get them started, one of them suggested not wearing a top so the back and sides were exposed and the breasts barely covered. He was very nervous about stating it, but Prakash had been adamant for their ideas. He looked at me nervously and had more trouble looking to Prakash for apparent fear of going too far. Instead, Prakash exclaimed his pleasure at the idea and directed me to the bedroom to adjust my clothes.

In the bedroom, I removed the draping over my shoulder, then my top. I stood before the mirror and adjusted the material to cover both of my tits. I now knew where this was going. With the many games to be played, he was easing the men into the situation and presenting me with increasing humiliation before his friends. It also struck me how location and circumstance come into play with humiliation. At Mr. Iyer's, I am only dressed in a sheer saree with nothing underneath. It is what is expected and after the first few times, I had become more comfortable with it as I had with walking naked to the kennel. But, here, at my home with Prakash's friends present, even taking my top off with a saree that provided covering was humiliating. And, I knew it was going to be going much further before too long.

I returned to the living room and presented myself to Prakash. He smiled at my embarrassment and asked the others what they thought. I was told to turn around so they could see the full effect of my belly, sides, and back exposed. They agreed it was very nice. I was blushing profusely.

As I brought in more drinks, I had to be very aware of my position and how I moved to keep the material from falling too much and exposing my tits, though I was sure that was what Prakash was intending.

He stopped me, again. He went through the same questioning and this time the men were more excited about providing options. I was sent back to the bedroom to remove everything underneath the saree, then put the saree back on. I knew from playing with the same thing before that this was more mental than visual. Nothing was really seen, but for me, it was the idea of having nothing underneath. And, for the men, it had the same disappointing effect. I was told to find the sheerest fabric I own and change into it. When I returned, I wore the one Mr. Iyer had sent home with me, as though he now had known about this potentiality. My tits were clearly visible underneath the draping over my shoulder and when I got close to them the men were able to see the shadow of my crotch and ass crack.

At half-time, I was called back into the room. Prakash came up behind me as I stood before the other three men. He slipped the material from my left shoulder. Instantly, I was exposed from the waist up. He explained that each of them had guessed what the score would be at half-time and only one had guessed a scoreless match. I tensed at the implication of what that might have to do with me. Prakash told me the prize was a blowjob. I turned my head to look at him. He was smiling.



The winner was moving to a chair to the side. He was already loosening his pants and pushed them down off his hips. I silently moaned but moved in front of the man. I knelt before him and took his already hardening cock in my hand. I bent over to take his cock in my mouth and his hand moved to my bare tit. As I sucked, he fondled me. I sensed movement near and found the others soon were standing close around us. I just got the man hard in my mouth when I felt one of the men pulling tucks from the belt around my waist and unwrapping the material. I was kneeling on the material but they seemed satisfied in just loosening the wrapping and pushing the material to my knees.

I looked up at the man I was sucking to find him with a big smile on his face. He was glancing around us. I knew it was happening then. Hands appeared all over my body. A hand pushed between my thighs and I awkwardly opened my knees further with the realization of what Prakash had planned all along. My tits were fondled and my cunt probed. I glanced to the side to find Prakash standing out of the way watching. He wore a very pleased look on his face.

I hadn't heard the other undress, but they had. While still sucking on the cock in my mouth, I felt a cock head pressed against my backside. I straightened up some to give access to my cunt. I was afraid they might take my asshole if I didn't cooperate. I was now with two cocks in my body: mouth and cunt. The cock in my mouth climaxed first. I continued sucking until the one in my cunt erupted. My body proved to me how easily it could be stimulated. Even in a humiliating, used circumstance, my body reacted to the stimulation. I orgasmed with the man in my cunt.

When he pulled out, I was moved to the floor and turned onto my back. Another man moved between my legs and entered my cunt without preamble. He fucked me hard and fast, climaxing and dumping his seed with the other.

I looked up to find Prakash standing over me. He too was naked, now. He used his finger to indicate a rolling motion and I knew what he wanted. He wanted me on my hands and knees like the previous night, like he saw me with the dog. I rolled and rose to my hands and knees, parted my knees and waited. He moved his cock over the length of my cunt, found the opening and thrust into me, driving his cock hard and deep until our bodies smacked together. He pulled nearly all the way out only to thrust hard back into me. Over and over he did that. He was hard, brutal, dominating ... and I loved it. Again, the thought came to me: why wasn't he like this before?

The match had begun while they fucked me. I refreshed their drinks and snacks. The rest of the afternoon was spent like that. The men were told to freely and frequently use my body as they desired. They did just that, too. I was fucked in the living room, the kitchen, the hallway, and once in the bathroom after I stood from the stool.

One of the guys must have happened upon the laundry after using the toilet. I was being fucked by one guy with me sitting on him, his cock deep inside me. The other man approached with a handful of clothespins. He clamped on over a nipple and I gasped. They decided that was a great response so they added more to my other nipple, to my earlobes, my tongue, and various other places over my body where they pinched my skin and pulled it from my body to apply the clips. When I orgasmed, I had 6 clothes pins attached to my body.

The men decide to go out for a casual dinner. They had me dress in a skirt and blouse. I was surprised Prakash allowed the non-saree dress, but that should have been a warning for me. I wasn't allowed to wear any underwear. As we walked down the darkened sidewalk, the men were pulling up my skirt and touching me. They unbuttoned my blouse to the point where my tits were nearly exposed. We sat in a darkened location and I was forced to unbutton the rest of my blouse. My tits were completely exposed if I moved too much. The men on either side of me had their hands under my skirt and fingering my messy cunt. They had me suck off their fingers.

Once back in the apartment, I was stripped and fucked by each. The game wasn't turned on until all of them had fucked me. I spent much of the night sucking cock, getting drinks, fingering myself, and fucking.

At the end of the night, I stood in the open door to kiss each of them in turn while naked. I prayed the entire time that the late hour would mean none of our neighbors would come out of their apartments or arrive home. My cunt was tender and sore. I had never imagined the possibility of being fucked so much. Prakash left me to clean up the apartment and he went to bed. As I moved around the apartment, picking up glasses and bowls and clothes, I marveled at how I felt. I was sore and my walking was awkward as a result, but I felt something in my body that told me I was really alive. I was a sensual, erotic, desirable woman. I wrapped my arms around my own body as I padded down the hallway to the bedroom. I had the distinct feeling that enjoying what was happening to me might lead to much more and even more perverse things. I knew that would be true with Mr. Iyer. He had already proven that by the humiliation he had heaped on me. Now, Prakash had picked up the same thing.

I stopped at the door to the bedroom. Prakash was snoring in bed. I realized my fingers were pinching my nipples. How is it that being humiliated, used, even abused, can be so arousing?

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CHAPTER FOUR

I was serving the others dinner in the dining room. Although Mrs. Bulsara was still largely involved in the preparation of the dinner, she joined Mr. Iyer and Swapnil in the dining room as I served them. I was, of course, dressed in a very sheer saree that left my tits clearly exposed. As I stood alongside them, my cunt and ass crack was even visible as shadows under the layers of sheer cloth.

I ate separately from them on leftovers after they were finished and before I cleaned the kitchen and serving dishes and plates. While they ate, I stood at the opposite end of the table from Mr. Iyer. Swapnil sat on one side and Mrs. Bulsara on the other. Mr. Iyer wanted me waiting where all could see me. He had asked me many questions about my time at home with Prakash. He seemed very pleased that Prakash finally began exerting his full domination over me. He seemed to especially like that he humiliated me in front of his friends.

"Tell us your names." This had been a routine since I returned to his house. I had been given three names that I would respond to and none of them was my real name.

I took a breath while maintaining a rigidly straight posture before them. "Slut, cunt, and bitch, Sir."

He nodded to Mrs. Bulsara. "Slut, did all the men fuck you?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

Swapnil took it, "Cunt, did each fuck you several times?"

"Yes, Sir."

I look to Mr. Iyer, anticipating his follow-up. "You really are a slutty, dog-bitch, cunt, aren't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What I want to know is how many times were you fucked?"

I looked at him with some panic. "I ... I ... don't know, Sir. But ... maybe 16 times ..."

"Did your cunt hurt after? Did your husband want to fuck you the next day and you couldn't?"

"Yes, Sir, it did hurt my cunt. It was red and swollen. But he did fuck me the next day. Several times, actually. It hurt a lot, Sir."

"But, you did it. That's good, Slut. Remember that. You are a cunt and a cunt is only good for fucking." I nodded. He watched me. I had just served the dessert. He motioned for me to come to him and I did. He reached up and pulled the sheer material from my left shoulder, then motioned me to turn to my right so he could wrap it around my waist and tuck it into the belt I wore under the saree. I now stood bare-breasted before them.

"You're not a young woman anymore. Your breasts sag." He looked at Swapnil, "Have you seen the way her tits hang below her when she is fucked by the dogs?" He chuckled. More humiliation. Degrading me, humiliating me, was a game for him. He reached up with finger and thumb to take a nipple and pull hard so my tit pulled away from my body. He released it and watched it fall back to my body. "But, for a bitch, still good looking."

The next day, after I cleaned up after lunch, I was led to the kennel. It had become common for me to be in the kennel a couple times during the day to be mounted by one of the dogs. Of course, I was usually fucked by one of the men, first.

I made the march from the house to the kennel naked and since the unexpected appearance of Prakash that time, each walk now felt like a walk of new potential degradation if he had arranged someone to witness it.

There wasn't this time, however. What was waiting for me in the kennel was Kabir and Ishaan each holding a dog on a leash in the common space between the kennel stalls. As an explanation, Mr. Iyer casually declared that this was my doggy gangbang. I was going to be mounted by eight of his certified breeders. He explained, just as casually as if I might be disappointed, it wasn't going to be all ten because two were scheduled to mate with some clients' bitches.

I looked at the two dogs on the leashes and shuddered. Eight dogs in succession? It was one thing to be fucked by eight cocks, but eight knots? The thick mat was on the floor in front of the men. I felt a slight nudge on my back from someone behind me and I moved to the mat to assume the position. The men had always preferred to fuck me before the dogs and I was sure it was because it was less messy. This wasn't any different. Kabir, being the senior man, gave his leash to Ishaan and loosened his pants and came up behind me. His cock moved along my cunt to find my opening. Even in a situation of humiliation, my cunt was wet and ready. It seemed a constant reminder to me how much of a slut I apparently was.

He drove his cock into my hole unceremoniously and urgently. This was a gift Mr. Iyer gave to these men, but they knew, as I did, that Mr. Iyer was really interested in seeing me taken by the dogs. As a result, the men would fuck me hard and fast with the intention of cumming quickly so the dogs could start mating with me. Apparently, with that in mind, while Kabir drove his cock into my cunt, Ishaan came to my mouth, his cock slipping into my gaping mouth. It was later that I saw Swapnil holding the leashes of the two dogs.

I continued sucking Ishaan as Kabir spurted his cum into my cunt. He quickly pulled out and led the first dog to me. By the fur, I knew it was Sheru. He licked my dripping cunt for a minute before jumping onto my back. The powerful thrust of his cock into my cunt caused my mouth to gape open just as Ishaan began spurting his cum down my throat. Ishaan pulled my head further onto his cock,

the head of his cock at my throat as he continued to spurt his seed. I gagged once until he pulled his cock out, his cum dripping from my gasping mouth. Sheru, meanwhile, was thrusting his cock into my cunt with the typical enthusiasm of canines. I soon felt the knot bumping against my opening. My mind was still reeling from the onslaught of the men and followed immediately by the dog. The gangbang by Prakash's friends left my cunt sore and abused. I wondered what this doggy gangbang was going to be like.

With resignation, though, I pushed back against the dog to take the knot inside me. His pushing and thrusting combined with my rigid position against him allowed the knot too soon pop into my cunt. I gasped out at the sudden entrance of the ball and the deeper penetration of the cock. In another moment, I felt the knot and cock swelling inside, pulsing with imminent eruption. I raised my hips, pressing my back into the furry belly and chest of the dog, but also pressing the ball of horny flesh against my g-spot. My orgasm with Ishaan was replaced in my mind with the rising orgasm with the dog. The feeling of hot dog-cum sprayed into my cunt sent me over the edge and I cried out in the release of my body with the dog.

The dog turned on me, the claws of his paw dragging against my side. Eight dogs. I occasionally was scratched by the dogs as they turned, but with eight dogs, one after the other, I shivered at the thought of how many scratches I might have at the end.

While I was tied to the dog, there was suddenly another dog at my head. I looked up and didn't recognize the dog. There were breeding dogs I hadn't been mounted by apparently. He was ordered on the ground by Ishaan and I became aware of what was expected. I pulled the dog's rear to me, touched the sheath until the reddish tip appeared. I bent down to lick the tip and then take it between my lips. I sucked to take in the precum. My sucking quickly brought more cock out of the sheath. By the time the other dog had pulled his knot from my cunt, this new dog was ready for me. As the new dog moved to my ass, the one that had just mounted me was brought to my head. I lowered my head to start licking the cock and knot clean of our juices as the next dog probed for my opening. I gasped when his cock sank into me but continued licking until the cock and knot were clean.

This was the cycle presented to me. The dog just fucking me was brought to my head to be cleaned. While tied by one dog, I prepared the next dog. It seemed an endless procession of dog cock and knots. After a few knots, it became a little easier to take the next knot and the tied period seemed to be a little shorter, but some of the dogs were smaller, too.

I found black, shiny shoes near my head and I looked up to find Mr. Iyer with Mrs. Bulsara just behind him. She treated me like a slut, already. Now she finds me like this after all these dogs. My cunt has to look like an open, drooling hole by this time.

"Bitch, how many dogs have you been mounted by?"

I struggled to make eye contact with him, craning my neck to look high enough. "I don't know, Sir. I ... I ... I didn't know I was supposed to keep track of them. I thought Ishaan would know."

He chuckled. "Do you think it has been eight?" He looked at Ishaan, but I couldn't see him. I didn't want to say it had if it hadn't. I shrugged. He laughed and conferred with Mrs. Bulsara. He smiled and nodded. Mrs. Bulsara said something to him and he laughed and appraised me differently. "Jesi just provided another option for why you said you didn't know. Maybe you were just hoping to be mounted some more. I am not in the habit of rewarding deception, but in this case ..." He looked to Ishaan, "As many as can mount her a second time, have them do so." I gasped and hung my head. My cunt already felt abuse, swollen, and painful. I knew dogs recovered quickly. How many would

take me a second time?

Luckily, for me, not many more dogs took me for a second time. But, each dog penetrating my cunt with just his cock brought a sob through my gritted teeth. The knots going in and pulling out brought cries of pain and tears streaming from my eyes. At the end, the kennel building was occupied only by Ishaan and me. All the others had left. It was past dinner time. Ishaan told me I was to sleep in the kennel. He brought me some food and water. He pointed to a mattress with bedding on it that he sometimes used when he needed to care for the dogs long into the night, usually as the result of having a breeding bitch in the kennel.

He helped me to the mattress. Each step was painful. I was so sore around inside my cunt. I was fearful that I wouldn't be able to walk at all the next day to perform my regular duties in the house. He suggested I not worry about that now, but the way my life had spiraled down, I couldn't help but be concerned.

As it turned out, Swapnil was waiting in the kennel when I awoke. I apologized profusely for sleeping so late, but he shushed me. He said Mr. Iyer and Mrs. Bulsara had left the property to go into the city and wouldn't return until the next day. He assisted me in standing, then allowed me to lean against him as he led me back to the house. I was surprised when he led me upstairs to his bedroom suite, then into the bathroom. He sat me down, then started preparing a bath for me. I was gross feeling with dried dog cum. I avoided looking into the mirror.

The water was hot but soothing as he assisted me into the water. He placed a large, soft towel on the counter and told me to stay in the bath for as long as I wanted. I just soaked in the hot water so long it began to cool. I sat up and turned the hot water on, again. When the temperature of the bathwater was hot, I leaned back and took advantage of the rare expression of caring I had experienced since that fateful night. As I lay there, I wondered if this was another manipulation setting me up for more humiliation to come shortly or if this was something Swapnil hadn't been able to express while Mr. Iyer was around. It wouldn't surprise me that Mr. Iyer was just as controlling and manipulative of everyone around him.

I was a prune by the time I eased myself out of the bath. Swapnil continued to dote on me during the day, allowing me to rest and recover. He insisted I take several more baths, each time he added crystals to the water. I finally asked, he said they were special salts that were said to accelerate the healing of skin and muscle tissue. Whatever it was, it seemed to help. By night, he was teasing me with wine and soft caresses. We made love that night. And it felt like making love. I was also amazed at how good my cunt and muscles felt after the day of bathing in the salts.

The next afternoon, I was dressed in a sheer saree with the house cleaned and ready for the return of Mr. Iyer and Mrs. Bulsara. I wondered if the two of them had something going on between them, but I didn't dare to enquire to Swapnil about it.

After dinner, Mr. Iyer curtly asked how I was feeling. I didn't want to say too much about Swapnil's assistance in case it was authorized. It seemed I never knew what was real or not anymore and it felt like another condition of being abused.

"Good, I am pleased. The day of rest was what you need, then. Good. I have a special challenge for you tonight. I remember how you used to tell me how you liked to be challenged into new situations. You like to be put into situations that caused your heart to race and give a sense of fear." He watched my reaction. I nodded. In fact, that was what I had said before, but those situations were different. I was fearful of the amount of fear he might be planning for me to feel now. "Good. I have something special prepared for you in the other kennel."

He looked at Swapnil. "How many dogs do we have in the other kennel?"

Swapnil looked nervous, which made me nervous. "The other kennel? Male dogs?"

"Of course, male dogs, Swapnil! What good would bitches be for this bitch?"

"I don't really have any idea, Sir. Should I call Kabir, Sir?" Swapnil definitely was nervous.

"No ... Kabir and Ishaan are waiting for us there. I was just curious how many there were." He looked at me. "Take off the saree, cunt." He chuckled. "Cunt ... yes, well, your cunt will get another workout." He chuckled and Mrs. Bulsara looked at me with eyes that showed she knew exactly what was happening and she was very pleased. I became very, very nervous. In fact, I think the fear part was already setting in.

The walk to the other kennel for all the dogs that weren't for breeding was on the other side of the breeder kennel so the naked walk was nearly twice as far. I walked behind Mr. Iyer, Mrs. Bulsara, and Swapnil. Mrs. Bulsara had never shown interest in these activities previously, which made me wonder what her interest was this time.

I had never been taken to this kennel and I wasn't prepared for the extra number of random workers that were now visible once we entered the less private part of the animal facility. Quite a few men noticed me as the few who were outside called into the building for others to come out and watch. Though I didn't pass by most of them, I was visible to many strange men.

Inside the large kennel building used for the dogs bred and acquired for selling as pets throughout Mumbai and the region, I found it to be laid out very similar to the other kennel just much larger and noisier. The common aisleway in this building was much longer due to the larger number of kennel stalls. The building was also much louder. These dogs were clearly not as pampered or well trained. Dogs barked at each other and at workers moving up and down the aisle in the course of their work.

Ishaan met our group inside the building and received a nod from Mr. Iyer. Ishaan indicated for me to follow him. I glanced at the other, then started after him, noticing that the other followed behind. In the middle of aisle down one side of the building was an object on the floor I could not make sense out of immediately. The closer we got, provided little to make its purpose recognizable. I did recognize, however, how the workers, all men, stood to the side gawking as I walked by. I was so used to being naked at the other kennel, I forgot the impact that might have on these men and wonder if they might some fit into what was coming.

When we reached the object, I was still confused what it might be for. I was stupidly thinking of some application for the dogs, perhaps in training or some such application. I was not thinking about myself.

The object was constructed of wood in the shape of a rounded triangle. It was mounted to a board on the floor. It had padding on the floorboard, the vertical piece and the piece sloping back to the floor. The padding was what started me thinking this wasn't for some use by the dogs. Then, I noticed the straps. There were straps on the vertical face and the floorboard. There was also a larger strap at the top of the vertical face. Then it hit me. Mr. Iyer laughed about calling me 'cunt' and that my cunt would get a good workout and he questioned about how many male dogs were in the kennel. The straps and this device were for me. They had created a mounting device for the dogs to fuck me!

I reflexively back away from it, but I bumped into Kabir behind me who swatted my bare ass, which drew a laugh from the men standing around.

Mr. Iyer stepped forward and seemed to be admiring the device. Without turning to me, "I was idly musing about many dogs fucking you, bitch. I was concerned you might get too tired to stay on your hands and knees to properly service all the dogs. Kabir suggested possibly bringing the problem to our carpenter. I think he did a wonderful job, don't you? The padding was over the top, maybe." Several of the men chuckled as though they were teasing the carpenter, which made me think he was one of the men nearby.

He nodded to Ishaan and Kabir. They took my hands and pulled me to the device. They stood me behind the vertical face. I looked around at Mr. Iyer who was watching intently. When I didn't immediately succumb to the obvious, he made the situation clear to me.

"Don't make this harder than it needs to be, cunt. You are going to be well fucked. What is a cunt only good for?"

I mumbled my response, still fixed on the device, "Only for fucking." And, with that, I went to my knees. They adjusted my position so my thighs were in contact with the padding on the vertical face, then my knees were pulled much further to the sides and straps fixed around them. Then, my ankles were strapped to the floorboard. My legs were spread wide and I was fully, obscenely, exposed to anyone and anything behind me. Next, the larger strap was applied around my waist. I was locked in a hands and knees position. I had mobility in my upper body and head, but that was all.

The concept of only being a cunt for fucking never felt completely real before. It was humiliation and degradation. This, though, made it feel real. I was completely defenseless and at the mercy of those now behind looking at my spread, exposed cunt and ass. All around me was the noise of dogs, lots of dogs. I was at the mercy of others, but I didn't know how much mercy I was likely to receive.

That question was reinforced almost immediately. Mr. Iyer asked the carpenter to step forward. I turned my head to see and found him on my left. There must have been a silent exchange between them because the man, who I had never seen before, walked around behind me. There was a buzz from the group. I felt hands on my ass, then something probing, butting, pressing between my thighs, moving along the length of my cunt. It was a cock and I presumed it was the carpenter, though I had no way of verifying that at the moment. The cock head found my hole and pressed into me. Apparently, the scene was enough to have him hard enough to penetrate my cunt. As he pressed into me, I felt him harden and lengthen more. I was being fucked by a man I didn't know, I couldn't even see, and there was nothing I could do about it. I wondered about the location and knew I was going to be mounted by dogs, but how many of the men would also be getting a turn at me?

The man in my cunt was now fucking me hard. I was expecting that Kabir or Ishaan would be involved, since they generally were, but it seemed Mr. Iyer had intentions of the other men having an opportunity, first. A man appeared before me, his pants at his knees. I strained to look up, but I had no idea who he was, either. He held his cock out to me and I obediently opened my mouth and he edged forward to drive it deep into my mouth. I sucked his cock as the other man fucked me. The one in my mouth quickly became hard and the cock in my cunt was already pulsing and throbbing. The men weren't going to take long.

After the man behind me dumped his seed into my cunt, he pulled out and the man in my mouth quickly moved to take his place. I heard Mr. Iyer say something quietly behind me. The new cock presented to my mouth wasn't new, at all. I tasted cum and my own cunt on the cock. I sucked the cock clean and another cock was ready and waiting for my mouth. This continued until four men had been sucked and fucked.

There was a pause and I relaxed against the padding of the device, but the distinct sounds of claws

on the concrete floor approaching me brought me alert. I raised my head and found four dogs being led toward me on leashes. My heart started racing and my breathing quickened as the dogs were brought to me. I knew they could smell the obvious sexual scent of the semen already deposited in my cunt and the sweat forming on my body, not to mention the secretion of my own mixed with the cum of the men.

I felt the tongue of a dog on my open and exposed cunt and I moaned. I heard a derisive comment from Mrs. Bulsara, which brought chuckles from some others, but I didn't really hear the words clearly and it didn't matter, any longer. She was undoubtedly just verifying by comment that my cunt was most useful as a bitch for the dogs.

I was mounted by the first dog while the others were led around me. The dog probed with his cock, finally finding my opening. Occasionally, a dog was brought close to my head and I reached to touch its exposed reddish cock, but I quickly realized it was a teasing play as the dogs were continued to be led around me. I gasped loudly when the first knot penetrated me and my cunt clamped down around it and the cock. I pulled on it with intention but not in actuality. I had no range of motion. I couldn't do anything but be a hole to be fucked. I felt the cock and not swell and pulse moments before I felt the spurts of cum. At the same time, my own orgasm crashed over me. My body sank onto the device as my arms and legs quaked. Murmurs of recognition from others gave me a sense of pride in what my body was doing despite its limitations.

I felt the dog turn so we were ass-to-ass and immediately pull on the tie of his knot in my cunt firmly holding us together. Several of the people came closer. I sensed someone comforting the dog as others gazed at the knot inside my cunt. I even heard Mrs. Bulsara gasp in appreciation and amazement. But, she quickly added a derogatory comment, again about being such a slut and bitch. I was really not liking this woman, but my night was only beginning and I was still to discover how much was still ahead of me.

When the dog pulled the knot out of my cunt, gasps and murmurs rose from behind me and I knew it was from the sight of the dog cock and knot leaving behind a gaping hole with cum streaming out. I flushed at the degradation, which felt deeper than anything before because of the helpless position I was in. Then, I heard Mrs. Bulsara's voice ringing clearly from the others, "What kind of slut willingly puts herself in such a position?"

The next dog was brought to my ass and it lost no time in mounting me. My cunt was wide open and oozing now with the cum of both man and dog. The dog thrust wildly at my ass, seemingly hitting everywhere but my cunt. When it finally thrust into me, it was with a vicious energy that took my breath away. I gasped and yearned to be able to push back into him, but the device held me rigid, which is what I would have been trying to manage anyway, a rigid position for him to pound his cock into me. I felt his cock swelling to full size, then his knot pressing at my opening, stretching it with his urgent fucking. I cried out as it entered me and my breaths came in short, halting, gulps of air as I felt him tense, twitch, and finally spurt his seed to join that of the others before him. I gasped and fell against the padding as another orgasm washed over me.

I wasn't sure I was hearing correctly. I almost thought it might have been a dream response in my head, but I was fully awake, my body still coursing with the remnants of the orgasm. "Kabir, Ishaan, I want you to stay with her." He must have looked around to the other men that I had guessed to be about six others. "The rest of you are free to stay and use her as you can among the dogs or leave when you want." The dog pulled at the knot-cunt tie and it came loose with a rush of cum. Mr. Iyer knelt at my head and lifted my chin so I was looking at him. "I am still not sure how many dogs are here, but that isn't what will be important to you in the end. What will be important is how many times the dogs that are here will fuck you." He started to stand, then sank back down. "And, you

probably heard me before, the men are free to fuck you as well. This curious device was constructed because I didn't believe you could willingly endure this kind of fucking for very long. This way you have no choice in the matter. Relax and enjoy it, then." He laughed as he walked away.

He was a distance away when I heard his voice shout, "Okay, Kabir, release the remaining dogs. Use the hose to control any fighting." Kabir was at my side as Ishaan and other men moved from kennel stall to stall releasing the gates allowing dogs to move into the commons area and ultimately me.

"Are you ready, slut? Here come your mates."

I groaned. They were releasing all the dogs, but I suspected they were only releasing the male dogs, or the females were secured in a different location or part of the building, but I was gate after gate being opened. The dogs ventured out and I could see them picking up the scent of a used female. I was sure none of these dogs had any experience with a human female, but a cunt was a cunt and I was in no position to do anything to dissuade them. I didn't know if there was a pecking order among these dogs previously established the exercise area or if the next dog to mount me was just lucky.

Amid the chaos of the dogs milling around, one mounted me. I could hear the men yelling at some of the dogs as growling erupted, but the one on my back began thrusting at me, blindly seeking my hole with his cock. When he hit the opening and plunged deeply into me, I cried out. I wasn't immediately sure why I did that except maybe because it reflected vividly to me what was going to be a recurring series of happenings as I was bound and spread for any and all to ravage. Ironically, it was far from a miserable experience for me. Yes, I was going to be very sore and greatly humiliated, but each dog brought me near to orgasm if not to orgasm. I was unable to stimulate myself on the knot while being tied so I was at the mercy of the dog if the contact with my g-spot was sufficient for an occasional multiple orgasms with a dog.

After what was certainly at least a half dozen dogs having mounted me, I allowed my upper body to collapse onto the padding while tied to the dog inside me. Enough dogs had mounted me to ease some of the tension in the mass of dogs still waiting for their turn that the building had become somewhat quieter. I was now able to make out some of what being said around me by the men remaining.

"When are you going to take a turn? I'll push the dogs aside if you want."

There was an awkward hesitation in the other man's response. It was very strange to me that it somehow mattered to me. I was being mounted and fucked by these random dogs and previously by some of the men and I was wanting this new man to indicate his interest in fucking me like I needed another cock in my poor, abused cunt.

Finally, "I don't know, man, I mean look at that mess. Her pussy doesn't even close, anymore. There is a constant stream of cum leaking out of it."

Talk about crushed. But why? I should have been relieved, shouldn't I? For some reason. I wasn't. For some reason, it hurt that a man didn't at least want to fuck me while I was spread out in front of him.

After a couple more mountings, it finally happened. I wasn't thinking about it happening, but if I had thought about it, it would have seemed inevitable. The dog that was mounting me thrust and probed at my ass. He sank his cock into my cunt with a powerful thrust and he penetrated me deeply. His frantic fucking, though, cause him to pull his cock completely out of my cunt, but his fucking motion continued while attempting to penetrate, one more. Often, the dog will dismount when this happens,

but not this time. He held me firmly with his front legs even though I had no ability to move away from him. He continued to thrust when he suddenly entered me, again. It was the wrong hole, though. I screamed in protest and shock.

“NO! Not there! Oh, God, no ... not there ...” But it was too late. The men around me were shocked by my scream but soon started laughing at when they realized what had happened. I cried as the cock was driven deeper and deeper into my asshole. Once fully penetrated, the dog shifted into the animalistic, driven fucking only this time it was a large dog in my asshole. I gasped and sobbed and groaned at the shock, pain, and debasement of the fucking. Then, I panicked more as I felt the knot forming at the entrance to my asshole. The dog only knew what his instinct told him. He needed to knot me to complete the breeding and his actions indicated that singular desire and effort. He pressed at my ass with the forming ball of flesh. I moaned and sobbed more as I felt my sphincter being slowly, reluctantly stretched as the ball pressed against the constricting muscle protecting my anal passage.

When the knot passed into me, I moaned in relief, resignation, and a new fear of the resulting tie. I felt him convulse as my tight passage squeezed around his cock and knot, more pressure and contact he probably had ever felt. His cum spurted into my ass over and over in great, hot, jet of dog-cum. My anal muscles clamped onto the cock as my body spasmed and the muscles holding the cock spasmed, too. I completely collapse onto the padding and feared what might now happen with the knot lodged inside me. I relaxed as much as I could, but each pull from the dog after he turned on me only caused me to tense against the real sensation that I might be ripped open by the knot.

I didn't rip, though it felt like it. It took a supremely long time, but the knot shrank and my muscles relaxed from fatigue and the knot pulled out of my asshole. I had the weirdest feeling back there, knowing my asshole was gaping open and now dog-cum was running from both holes.

“Yes, thank you, mutt.” It was a comment that came from the back and barely penetrating my dulled brain. Thank the dog for what? What did the dog do? Or, maybe he was talking to some other dog? I sighed at the strange feeling of being empty of cock in my holes and I half hoped, half wondered if the evening might have run its course.

Then, I felt hands on my ass and those hands spread my ass cheeks apart. “It's starting to close up. This will work just fine. Her cunt is still hanging open with cum drooling out of it.” Someone else laughed. The next sensation was a cock head pressing into my asshole. This was what he was thanking the dog for. The cum in my ass provided excellent lubrication and the unknown man thrust his cock into my asshole until our bodies smacked together. The cock now invading me was much smaller than the knot that had opened me up so my sphincter closed around the cock, holding it tight as he pumped in and out. Before long, despite the dog cum, he was spurting his seed into my ass to mix with the dog.

When the man pulled out, I heard a dog whine, but it was another man who pushed his cock into my asshole. After him, another man joined in the use of my asshole, though it was now not returning to shape as quickly as it had, they must have assumed it was tighter than my over-used cunt.

The dogs must have been restrained because, after the last man, the dogs were back at me. The next several entered my cunt, though I worried each time as they poked at my behind to find the opening. After the one dog and three men, I knew my asshole was more relaxed and vulnerable to being penetrated. Sure enough, another dog found my asshole, though I was sure it was an accident. It didn't hurt nearly as much this time and even the knot passed inside with only a little more pain and fear than the ones going into my cunt.

I couldn't believe how many dogs had fucked me! Actually, I had no idea, but I knew it had been going on for quite a while. Fatigue was having an additional effect on me. I was awakened several times from dozing when a knot was pulled roughly from my cunt. I pleaded with the men to end it. The only laughed, of course. My cunt and asshole ached when there was nothing in them. They burned and sent sharp flashes of irritation through my body when a cock penetrated. I had cried for what seemed hours as the dogs and men continued to fuck me. At some point, my body quit. The night's activities apparently didn't, but my body did. My body and mind simply shut down. In my mind, it was like a bad dream where I was continually being fucked against my will. It wasn't a dream, though. My mind just could take it anymore.

I heard voices in the far distance. I imaged people coming loudly toward me, but I could move for some reason, I couldn't react or get ready for them. I was still strapped to the device. My eyes fluttered open to find I was still in the commons area of the kennel. I was still immobilized on the cursed device. And, there was a dog attached to me. A dog's knot locking us together by my asshole.

Mr. Iyer's voice came to my brain, "The bitch was used all night?"

Kabir's response was tentative, "Yes, Sir. It seemed the dogs rested then went for her, again. Most of the men left early in the morning."

"How many times do you think she was fucked?"

"Only God knows, Sir. She might need some attention, Sir. Her cunt and asshole are bright red and she cries every time she is penetrated now. Even when she passed out, she would cry out."

"Thank you, Kabir. I will send Swapnil to gather her up and take care of her."

The dog managed to pull his knot from my asshole and I heard a gasp from behind me. Then, I heard what sounded like pictures being taken. I couldn't imagine what I look like. And, I didn't want to image, much less actually know.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

After the abuse of the two kennels at Mr. Iyer's facility, Swapnil secreted me away to recover on sly. Mr. Iyer thought it would be fitting for me to return home as the abused dog-bitch slut he saw me as and what he wanted Prakash to see me as. The man I saw in Swapnil when we were only playing at my role as a dog-bitch and slut seemed to return for my rescue. Instead of taking me home, he checked me into small, discrete medical facility primarily used by people who could afford it to quietly recover from a wide variety of addictions. I didn't need that particular form of care, of course, but he was concerned with my physical well-being.

The facility didn't ask questions or threaten to contact family or police, that was the kind of facility it was. For two days, I received extraordinary care with salves, VERY intimate massages, lots of fluids, and long soaking baths in hot water infused with healing conditioners. When Swapnil did return me to my home, it was mid-week. As I was about to exit the car, he reached over and touched my arm.

"I am sorry about all of this, Deepti. He is a ruthless man, but I have never seen this side of him."

I smiled at him. "Thank you for disobeying him and taking care of him." I looked at the entrance door to the apartment building, then back to him. "I did this. How could I have been so silly, so naïve? Besides, you aren't doing this, he is." I sighed as I turned to look at the building, again. "Him

and Prakash. They seem to be feeding off each other, don't they?"

"He maneuvered that, too. Even he wasn't sure your husband could be motivated to abuse you, but it was something he took on as a challenge. One thing, though ... the doctor suggested you not engage in anything over-the-top for a few days. He had no idea and he didn't ask, but just by the look of you, he knew you had been used pretty badly. I think he thought I was somehow responsible. He suggested that a couple more days should be given to you to properly heal. I hope he doesn't want to more than fuck you for the next few days."

I reached over and patted his arm. "Thank you, Swapnil. It's Wednesday. I don't think he would have his friends over until the weekend if he does." I patted his arm, again, and exited for the apartment.

Once inside the apartment, I changed into a full, modest saree per Prakash's wishes and went about organizing the apartment and preparing a dinner. It felt like it had been a tremendous amount of time since I had done these mundane, routine tasks. Tears welled up in my eyes and flowed freely down my cheeks as I worked. I wasn't racked by heart-rending wails or sobs, just flowing tears. Loss. Regret. Helplessness. Hopelessness. My life was now a ruin, a helpless, hopeless, regretful ruin.

Eventually, it came time to discover what Prakash, or his friends, came up with next for me. I was to greet them in full saree with a passionate kiss since they were already so intimate with me. While standing in the hallway door, they each took advantage of my offer of a kiss by also slipping a hand over a covered breast and aggressively fondling it. Two of the three took the additional liberty of sliding their hand down my front as I stepped back to allow them into the apartment. I could tell this was going to be a brazen night.

They each brought bags with them. Some were shopping bags from stores. I heard the clinking of what I took as bottles so I assumed they brought their own drinks and snacks this time. In the kitchen, I found several bottles of wine with long necks, beer, and hard liquor. There were packages of snacks and other bags. Inside the other bags were items that were very confusing to me: a Daikon radish, which is white in color, about 12 inches long with a pointed tip and widening to about 2 inches in diameter; a butternut squash about 7 inches long and 5 inches in diameter at the base; and, several local Indian peppers that I had always found too hot for me to eat.

I filled bowls with snacks and took drink requests from the men. After bringing them into the living room to the men, I enquired about the other items and also saw a few more bags on the floor near the men. Prakash told me those were for later and not be concerned with them. I nodded and moved to the side, mostly to be out of the way of the television, which I assumed would be their center of attention initially like last time. I was wrong.

Prakash told me to remain in front of them and remain still. When one needed another drink, I left to get it but then resumed my position in front of them. I was still fully dressed and confused as they made whispered comments between them and eyed me with looks that I could only categorize as scheming.

Without any discerning indication from Prakash, one of the men rose and moved behind me. They all had had several drinks and they watched intently as the man stood close behind me, then moved up against me. I could feel his body pressed against mine and I saw in Prakash's eyes that I was to remain where I was. The man encircled his arms around me and brazenly fondled my tits through my clothing, one hand slipping down my front to below my waist. I closed my eyes but was told to open them and keep eye contact with them.

The last time with this group, they gangbanged me. This felt more intentional to embarrass me. The man groped my body from outside my clothes, rubbing over my front over my crotch, rubbing my ass, and squeezing my tits. Then, his actions became more deliberate. He moved the saree material from my left shoulder so it fell to the floor. I looked at Prakash, but he only smiled. It was a smile that was encouraging his friend who hadn't seemed to ever hesitate to seek acceptance of what he was doing.

With the saree material hanging from my waist, he removed my top leaving me in my bra only from the waist up. He fondled my tits more in front of the other men while keeping his hands on the outside of the bra. But, I knew that was only temporary. His hands pushed underneath the bra, pushing the cups up and over my tits to fondle them with his hands. He then released my tits, my bra bunched above my tits while his hand turned my face to him. He crushed his lips against mine in a harsh, demanding kiss that lacked any intimacy. The kiss was an action demonstrating that he could take anything from me and there was nobody was going to stop him. When my eyes returned to Prakash, I could see that that action was indeed true. Prakash had apparently made clear to these men that anything was acceptable. Prakash simply sat back and smiled at me.

I felt the man's hands behind me and my bra loosened and was slipped down my arms. He now mashed my tits in front of the other men, twisted each nipple, then left me. It wasn't over, though. Another man rose and began unwrapping the saree from the waistband of the petticoat. He pulled the length of material to the side, tossing it out of the way. He stood behind me like the other man had, bunched the petticoat up my legs until my legs and panties were exposed and rubbed my crotch. He was rough and crude, poking a finger through the gusset of the panty at my cunt. His feet kicked mine, indicating to me to open my legs. I did and he brazenly probed my cunt from the outside of the panty. He abruptly pushed the petticoat down my legs. I stepped out of it, my legs returning to a parted position, knowing what was expected of me.

The man left me and returned to his seat. I stood before the men in only my panties, my legs parted and the gusset pushed between my cunt lips. I was abused last time by these men. This time I felt more humiliated without the abuse, but I knew this was merely the preliminaries to what was to come.

The third man rose from his seat. He too came behind me. They were intent on not only demonstrating their ability to touch me as they wished but for it to happen in full view of the others as their plaything. This one also fondled my tits, squeezed and pinched my nipples, then slid a hand quickly down my stomach, inside the top of my panty and between my legs. He whispered into my ear to spread my legs wide. I doubted the others could hear him, but my compliance of spreading my legs to allow his hand inside my panty to easily moved over my cunt and into my opening must have looked obscenely slutty of me.

The mouth next to my ear chuckled, then explained, "She wet. Soaking, just as you predicted Prakash. What a slut you have for a wife."

He laughed at both the statement and the bold way his friend was handling me. "Yes, a slut for sure. If I had only known before, huh? Think of the fund we could have been having all this time." They all laughed, but the looks in their eyes weren't fun but wild with lusty intent.

The man behind me started tugging my panties over my hips so I stood up to allow them to be removed. Standing in front of them naked, my ankles were again kicked to spread my legs for him. I returned to the same wide spread position and his hand covered my cunt from the back, a finger sliding into my opening. He probed with that finger for a moment, then added another, then another. He obscenely thrust three fingers into my cunt as the other sat back and watched him do it.

I couldn't believe how far I had fallen to be so openly degraded and used by both Prakash and Mr. Iyer. But, the feelings welling inside me at the same time also told me how much of a slut I really was. Not just being told I was a slut, but how much I felt like one and was one. My body, despite the humiliation and non-consenting use, was stimulated. I was wet. I began getting wet just knowing something was going to happen. My nipples were erect and rigid long before my bra was removed. The same had happened at Mr. Iyer's. Even though I knew I was going to be violently used by multiple dogs, my body became excited at the prospect. I didn't enjoy being used and abused so much that it took a couple days to recover, but up to that point of too much I did. I couldn't deny it, though I might not readily admit.

Prakash told me to dance for them, though there was no music. The man who had been fingering me returned to his seat and they watched as I clumsily attempted to dance erotically. My tits swung and bounce. I purposely spread my legs and bent over to show them my ass and hanging tits because I knew that was what they expected and it would be easier for me to attempt to satisfy them.

One of the men dug into a bag next to him and came out with a handful of clothespins. They were taking turns, but not in a set rotation. They merely were acting independently and Prakash was sitting back watching, not taking a turn himself. This one approached me with the clothespins, pulling on a nipple and attaching it. I winced when the clothespin bit on my nipple. He did the same to the other one, which brought the same reaction from me. I desperately wanted to take the pins off but I was told to keep my hands clasped at my back. He prodded my ankles and I spread them out further. He went behind me. I felt his fingers taking one of my cunt lips and pulling it open. One, then another, clothespin was attached to the lip. He did the same with the other lip. I gasped as each of the clips was attached, the strong springs causing the clips to bite into the delicate flesh. Before rising, he flicked each clip with a finger to make them move sharply, the action shooting new stinging sensations into me. Before returning to his seat, he flicked each of the clips on my nipples. I bit down on my lower lips to keep from gasping too loudly.

I was told to dance, again. Each move seemed to make the clips bite in hard against the tender flesh of my nipples and cunt lips. Prakash admonished me for the lazy dancing, stood and swatted hard at the clips on nipples. They pulled away sharply and I cried out, though I tried to smother the cry by closing my mouth. He reattached the clips roughly. I tried to dance as erotically as I could, but the clips not only stung from the pressure but also when my thighs pressed on the ones attached to my cunt, jamming them against the flesh of my thighs and cunt.

After several moments of this, another took objects from a bag. He held them up in front of me and I recognized them from the times I accompanied Prakash to the river when he fished for catfish. The man held large fishing weights already attached to small 'S' hooks. I shuddered, already anticipating what his intentions were. He attached one weight to each of the clothespins, the extra weight pulling harder. I cried out and my hands moved to lift the weights at my nipples.

Prakash leaped from the sofa where he had been sitting and watching. He stood directly in front of me, our faces not 6 inches apart. He pulled on both of the clips, stretching my nipples out. I whimpered, my eyes welling up with tears, and asked him to stop. His face got livid, the veins stood out on his neck.

"Did that hurt?" I nodded. He stepped back one short stride, then swung his open hand against my tit, sending the clip and weight flying to the side. The sharp release of the clip was more painful than the original clamping, but I didn't dare cry out or protest.

I looked at him with tears falling from my eyes, "Why?"



He laughed. He continued to laugh as he walked to the hallway and pulled some paper from his briefcase. Three pieces of paper and he held them up in front of my face. I gasped and dropped my head, understanding completely. All three were photos taken of me strapped in the padded device the night of gangbang by the dogs and men. One was from directly behind showing very clearly both my cunt and asshole gaping from repeated use and cum leaking out, long threads of it hanging between my thighs. The others were a dog on my back and a man fucking my asshole.

I hung my head and quietly sobbed. Mr. Iyer was indeed setting me up to be abused in escalating ways. He was feeding the humiliation Prakash had already been feeling after that night. I had no longer any reason to believe my life might be anything but a continuation of these events from either Prakash or Mr. Iyer. He had made it sound like my desires and cravings could be exploited and that it would be a good and wonderful experience. Instead, I was merely being manipulated and exploited for their own perverted excesses.

I took a deep breath and steadied myself. I looked up tentatively, "I am sorry, Prakash." I shudder at the thought of speaking the next words, but I feared that if I didn't it might become far worse. "I am nothing but a slut, a used cunt, and a dog-bitch." I hoped the admission would soften his reaction and spare me something of what was in his mind now. "I deserve whatever you wish to do with me. I won't complain, again."

He stepped back and considered me. He showed the pictures to his friends who gasped, then referred to me in the most disgusting ways. He quieted them and they seemed nervous for a moment.

"Someone put the clip and weight back on her nipple. Then, we'll all fuck her." He held my eyes, "On your hands and knees like the bitch you are."

The clips were roughly removed from my cunt lips and a cock drove deep into me without consideration of my readiness. I hated myself that with everything that had been happening my cunt had still become wet. What was wrong with me?

As the man fucked me, he pounded into me. Our hips slapped together and he pushed me forward with each thrust. The effect on the weight hanging from my nipples was excruciating. The weights pulling my nipples swung wildly. The combination, though, had its effect on me. I didn't orgasm during the fuck, but my body was responding. The next man entered my cunt as soon as the other pulled out and he was just as forceful. Suddenly, my hanging head was raised and I found a cock inches from my nose. I dutifully opened my mouth and it was stuffed in. Thank goodness for a small cock. I had two cocks being driven into me from both ends. I paid much more attention to the cock in my mouth than I did to the one in my cunt. My cunt was being fucked, but I worried about the cock in my mouth scraping against my teeth. I feared what Prakash's reaction be to that.

The one in my mouth didn't cum. Instead, he went to my cunt after the other man spurted his cum into me. The next cock in my mouth I knew had to be Prakash. He didn't try to fuck my mouth as much as allow me to suck it. He almost seemed to be distracted by something. In short order, I found out why.

When the other man pulled out of my cunt, Prakash pulled out of my mouth. I waited for Prakash to take me next, but instead, there was a pause. Then I felt something being dripped onto my asshole, then a finger pushing in, penetrating my anal passage and opening my sphincter. Prakash was going to take my asshole. The pictures were all he needed to give him the courage. I think the thought might have otherwise disgusted him, but seeing the picture of my asshole gaping open and obvious cum dripping out gave him a new perspective of his wife. I felt he now saw me as only a slut that

anything could now be done to. And, if the gangbang before wasn't enough proof of his intent, this was.

He fucked my asshole just as hard as the others fucked my cunt. The weights on my nipples swung just as wildly as before, pulling and pinching just as hard and painfully. I pressed back into him, just as I did when he dogs fucked me there. That time, I couldn't effectively move. This time, I could and did. I pressed back against him and that seemed to fire him up more. He pounded into me with more force and impact than I could have imagined from him. When I felt his seed emptying into my anal passage, I came, too.

I collapsed to the floor, his cock sliding out of my ass. I was gasping for breath and I could hear a similar reaction from him. But, without opening my eyes to check the reactions of the others, I knew in my soul that wasn't the end to this. The bags of items they brought with them indicated they had activities planned. And, this was only the beginning.

I was ordered to the kitchen to refresh their drinks. Two of the men continued with wine, one with beer, and Prakash wanted a whiskey. I moved to the kitchen naked and wobbly. When I returned with the drinks on a tray so I could manage them all in one trip, the swinging weights suspended from my nipples and the cum glistening around my cunt was noticed and commented on by the men.

Once the drinks were given to each, I was ordered to resume dancing before them. The hanging weights swung with each of my movements. My nipples had gone numb with the normal tension of the clip, but when the weights bounced, it sent a new jolt of sharp pain. They seemed to take delight in my discomfort and whispered comments back and forth among themselves as the music played and my attention was focused on trying to please them with the dancing, which was also not part of my experience.

One of the wine drinkers moved to the kitchen and returned with the open wine bottle. He emptied it in the two glasses and looked at Prakash who shrugged. The man pulled in a chair from the kitchen dinette table, positioning it in front of the others, and balanced the empty bottle on the chair seat. I had stopped moving by this time. He pointed to the bottle on the chair and gave me one word, "Sit."

I shut my eyes and pulled in a deep breath. The bottle had a long narrow neck while widening to three inches at the main body. Even the few steps to the chair caused the weights still attached to my nipples to swing. I didn't bother looking to Prakash as if he might provide me some relief from what I was told to do. It was clear that Prakash was allowing the men freedom to do with me what they wanted. The pictures Mr. Iyer had sent essentially sealed my fate.

I straddled the chair facing the men, two on the sofa and two on side chairs. I moved a hand down to steady the bottle and was told not to. I lowered my body into a squat until I felt the top of the bottle against my crotch. I moved around slightly to locate the opening to my cunt, then lowered myself to penetrate my cunt with the bottle. I allowed my body to lower, taking more of the neck as I did. I raised up, then lowered down further. I was told to fuck myself on the bottle and to take as much of it as I could. I looked down as I raised up and saw the wetness on the surface of the bottle. Some of the wetness was their cum, but part of it was my own, too. I knew it and so did they. My body continued to betray me.

Each time I raised up, I descended a little further until I felt the width of the body spreading my opening further and further. I didn't know if some of the dog knots were three inches in diameter or not. But, even if they were, they stretched me in entering and exiting. The same sensation was happening now. The increasing width of the bottle was stretching my opening, but I continued to rise and lower. And I was taking more of the bottle with each descent. The stretching of my cunt was

like taking the knot of a dog. It might be the largest thing I tried putting inside of me. It certainly felt like more than any of the knots, but it might also have been that the fucking of the dog had partially diverted my attention from the stretching. Whatever, I was doing it. I was getting more and more of the bottle inside my cunt. I look down between my splayed legs and found I had managed to go down to the portion of the bottle that was a constant diameter, my cunt was fully stretched to the three inches of the bottle at its widest.

About the time I began wondering how much more of the bottle I can push into my cunt before it would jam into my insides, it happened. I was pressing, rising and pressing to take more of the bottle. Once I had stretched wide enough, it was just a matter of pressing down and rising up, coating the bottle surface to continue taking more. More, that is, until the top of the neck jammed into the end of my vaginal chamber. I pressed a little harder, but no more was going to go in. With my body pressing down on the bottle, I bent over to look. There were about three inches of the bottle still outside my cunt.

I looked up at the men and they were silent. I had the feeling they were surprised and impressed, though I was afraid that might only spur them on to other trials.

From one of the bags on the floor, someone took out a Daikon radish and I gulped. Its shape had an implied use. The Daikon radish is white in color, about 12 inches long, having a pointed tip and widening to about two inches in diameter at the base. I was instructed to get on the floor on my knees, leaving the bottle in my cunt. Someone pushed my head to the floor so my ass was sticking up in the air. My knees were prodded apart and I once again felt oil being dripped onto my asshole. That was exactly what I imagined the implied use could be. With the bottle still jammed in my cunt obscenely, the tip of the radish was pressed against my asshole. The pointed tip made it easier to pass through my sphincter. Pressure was applied to the radish and more and more of it seemed to be entering me. I had never felt so full in my life, sexually as short as it was.

Prakash asked me how much I thought was inside me. It felt like nearly all of it had to be. He pulled my hand back and I felt for the radish and was shocked that no more than half of it had been pushed into me. The men all laughed and more of it was pushed into me. This continued for several more minutes, pushing, pulling, and pushing more. It felt like it was up in my stomach and I could feel the two objects pushing against each other in my two holes. It was a wickedly, disgusting, but enthralling experience.

When they were done, I put my hand back, again. I found about the same about of bottle as radish sticking out of me. Through all that, I had nearly forgotten about the clips and weights on my nipples. When I was helped to a standing position with my holes still filled, my entire body wanted to cry out. My filled holes felt somehow more filled as my position shifted. The weights again bounced and swung from my nipples. A hand on my back encouraged me to move and I was told to retrieve them more drinks.

My body felt exactly as it should. Trying to walk with a bottle in my cunt and a long radish in my ass was awkward and clumsy. My nipples continued to throb and ache. I was nearly to the kitchen when I remembered I had forgotten the tray. I waddled back to the table by the men, retrieved the tray, turned and made my way back to the kitchen. Through it all, I could hear comments, chuckles and outright laughing.

When I returned, they removed the bottle, radish, and the clips from my nipples. What I thought was going to be a relief turned out to be as painful as having the clips attached. Taking the clips from my nipples sent blood finally flowing back into them, the nerve endings revitalized. I squeezed my eyes shut, tears again coming as I tried to refrain from crying out.

I was bent over the sofa and one of the men slammed his cock into my asshole. Again, they had this worked out. He came inside me and another took his place. He brutally thrust his cock into my gaping hole and fucked me until he came inside my ass. It thought this was how the rest were going to take me, but I was wrong. The night was going to be very different.

I was pulled back in front of the sofa. One of the men was on the rug on his back, holding his cock up in the air. I was moved over him and instructed to impale myself on his cock. I looked down at him. I didn't want to have to look at these men as I fucked them. I preferred it when they took me from behind. Although I was being used as their cunt for fucking, at least I didn't see them. But, I was given the choice and I certainly wasn't having any input in the activities.

I knelt alongside his body and moved my dripping cunt over the head of his cock until it sunk into my hole. I lowered myself down the length of his cock. My damn body! I hated that I was being used and abused by these men who cared nothing for me and my body was reacting to their perverted attention. I tried to smother it before it escaped my mouth, but I failed. I moaned as the cock rose deeper into my cunt. I raised my body to nearly the top of his cock, then sank back down. It was interesting even to me that nobody told me I was to fuck him, my body just did it. I wasn't doing it to please him, to make him cum, I was doing it because I ... I wanted it ... I needed it ... I craved it ...

I was stopped with a hand on my shoulder, then pressure on my upper back to lay on the man below me. I felt someone behind me. I felt hands on my ass, then those hands spread my ass cheeks and I sucked in air and held it. A cock was pressed against my asshole. It was still loose and the cock slipped past my sphincter without much resistance. I had two cocks in my two holes! They began an awkward thrusting into me until they seemed to find a rhythm they could maintain. God! They were trying to abuse me, but ... but it was wonderful! I never felt anything like it. The dogs and men in my holes were one thing, but to have both filled at the same time and separated by only that thin membrane, feeling them gliding over each other ... I felt stuffed with cock. I groaned and moaned and gasped. I was rising to an explosive orgasm and I think it was pissing them off. They thrust into me harder and harder as if it might punish me. Instead, I rose to orgasm faster.

When I exploded, my holes clenched around the cocks still inside me like a vise-grip and they both instantly spurted their seed into me. The three of us collapsed into each other on the floor. All three of us were spent. And, it seemed to really anger Prakash.

He pulled our bodies from each other. He pointed me to the chair still sitting in the living room opposite the sofa. He handed me the wine bottle and told me I was to get the entire bottle into my cunt. I could see his eyes flashing.

I moved to the chair and stood the bottle up and positioned my hole over the top and slowly descended down the bottle. I now had more cum from the men and my own secretions to obscenely coat the surface of the bottle as I rose and lowered over the bottle. As I rose, the surface of the bottle was shiny with the fluids from inside my cunt. I managed to get to the widest part of the bottle and slowly rose and dropped repeatedly until I was again with a few inches of the bottom. I looked directly at Prakash hoping I might have satisfied him by taking an extra bit inside me. He shook his head and indicated down.

I gulp in huge breaths, held it, and bore down on the bottle. I felt the top of the bottle hitting inside me, but I wiggle around as I gently pushed down more. My upper thighs were in contact with the sides of the chair, which made it hard to push down further. I braced myself with my hand between my legs and moved my legs toward the front of the chair, then sat down. The bottle jammed into me, but I had the entire bottle inside me. I looked up quickly, beseeching with my eyes for satisfaction.

“Good. Excellent. I knew you could do it.” He smiled at me and I shuddered involuntarily. “Now, just sit there. I have something I want you to try out.”

He nodded to one of the guys and he came to me, asked for my tongue and fastened two clothes pins to it, one from each side. I couldn't pull my tongue back into my mouth with the clips attached. I was helped up from the chair and the bottle stayed where it was. I put fingers of one hand between my legs and felt. Though my cunt was gaping from the bottle's size, the bottle was fully inside me, the lips of my cunt partially closed over the edges of the bottom. Moving was extremely uncomfortable and awkward with the bottle inside me and the guys helped me because they wanted me on the floor on my back.

Moving that much was hard for me. Then, I saw lengths of rope pulled from the bags. My hands were tied in front of me. I held onto an arm tightly with my tied hands as they assisted me onto the floor. The pain inside as I was partially in a sitting position was intense and I was relieved when I could lie back straight. Then, my hands were stretched above my head to some heavy furniture. Then, one grabbed a foot and lifted it up into the air and pulled it out to the side and back so I was obscenely spread. The bottle inside was jammed against my insides, again. As they pulled my legs back, it had the effect of pressing the bottle top against me in ways that didn't seem proper. Then, I felt rope being wound around my ankles and held in place with tension in the rope to the same furniture.

They clapped their hands together as they viewed what they had done. Prakash stepped up and gazed down at me. My ass was pulled up into the air, my body bent at the waist, my legs pulled back so far they were nearly at my head but pulled to sides. Then, I waited, trussed up and a wine bottle inserted into my cunt.

From another of the bags came a jar of Ching's Red-Hot Chili Sauce. Prakash made a point of showing it to me. I had seen this sauce in some of the restaurants but it was MUCH too hot for me. I got some on my lips once and it felt like it was burning. I didn't want to know what they had in mind for that.

My worst thoughts came rushing to me, though, as Prakash began pulling on thin latex gloves and opened the jar. He was given a small spoon, took a bit of the sauce from the jar and held it up to me as he knelt on the floor next to me. My eyes were wild with fear of what he intended to do with me in a completely helpless state. He brought the spoon over one nipple. I strained to watch and desperately tried to communicate with him but the clothespins on my tongue transformed any attempt to grunts and mumbles. He laughed and spread the sauce over the nipple. At first, I didn't feel anything, but it was false confidence. The impact of the sauce took a moment and it started stinging at my sensitive nub and I felt it on the softer tissue of the breast as the juice ran off the sides.

He repeated it on the other nipple. I now had tears flowing from my eyes. He put a puddle of it in my belly button. Then, he brought the spoon to my mouth. The bit that he put on the tip of my tongue dripped to my lower lip and some into my mouth. I tried crying out but it was muffled. Then, in horror, I watched as he took a spoonful this time and moved to my cunt. I shook my head but that only moved more of the sauce into my mouth. When he dropped the spoonful of sauce onto the bottle bottom in my cunt, I almost sighed in relief until my movements caused the sauce to run over the edge and leak into my cunt around the bottle. As if to prove beyond any doubt I might have what a sadistic, revengeful monster he was, he had one of the guys pull my clit hood back and dripped sauce over the most sensitive nub. I cried out. The sharp, stinging, hot, burning seemed to be consuming my most sensitive and erogenous spots.

Then, I watch in final resignation and humiliation as Prakash stepped up to my bottom stuck up in the air, his hard cock pressed down toward my body. My cunt was filled with a bottle, I knew where his cock was going. My tears flooded out of my eyes. The bottle had me over-stuffed. I envisioned being ripped apart by him forcing his cock into my asshole. The pressure from my cunt made my anal passage tight despite the previous fucking. As he pressed his cock against my constricted hole, I cried out, muffled as it was, as he forced his way inside. Each vicious thrust into me moved the bottle, poking it into my bruised insides.

When Prakash was done, the bottle was removed with difficulty. Then, the other guys fucked me in the cunt or ass. The one guy who tried my cunt was given a surprise that made me laugh despite my own pain. He encountered the same hot sauce and pulled his cock out. Hearing my muffled laugh, he swatted at my exposed cunt hard.

One thought went through my mind ... if this was going to be my life, was remaining here going to be worth it?

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CHAPTER SIX

I entered the kennel used by the breeding dogs naked and a few steps behind Ishaan who had been called to get me from the house. I wasn't aware of where Mr. Iyer or Swapnil were until I entered the kennel's main room. Around the large mat on the floor were two men I had never seen before. More men I didn't know were seeing me naked and very probably about to watch me fuck a dog or two. Additionally, though, these two men were holding small video cameras.

"There she is. Gentlemen, this is the woman who will be fucking the two dogs. I want you to capture it all from different angles." Mr. Iyer turned to me and smiled. It was a gesture that made it clear to me that none of this required my approval or agreement. Then, while watching me, "After she has fucked the dogs, you may each fuck her if you wish. She'll take you in the cunt, ass, or mouth. You decide for yourself." He turned back to them, "I'll leave you in the capable hands of Swapnil who will handle everything else."

I turned my head slightly to see Swapnil. I had learned quickly that it made no difference for me to protest or ask questions. Whether I was here or with Prakash, what was going to happen was going to happen. I was just the cunt.

I heard two gates being opened down the aisle and saw two dogs being brought in my direction. One was Sheru. The other I had never bothered to look for the name tag. It was just another dog that fucked me when it, like the others, wasn't scheduled for breeding soon.

I moved to the mat without instruction. My role was clear and there was no sense in being difficult. Stubbornness, like any form of resistance, only led to some form of punishment, which usually was some kind of caning. The worst caning was on my tits or directly onto my cunt. Although they would quickly turn bright red, the marks disappeared within a few days.

One of the men stayed standing and roamed around me to capture that angle. The other man knelt alongside me and focused initially on my face, then down my body to the dog as it came up to my ass. As the dogs typically did, he sniffed my cunt and asshole, then swiping them with his tongue. The licking was good, soothing, and purely pleasurable, but they were rarely allowed to spend much time just licking me and as if on cue, he was prodded to mount me, which he did. All of these dogs were now very familiar with mounting me and the feel of a human cunt and body as well as a dog-bitch.

Sheru was the first to come to my ass. The other seemed to defer to him as Sheru moved from licking me to jumping onto my back. This was the first dog I had experienced. I always thought he would be extra special but now he was just another of the dogs that mated with me. Gone were the times and feelings of connection and intimate sharing. I was exploited by all the men in my life now and used by the dogs.

The dog poked at my ass with his cock. The cock jabbed at my butt and seemed to hit everywhere but my cunt opening. I was about to reach back when he jumped off me. He came back immediately and this time I was ready for him. I didn't try to grab his cock but use my palm as something for his cock to slide over in closer proximity to my cunt. I found with the other dogs that many of them didn't like to have their cock grabbed. There were many, though, that responded to my open palm.

When the cock penetrated me, I gasped loudly. Only two dogs. The idea made this almost feel special. I knew the men would use me after and that the videoing was further humiliation. I had no idea what the video would be for and the thought of it getting put on the internet to be floating around for eternity was frightening, but what more could I possibly lose at this point.

I forgot about the men moving around me with the cameras and just enjoyed the fucking from the dogs. While knotted, I felt Sharu's tail being raised so the camera could capture the distended appearance of my cunt as the dog pulled on the tie. When the knot came out, I heard the cameramen gasp at the sight. I had an orgasm and it felt wonderful. I sensed the camera at my face as I did, but I kept my eyes closed so I could enjoy it thoroughly without distraction.

The video continued through the other dog mounting me immediately after the first pulled his knot from me. When that dog was finished, there were audible gasps and murmurs from the men with cameras as they both seemed to focus on my cunt, which I was sure was now gaping and a stream of dog-cum escaping from it.

I braced myself for what would happen next. I remained in the same position as I assumed the two men would now want to use my body as offered by Mr. Iyer. It was my fear that they might use my asshole to avoid the mess in my cunt without preparation of that hole. I was relieved when the first man to come to me slipped his already hard cock into my cunt, thrust several times, then pull out and beginning pressing his well-coated cock at my tight asshole. The second man followed suit and I was unceremoniously left behind while Swapnil took the men back to their cars and probably made some arrangements with them for the videos.

After I had showered and dressed in the sheer saree to begin my work in the house, Swapnil found me and asked me to accompany him outside for a short walk. This was unusual. There was never a situation where someone of the house or kennel staff didn't address any issue or requirement with me in likely full view or hearing of others. It was also part of the humiliation and degradation that seemed to be a motive behind what occurred. I began to believe that Mr. Iyer might be intent on a strategy of fully breaking my will and self-image in a possible effort to make me even more compliant and submissive than I already was, possibly into a full slave relationship. It also occurred to me that somewhere along the way of this effort he would find a way to eliminate Prakash from involvement. So, Swapnil's interest in some privacy was extra intriguing.

While we might still be visible to others, he walked me out of range of anyone overhearing what would be said. He cautioned me not to physically react too strongly to anything said so undue attention and curiosity might be avoided. And, he shocked me.

"Would you like to escape what has happened to you?"

My walk hesitated in mid-stride but his hand on my arm encouraged me to continue. "Escape? What do you mean?" For all I knew, this might only be another scheme to test me or trap me into a punishable reaction.

I glanced at him and his head was swiveling around to verify our privacy, at least from being overheard. "I have never liked what has happened to you, Deepti. You are a naïve woman to have entrusted Mr. Iyer so much, but that shouldn't be a reason to so fully exploit you the way he has. And, the way he has created a competitive situation with your husband to ensure you are mistreated, humiliated, and abused regardless of being here or there is to me more damning." He paused and seemed to be picking his words carefully. "Can I trust you with this conversation, Deepti? He would discharge me immediately if you found out."

I assured him he could. I remembered the Swapnil I was meeting before, the calm, confident, self-assured, and respectful man who followed the plans of Mr. Iyer while providing me with intense pleasure.

He told me about the video that was taken of me with the two dogs. That it had been put on the internet and the interest it immediately generated. Bestiality was still very taboo and hidden in India, but the views the video generated indicated a large audience ready for much more. He told me that Mr. Iyer had plans of producing more and marketing them, maybe even developing a website to sell viewer memberships. He was intending to include Prakash into his plans to avoid legal issues and to keep him under control.

I was aghast. My exploitation had gone to depths I could never have imagined. Everything I had feared, being found out, my family becoming aware, my friends and associates could occur now so easy with the videos on the internet. And, it was completely an exploitation of me without any benefit for me.

It was as if he was reading me face or mind, too. "Yes, escape. Deepti, you are being exploited both here and at home. Now, you will be exploited even more. Your husband and Mr. Iyer will continue to abuse you but now they are creating videos that will document it all and make them money in the process."

"They can't do that ... can they?"

"With your husband involved? I don't see why not. Anything you might claim he could denounce. He would only have to claim you were acting on your own free will. I think all they have to do is avoid marking you too badly."

I was numb. How could all this turn so terribly badly? I walked a few steps away from him trying to think. I heard a noise just beyond the trees and knew it was a delivery truck of some kind bringing something into the facility. It was a sound I had heard before, but now, at that moment ... I looked down at myself and started to cry. I was naked outside, fully exposed to anyone who might happen along. And there was no thrill to the feeling anymore. This wasn't the feeling of exhibitionism, the thrill of being at risk of being seen. This was real. This was that nobody, not even me, cared if I was seen.

I wiped the tears from my cheeks with the heel of my palms and turned to Swapnil who was now standing about 3 meters away. "What do you mean exactly by escape?"

He smiled. "This wouldn't be love, Deepti. This would be business." I nodded.

We were pulling up to the gate of the studio facility. Swapnil gave his name to the guard and said we were expected by Mr. Gupta. As we waited for the call and verification to go through, Swapnil turned to me and smiled. "Remember, Deepti, it is all up to you from now on. What happens is up to you. You are the woman in control." He squeezed my hand, "You can use your submissive nature in a flirty, erotic, enticing way while remaining in control. I'll help, but their attention will be on you." I squeezed his hand in response and took a deep breath.

After that conversation outside, Swapnil took me home, but only to gather up my belongings and be taken to a hotel for the final plans to fall into place. Prakash was used to seeing me when Mr. Iyer was ready to deliver me, so being gone from both places was easy: both thought I was at the other location.

Swapnil carefully and quietly emptied his room of his belongs he felt he really needed, then he left, too. Neither of us was under any form of contract that could be held against us. Mr. Iyer felt, rightly for a long time, that the money he paid was sufficient to by loyalty and service. As Swapnil confided in me during one of my many long discussions after our 'escape', the money was a form of shackles that bound everyone to him like slavery. What Mr. Iyer assumed he could do to me without guilt or recrimination, was the last straw for Swapnil. He apologized often for it taking him so long. I understood, though. I really did. I was also ready to believe him when he said our relationship would not be love, but be business. He would be my manager or agent along with other ventures he had been preparing. I was ready not to ever again put my life and future in the hands of anyone but myself.

He had shown me his plans and visions for the film industry. His meetings with them had validated his perception of what the single video released to the internet had indicated. It was the reason for us to be outside the gate of one of the major studios in South India. They had a vision, which was reinforced by Swapnil's selling and the video already in existence. The vision was not just porn videos that could be flooded onto the market, though that would also happen, high-quality films, parodies they called them. They envisioned taking their own films that weren't good enough to go to theaters and that went straight to DVD and re-editing some to include explicit sex and bestiality. That was where I came into the picture and what they saw on the crudely done video gave them hope.

As we sat at the gate, my deep breath was to calm my nerves. What happened inside with the producer and couple directors would be largely up to me to impress them. Swapnil would provide a spin to things, but ... it would be up to me to convince them how erotic it could appear. Swapnil had two dogs in the back seat that were apparently his from the kennel. Mr. Iyer gave him them as a present once, never thinking the dogs would ever leave his facility. I wasn't fooling myself, anymore. I knew I would be showing the men what canine sex was. I also knew I would be having sex with all the men before the 'interview' was over. Swapnil emphasized the point repeatedly until I convinced him I got it: I had been exploited nearly to death; now it was my chance to exploit the things I had previously discovered I loved and make them good things, again.

I was dressed in an exquisitely patterned blue semi-sheer saree with a top that matched the pattern of saree material. The petticoat underneath matched the deep blue color so the only place where the semi-sheer of the material became evident was across my mid-section. But, that gave just the impression Swapnil felt was useful. The saree presented the traditional image, the semi-sheer presented a tease, while the nature of my presence was a contradiction.

We were ushered directly into a small studio where we found Mr. Gupta, the two directors, and his assistant who I was surprised was a young woman. Also, in the room were three men with cameras, one for still shots and the other two for video. The center of the room was brightly lit by lights. In the

center of the lit area was a large, cushioned mat.

We were introduced to each of everyone but the cameramen. All the men, even Mr. Gupta, were friendly and cheerful. They each gushed about the possibilities but emphasized that the concept was new to them and held some corporate risk of image. Swapnil asked if that would be an impediment to going forward, that perhaps we could better use our time by seeking someone who didn't feel the risk to their business. I was surprised and impressed by Swapnil's handling of these powerful men. Mr. Gupta chuckled and the directors remained calm. They explained that they were prepared to form a subsidiary film company to separate their customary films from these parodies and the rawer video shorts for the planned website.

I noticed the young woman watching me tentatively and was the least comfortable in the room. She took notes and followed the discussion, nodding appropriately at moments when follow-up action needed to be defined. She, however, was the person in the room who seemed to appraise my body and reactions the most. There was no question about what might happen eventually with these men. Swapnil prepared me for any eventuality to avoid any awkwardness. I was prepared to be fucked by any or all of the men. What crossed my mind now while watching the young woman was what role she might have in all of this. A flash of psychological and physical arousal washed over me at the sudden thought that I might have the opportunity to experience woman-woman sexual contact for the first time.

Standing among the men with Swapnil expressing our interest and hopes for the future had the effect of re-creating the sensations of those times long ago. Swapnil was explaining what I would be doing for them to evaluate the sensual and erotic effect of bestiality. The effect, though, was to portray a similar feeling of exhibitionism and risk. The exhibitionism, after all the times of being exposed to strange men, seemed peculiar to me but was real. The risk now wasn't of being caught but of failing to give the men who would be critically appraising my sexual performance in the vane of marketability. In the time away from Prakash and Mr. Iyer in getting ready for this moment, Swapnil had eased my sexuality back to a softer, gentler, and shared experience. I was again excited by the anticipation of sexual contact with both his dogs and him, something that had been taken from me over the months of abuse and humiliation.

When it was time, I found myself feeling nervous and flaunted, which I was. It was interesting to me that those feelings had returned to me after only a few weeks of being protected from the abuse. Being away from them, though, also showed me how high my need for sexual release had been conditioned. Swapnil received a lot of physical attention from me and the arts of Kama Sutra were again in our play. I also spent much time with the two dogs augment my release from sexual tension. The two dogs and I became very familiar with each other in that time. Swapnil reinforced to me that I would always be a submissive, just was just a matter of how the submissive nature was allowed to be expressed. He helped me with that aspect of taking some control and decision. In return, he was rewarded with a very grateful woman.

The others, including Swapnil, sat in chairs and the general lighting was dimmed except for the bright lights focused on the mat. Mr. Gupta was in the center with Swapnil to his right. The only other woman in the room was seated between them and slightly behind. The other men were seated on either side of them. I wasn't sure how the process worked, but the cameramen took over. The three of them congregated around me and started asking questions as I held the leashes for the two dogs. I described for them how the dogs mated, pointing out the knots that formed and how they would lock us together, and anxious attitude they could expect from the dogs with all the people around them. They listened, made comments back and forth, and came to a quick understanding of how they would cover the action. I would find that, unlike the intrusive nature of the videoing in the kennel, these men would be the opposite and almost invisible ... almost.

As Swapnil and I had discussed, I moved to the center of the lighting and turned to the group of men watching. The cameras dispersed around me in the dimmed lighting outside the mat area. I moved as if I was alone, not standing in front of strange men and certainly not being recorded in multiple angles. I moved as I did back when I was enticing myself in front of the mirror, back when simple things were exciting. In fact, that was exactly how Swapnil encouraged me to practice by being in front of a full-length mirror and using glances and subtle body movements to entice, tease, and tempt myself. If I could do it to myself, how much better might it be to others?

Lately, I had been exposed to multiple men, mostly in preparation to perform some sexual act. The same was true now, but this time I could control my exposure, giving them glimpses and teases as I did until I was fully exposed to them. This time, it would be how I became exposed that would be the difference. Now, a surprise to me, I thought of the young woman who was watching, wondering what her reaction would be if she would find it arousing and stimulating.

With glances at the men and woman in the shadows, I pulled the material hanging over my left shoulder. I had debated with myself how the best order of clothing removal might be. I decided on a bolder beginning, followed by a prolonged wait for more.

After removing the hanging material from my shoulder and allowing it to fall, I began slowly unbuttoning the small buttons on the top. I turned slightly as the button became undone until I was facing away from my small audience as I removed the top and dropped it to the side. I glanced at the three men with the cameras as though they were the only other ones there for me to be concerned about. With my back still to my audience, my hands moved behind my back but stopped as they took hold of the back strap of the bra without unclasping it. I glanced around me shyly, turned my head only to glance behind me as though I was assuring myself it was okay. Only then did I unclasp the three hooks of my bra. I held my arms tightly to my sides, trapping the bra to my body as I slowly turned back to my audience, then allowed the bra to slip down my arms to join the top on the floor behind me.

I was topless but moved slowly as if I was completely alone. I reached down to the floor and gather up the material and I felt my tits hang below me and gently swing. I unintentionally smiled. It was something that came back to me as something I had enjoyed seeing and feeling back when I was teasing myself with my own image. I felt liberated. I felt excited. The small sounds I heard from the dimmed areas of the room told me the same was being felt by others. Hearing a soft, feminine gasp assured me of someone's reaction and I wondered more about her.

I unwrapped the material, then slid the petticoat down my legs, bending over to again allow my tits to swing. Without straightening up, I turned my back to them and pulled my panties down my legs, removing them from each foot and planting my feet shoulder-width apart. I slowly straightened my body and teasingly looked over my shoulder.

The dogs had been sitting patiently and obediently nearby the entire time, but now they moved to me, one to my rear and the other to my front. Both sniffed and licked me and I spread my legs further as one licked my cunt while the other sought my asshole. I pulled my ass cheeks apart for the dog and slightly bent my knees to open myself up a little better for both of them. In short order, a gasp and moan escaped my lips, which were followed by murmurs from those in the shadows.

I knelt on the mat so my back was to my audience and patted it. Both dogs obediently and quickly took positions on their sides in front of me. Yes, I made sure they got plenty of training in the past weeks. I bent over, knowing full well my ass was pointed at them with my knees spread to enhance the view. I raised the leg of one and put my tongue to the end of its sheath. Immediately, the reddish tip peeked out and several more inches of cock immersed as my lips and tongue played over it. I

moved quickly to the other dog, repeating the same action and getting the identical result.

With several inches of reddish, dripping cock showing from both dogs, I moved to my hands and knees and backed slightly away from the dogs and toward the others. I didn't care which dog came to me first, both were going to be fucked in short order. They both were up and moving around me. I felt both licking parts of my body, then one licking between my thighs. That was followed quickly with a furry body landing on my back and a partially exposed dog cock probing at my ass. I had considered how it might be best to handle the mating with the dogs. I decided to let them take me as they would a bitch, which was without any assistance from me. The dog probed and thrust at my hips and ass, the cock hitting around my asshole and cunt until finally, after many probes, his cock sank into my cunt opening. I moaned loudly and gasped. Unconscious murmurs of encouragement escaped my mouth. He partially froze for a moment with his cock inside me, his legs grasped me tighter and pulled my hips back onto his cock and held me. His hips began thrusting at me and his cock continued to grow and swell inside my wet and clapping cunt.

The other dog came to me and licked my shoulder and face, but my attention was on the one fucking me. I felt the cock growing until my attention was taken by the feeling of the knot outside me and pressing at my opening. I pressed back against the pressure at me and cried out when the knot entered. I groaned as I felt the knot continue to grow and lock our bodies together. I knew he would be cumming soon, it is the process, so I rocked and tilted my cunt around his cock and knot, pressing his knot against my insides, seeking for contact with that spot until it did. I jammed against the knot and my body erupted just as his cock jerked and pulsed inside me, his cock sending his doggy sperm into my body.

I gasped for air as the dog turned on me, making our joined bodies ass-to-ass. He immediately pulled to test the tie and I groaned as the knot contacted the g-spot, again. The other dog was nearby. I patted the mat in front of me and he came. I got him to lay down, pulled his hind end to me and sucked voraciously at his partially exposed cock. In moments he was nearly fully erect and exposed. When the other dog pulled his shrinking knot from my cunt, I heard gasps from behind me and the second dog quickly moved to his feet and jumped onto my back. This time I slipped a hand between my legs and assisted him to my cunt and in several thrusts, he was inside me.

"Oh, God, yessssss. Yessssss ... I'm your bitch, too." Murmurs grew louder behind me and I smiled to myself, though one of the cameras just might have captured it.

When the second dog pulls his knot from my cunt, I allow my upper body to collapse to the floor. My ass is pointed at the others watching and is not the only thing they can see of me, my gaping, dog-cum drooling cunt. They are all quiet for several moments, then Mr. Gupta orders the cameras stopped. I hear hurried footsteps and glance to find the three men with cameras leaving into the darkened part of the room. A door opens, light flood into the room, then closes to bring most of the room back into darkness.

Swapnil appears at my side. He is sitting next to me and I move my head to rest on his lap. I ask, "Was it okay?"

He stifles his laugh, "Okay? If that didn't impress them, they have to be robots."

I snuggle further onto his lap and can feel his cock is stiff. I rub my cheek on it. "Seems to have had an effect on you, anyhow. Even after all this time?"

"There is something entirely different when you are excited to be doing it. That was like the times before ..." I nodded with complete understanding.

I asked what was happening. He said they wanted some moments for discussion. I heard chairs moving and soft footsteps, then bodies appearing into the glow of the intense lights that still shown me to highlight every feature of my body, good and imperfections, both.

“Amazing! Simply amazing! We’ve never seen anything like it.” Mr. Gupta was gushing and his eyes were entirely on me, bypassing Swapnil. “But, do we have only a bestial porn star here?”

I assured him I was much more than a just a bestial porn star. Of course, I wasn’t even thinking of myself as a porn star, either. But, if this went well, that was my goal behind all this, my own lucrative source of income that would also benefit Swapnil as my manager.

Mr. Gupta motioned with his hand and the junior director and his assistant moved forward to the edge of the intense lighting. I looked up and smiled. A man and a woman. The man was going to be no problem, I was sure what I had been through had trained me to make him scream at climax. The woman, though ... my first. I wondered ...

I stood up and moved slowly to the man, my steps moving soundlessly, each step placed strategically slightly across the center of the line to him. This had the effect of swinging my hip more than normal and giving my tits a little shudder with each step. I could feel the dog cum still leaking from my cunt and was pleased to see his eyes leave mine to focus on my shudder tits, then to my hips and what I assumed was the shiny evidence of cum from the dogs and my own orgasms now showing on the insides of my thighs.

I touched his cheek softly, so softly I almost didn’t feel it, but I saw him shiver in response. I smiled at Mr. Gupta and turned to the center of the mat. Before I stepped away from the man, though, I slipped a finger under his tie and used it as a leash to lead him behind me. I smiled at Swapnil as he stood and moved out of the way. Suddenly, the slutty, dog-bitch was leading her next victim to pleasure.

I turned so suddenly the man’s last step put us in contact, his dressed body to my naked body. I slid my hands up his chest, which wasn’t well developed, slipped my fingers over his shoulders and pushed his jacket off his shoulders and arms. I ran my fingers up both sleeves of his shirt, his shoulders, to his neck, behind his ears and into his hair. I felt him shiver against me, again. With only slight pressure on the back of his head, I pulled his lips to mine. He wanted to mashed his mouth against mine, but I pulled back, my lips trailing across his cheek and down his neck.

I pulled back and stared into his eyes. I wouldn’t look for or at anyone until this was over, despite them being nearby. As far as he would be concerned, I would be entirely his, only his, with eyes and body only for him. It seemed to work ... he shivered, again.

I unknotted his tie, held the wider side, and pulled it down. I allowed the back of my hand, only my fingers, to graze his body as I pulled it down his chest, the back of my fingers sliding with the faintest of touch over his stomach to the waist of his slacks and over the crotch. He flinched and gasped. I leaned forward and kissed him lightly on the lips, my fingers working the buttons of his shirt. As I slipped my hands under his shirt and over his shoulders, he shivered again as my fingertips danced down this now bare back.

Soft kisses down his chest and stomach led to his slacks falling to his ankles before I think he even was aware that I had loosened them. I slowly wiggled my bare tits and nipples over his chest and stomach as my hands pushed his boxers over his hips and down his legs as my lips sought his stiffening cock. I touched the head with fingertips and it jerked wildly. I bent down to remove his shoes, socks, and pants. Then, soft kisses up his legs and stopping at his cock had him gasping and

moaning.

I stood and whispered into his ear, "You saw how my cunt was used ... would you like to use my ass?" I playfully bit my lower lip and arched my eyebrows. He nodded. His mouth opened, then closed, and he seemed only able to nod. I smiled, "Good. Use my cunt first, then take my ass." He nodded.

As the man pulled out of my ass after only a few moments of fucking me there, I sat and looked at the woman. Her eyes were blinking quickly, glancing nervously to the sides. I stood slowly as if unwinding myself upward. I dropped my eyes and shyly considered her as I approached. I put out my hand to her. She hesitated, then stepped forward and took it. I led her into the stark light and felt her eyes on my naked body.

I did the same thing to her. I stopped and turned, catching her in mid-stride so our bodies came together. She wore a Western-style form-fitting dress showing cleavage and the bottom six inches above her knees. I was curious what was underneath and was already debated what I might leave her in depending on what she was wearing. My fingertips on her cheeks moved into her hair and pulled her gently into a kiss, tentative, exploratory. She accepted the kiss but didn't immediately come back to me. I moved my lips to her cheek, then to her neck.

I whispered, "Are you lesbian?" A shake of her head. I lightly stroked her neck to her ear with my lips, softly exhaling. She shivered, too. "Are you bisexual?" Nothing. I pulled back and looked into her eyes. "You never thought about it before?" She discreetly shook her head, her eyes searching mine. I smiled at her. "Me, too." She nervously smiled and I took her into my arms and we kissed. This time she returned it.

I found a zipper at the back of her dress and suddenly she was in bra, panties, and thigh high stockings. I let my fingertips play over her breast tops and over her shoulder as I moved around her. I moved her hair to kiss her neck and shoulders from the back as my fingers unclasped her bra. I slipped the straps off her shoulders with my fingers finding their way around her to her breasts and nipples. She shivered in my arms.

I turned her around so the others could see her beautiful breasts. I kissed her lips, then her breasts and nipples, sinking down as I kissed her stomach to the top of her panties. I kissed her mound from the outside and was rewarded with a deep moan from above. I slipped her panties down, already deciding she would keep her stockings on.

I took her hands to encourage her down onto the mat. She needed little encouragement, though. We were entwined in arms and legs, lips seeking each other, hands roaming over naked skin. I rolled her onto her back, my knees encouraging her legs apart where I now lay prone on top of her. I kissed her mouth a last time before moving slowly, caressingly, softly, with kisses like feathers over her chin, throat, and chest until I found her nipples. I licked, flicked them with my tongue; I took them between my lips and rolled them between my lips before sucking hard on them. I took them between my teeth, nipping at them, biting them softly, pulling on them. Her moans and gasps became more and more frequent.

I smiled up at her but her head was thrown back, her eyes closed tightly. I continued down her body, her stomach, to her pubic mound with the same soft, feather-like kisses. At the same time, my fingertips caressed her hips and thighs, moving back to her breasts and down, again. Her moans deepened as my lips almost made contact with her clitoris, but I moved my motion to the side.

My hands raised her knees and pushed them back toward her. She called out something I couldn't

understand, her hands raking through her hair then moving to clasp her own breasts. I flicked my tongue at her cunt and her hips flinched upward. I pushed her knees to her chest and engulfed her cunt with my open mouth, jamming my tongue into her opening, which was winking at me for attention.

When her hands came to the back of my head and her hips rose off the floor, I shifted my lips to her clit and sucked hard. She erupted violently, her cries filling the room. I released her clit and kissed her cunt as her legs shook under my hands. I released her legs to straighten as her orgasm continued to flow through her.

I crawled up to take her mouth with mine and rolled us so she was on top of me. I held her, soothed her, and whispered into her ear how sexy and totally erotic she was. She continued to gasp for calming breath. And, I held her.

Someone, surely out of respect for the woman I held, dimmed the lights around the mat. The door to the room opened, then closed. We were alone and all I could hear was her recovering breath ... and the beat of her heart against my body.

The young woman I had loved into an orgasm had gathered up her clothes and headed for the door the others had used to give us privacy at the end. I sat up and watched as the door cracked open, then closed before opening far enough for her to leave. In a moment, she reappeared in the dimmed light, dropped her clothes, helped me to stand, and we embraced. She kissed me openly and appreciatively.

We both got dressed as she giggled and exclaimed about what had happened and how she couldn't believe what she had just done, but how exciting it was and how grateful she was. She confessed that when Mr. Gupta laid out his thoughts about the "interview" for me, he asked who would like to fuck me. He had anticipated it being two of the men. She blushed when she admitted that she had volunteered. She giggled as she retold the conversation in the meeting, how she had argued, unnecessarily, how it would provide a different perspective on my talents and willingness. Mr. Gupta, of course, was all in favor of witnessing me with his young assistant.

We found the others, including Swapnil, in Mr. Gupta's office. They seemed to be celebrating and two more glasses of champagne were poured upon our arrival. As it turned out, they were more than impressed and had agreed to a tentative arrangement. A contract was to be drawn up and forwarded to Swapnil for our review and my signature. It was the ticket to a more normal, but exciting future.

THE END