

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Stacey looked at herself in the mirror with a nervous smile as she looked herself up and down. She ran the brush through her hair again and again as she stared lost in thought. She had been thinking about the same thing all day, her college professor. Nathan Faraday, English Professor, Stacey liked the sound of it, she also liked the sound of Stacey Faraday but that was another dream. For the past month now Stacey had been going to his lectures and had finally got up the nerve to ask him for some tutoring after college to help with her assignments. She had almost died when he stared down at her and agreed. All week she had been wondering what to say and how to say it. Stacey paused in the incessant brushing as she wondered about that point. How was she going to seduce this man? This older gentlemanly, powerful, dreamy man.

She had always led a sheltered life. She was always daddy's little girl, doing anything to please him and be a good little girl. Stacey went to church ever Sunday, home on time and early to bed. She had never even kissed a guy before and here she was dreaming about the touch of an older man on her skin taking control of her and showing her everything she could imagine.

She started brushing again with a coy little smile at the thought of her first kiss. She was 19 and very pretty in a proper kind of way. A long skirt and jumper concealed her teenage body from the world, building a barrier for her shyness to hide behind. But she had always stayed at arms length. She didn't want to be just some thing for a guy to talk about behind her back to his friends while they laughed about her. No she had been saving herself for the right man, a man like Mr Faraday.

She picked up her English books from her table dresser and held them close to her chest like a security blanket. She mused to herself about what it would feel like to have a man kiss her, not a boy but a man. To feel his fingers running through her hair like the movies, while he held her close in his strong arms.

"You ready pumpkin?" the voice of her father snapped her out of her dream "Pumpkin?"

"Coming daddy" She jubilantly intoned as she made her way out of her room and down the stairs. Her heart was aflutter and her stomach tight in a nervous knot. "I was just getting my books"

"Wouldn't be much point going to do your college work with out your books now would there Pumpkin" Her Father smiled happily at her as she came down the stairs and adjusted his glasses.

"Don't worry Daddy everything's fine. I will only be there a couple of hours before you pick me up."

She rounded the banister at the bottom of the stairs and gave her dad a peck on the cheek as she skipped to the door and opened it.

"Come on Daddy or we will be late"

"Well aren't you the eager beaver today." He put down his coffee grabbed his coat and headed out after her trying to keep up as Stacey bounded towards the family car.

"Well you know me Daddy, I just want to do well and make you proud of your little girl." She genuinely meant it as well.

"I know dear but you will always be my special little girl and I will always be proud of you no matter what. Just remember you are Daddy's little girl" He opened the Car door and got in and started the engine.

"I will always be your little girl Daddy." She climbed in as well and put her seat belt on as the car drove off.

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A little while later they arrived at the college and Stacey got out. Her dad looked out of the open door. "Don't forget Pumpkin I will be back at 7pm sharp to pick you up, we don't want you taking up to much of Mr Faraday's Saturday now do we."

Stacey smiled a sweet innocent smile and closed the door and watched the car drive off. As the car pulled out of the college campus, the weight of the situation hit Stacey like a hammer. She chewed nervously on her lip wondering whether this was such a good idea. What if she made a fool of herself what would she do then? What if he didn't like her?

"Ahhh there you are Stacey. Glad to see you could make it." The familiar voice her English professor Mr Faraday rang from behind her. She jumped with fright and spun around dropping her books. With a nervous stuttering excuse she dropped to her knees and scrambled around to gather them up again.

Mr Faraday didn't say anything he just smiled and turned, calling over his shoulder as he went. "Follow me Stacey we have a lot of work to do." Cursing her self for the poor first impression Stacey hurried after him with her books clutched tightly to her chest. What a fool, what a silly little fool, he probably thought she was so silly. She chastised herself all the way to his door. Mr Faraday had already entered and the room, the door still ajar. She peeked nervously inside to see him sat in an armchair near an open fire place. It wasn't lit but the ash in it suggested that it had been used before. The waft of leather assailed her nose as she looked in. The place was larger than she had expected for on campus living. The large front room gave way to an open plan kitchen with a table in it. Three doors led off the living room and kitchens, where they went was anyone's guess. The floor was covered in a deep thick red carpet which felt plush under foot as she stepped into living room and slowly closed the door.

Stacey leaned back against it not knowing what to do, she felt trapped and was beginning to regret coming. Her courage was fleeing her fast and as she opened her mouth to say it was a bad idea and she might leave Mr Faraday cut her short.

"Come take a seat Stacey, you look nervous, don't worry it's just me and Keates." He smiled a warm and reassuring smile at her as he motioned for her to sit. Not knowing what to do Stacey silently sat on the sofa opposite Mr Faraday, her eyes sheepishly looking around the room for something to focus on.

"Who.... Who is Keates? Is that another student sir?" She barely managed a mumble.

Mr Faraday laughed heartily "No, god no, I will show you." He stood and opened the closet door. She caught a glimpse inside the room looked like the bedroom with a four poster bed. She couldn't help but think of Mr Faraday sleeping in that bed and what it would be like to cuddle up next to him. Her little fantasy was shattered by the noise of Keates bounding into the room. A massive St Bernard ran into the room, jumping up onto the sofa taking up the empty space and panting happily. Stacey looked a bit shocked at the size of the beast and leaned away from him while tentatively trying to pat him.

"So what was the real reason you came round then Stacey?" Mr Faraday suddenly changed his tone from his hearty laugh to a very serious tone as he looked straight at her.

"What?" She blurted "What so you mean? I am here to, to, er, study."

"Interesting, A straight A+ student and you need help with your English. Do I really look that stupid?" His voice cut through her like a knife, straight to the bone.

"....." She opened her mouth but the words failed her, her eyes sank to the floor and she felt like crying.

"It's okay Stacey I know why you came her, I have seen the way you look at me in class, I always wondered if you would get up the nerve to ask to see me after school. It's understandable for a girl of your age to have a crush on older men in a place of power." He just sat there watching her expression as the conversation unfolded.

Stacey was speechless she had totally ashamed of herself for thinking that this would work out for her.

An uncomfortable silenced filled the air.

"Well I am glad you did Stacey. I have had my eye on your for quite a while." He stood up and walked into the kitchen and began making himself a drink.

WHAT? Blasted through her head. What did he say? In that moment her heart stopped, she didn't want it to beat again in case it was a lie.

"You see now that I have you here we can talk. It's hard to discuss your feelings for students while they are in the lectures with everyone else." He returned into the room carrying a whiskey

"I....I....." Stacey stared blankly ahead she didn't even know what to say. "I haven't..... I don't....." She fell silent again. She thought your face was on fire, it felt so hot.

"Come on I bet you are fighting the guys off Stacey." He intoned as he sat back down in the armchair facing her.

"I don't know what to say Mr Faraday. I have never even kissed a guy before" What the fuck did she say that for she shouted at herself in her mind. Way to go Einstein now he is going to think you are a complete freak.

"That's okay Stacey"

"It is?" She stammered

"Of course it is. Don't be silly Stacey." He leaned forward in his chair, his face warm and understanding. "I will teach you, that is after all why you came here isn't it? To learn"

She nodded her head not knowing what to say. Her hand shyly began to play with her hair to give her self something to do other than sit like a statue routed to the spot. Mr Faraday stood up and placed his glass down on the side table next to his chair and motioned for her to get up. Silently Stacey got to her feet. She anxiously waited feeling out of place. His hand reached out and cupped her head pulling it closer to him as he looked into her eyes.

"Do you want to please me Stacey?" His soft spoken voice was like thunder in her ears.

"Yes..... but I ....." She was cut short as Mr Faraday kissed her, his hand keeping her close locked into the unexpected kiss. The world for the couple of seconds dropped away and everything faded to

back ground noise. He pulled away from her and she remained lips still searching the air, eyes closed, stunned.

After what seemed like an eternity she opened her eyes again to find him stood a little way from her looking her up and down.

"Turn around for me my dear, let me see you." His commanding voice full of authority and confidence.

Not really knowing what to do Stacey slowly turns around, the tingling of her first kiss still playing on her lips. She can feel his eyes on her and it creates a strange sensation within her as he admires her body.

"Very nice indeed Stacey. Now loose the jumper."

Slowly and unsteadily she takes her jumper off and lets it drop to the floor behind her. Her mind plays out a million possibilities a second. Is this how things normally happen? What is going to happen next?

"I want you to listen very carefully to me Stacey. Do as I say and I will teach you everything that you want to know. I will open your eyes to things you never thought possible and I will make all your deepest dreams come true. But you will need to trust me and do as I say. Do you think you can do that Stacey? Can you Trust me?"

Standing there in her skirt and top she felt naked without her jumper on in front of him but the tingling in her body felt good. Maybe this was how things were supposed to happen. In the back of her mind she wished so many things would happen maybe he would even kiss her again. Maybe she could make him happy after all.

"Now I want you to take off your top Stacey. Show me just what you have been hiding all this time" He sits back in the arm chair and leans back enjoying the view.

Shacking Stacey slowly lifts up her top she stops just below her full breasts. She trembles a little and she fights back her nerves. This is what she has been dreaming of for so long she can't, daren't turn back now.

Slowly she wills her arms into action and she pulls the top over her head. Her full breasts bounce back into place a flowery bra holding them together. The cold air feels weird against her skin as she stands there. Her arms wrap around her midriff like another layer of clothing. The tingling in her body intensifies.

"Now drop the skirt and give me another twirl Stacey. You can do it." His voice was like a force of nature, washing over her with the force of a tsunami.

Slowly but sure Stacey unbuttoned her skirt and held it there for a couple of seconds before letting it drop to the floor. She turned slowly, unsure and nervous her legs and arms shifted uncertainly as she moved. Her mind swam wondering why she was doing this and would he be pleased with what he saw.

"Perfect Stacey, just perfect. You are making me very happy not loose the rest." He sipped at his whiskey and watched her move. Stacey managed to crack a smile at his words as her pants and bra slipped from her body. Her silky smooth skin caressed by the air as she stood naked in front of Mr Faraday. Every sense burned for her but they were over ridden by the pulsating tingle from her groin. Her lips moistened more with each order that she followed. With each pleasing compliment

she grew more and more aroused. She had never had an orgasm before she had never even really experienced this before and it burnt inside her like a bonfire.

"See Stacey I told you it would be okay didn't I." His voice soothing her and sharpening the feeling inside her as she turned back to face him with a quivering smile on her face. Her arms unsure what to do, hung awkwardly at her side.

"Now get down on all fours for me Stacey, let me see what you look like on your hands and knees in front of me."

She didn't know what to do but follow what he said. Slowly she dropped to her knees and rested there for a second before her hands rested on the carpet. The thick fur ruffed up between her fingers was an odd sensation but it felt good. She looked over at Mr Faraday who was watching her like an eagle, his eyes playing over every inch of her body like hands coveting her skin.

For the first time in a long time she spoke "Like this sir?" her voice trembled with each word.

"Just like that my dear now put this on." He reached down the side of his chair and through over a collar with a lead attached to it. "Do as your told Stacey put it on."

Her hand reaches out to the collar and looks at it confused but she tries not to show it. Her body throbs with this strange new feeling to her as she clips the collar round her head and looks up at Mr Faraday from the floor.

"Like this Sir?" Her voice has slightly more confidence in it as she notices his smile.

Mr Faraday stands up with a smile and picks up the lead and squats down in front of her lifting her head up. "That's a good little girl. Now come with me." He stands up and heads out of the room pulling on the lead. Stacey crawls after him as fast as she can to keep up with the professor. She pauses briefly at the doorway as he leads her into the bedroom. The tug of the lead as she pauses spurs her into action again as she continues to be led into the room.

Oh my god is this really happening to me? Her mind buzzes with possibilities. 5 minutes ago she hadn't been kissed now she, if she is correct, might be about to lose her virginity. As she contemplates that her pussy moistens more. She can feel the warmth build inside her with each command she follows the more she obeys him.

Mr Faraday pulls her up onto the bed by her lead and watches her. She rests on her hands and knees with more confidence with each passing second. And tries to be a bit sexier for her master. She prowls around on the bed a little and looks over her shoulder at her master with a nervous smile. She can feel her body shaking with anticipation.

"Now you will get your reward for being such a good little sub" She didn't know what he meant by sub but she held her breath imagining her first time in the arms of this man.

"Come here Keates. Come on Boy." Mr Faraday clapped his hands and kept a tight hold on the lead as the huge dog bounded into the room and leapt up onto the bed. His tongue hanging excitedly from his mouth as he sniffed the woman in front of him.

"Go on boy, have your fill of her." Mr Faraday turned his attention back to Stacey with a caring smile. Her shocked face a mask of confusion and uncertainty.

"Don't worry Stacey everything will be fine just relax and see." He pulled her lead a little tighter

dragging her head towards him as he leans in and kisses her. Before she can say anything he silences the words in her throat. "ssshhh just relax. Trust me I promised to teach you all about the pleasures of life didn't I"

His hand smooths over her cheek as he watches Keates pad around before the massive St Bernard leaps onto the back of the young teenage with a thud. Her shock dies in her throat as she looks at her master not wanting to displease him and not knowing what to do. The dog stabs around at her wet pussy and asshole with his emerging cock trying to find his way in.

Her eyes are locked with Mr Faraday as the dog continues to look for an opening to mate with his new bitch.

"It feels weird sir, is this normal..... I mean ..... urhhh..... I can feel something against me poking me" Her words shudder with a combination of her uncertainty and budding lust as her lips moisten further under the attention and then it happens.

With a growl from Keates Mr Faraday guesses what has happened and the shocked open mouthed expression on Stacey's face confirms it. Keates has found his mark. The dog powers forward taking his new bitch by force. His throbbing red cock begins to drive in and out of Stacey's Virgin hole. She feels the pain of his entrance rob her of her virginity in one long deep thrust as it continues unabated. Again and again the cock of the huge dog drives into her stretching her fully.

She stares wide eyed into her masters eyes, the wicked grin of control on his face as he holds her head steady. She can feel the hot musky breath of the dog on her neck and head as he growls and grunts as he pounds away again and again. Her groin burns and aches with the pain of the assault like a pleasure she has never felt before. The deep fucking begins to feel like it is splitting her in two as the dog cock goes further and further into her tight virgin pussy. Small yelps and squeals escape from her mouth with each powerful titanic thrust of the beast draped over the top of her.

Her master's eyes divert from her as the dogs pace changes and she feels Keates tense on top of her and then she feels it in her bowels. With one last giant effort Keates slams his cock deep inside like almost ripping her in to and with a deep growl begins to fire his cum right into her fuck tunnel. Her eyes bulge with shock as the cum blasts her insides. Fountain after fountain of hot fuck seed swells her inside. For an eternity she looks for solace in her masters eyes as he looks back at her. The dog shuddering and pumping more and more semen into her till she slows and with a final spurt stops. The dog holds on a little longer as her master stands up and goes over to the cupboard. Pinned down by the dog she is helpless and can't move as he approaches again with what looks like a large swollen rubber cock.

"Off boy, come on, off you get" With a command and a clap of his hands Stacey feels the monster dog hop off her and onto the floor. The gaping hole where the massive cock took her virginity remains open for a brief second. Just before the cum and fuck juices can escape Mr Faraday plugs it with the rubber butt plug. She gasps with shock as the massive rubber device as it plunges into already stretched pussy plugging to completely. She can still feel the cum from Keates swirling around inside her mixed with her own fuck juices as her pussy contracts and pulsates. Tightly around the plug sealing her up.

"Now if you want to please me you will keep this inside you till you get home Stacey. I will be most displeased if you don't, do you understand me?"

Her head had sunk to the mattress and she breathed heavily as she tried to take in the events that had just happened. "Yes I understand.... Sir"

“Good now for the fun part.” From behind her she feels him adjust something and the plug begins to hum and vibrate slowly and continuously the plug churns up her insides. The vibrations rocket through her body. Her head drives further into the mattress as the feeling is almost unbearable.

Her clothes land on the bed next to her. “You might want to put those on, it’s 7pm and your dad will be here to pick you up soon.” Her master intones with a note of glee.

“Don’t forget, if you remove that before you get home, this is over and I will be most displeased.” His voice serious and stern as it addresses her. Managing a nod she struggles onto her back. Her swollen cum filled pussy permeating the most mind blowing feeling she had ever known as she struggles into her clothes.

With shaky feet she manages to stand as she pulls on her jumper just as the bell rings.

“That will be your dad then won’t it Stacey” Walking out of the room Mr Faraday walks to the front door and opens it “Good evening sir, glad to see you again. I guess you are here to pick up Stacey?”

“Ohhh hello Professor Faraday, that would be correct is my little Pumpkin around?” Stacey’s father remarks.

“Just this way sir. Come in why don’t you. Why not have a seat.” He motions to the leather sofa. “Stacey was just telling me about you actually.”

Stacey staggers into the room with a weak smile on her face “Hello Daddy.” She can’t manage any more words as she struggles to remain upright.

“Are you okay pumpkin you look a little flushed.” A note of concern in his voice.

Stacey prays to the lord almighty that her day can’t here the low buzzing noise emanating from her pussy of the smell of sex wafting from her as she tremble. Orgasms where beginning to fire through her body like miniature explosions again and again. Her fuck juices bloating her already stuffed pussy further as her body succumb to the depraved activities she had just undertaken.

“Come on dear I best get you home so you can rest. You don’t look to well. Thank you for your time mister Faraday. But we must be going now.” He takes hold of Stacey’s arm and directs her shaking form out of the college campus and into the car.

“Same time next week Stacey and I hope you feel better soon.” Her new masters voice carries after her.

The drive home is torture for Stacey. Not the painful type but her pussy shakes and ripples with orgasm after orgasm as the plug works away inside her. Her cum flooding her insides with the dog cum until they reach home. Stacey stumbles as best she can up to her room ignoring her concerned fathers words. As she collapses on the bed she can take no more as the world swims around her and she passes with with a massive orgasm. Shacking her very core, every bone clattering and smashing against each other as her body throws around on the bed.

The orgasm is so powerful her body pushes out the plug as the darkness claims her. Wet cum juices of dog and woman spray down her legs and soak into the sheets as she pants slower and slower till she collapses in a heap on the bed unconscious.

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Stacey woke up in a daze, the world swimming into focus around her. Slowly and surely her senses



began to feedback the information to her brain and images flashed before her eyes like a montage of snap shots. The firm embrace of her professor's lips on hers as he kissed her. The way he looked at her and the breathless feeling. As she first lifted the jumper over her head. Standing naked in her professor's front room, thick red rug between her toes. Kneeling on the carpet with a lead around her neck. The feel of the bed rocking below her.

More of her body began to respond to her wakening state as she rolled onto her back. She was still wearing the clothes from yesterday after she collapsed. A warm feeling spread across her lower back and thighs as she rolled over. Her finger shot to her mouth to stifle a noise of realisation. The image of the large dog grinding his cock into her burned into minds eye. She sat up in bed unable and tried to shake the image from her head. It burned into her eyes again and again. Each time she shock the image flashed like a stop motion strobe film of the dog pounding away on her pussy. The after images of the fuck session slammed into her and she looked down. She slowly lifted back her long skirt and bit down on her finger as she saw what was there. The large red plug nestled between her legs the skirt and sheets under her stained with cum. She quickly pulled her skirt down again to hide the site and looked around the room panicked. She pulled her skirt back again and looked at the mess. The full feeling returned to her pussy as it remembered the abuse from the day before. The plug stretching her and vibrating in her as the cum filled her insides. Then the embrace of the bed as the orgasms washed through her body and finally she ejected the plug from her stretched fuck tube. Then the warm feeling as she lay in the expanding pool of semen and pussy juice.

She fell back onto the bed and looked up at the ceiling her finger still between her clenched teeth and wondered what happened. Her hand snaked down her body towards her groin, her fingers slipped under her skirt and touched her throbbing lips. She felt sore from the abuse she had taken and the stretching of the large red hot dog cock and then the plug that Mr Faraday pushed into her afterwards. The knocking at the door snapped her thoughts back and she stared in horror as the door started to open. Pulling the blanket up to her chin she dived under her blanket. Her father poked his head round the door with a smile and then walked in.

"Hey there pumpkin, how's Daddy's little girl doing today? You looked alittle under the weather yesterday." He sat on the edge of the bed and rested his hand on her forehead. Stacey scrunched up her face in a mix of shock and uncomfortable embarrassment.

"You still feel a little hot today maybe you are coming down with something." His removed his hand from her head and sat back a little. "Well if you don't feel up to it you can stay home from college today."

"I think that would be nice Daddy" Stacey squeaked out quietly hoping that this conversation would end. The throbbing feeling still pulsing out of her pussy as the wet pool of cum remained sticky against her ass. "I just need a little more sleep I guess."

"No problems pumpkin I will just call in sick for you today, you just get some rest." He gave her hair alittle ruffle and walked out of the room as Stacey finally exhaled the breath she had been holding in horror. She remained hidden in bed afraid to move in her cum soaked skirt and listened till she heard her dad leave for work then she rushed out of bed. Throwing her skirt of and gathering up her bed sheets into a pile she threw on a dressing gown and rushed down stairs and threw them into the washing machine. Squashing them into the machine she started it and walked around the kitchen a unsure what to do. She needed to make sure that she had the sheets back on her bed before anyone knew about it. As long as she got it all done ASAP then she would have it dry and back on the bed before her dad came home from work.

Her mind wandered back to the day before and how she lost her virginity the feel of the dog cum

spraying up through her loins and the sticky feel of her cum and her juices in the bed. Her hands drifted down to her ass and ran over her ass and felt the stick mix still damp on her skin. She walked up stairs the feeling still burning inside her as the memories danced around in her head. She can't imagine how she has lived with out this dirty feeling before. The hard pounding, the naughty feeling of doing something so wrong. Being under someone elses control. God, It felt like a million volts of electricity coursing through her brain. Each word from her professor like a hammer into her very being commanding and confident relieving her of her will and making her his own.

She walks upstairs and into her bedrooms en suite bathroom and drops her dressing gown to the floor and strips off the rest of her clothes. She looks at her self in the mirror, yesterday she was a girl and now in her mind she was a woman. Her hands ran over her skin as she played through the events in her mind again and she wondered if this made her a slut? To be honest she thought if it did then she was happy because she had never felt like this before and it felt good, Tearing her eyes away from her body she steps into the shower and lets the water wash over her body, she isn't washing away the memories just trying to hide the evidence of the previous day. She couldn't let her dad catch her or it would be all over,

As she stepped from the shower she wrapped a towel round her and dried herself off as she walked back into her bed room. Choosing a new set of clothes she went back downstairs to check on the washing. She idly flicked through some TV while she waited. The door bell rings once, twice and a third before she makes it to the door and opens it. Smiling in the doorway is Mr Faraday with Keates on the lead.

"Hello Stacey, your father called in today saying you were ill and I wanted to make sure everything was okay." His voice soft and concerned but loosing none of his strength.

Stacey's eyes drop slightly unable to look him directly in the eye "Yes sir everything is fine sir. I just wanted a little time to think about yesterday" She could feel his eyes burrowing into her skin. It was like she was naked again in front of him on her knees, a lead around her neck leading up to his hand. The large St Bernard's towering over her. The thought excited her. "Everything is fine sir" She manages a shy smile.

"You are thinking about Keates aren't you" he says as he walks past her into the house. She stares out the doorway stunned as if he has just read her mind and slowly closing the door and resting back against it watching her Professor inspect her house.

"Well don't worry Stacey you are going to have plenty of time with Keates as it is. I have some family issue to deal with so I am going to have to go away from a week and I can't take Keates with me so I need someone to look after him. Seeing as we started so well I thought it would be a good time for you to get to know him better." He turns around and fixes her with his eyes. "That's not going to be a problem is it?"

Stacey try's to search for the right words and can only manage "I guess so sir?"

"Fantastic I have all the things in the car that you will need and you can call me if you need anything, here is my cell number." He hands over his little card with his cell number and his personal tutor details. "I am sure everything will be fine and you will do me proud, won't you Stacey." She looked up into his deep serious eyes and melted.

"I will do my best sir. I won't let you down." She felt like a 12 year old with her first crush stood in front of her master. His presence both commanding and dominating.

"His food and bed are outside in a box by your door. He needs two walks a day and feeding in the

morning, afternoon and late at night. I will call you once a night where you will have to follow my instructions and be Keates little bitch. I will instruct you on how to pleasure him and you will follow my words to the letter." He holds her chin in his hand as he looks into her eyes

"Yes sir" are the only words that can escape her mouth as she thinks long and hard about the deep seated pleasures and debase thoughts surfacing in her mind. To please this beast of a dog and make her master happy were sending shivers of anticipation through her mind.

Mr Faraday leans down and steals her breath with a long kiss before walking out of the door "Don't fail me" Linger in the air as his parting words.

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After a nervous conversation with her dad on the phone Stacey had managed to convince him that she would take care of the dog and make sure that nothing changed in the house. She had to pout a little and plead with him but in the end she won out, she knew how to twist her dad round her fingers and get her way eventually. Now she sat in her room clutching the phone and watching Keates almost bear like mass sit in the corner of her room in his bed chewing on a large toy idly tossing it around from side to side.

Minutes turned into hours and she watched the clock and then the phone waiting and anticipating her master's instructions. After a little while she looked up and saw it had taken a life time to get to 6pm which according to the instructions was walking and feeding time. So she did as the instructions that were laid out told her too. A 15 minute walk and then back for his meal and still nothing on the phone.

Then finally it rang, she trembled as she pushed the receive button "Hello?" Her voice sounded vulnerable.

"Oh hi Pumpkin it's daddy here just letting you know I will be back a little late from work so feel free to get your own dinner. I will pick something up for myself. Gotta go dear love you." And then the phone went dead. Dammit she thought, she looked back over at Keates who sat like a sleeping giant in the corner of the room. She could feel the tingle of yesterday returned, she couldn't believe what she was about to do.

For the second time in as many minutes the phone disrupted her perverted thoughts. "Hello Daddy."

"I told you to call me Sir yesterday Stacey or have your forgotten already." Mr Faraday's voice intones down the phone.

"N-n-n-no sir." Her voice trembled along with her body.

"Well I am going to talk you through the steps and what I want you to do Stacey. So let's get started....."

Stacey's hand was shacking so much she almost dropped the phone as her other hand gripped her skirt tightly, her eyes fixed on the dog in the corner of the room.

"Now lay back on the bed Stacey and take off your clothes." His voice in here ear like he was in the room. She closed her eyes as the world melted away leaving just his voice in her ear. "Now let your hands explore your body, slowly and gently. First your jumper, then your skirt."

Her hands played slowly over her body as the garments were peeled off one by one. She slowly

pulled off her skirt down and left herself finally led on the bed in the cool still air. Her bra and pants the only shielding left on her naked body. Her hand trembled as it ran up her leg and stroked her stomach. She imagined Him stood next to her watching her as she writhed on the bed slowly.

"Now move down to the end of the bed" His voice soothing her desires and abating the feverish yearning in her pussy. "Hang your legs over the end of the bed and slide your pants off slowly."

Stacey shuffled down the bed as if her master was in the doorway watching her as she pulled down her pants first past her knees and then she kicks them off her foot.

"Now call over Keates, tap on your thigh a couple of times and he will know what to do."

Hesitating for a second her hand hovered in the air before slapping her thigh, once, twice and nothing happened. Then a couple more times and she heard movement from the corner of the room. She didn't dare open her eyes as she led on the bed her hips perched just off the edge as she heard the dog moving around in the room. The hot breath on her leg almost startled her as she felt the fur rub against her inner thighs as the dog stepped forward. She widened her legs to give Keates the best access possible and brought her knees up as if she was putting on her Show for her master. Now the hot breath was on her flesh as Keates was now closer. She could feel the anticipation gurgling up inside her like a fountain as she longed for the release she felt yesterday. Then she felt his long rough tongue slide up her thigh. The hot wet slobber sliding along her leg a stark contrast to the rough of the tongue before it disappeared. Taking a deep breathe Stacey held it in as Keates licked again with another long testing lick this time against her cunt lips. The feeling almost blow her mind. It was so different from anything she had ever felt before. The deep long throbbing tongue lashed at her entrance again before she could gather her senses.

She found her self pushing her hips forward against the rough tongue of Keates as it lapped at her flowing juices. Stacey quivered under the dogs tongue as it probed into her welcoming pussy.

"You feel that Stacey? You feel how his tongue takes every inch of your pussy and makes it his own. Give yourself over to the feeling and ride it to the finish Stacey." Her Masters voice with like a toxin to her poisoning her mind as the dog continue to drive deeper and deeper into her tight little fuck hole. The wet slopping noise filled her eyes in between the deep masterful voice of Mr Faraday.

"It feels so good sir, thank you, thank you very much sir." Stacey pleaded into the phone as if this would grant her more pleasure and release.

She pushed her hips forward again into the slobbering chops of Keates, fuck slime and slobber glistened on her inner thighs and hair as the dog continued to lick. Stacey could feel her body react in a way she never had before. Like yesterday but different somehow she was nearing her first oral orgasm as the dog continued to punish her clit with rough tongue stork after powerful rough tongue stroke ran up the length of her slit and strongly over her sensitive clit. Shuddering and shaking like a branch in a strong breeze she rocked and bucked on the bed as the dog continued. The feeling boiling up inside her like a flood behind a dam struggling at her inner walls.

"Hmm I can just imagine you led there my little slave under all that attention. Keates new bitch and fuck toy. What are you?" The voice caresses her brain and shakes the image in her mind. She watches her master stood over her close as she imagines some of the things she would do to please him.

"I am your slave, master and you dogs little bitch. I am yours to do with as .... As .... Ohh.. OHOOHHH GOODDD!..... GOOOOODDD. I ..... AM..... YOURS....." Her scream shock the room as her orgasm took her mind, body and soul her tight fuck hole contracting and spraying juices

out of her wetting Keates muzzle as she shock and flailed on the bed "Gooooddd please stop, stop I can't take any more, please..... OHHH GOD PLEASE." The orgasm continued to eat away at her as her legs shock and kicked. Rivelts of her juices flowed from her crack. Those that escaped the ever present tongue of Keates ran down her puckered asshole and dripped from her ass cheeks onto the wooden floor below pooling in a pool of rippling orgasmic spray.

She could barely focus on the voice of her master. "There is only one way to make him stop and that it to tap on your side loudly. Do this when you can take no more."

With all her force of will she unclenched her balled up fist from the sheet and slapped her side a couple of times unable to take the stinging pleasure of each rasping tongue lash. Like being wiped her soft flesh stung with each rasp of the dogs slobbering tongue.

The dog stopped for a second and panted after hearing the slapping noise. Having received the signal the dog eagerly jumped up on his new fuck meat and thrust his massive hanging cock at his target. Again and again he stabbed desperately trying to find an opening in her.

Her eyes remained closed as she listened to the heavy panting and felt the fur ruffle against her body. She opened her legs further trying to give Keates an easier target as she offered her self to the beast. Lust taking her over as the dog rammed his cock at her again and again.

When it finally found its mark she grunted in her post orgasmic fever pitch from the tonguing and threw her head back against the bed. She clamped the phone tight against her ear as she grunted with each powerful thrust from Keates. The voice of Mr Faraday spurred her on as she fucked up against the dog.

"Give yourself over to him slave, let him have his way with you and then rain cum over you."

"Y... Yes....Y.... Yes master." She babbled.

Her eyes opened as Keates drove deeper than ever before, the missionary postion of the bed allowing Keates a greater angle of entry. Stacey's eyes bulged and stared into the distance as the beasts knot hammered against the walls of her pussy trying to get entrance. She bit down on her lip so hard she was almost drawing blood as the dog perched over her slamming again and again against her driving his thick cock deep into her stretching her and filling her completely.

Looking up she saw the bestial face of Keates looming over her saliva falling from his gapping maw as it splattered over her breasts and face, the dog lost in a frenzy of sexual gratification. His mighty frame dwarfing the little teenager as he bucks into her again and again. The knot still unable to find a way inside his new bitch.

"I can feel him twitching in me master, swelling like he did before. Just...oh yes..... Just .....before.....just like befo.... Before!!" Stacey's whole body rippled like a stone had been dropped from a height into a simmering pool of water. The explosion deep inside her at the epicentre and her whole body reflexed outwards like a storm. Shattering her senses and driving all through from her and leaving only instinct as she grabbed hold of Keates thick fur and hung on for dear life as he sprayed her insides with a load of hot sticky cum. As he continued to fuck his cock came loose and continued to fire spurt after spurt like a fire hose up her chest and over the underside of her breast. The phone lay beside her head as she squealed and pleaded for the pleasure to stop. To much for her to bear she ground onto the dog as the last vestiges of cum sprayed up her chest and she collapsed back on the bed.

She clawed for the phone as she scrabbled around in her own sweat on the bed lost and devoid of her senses. Her hand rested on the handset as she picked it up again.

"This is just the beginning my little slave. I will lead you down roads you never even knew existed and open your eyes to the world and the darkest pleasures that lie within. Rest now and recover you have a long week ahead of you."

The phone went dead as her master hung up on her. She panted and lay on the bed breathing heavily, gasping for air struggling for each breath. Keates retired to his bed licking himself and looking slightly bored.

Stacey couldn't resist it and her curiosity got the better as her hands run over her body rubbing the cum over more of her areas enjoying the sticky feel and the strings that formed as she lifted her trembling hands from her glistening frame.

How she had lived with out this she never knew. And if this was the start she would gladly do anything asked of her from her master as it would only get better.

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Stacey panted and breathed heavily on the bed as she giggled to herself in the orgasmic afterglow. She pulled her fingers up to her mouth and tasted the salty dog cum that she had scooped from her belly and breasts. Savouring each drop like a rare ambrosia. She looked over at Keates and wondered how long it would be before he would be ready to fuck her again. Her dad wouldn't be home for ages yet so she still had time to sate her carnal hunger. She stood up and looked into the mirror again. A couple of days ago she stood here a virgin prim a proper daddy's little girl. Now she stands watching the hot dog semen run lazily down her body.

As a rivulet of it gathers on her nipple and hangs in the air she watches it intently as her hand hovers underneath it. Slowly it extends until finally it drops into her hand. Stacey drew the cum up to her mouth as licks her palm clean and goes back to inspecting her body. She was missing something; she studied her image in the mirror and cracked a coy half smile. Reaching down into Keates bed she pulls out his collar and lead and clips it around her next. Casting her thoughts back to her first time the other day and how, even though she was naked the collar felt like a full suit of clothes for her.

Her hand trails down the long leather lead, skin smooth against the rough leather. Stacey tightens the collar a little making it almost uncomfortable around her neck. Almost. Her eyes fill in the room around her with the image of her master his dark eyes watching her as she performs for him. The imaginary form nods approvingly as she sinks to her knees and pouts a little like some sort of petulant model. Giggling to her self she continues to prowl around the room posing and posturing to the mirror. Then an idea strikes her and she crawls over to the bed enjoying the subservient feeling of crawling around on the floor for her master, regardless of if he is there or not.

She ties the lead tight around one of her bed posts and turns around leaving the lead trailing behind her as she faces Keates who sits calmly in his bed. She parts her legs showing of her tingling pussy lips to the dog.

"Hmm you like this don't you Keates."

The dog didn't stir from his position and just watched passively.

"Well maybe this will start to get you excited again then."

Her hands scratched down her thighs as she played and put on a show overly exaggerating her facial expressions like a pantomime. As she rocked forward rolling her head she came to far forward and

the lead spanned taunt holding her head in place. She tugged on it a little more keeping the tension in the lead as she rolled her hips straining against the leather and the collar. The tightness almost choking the breath in her throat bringing a delirious light headed feeling. Her hands pulled apart her pussy lips as she continued to strain against the lead. Leaning back the lead goes slack again and air goes back into her lungs. The light headed feeling intensifies the ecstasy creeping through her body. She licks her lips in an extravagant, overt show of lust as she undulates in front of Keates trying to entice him back to life again. Her fingers slip down to her lips and she parts them again for Keates to see her hole. Cum still leaks from her pussy as it is spread like a flower. Moments ago Keates was bashing his knot against the tight hole. He stirred slightly from his position and his ears perked up a little at the sounds coming from Stacey.

Her fingers dipped into her tight little hole and the squelching noise as her finger pushes in and cum splurges out around her finger. She slowly pushes in a second finger and begins to work them slowly at first. The noise begins to fill the room with the succulent noise of her fingers pushing into her cum filled pussy. Again Keates stirred, more interested as the smell of her juices reached the dog's nose. Stacey's eyes widened as the feeling reminded her of the cock flashing in and out of her fuck hole. Trying to mimic the pace she speeds up her fingering and pulls forward again against the tight lead. Her face screwed up in a mask of contorted pleasure. Beads of sweat form on her brow and glisten in the light as her shortness of breath and exertion of the frenzied fingering take hold of her.

Little did she know her father was currently on his way home, his car rounded the corner into the end of the street.

Back in the bedroom Stacey continued to pull harder against the lead stifling her breathing. Her front still draped in a blanket of white dog cum slowly draining down her body. Her fingers continued to pump into her pussy forcing her juices and Keates cum out and down her crack wetting the carpet beneath her ass.

Her father pulled into the driveway and switched off the engine of his car and stepped out.

Keates sat up and tilted his head towards his bitch as she strained against the leather restraint panting and grunting. Her pace reached a fever pitch as she couldn't finger her self any faster. Her vision began to blur as the emotions and feelings fought for supremacy in her mind's eye. The tight choking collar, the wet cum on her skin, the undulating hips in the wet patch of her fuck juices and the deep pulsating orgasm building in her cunt.

Keates stood up and takes a couple of steps forward the sounds and smells exciting the dog more and more. Stacey watches as Keates's long red cock begins to show from his sheath. She has never witnessed it before only felt its power. Mesmerised by the sight of it she doesn't hear the front door close behind her father as he enters the house.

The first pulses of pleasure emanate from deep within her. Her toes curl as she braces herself for the oncoming orgasm building like an avalanche.

Then she hears it. "Pumpkin? Are you in? Pumpkin?"

Stacey freezes like a bunny that has just realised it has hopped in front of a rather fast rather large oncoming headlight sporting truck. Then as if time was snapping back into flow she moves quickly. Turning around her fingers scrabble at the leather lead tied to the bed trying to undo the knot. Resisting her best efforts the knot holds resolutely tight and distinctly unhelpful as she desperately tries to get a hold on the strands. Keates backs loudly and happily to see his bitch present her ass to him and pounces on her and begins to try mounting her.

"Is that you upstairs Pumpkin?" Her fathers voice questioningly unsure, his footsteps sound on the stairs.

"Get the fuck off me Keates you barstard this is not the time." She sternly whispers at the dog as she tries to fight him off.

Now stuck in a desperate struggle to undo a very uncooperatively stubborn knot while a dog is trying to shove his knot in her. His wet red cock stabs against her ass and thighs as the dog searches for his mark. Finally though Stacey pushes Keates off with a harsh look and a point of the finger she turns back to the lead.

"Pumpkin?" Her dads voice now right outside the room.

Silence for a second as the dog stands near by licking her ass. The seconds tick away. Outside the door her fathers hand reaches for the door.

In a last ditch attempt Stacey bites back her simmering orgasm. "Yes daddy?....." Silence fills the gap like an atomic bomb blast.

Perched on her knees, her hands clutching the lead still, like a statue. Her breath holds heavy in her lungs like a weight, as she watches the door. The dirty feeling in her is feed by Keates as his tongue continues to work on her ass crack. His rough tongue running the length of it from her lips to her asshole. Against the seconds pass, she dare not shoe away the dog in case it brings her father into the room. Her mind tries to focus on the most unsexy images it can, anything to detract from the feeling burning deep inside her struggling to get out.

Her hold body is tense, every muscle taunt and straining against her. Teeth clenched deep she can't take her mind of the burning images of Keates long thick cock dangling between his legs searching for somewhere to be sheathed.

"Okay dear, just wanted to say hi. See you downstairs." The footsteps start as her father turns round.

She breathes a sigh of relief and relaxes. Her fatal mistake. With out her conscious effort the orgasm ignites the fuel inside her and her whole body convulses. Her fuck juices spray from her pussy decorating Keates muzzle with her sticky cream, startling him. Her head flings back her wet slick sweat ridden head like something out of a shampoo commercial as she screams the silent scream. Her eyes bulge as her pussy twitches and squirts another jet of sweet sticky juices from her pussy onto the carpet and Keates front legs, this time a little less powerful. Slightly startled Keates Yelps in shock.

The footsteps reverse and the door opens as her father walks in. "Everything okay in here....." The rest of the sentence dies in her father's mouth as he takes in the scene in front of him.

After an eternity "Ohh my god." Escapes his lips.

"It's not, it's not what it looks like Daddy. I swear." Her voice is as hollow and pointless as the feeble argument that escaped her lips.

Nothing but the stern face of her father greets her. "It doesn't look like nothing from here. Care to explain this little lady." He steps into the room and closes the door behind him. "Your professor gives you the responsibility of looking after his pet and this is how you repay him? You repay him with this?" His disappointment evident in his voice.



The worst thing in Stacey's mind is that this was turning her on. Her father stood there taking the place of her master, someone actually watching her display. Keates continued to lick her ass oblivious to the goings on.

"I don't.....don't know what to say." Her voice trembled in the after orgasm like a purr. She rolled her neck around as she revelled in the feeling. Her wet hair hung matted over her face as she looked back over her shoulder at her father. She noticed the look in his eyes as he watched her naked sweaty body wriggle and shudder with each deep probe of Keates tongue.

"What are you going to do Daddy?" Her voice bubbled like thick syrup dripping from her lips.

"I am going to punish you Pumpkin, that's what I am going to do." He stepped forward, his eyes never leaving hers as he took off his belt and flexed it. He moved the dog away with his leg and although looking disappointed Keates shuffled away and continued to lick the sticky cum from his muzzle.

Stacey bit down on her lip as her father pulled his arm back and then swung. The belt cracked off her snow white flesh. A red welt sprang up instantly where the belt had impacted as his arm raised for another swing. The impact sent a shiver up her spine, the orgasm still had a hold of her body and turned the sting into a rocket of pleasure that shot through her mind like a fire work display.

Again and again the belt impacted onto her ass as her mind blossomed with ecstasy. She grunted with each whack and watched over her shoulder. Her mouth moved of its own accord.

"YES, again \*whack\* Again. \*whack\* Please \*Whack\* more." Like a possessed puppet, her body and voice were not her own as she was taken by the feeling.

"You want it Pumpkin? Well you got it!" She could see the lust in his eyes as he whipped her ass again and again till it was nothing less than a mish mash of red welts and then he stopped. She watched as he trailed his hands over her ass, wincing as it ran over the battered sore skin and then to her surprised slipped down her ass crack.

"I have always dreamed of watching a woman with a dog, I never imagined it would be my own daughter." He watched mesmerised as his finger ran over her wet cum drenched lips. "God what I wouldn't like to do. I can't help myself."

"Then just do it daddy, fuck me, fuck me anyway you like. Take me make me yours." Her voice stammered in shock as she couldn't believe the words.

Her fathers pants dropped to the floor and his rock hard cock sprang forth and he advanced on her. Pushing his hard on down he lines it up with Stacey's ass. Against her puckered ring he grabbed a hand full of her hair and began to push. Slowly he entered his daughters ass and then he was in. Stacey gasped in equal parts pain and pleasure as her daddy's cock entered her ass. Her head was pulled back by her hair as the first pump rocked through her body. She looked sideways into the mirror to see the debauched image as she is fucked again and again in the ass. The feeling was so intense and so different. Then it stopped as he dad pulled out from her.

"God I almost came already, so soon. I want to watch. Fuck that dog for daddy, like his good little girl." He stood up and stepped out of the way,

Stacey patted her sides and offered up her ass to Keates. The beast didn't need a second invite and pounced on her. His cock slammed straight into her gapping ass and drove deep inside. Thicker than her fathers it cased a sharp intake from Stacey as he began to fuck her at an intense speed. Her

hand reached out and grabbed her dad's leg pulling him round in front of her.

"Let your little pumpkin please you daddy. Give me your cock." Her slutty eyes didn't need to ask him twice as he sank to his knees in front of her and thrust his cock into her waiting mouth.

She gurgled as she got used to the taste and the feeling as her father had not only taken her oral virginity but her anal virginity as well. A week ago this would have disgusted her now she was exhilarated by it as her hand grabbed his balls. She was unsure exactly what to do with the cock as she had never done it before and began to move her mouth up and down poorly. Her dad took the initiative and held her head as he fucked her watching the dog violate her newly broken in ass. Keates didn't take long to finish and before she knew it cum was spraying out of her ass and running down her legs. She didn't care though her eyes were looking up at her father's face as he fucked her mouth.

"Urhhh, that's right Pumpkin here comes daddy." He pulled his cock out of her mouth and began stroking it, pointing the tip at her.

"Give it to me daddy, give your little slut of a girl your girl." Her sentence stopped and she remained motionless on her hands and knees waiting and watching.

Her daddy's grunt signalled his release and cum spurted forth drenching her face. She shut her eyes as a reflex and felt it impact on her eye lids and land in her mouth. It tasted differently from the dog's and blindly she strained for more, mouth open and tongue hanging out. Soon the deluge finished and she could feel it dripping from her chin. She opened her eyes and saw the world through the blurry vision of her father's cum that still stuck to her face. With her fingers she tentatively wiped it away and blinked a couple of times as she licked and sucked them clean her come fuck me eyes looking up at her dad as she reached behind her and scooped some of the dog cum out of her crack and tasted that as well.

"Jesus Christ." He exclaimed in shock.

"Sorry daddy, your little Pumpkin is a fuck slut." She purred at him. "And I am all yours to enjoy." Her tongue ran around her lips cleaning the cum she could reach, she wore the rest with pride.

Now she had two masters. The only thought she had was "Well, this is going to be fun."

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Stacey slowly stirred in her bed the sheets tangled around her like a cocoon of linen. She struggled a little to free her arms as she rolled onto her back. It had been a strange couple of days for Stacey she had spoken with her master on the phone several times during the course of the week and enjoyed every tantalising second of it. Listening to his voice seep out of the phone and wash over her. The words creeping inside her as she pants with baited breath. Her nights had certainly been exciting. Keates slept a lot of the day raising only to eat plod round the near by park and then to his nightly duty's of rutting his new bitch. There was nothing strange or unsatisfying about that area and to be honest College was almost a blur these days anyway. A permanent day dream of time passing while she thought about other areas on her life. The thing that was strange was her father.

After he took his daughter's anal and oral virginity her father had been strangely silent. Normally talkative and full of love for his daughter and in some ways very strict and keeping control of her time he has been very removed almost absent. She has tried talking to him but he has either asked to talk about it another time or just brushed it off as if he didn't know anything about it. It was really started to frustrate her. It was also awkward for her as well, what if he didn't like it, what if he

thought that she was a freak and she was going to get into trouble. What if he told the police and had her sent to jail. Could you even get sent to jail??? She sat up in bed and scraped the crusty sleep from her eye lids and blinked a few times. The digital display on her bedside clock flashed 7:11am and she sighed longingly for a snooze button that would work on the day not just the alarm.

Resigned to the fact that the laws of physics were quite rudely not going to rewrite themselves for her she swung her legs out of bed and felt the thick carpet push up through her toes. Wiggling them a little to spread some life into them as she stretches in the morning light. The rays of the morning stream in through a crack in the window. She watches the outside world like sliver of a show broadcast through her window and into her life. Normally she would be wearing a nightgown, or a dressing gown but she reveled in her naked form now. She would love to show her body off more and bask in the sight of others. She clutched at either curtain and held them in her fingers as her eye peeked out into the road. A car drove past as if on cue, early morning traffic to beat no doubt as it continued obliviously on its concrete path. She thought about flinging the curtains open and seeing what happened next. Her hands and body however had an altogether different conversation and closed the curtains instead. As she looked at the thick material she sighed knowing her body had made the right decision and stepped away. Not like she needed her life any more complicated than it already was.

the ff.gif carpet gave way to the cool tiled floor of the bathroom as she stepped into her on suite bathroom. The cool metal of the tap was smooth in her hand as she turned it, the silent fraction of a second before the water sprayed into the bath. Stepping in she let the water wash away the remnants of last night. The sweaty layer of pleasure that covered her form head to tip, preparing herself for her double life at college. Before her awakening she had always been the shy one. The one that didn't always fit in. She had friends but she prided herself on a close knit group not a sprawling crowd of faceless names in a phone book desperately seeking affirmation through popularity. To this end she continued as she had always been, her own person. Her secret though was not something you could just flop out in casual conversation like "hey how about the weather." well probably not "how about the weather" that was incredibly british answer to an awkward silence in a conversation. "How about that game" was far to sporty and other conversation fillers escaped her right now so she contented her self with the mental gratification of she just wasn't going to tell them over a coffee.

Then her mind turned back to the look on his face as he stared down at her, his cock stuffed between her lips. The taste of his cum in her mouth as she licked it from her fingers like cream. She had always had feelings towards her father but never realised how deeply she felt for him till he caught her mid act with Keates and then joined in. The thoughts rioted through her head like a colarge of stimulation as she relives her fantasy. Her eyes shut as she remembers the feeling of that night. The crushing anxiety before she was caught, the dread of her fathers entrance to the scene and the none stop feeling building in her now as it build in her then. She recalled the swift sting of the spanking she received from her father before he pushed his hard cock into her ass. She let the water splash over her face and run down her body imagining it was her fathers cum again as Keates battered his way into her again from behind.

she brushed her wet hair from her face as she stepped back from the sprinkle of the shower. The water ran from her body although the thoughts didn't leave her mind. Like her own personal cinema. Crisp clear and very real, sounds, images and every smell assailed her senses as she continued to remember that night. She wanted more, she wanted to be satisfied again and she wanted her father to do it. Stepping from the bath she scooped up one of her bath robes and walked back into her room. side tracked by the images glowing brightly in her eyes, her hands rubbed the absorbent robe against her long hair to dry it as she walked downstairs.

"Morning Pumpkin" her father impassively greeted her, with out his normal vigor. He hadn't even looked up from his paper that he had taken to hiding behind at the breakfast table. The heartless feeling of the greeting stung her and she stopped on the stairs. Her brow tightened as she looked at him before her resolve tightened like a vice grip around her nervousness. She kicked the banister in frustration and the pain stabbed through her foot reminding her that being annoyed doesn't always give you the best ideas. Her fathers paper dropped as he looked over after the silence was punctuated by her yelp of pain. His eyes fixed on her and lingered longer than necessary as her gown hung loose around her body. Stacey didn't move she just stood there letting him look at her smooth body. The paper slowly crept up again before her father spoke again.

"You okay Pumpkin?" She could hear his concern again which was a start and she had also noticed the tense look on his face like a argument was being waged internally. A little smile crept onto her face as she makes her way down the stairs letting her robe fall open as she slides into the kitchen. Her eyes watched the reflections in the window as the ghosted shadow of the paper slipped silently down again and watched her leave. She watched her father bite his lower lip and then licks his lips. Perfect she purred as she entered the kitchen and searched the cupboards. With a triumphant smile she pulled the honey from the shelf and poured more than was needed over some bread. she perched in the door way watching the back of the newspaper before dropping onto the sofa with a exclamation of pain, however faked it was. It did have the desired effect though as the paper dropped again and her fathers concerned look peeked silently over the top.

"Can you have a look at my foot daddy, I think I have a splinter." she brazenly ignored the fact that the robe led open and her bare flesh was exposed. Her father stared at her like a bunny wondering what exactly that massive grooved piece of tire was going to feel like in, ohhhh, 0.1 seconds time.

He froze.

she lifted her leg towards him holding out the injured appendage and wiggled her toes trying to glean some reaction.

Being Frozen was becoming an art form for her father.

Stacey pouted a little as she lowered her foot to the floor her legs tight together. She lent forward giving him a view of her cleavage as she rubbed her sore foot.

A surprisingly small amount had changed with her fathers frozen expression. If by surprisingly small you mean nothing. He simply stared.

She lifted one of the pieces of bread from her plate and lifted it slowly to her mouth as she watched her father, their eyes locked tight. Her mouth bit into the bread and she tipped the bread letting the honey slide from the bread. Slowly the seconds past as she held her fathers gaze and the honey continued its inevitable roll down her chin in two slow moving rivers. it hung like a growing icicle from her chin. For a brief second it hung there and then dropped onto her chest.

"Oopps, clumsy little me." she purred as she moved the bread away from her mouth. The dribbling trail of honey followed the piece of bread and continued to glaze her chest before she dropped it onto the plate. The honey had pooled on her pert ample breasts as she smiled slyly at her father. her hands crept up to her body and touched the viscous, slimy honey on her breasts and slowly massaged it in. She groaned slowly and scrunched up her eyes slightly staring intently at her father through her eye lashes. she could see him shift uncomfortably watching his daughter the honey into her breasts circling her nipples.

"Look at your little girl Daddy I have made myself all messy." She looked down at her own body

finally releasing her father from her gaze. the autumn glint of the honey adorned her breasts as she continued to rub them, a larger rivulet slowly running between them and down her stomach.

"I guess I will have to get cleaned up all by myself then if you aren't going to help me Daddy." Her voice almost pleaded with him as a solitary finger lifted to her mouth and slithered into her mouth. She sucked on it, the noises and smacking of her lips as she cleaned it like she cleaned his cock a couple of days ago.

her fathers mouth crept open as if to say something but nothing came forth it just hung open as his daughter began to open her legs.

Stacey whistled and relaxed back into the sofa pulling the robe back and watching the honey run down her stomach and over her belly button. She knew what was coming next as she heard the movement from upstairs and the pounding of feet on the floor. Keates comes out of Stacey's bedroom alert and eager as he hurries down the stairs to find out why he was summoned, darting between Stacey and her father, his tongue wagging. Stacey slaps her thighs calling keates over to her and he is there like a shot. He eagerly licks at her face greeting her with affection and enjoys the taste he finds there. Stacey pushes Keates' head down her body as he licks up the honey vigorously causing a little giggle to escape her lips.

"Maybe you like to watch the daddy is that it? I can give you something to watch. Would you like that Daddy." Her voice is the definition of innocence. It escapes from somewhere deep inside while her body is lavished by the rough tongue or her dog lovely. Complete opposites have never been more at ease with each other than her innocence in the face of such sexual activity. Keates continued to search for all the sticky honey coating his bitch and began to follow the trail down her stomach.

"I have always wanted to make you happy daddy. Does this make you happy? I can see that it does." she watched the bulge in her fathers trousers strain against the material as Keates licks lower and lower before he follows the honey straight to her pussy. Her lips are parted by his long probing tongue.

"Ohhh god that feels so good, I wish it was your tongue daddy, I wish it was you making me feel like this." The innocent voice taking on a deeper sultry tone. "I want to feel you in me again. I want to make you cum deep inside me daddy..... I want you..... Please Daddy, give it to me." Her voice becoming the consistency of the honey that stained her skin. Like a practiced Slut she coed to her father.

"Please" Stacey begged "Please make me cum." Keates had finished off the honey but the smell of sex had aroused him to much and he jumped up onto the sofa his front legs over Stacey's shoulders as he poked around.

"I need you Daddy, I can't stop thinking about your long hard cock flashing in and out of me like Keates." she held the dog close holding on for her life as the dog jabbed and humped at her pussy trying to find its mark. She gave a helping hand and guided him in. Like a bolt of lightning Keates struck and powered his cock in deep.

Her voice juddering with the rough fucking "Please give it to me Daddy. I crave your cum, I must please you, just give me the chance. Oh god this feels like a dream." She had never felt this turned on as she begged her dad for sexual gratification while a large dog rammed his cock into her open hole. She could feel Keates hot breath on her ear and his drool on her shoulder as he fucked her like a piece of meat. She dug into his fur to hold on and her breath came in short sharp gasps almost

matching the blinding pace of the dog. Her head lolled around as she looked up at the ceiling gasping for air and release.

The feeling burning feeling inside her like a slow motion explosion building towards climax. She looked back down at her dad with begging eyes.

His hand had slipped down the front of his pant and she could see long slow strokes as her father watched mesmerized and continued to wank himself off to his daughter being pounded by this huge dog.

"Yes daddy, that's it, come to me and fuck me. I need you so much...." Watching her dad masturbate over her sexual exhibition was just to much as her and her mind exploded. Like a bursting dam her feelings erupted from their containment and her orgasm ravaged her body. She clamped her mouth closed but could not contain the noise as Keates continued to drive his cock deep inside her. She could feel his long red cock bashing against the back of her pussy filling her totally.

Her moans and cries turned to whimpers and then pleading calls for her fathers cock as Keates continued to pile drive into her. she could feel the knot bashing against her tight hole with no way to get into her. Growling low Keates began the hump faster and hunch over as he emptied his balls deep inside her. The extra feeling caused Stacey to judder like she was being electrocuted. unable to form words she just gurgled in please as she looked pleadingly at her father through the haze.

Her father pulled his pants down a little to give himself better access as he watched the dog hop off his daughter. She shivered and occasionally spasmed on the sofa, she wasn't breathing as se held it in trying to keep the moment going for as long as she could.

Her eyes flicked open and loosely focused on him as he continued to play with himself watching her. At last a long breath escaped her pursed lips and spilled out into the room. "Let me do that for you daddy, please. I want ever so much to make you happy." Her begging had its effect and he stood up moving towards her. She could already feel the dog cum draining from her stretched pussy no matter how much she clenched in her after orgasm. As her dad got closer she crawled off the sofa and over too him. She felt a wet, warm sticky trickle slime it's way down the inside of her sweaty thigh. The smell of sex over powering. as she reached out to her father. He knelt down in front of her bringing himself down to her level and kissed her slowly at first building to a forceful embrace. She didn't know whether it was the dog cum or her own come inching towards her knees but she didn't care. She summoned her last remaining strength and pushed forward into her dads arms almost knocking him backwards but he landed with a bump on his ass sitting on the floor as she continued to mount him, their kiss broken for only an instant. She was on him in an instant not wanting to be apart from him as she clutched at him and dug her nails into his shoulders. a hiss of pain escaping from his lips only to be replaced by a moan of pleasure as his daughter dived onto his cock.

With a squelch his hard cock forced it's way into her abused pussy as she pumped up and down on it. Hot thick steamy spurts of mixed fuck juices splurged from her pussy as the cock flashed in and out. Hooking her legs around her fathers back Stacey panted heavily under the exhausting work. Her pussy vibrant and tingling in the after orgasm as the new cock drove deep inside her again and again. Each deep thrust blasting pleasure to ever molecule of her body as she squelched and squirmed on the impaling cock of her father. Her eyes rolled back as she buried her head into his shoulder crying in orgasmic pleasure. Biting down to hold back the scream she rocked back and forward again and again. Then she flung her head back wet hair faling like a whip as she screamed to the ceiling, nails digging in deeper as she came like never before. Her pussy tightened and the gushed cum out all over her fathers cock and lap like a hose. Her father returned the favour and shot his hot cum deep inside her as they rocked back and forwards together pulling each other

closer and tighter.

Everything faded away as they hugged close, breathing deeply as one. Their heads resting on each other. Supporting each other to avoid collapse. The cum dripped down her fathers softening cock and balls pooling in the mix of fuck cream on the floor. After a while her father fell backwards on the floor and she followed landing on top of him her head resting on his chest. His heavy breathing lifting her up and down rhythmically.

"thank you Daddy." She whispered into his ear as she slowly slide down him eyes always looking up at him. Her tongue then began to clean his soft cock of the fuck juices before cleaning his balls as well. "Thank you SOO much Daddy."

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Stacey looked down at her watch with a sigh. She was counting down the seconds till the end of the lessons but the more she counted the slower they went. Almost as if time it's self was mocking her. Dangling the end of the school day just in front of her but then dragging it away just as she got close to it. As unfair as the ever lasting day was she could do nothing about it but endure it.

Her mind kept flicking back to the events of the other day with her father like someone flicking between internet windows. Unable to fully focus on both but incapable of ignoring either at the same time. To be honest the lesson was beginning to bore her as well. She had always been doing well in school maintaining her A average and was working towards getting her target of 120 credits and a bachelors degree in business, something her father had always wanted for her. Still it didn't make it any more exciting with the tests and studying and more studying and then to spice things up a test or two. No wait that wasn't different just the same thing different day, she commented to herself.

Still her master had returned from holiday last night as well and she hadn't figured out how to tell him that she had started fucking her father. Their phone conversations had continued on a daily basis with each one drawing her in further to her new life as his slave. He would often give her little tasks to do with Keates while she was on the phone to him or things for her to look up. She accepted her tasks and enjoyed pleasing her master although longed for his touch again. It was after all his after school teaching that got her to where she is now. Which was where exactly she thought to herself? Then concluded that if she didn't know in her own inner monologue what was going on in her life at the moment then she really didn't have any chance of answering her rhetorical questions. She decided it was somewhere between a slave and her dads ..... well that would require a little more definition, after all do you get to be a girl friend or what? She realised again that she was asking herself questions that she couldn't answered and was nearing a very confusing mental traffic jam.

"What would you say Stacey? How would you tackle this problem?"

She blinked a couple of times, that's a stupid question to ask yourself, if I knew the answer then I wouldn't be asking myself. The metaphorical penny jumped out of the metaphorical plan and began it's free fall.

"Well I am waiting for an answer." And since when did I sound like a man she thought? The penny continued its metaphorical free fall with a nice track of elevator music to keep it company.

"Stacey!" Ahhhh she thought I know that voice. PLINK the sky dive was over as the penny finally dropped and she realised that she had been caught day dreaming in class.

"Sorry I was just thinking about the answer" She answered, well thinking about an answer yes but

not to your question she thought.

"Well lets her it then young lady." Her teacher intoned impatiently.

She could feel the other eyes in the class watching her now as well as they all swivelled slowly to watch as all kids do when they sense something potentially embarrassing about to happen.

"Well I suppose there are many ways you could tackle the problem and they would each have their own merits, it depends what you are best at I guess. Each to their own and all that." She wondered if that would work. Mr Walker was a large fat man with little between his ears. Stacey had always wondered how such a man managed to become a teacher, especially as she considered her self much more capable at most of areas of the business subject than Mr Walker.

"how do you mean?" A look of confusion crossed the sweaty fat face of Mr Walker.

"Well I have always firmly believed that people should play to their strengths as you have taught us sir so people should approach the problem from a point of view that suits them best. I for one would study the problem and then figure out the best way to solve it and then once I have got a plan of action that I believe would be best suited continue with that. What do you think?" She watched his face.

"Yes, well that is a very good answer indeed." He looked like a cat that had cornered a mouse only to find out that the mouse had a flick knife and much better idea of what was going on and was now asking for the cat's wallet as it were. Well as much as cats have wallets and mice have flick blades, or opposable thumbs for that matter.

She was amazed at how often you could get away with saying nothing if you were just confident in your answer and the person you were talking to was pretty sure they were thicker than you.

The bell rang.

"Right that's it for this week come back next week after reading chapters 17 through 21." The voice of Mr Walker was almost drowned out by the stamped to the door and educational freedom.

Stacey picked up her things and walked out the class with a big smile on her face. It was finally time to go visit her master again. Her couple of encounters with her father had relieved some of her frustration but she longed to be back in the arms of her master and under his complete control.

She didn't rush but walked with a purpose passing her school friends with timely smiles and excuses as she disappeared through the hallways calling out that she would see them later. Soon she was at Mr Faraday's door and she took a deep breath and smoothed down her clothes and ran her fingers through her hair hooking it behind her ears. Then she knocked and waited. After a second or so the door swung open and the tall frame of Mr Faraday blocked the entrance and he looked at her with a smile.

"Hello their Stacey, good to see you again." He stepped back and let her into the house and closed the door behind her and locked it.

Stacey remembered their phone conversations and his instructions and stripped off in the entrance hall putting her clothes and bag in the hallway closet standing naked in her masters door way. She reached into her bag and pulled out her collar and tightened it around her neck, the leather lead hanging down her side and dropped down onto her hands and knees. She waited obediently till her master took hold of the lead and led her into the front room again. She had been waiting for this for



a week since they started talking on the phone. Giving her self over to him totally, letting him take control of her and do as he pleased. Her father although strict with her wasn't dominating, not like this. She felt safe and secure with Mr Faraday. His confidence and control gave her the security she needed. With her father she had to take the steps to get what she wanted.

"So I trust you have been behaving yourself in my absence Stacey." He sat down in his leather armchair leaving her sat on the floor next to it his hand resting on her head idly stroking her hair.

"Yes Master I have." She intoned she looked up at him from her position on the floor. "I have done exactly as you commanded. My father doesn't suspect anything and I got him to stay home today so you could pick up Keates." She felt guilty not telling her master about everything else she had been up to. She felt oddly strange lying to her master.

"Good I am glad you have. I also see that you registered your self as my slave."

Another little task from her master. It turned out there was a site you could register on that tracked slaves and who their masters were. Once you registered and identified your master the site gave you a special identification number that proved who you were registered to. She remembered the feeling of pride she had when the email came through confirming her slave number and that she was owned by Mr Faraday.

"Speaking of which, I have a number of gifts for you my dear. You till have two now and the third you will have to wait a little while for." He reached over to the side table took off two small boxes one a square little box and the other slightly longer rectangular box. Both finely crafted svelte, black velvet boxes devoid of writing or markings of any sort.

"What's this master?" the pleasant shock of the surprise evident in her voice.

"Well I thought a slave as obedient and pleasing as your self deserved a reward for serving me so well. It is the least I could do for the pleasure you have given me over this last week."

She blushed deeply at the kind words of her master and accepted the boxes placing them on the floor in front on her with some reverence. Her hands opened the smaller box first trembling like a child at Christmas. A silver chain glinted in the light of the room backed by the black background of the small jewellery box. An intricate silver necklace shone up at her, stealing her breath and causing a moment of stunned silence. The chain linked to a little plaque displaying her slave number in raised numbers on silver backing.

"Go on, put it on let me see how it looks on you." Mr Faraday's voice snapped her out of her transfixed state. She took it from the box tentatively, carefully as if the slightest wrong movement might shatter the moment. It dangled in front of her face for a second, light sparkling of it as it danced on the chain. She unhooked the clasp and put it round her neck and then clipped it back together and let it drop. It felt like it belonged there as she looked down and saw the silver tag against the pale flesh of her chest. The numbers a symbol of her devotion to her master and that she was his property, willingly given to him in trust.

"Now for the other one." She could hear the happiness in her voice. After spending countless hours in his lectures and then a week talking to him for hours each night on the phone she could tell quite well his mood from the way he said things.

Her hands moved eagerly to the second box. Like the kid who now realises that Christmas is in fact her the first present wasn't a fake and the second probably wasn't going to be either.

With a giggle of glee she saw the contents of the second box. A black leather collar rested in the case, its slender construction elegant yet firm with silver numbers of her registration adorning the centre of the collar. She looked up at her master with pleading eyes.

"Can I try it on master? Can I please?" She begged.

"Of course my dear. Go right ahead. The necklace is to be worn at all times that you are not in my house or under my control. The collar is for the rest of the time but you will always have one or the other on."

With feverish excitement she unclipped the necklace and placed it back in its box before removing her own collar and swapping it for the black one in the box. She held it up to her master with eager eyes. "Would you do me the honour sir."

"Nothing would please me more my little slave." He took the collar in his hands and waited for her to move her hair from her neck before placing the collar around her soft neck and tightening it. "There you go, perfect."

She let her fingers trail over the smooth leather surface and feel the raised inscription of the numbers against her skin. She let out a deep sigh and cuddled up to his leg like a contented pet and nuzzled against it. "This is the happiest day of my life master. Thank you so much."

"Well this is just the start of it my dear. I have arranged a little surprise for you." Mr Faraday stood up with the collar in his hand and led Stacey into the bathroom. Stacey had yet to visit this room before. It was larger than she expected almost the size of most people's front rooms. It had the usual furnishing of a bath room cabinet and mirror, sink and toilet. One of the main features though was a large corner bath that stuck out into the room its curved edge stretching from one wall to the next. It had a large shower nozzle and you could probably fit three people in it easily. Two small silver bath handles stuck out from the white surface to give people a hand hold as they entered and exited the bath. Almost like a small hot tub except for the glass window that was folded to one side. This was obviously for when the bath was being used as a shower to stop the water spraying out across the tiled floor.

Mr Faraday led her over to the bath and motioned for her to get in. Obediently and without question she stepped into the tub, the cold surface greeted her feet as she entered, sending a shiver up her body.

"Wait here my dear." He said as he left the room. And she did just that.

A little while later he re-entered the room carrying a couple of items. The first two were cuffs. He attached one to each wrist and then to the handles on the bath forcing her to stay on her knees as her eyes focused on the third. She looked down at the PVC mask in her master's hand and wondered why he brought this. He fastened it over her face and she felt the sticky plastic surface grip her skin as he fastened it round the back of her face. A mouth piece was wedged in her mouth forcing it to stay open and the mask was adjusted by her master till it met his standards and he stood back to admire the scene.

As if he was reading her mind's questions. "Well my dear I remembered what you mentioned while we were on the phone a little while back about your darkest fantasy. You wanted to be tied up and fucked by a group of guys. Used as their fuck toy and covered in their cum as I direct them. Well I thought that it wouldn't be too hard to organise something like that and with a couple of calls it turns out that it wasn't. The mask is to hide your identity while they use and abuse you. Don't worry though I will be here all the time making sure you are okay."

A knock, loud and fast at the front door. "Ahh that will be them now, perfect timing." With a Cheshire cat smile her master left the room.

Her heart was firmly lodged in her throat as she was left in the room by herself breathless. Was this actually going to happen or was this just a cruel trick. She had dreamed about this since she started having fantasies. It was her dirty little secret about how much of a slut she really was. She had never had the courage to tell anyone before although she found it spilling easily from her darkest place to her master like it was nothing more than a review of a tv program. She felt so completely safe with him that she was happy to tell him anything although she never expected to actually do anything like it.

She could hear multiple voices at the front door. She couldn't quite make out what was being said but she could hear them entering the house. To her surprise she could feel herself getting wetter and wetter between her legs like a fire had been started in her pussy. She shifted in her restraints on her knees in the bath tub. Her jaw ached slightly against the mouth piece that was keeping her orifice wide open. She could tell it had a large hole in it as it didn't impede her breathing at all as she took short excited breaths.

Then she heard the footsteps coming into the room outside and closer and closer before the door slowly opened and she heard Mr Faraday's voice. "In you go then" And in they came.

Five boys walked into the room and began clapping themselves on the back and whooping with joy and excitement. "See man I fucking told you this would be on the level fucking check out that bitch all tied up and shit." They shouted at each other as they came closer.

Her eyes widened in shock as she realised she knew them. It was Brad and his fucking friends from the football team. The bunch of idiots was well known around the school for being no good and their reputations with the ladies were well known. None of them good ones.

They shuffled around the room like a troop of monkeys in the wild, nudging each other and pointing at her. Daring each other to be the first to go fuck her. Which hole they should use and comments like "Bet she fucking loves it in the arse the dirty bitch." And "Look at her she is gagging for it" The genius pun got a laugh from the group as they crowded in a little more. Stacey could smell the stench of booze coming from them. Apparently they had needed a little bit of extra courage before they arrived here. Now that she was looking she could see a bottle still in the back pocket of one of the guy's jeans.

Mr Faraday lent back against the wall watching with amusement as they boys jostled each other and dared each to go first before Brad, the ring leader, stepped up. "Well fuck you guys I ain't having sloppy seconds." His mates cheered and pressed in closer as Brad climbed into the bath and disappeared from view.

Stacey heard him unzip his pants and felt his hands on her ass. The guy with the bottle pulled it from his pocket and unscrewed the lid taking a long swig and offering it around before he continued to encourage his friend to fuck her. As the bottle passed round the group moved closer and closer howling their support as she could feel Brads hands over her body. They fumbled loosely with her ass as his fingers spread the lips of her pussy. "Fucking hell guys check this out she is wet already, the little fuck slut is really wanting this."

How ever much she disliked the little shit she couldn't help but admit that this was her darkest fantasy and she didn't care who did it as long as they fucked her and fucked her hard. She watched through the legs of the gang as Keates plodded into the room and sat down almost to attention next

to her master. Then she felt the cock pressing against her opening as Brad began to push it in. It was a smaller cock than her fathers and Keates but Stacey didn't care as she pushed back onto it. The cock slipped in easily against her moist lips. With a cheer from the group Brad started fucking her. His cock flashing back and forwards in her tight hole. His fumbling hands rest on her hips and pulled her back into each thrust as he greedily fucked away.

"Fuck this I am going to get some as well." Another of the group pulled his pants down and let them drop to the floor. His hard on evident as it stood free in the air. "Fuck you man wait your turn. I ain't finished with this bitch yet." Brad shouted at him. "Nah man I am going to use her fucking mouth like the slut she is. Mother fucking spit roast man." Another round of cheering erupted as he grabbed hold of her head and began to force his cock into her mouth.

Stacey blinked a couple of times as she got the cock in her mouth. The guy had no interest in her feelings as he began to fuck her face. Neither guy had any sense of rhythm as they pounded away at her body. Even the inept skills of these boys were having their effect on her as she moaned and gurgled against the cock fucking her face. She closed her eyes and drifted away on the waves of pleasure shooting through her body. Images filled her head and burned her minds eye like she was staring into the sun. She tried to get some rhythm going but the different tempos at each end made it almost impossible as she struggled to breathe.

Brad behind her began to grunt and his grip on her waist tightened and then she felt him cumming in her pussy. A couple of short spurts later and he was done pulling out of her. "There you go boys sloppy seconds all round." He laughed stupidly at his own joke as the next guy climbed into the bath to take his place. Before she knew it another cock took his place slamming into her wet hole. The slopping fuck noises mingled with the cheering and comments of the group as the chanted and shock their hands daring each other further.

The cock from her mouth shoved in furthered and she began to choke as she tried to swallow the cum gushing into her mouth. She gasped a deep breath as the cock left her mouth and the boy stepped back. "Yeah how do you like that bitch. Right in the fucking throat." He high fived his friend like some sort of celebrating champion as she struggled to swallow while her mouth was held open by the mask. "Watch this" called another as he slapped his cock around her face to the delight and laughter of his friends before shoving it unceremoniously into her mouth and began to fuck her again. Cum bubbled out of her mouth past the cock as she struggled for breath. The sticky liquid dribbling down the PVC mask as well as her throat. She scrunched her eyes tight as she focused on breathing, panting through the fucking.

Suddenly she felt the guy in her pussy unload with a moan. His friend began to point and laugh at him, mocking the length of time he lasted in there. "Fuck you guys" He retorted, obviously the brains of the group with wit to match his looks and skills.

"Yeah well watch this then" Spat the next guy as he climbed into the tub to take the place of the last guy. She felt his fingers dig roughly into her pussy and scoop out some of the cum and pussy juices and smear it over her asshole before jabbing his cock in. "Fucking yeah bitch how do you like it in the shitter. You fucking slut." To be honest she was loving ever second of it, just so long as she ket imagining it was anyone but these losers. But she wasn't going to let her master down as the rough fucking of her ass began to sting.

The guy behind whooped like he was at a rodeo as he fucked away his hand slapping her ass loudly in between each thrust. She bucked and writhed on each thrust from the guy in front and behind as they picked up the pace. The cock in her mouth disappeared as suddenly as it was thrust in, in the first place as the guy wanked himself off over her face. A couple of grunts later she watched eager

as the cum rained down onto her face pattering on the PVC and landing in her mouth. She tilted her head back letting it run down her throat as she bucked wildly against the guy behind trying to bring her self to orgasm. Sadly though it was not to be as the last guy fired his load into his ass. His cum pasted the inside of her shit hole and his cock pulled out spraying the last shots of his hot wet sticky cum over her ass cheeks

She moaned in displeasure as she had yet to reach her orgasm and it seemed like all her little play mates were spent. The group parted as Mister Faraday stepped through and uncuffed her turning her over so she was sat down and then recuffed her to the hand rails again leaving her arms spread out again to each side.

"Go on guys get in there and cum over her, don't let her get away that easy." His tone goading them to further action.

"Yeah fucking right lets show this bitch." Slurred Brad as he passed the bottle to his mate and climbed into the tub. The others followed his lead and soon she was surrounded again by the group as they all began to beat off over her. Each one trying to out do their friend as they stood their hands going faster and faster on their members as they aimed them at her. She shifted in the bath looking up at them eagerly as she felt the burning in her loins intensify. She was fuck meat for these guys and Stacey was loving every second. She could feel the cum pooling under her from the 3 guys that had fucked her pussy and ass and she squelched around in it happily like a pig in mud.

First one and then others began to cum and she moved her head as best she could to catch as much as possible. Cum rained down on her face like drops of an autumn storm. The noise of it splattering onto the PVC mask even reminded her of it a little. Her face and body were drenched in cum and not for the first time since her sexual awakening she found her self trying to blink stinging cum from her eyes as it ran over the smooth mask and down her neck and breasts.

"Yeah right in the fucking eye, bulls eye bitch, how do you fucking like that." His gurgling laughter echoed around the room as his mates joined.

Breathing heavily she tried to swallow again as the hot cum ran down her throat threatening to choke her. The group of guys got out of the tub and she heard them moving around behind her as they pulled their pants back on and then left she could hear the laughter and rude jokes and boasting as they left and then the door slammed shut. After a couple of seconds her Masters face loomed over her his hand caressing her face gently.

"You okay slave?" Concerned undertones of his voice let her know the question was genuine and she nodded her head breathlessly. "Now for your reward."

He put a hand under her ass and lifted her butt off the bath. Helping out she pushed her pelvis up into the air as he produced a stool and slid it under her. Tapping the bath side Mr Faraday called over Keates who eagerly jumped into the spacious tub with his bitch. She looked at the large St Bernard and could already see his massive red cock hanging below him. Wasting no time the dog planted his feet on her shoulders and began to hump away. The heavy pressure of the dog weighed down on Stacey pinning her to the bath edge causing her to wince in pain as he claws dug in to her shoulders. His cock found its target with a little help from Mr Faraday's guiding hand and then he began to fuck her at an incredible pace.

Her head tilted to the side as she looked up at her master who stood over her watching the dog pile drive into her. Her eyes bulged as she felt her orgasm building at a pace only matched by Keates monster cock. As she pushed down harder onto the spike of hot red cock meat she felt the first

waves begin to wash over her. Keates growled loudly and plunged forward feeling his bitch's acceptance of his knot.

Stacey gurgled as she felt she was being ripped in half as the knot burst through into her pussy forcing it full of cock like never before. She tried to call out as her orgasm ravaged her senses, destroying any composure she clung to. Writhing and floundering like a fish out of water she desperately struggled against her restraints. Every muscle tightening in her body as she spasmed Keates pushed in further and further as his claws dug into her white flesh. Little pricks of red glistened at the tips of his claws as they dug into her. His long hard cock pounding against her insides filling her totally with no where else to go.

Letting out a bark Keates begins to hunch and Stacey gets her reward as the cum blasts her insides like a fire hose. The feeling is too much for her as she struggles through her second orgasm. Her moans stifled through the mouth piece as she tries to form words and goad her lover on. Her arms struggle against the restraints as she tries desperately to wrap her arms around the dog and hold on for dear life. Her convulsions are so much that her pussy forces Keates still twitching cock from her stretched and abused hole. The last shots of cum spurting over her thighs and belly. Panting and gasping Stacey slowly begins to relax. The occasional twitch and spasm ripples through her body as she tries to gain control of her senses again. Her eyes fixed to that of her masters, watering with the strain of her orgasm and the pulsating feeling of her sore stretched hole. Juice leak freely from her lips and pool on the stool under her ass crack.

Mr Faraday unzips his pants and pulls out his hard cock. It is the first time she has seen it and it is everything she has dreamed of, long and thick straining in the air as it bulges. "Now I can't go having other people marking my bitch now can I without marking my territory now can I, no I can't." He shakes his head as he answers his own question for her.

Mr Faraday points his hard cock at her as she shifts in the bath dripping with cum and gasping for breath. The a long stream of piss arcs from his cock and splashes down on her body. The warm liquid electric against her skin as the post orgasm resurfaces within her. The smell of urine fills her nostrils as the piss drenches her face and body. The tangy taste alien in her mouth as he continues to wash the cum from her skin. Her mind blazes with passion as she watches the piss spray off her as she struggles for a better view point till the jet comes back up to her face. Shutting her eyes she feels the warm pee dance over her face and run in rivers over her body and down into the bath. Humiliated and drenched in piss and cum she revels in the feeling of being used and abused for her masters pleasure happy to please him she accepts his piss like it was ambrosia.

After what seems like a lifetime the stream slowly dies to a couple of spurts and then stops as Mr Faraday puts his cock away and steps out of the bath and leans down to whisper in her ear. "Now you are truly mine, my little slave. This is just the beginning." Stacey breathes heavily, soaked from head to toe letting the experiences of the past 20 mins wash over her like reality snapping back into sharp contrast. And although she can't smile she knows that what her master said is true. Nothing could make her happier.

"Hey, yeah it's me.... Yeah... Yeah she is ready." She hears the snap of a mobile phone closing and whoever Mr Faraday was talking to is gone. What was he talking about? Guess only time will tell. Her hands are released from the restraints at least and she stretched out the painful kinks in her back as her hands run over her dripping body checking that everything is in fact real.

Stacey looks around to see Mr Faraday putting his phone back in his pocket with a smile. "Take a shower my dear to wash the bath out then come join me in the front room. We have much to discuss.

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It has been a little while since her ordeal in the bath at Mr Faraday's Ever nice since she has gone to sleep reliving that moment on the crest of new self inflicted orgasm's. That has been one of her long standing fantasies and her master helped her live it. Stacey slower stirs in her bed her hands exploring the soft sheets and the wait of the quilt on her back, softly comforting in those first post sleep moments.

With a smile she sits rubbing the sleep from her eyes and taking in a deep excited breath. It was finally the day she had been waiting for and she could barely control her self as she hopped out of bed and sprang lively across the room and into her bathroom to wash herself. The clear, crisp, cold water splashed on her face and she started into the mirror at her wet reflection with a smile as she recalled her Master's words. "Next week I will take you to the dog show where I will enter you into the show." I mean she had always heard of dog shows before but none where the people where the ones on show. As she questions further her Master filled in the gaps. The show was organised between masters of the local area who all brought their slaves to parade them in front of the others and judge who has the best slave. It had been going on for quite some time from the sound of it and was turning into a bit of a local event it seemed (well an underground event at least) and today was the day and Stacey once again smiled a wicked smile of excitement.

Stacey finished in the bathroom and quickly dressed. She grabbed her school bag and rushed down the stairs and out the door into the morning like a grey hound. Her father barely had time to look up from his newspaper as she thundered through the house. Their relationship had changed recently as well. Although Stacey would like nothing more than to be servicing her father at any opportunity her master had forbidden any sex for the week before the show. Although she was allow to orgasm she was not allowed to have sex. This had led to some very frustrated orgasms as she deliberately came loudly shouting the house down at times she knew her dad would be listening. Calling out his name as she panted through the blissful release.

The day flashed past as if on fast forward, Stacey barely even to the time the register that it was happening as her mind focused white hot on the show tonight. Like a blur the scenery dropped away as she ran through the grounds to her masters house arriving breathless at the door with her smile etched into her face. She rang the door bell and hopped from foot to foot, although she was anxious she was not going to be rude to her Master and refrained from ringing the bell again and again. It was like torture waiting for this, she just wanted to hammer the bell until it broke if it would speed things further but instead she took a deep breath and struggled to contain herself. The seconds stretch on like an infinity before her as she stares at the door frame, willing it in her mind to open. Another heavy second slowly wanders past, far to slow in her opinion. The noise in the hallway coming from inside sounds like the familiar footsteps of Mr Faraday as the approach the door from inside. With a heavy click of the lock the door swings open and her Master is stood in front of her with a pleasant half smile on his face.

"Welcome Slave, come on in." Mr Faraday closes the door behind her and walks back down the corridor.

"Yes thank you Master." She calls after him as she gets changed into nothing but her dog collar. With a jubilant smile beaming across her face she follows her master into the house.

Accustomed to where to go now she is already sat in her place at the foot of her Masters chair by the time he re-enters the room. He is holding in his hand a mask. Her eyes fix on this smoothly shaped item. It's striking red colour as bold and passionate as the graceful curves that forms it's shape. He stands behind Stacey and fixes the mask over her face. The mask does not cover her mouth but hides

the top half of her face with an elegant arm on each side of the mask reaching down the back of her cheek and finishing at a point. Looking into the living room mirror Stacey looks at the image as her Master finishes tying it behind her head. The colour stands out vividly framing her face like a masked ballroom dancer. Though she knows full well that her dance will be very different.

She can feel the butterflies begin to build in her stomach as she realises what is going to be happening soon. She will be paraded on show to earn her Master respect amongst the other owners and she hoped that she could achieve this for him. She looked again into the mirror at her naked body adorned only with her black collar and red mask. A sight she never would have predicted a couple of months ago and now she could think of nothing else. Her Master returned into the room with a long black coat and wrapped Stacey within its folds like a lover's embrace before standing just behind one shoulder his fingers melting through her long hair.

"This is the night you make me proud slave." His deep voice soft and calm in her ear, barely more than a whisper.

The words were a struggle to speak, not from fear or displeasure but pride and servitude welling within her ".....Yes my Master"

She followed behind her Master as they left the house and got in the car. She felt like a woman going to a masquerade ball with the long coat and the mask and to all best guesses that is where she looked like she was going. However she knew better and could hardly wait.

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The car pulled off the road onto a gravel track a little way outside of town, the rough sound of the dirt road replacing the smooth tarmac sound. The high beams from the car swept through the night sky and illuminated the path as they headed further into the dark. If she wasn't with her Master Stacey thought she might have been nervous even scared but all she felt was safe and secure. She shyly looked at her Master to sneak a peek without him seeing and smiled to her face as she watched the road with a look of concentration. She looked back ahead as the greenery loomed out of the darkness only to flash past as quickly as it came. Like a klydoscopic hedge arrangement. She sat there silently thinking ahead to what might be coming next and the vast possibilities almost boggled her mind. Playing with ideas of what she would have to do for her master. How she could preform to please him. Everything began to surface in her mind and she suddenly felt very unprepared for the whole experience.

And as if the world decided to call full time on her little mental game of imagination a large barn suddenly appeared framed in the headlights as the car swung round a corner in the road. Large and dominating in the night landscape or darkening shade of black the barn side stood tall, illuminated against the night sky. Then blackness again. The headlights were shut off and Mr Faraday opened his door. The inside light flicked on illuminating the inside of the car as Stacey exited the car as well. The twinned beep and flash of lights signaled that the car was locked as she followed her master towards the barn. Although she could not see and signs of activity she could see several other cars in a make shift car park. Her eyes accustoming themselves to the night gloom they begin to pick out more details of her surroundings as they walk slowly on.

"Well my little slave it is time to see just how well you can serve me." Her master reached forward to the barn and gripped something, pulling on it with the screech of metal on metal.

Light framed the outline of the door like white hot fire in the night and then as the door gave way and opened the bright world inside flooded out like a tidal wave. Stacey brought a hand up to her



eyes shielding them from the painful luminescence from inside. She blinked a couple of times as the night blindness faded and then looked inside again. The barn opened up inside with a vastness that surprised her. The stone floor grey and forbidding stretching out in all directions and hemmed in by the large sheet metal walls of the barn. The steel giving the whole area a very grey feeling. Large hallogen lamps hanging from the ceiling pour their intense light downwards giving a stark brightness to the whole place. Blinking again for the last time she watches her Master walk in calm and confident, comfortable in his surroundings. Then she follows behind him. Now that she is inside her eyes begin to soak up more of the details as her master forces the door shut. Much of the barn is empty. Devoid of the typical farm gear you would expect. There are a couple of stalls for horses against one wall but little else to speak of. The centre of the barn though is a hub of activity. a group of about 20-30 people are gathered there. Most of them have looked up at the new arrivals and seem to lose interest just as quickly turning back to their own conversations. As they approach Stacey notices a couple more people wearing collars, some stand naked behind their Masters others on the floor. Some stand naked and others are dressed in various combinations of tight fitting bondage gear. She counts 7 in total all of them wear some kind of mask like her she notes although her's is the only red mask that she can see.

The feeling is like walking into a fairy tale. One minute everything makes sense and the next the whole world is upside down with fantasies dangerously close to reality. Mingling within the group are several large dogs for the most part obediently by their masters a few running around and making a nuisance of themselves. Her Master made a straight line for the group and as he approached one of the men left the group and came to greet him. A masked man came forwards holding Keates's lead and offered it to Mr Faraday who accepted the lead and knelt down to greet Keates with a ruffling of his fur. The masked man stood for a second and then headed back to the group as quickly as he had come. Now that she looked around there seemed to be a couple more of these men all dressed roughly the same all masked roughly the same. It was almost as if they were the hired help for the evening. The oddities continued to pop into her mind. Ever now and again something else would poke its bizarre head out of the crowd and disappear before she had a chance to figure it out.

From the looks of things it was some kind of social event with about 7 slaves (from what she could gather) all here to perform for what seemed to be a small crowd of people mostly men. She had noticed a couple of women who didn't appear to be slaves within the gathering but wasn't sure. The one thing she did notice was that there seemed to be that the masters were not masked. She guessed it was the Masters as there were 7 of them and her Master wasn't wearing a mask either. As she was slowly piecing the whole thing together she followed her master through the throng to where all the other Masters seemed to be standing. A respectful little group had formed within the main gathering as they all stood facing each other. A awkward void of conversation seemed to sit ugly and bloated in the air between them. The silence speaking volumes between them.

"Well this is fun isn't it" Mr Faraday happily chirped. "Seeing nothing really changes does it." One of two gave nods of agreement and amusement at some unknown joke although for the most part remained silent.

"Always were too flippant weren't you Faraday" the scowl matched the tone of the voice from a shorter stockier man across the circle.

"Well you know what they say Morris, life is for living, so stop being a miserable bastard all your life." His cheeky smile and demeanor was not something that Stacey was aware of in her Master before now. Again the comment seemed to get a snicker from the rest of the group much to the disappointment of 'Morris'.

Before the stockier man could answer back a loud voice drowned out the area. "AHHH Mister

Faraday, so good to have you back with us." A giant fat barrell of a man waddled in through the parting group and shock her Master firmly by the hand. "Very good ndeed. I have been hearing good things about thi years competition. If half of it is true we should be in for a great evenings entertainment." Stacey watched the stockier man glare at the two seemingly friends. Her eyes darted to the ground as he noticed her looking at him. she could feel his eyes boring into her as she continued to look down at the floor.

"Well anyway I will leave you to get prepared and I will bend your ear again later."

The fat man waddled off into the crowd again and his booming voice again mingled with the other sounds. Her Masters hand lifted her chin and looked down at her. "Are you ready for this slave?"

"I am always ready to serve you my Master." The thought in her head though shouted. But what am I supposed to be doing???

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The crowd appeared to quiet down and the murmuring voices slowly died away. Stacey looked around unsure of her surroundings, staying close to her master for security. It appeared that what ever was about to happen was in fact about to happen. The fat stocky man waddled his way to a make shift platform putting him a good head and shoulders above the crowd. He smugly let the crowd fall silent and look up at him as he scratched beard absently as he waited. Stacey noticed the crowd begin to sort themselves. Most of crowd back away leaving the seven masters and their slaves. Several dogs stayed with the crowd but seven also stayed with their masters and slaves. Everything looked like it made sense but only if you know the rules, sadly she found herself without a clue. Almost as if you were showing some one chess for the very first time. The masters lined up in front of the stage and Stacey stayed close to her master. Although he still held her lead he hadn't needed to pull on it as she obediently stayed close to him.

"Welcome ladies and gentleman to the annual Masters show. As before the order will be randomly chosen and Masters will then show their slaves and their training. At the end of it you will decide who you feel preformed the best and has won their Master your respect. Now without further delay let us begin."

He threw his arms wide in a grandiose gesture that although theatrical was entirely unnecessary. One of the crowd moved forward, a scantily clad woman sauntered onto the stage carrying a small bag. Her lithe figure was in a tight fitting white corset and short skirt. A matching white masked concealed her face but left her long blonde hair free to fall down her back. It created a very surreal picture, the pristine form and tight clothes sauntering towards the huge fat man. She oozed sexual tension from every inch of her compared to the rather repulsive looking organiser. She presented the bag to the fat man and held it open and looked out over the crowd with a smile. The fat mans hand groped her tight ass with one of his sweaty fat hands and her smile faded although she did nothing. He leered at her form before removing his hand from her ass and dipping it into the bag. He pulled out a small black ball and peered closely at it.

"Master Phillips is to go first."

There is a ripple of clapping from the crowd. The fat mans hand dipped into the bag again. Well at least this is starting to make things a little clearer as the order seemed to continue as more names were read out as the balls were plucked from the bag. She waited with baited breath listening for her Masters name and she waited. "Master Morris will be sixth..... Leaving last but not least Master Faraday." The applause continued for a short time afterwards as the order was decided.

Stacey still stood a little confused next to her Master wondering what was about to follow. As the crowd moved back it formed a sort of semi circle from each corner of the stage and the Masters lead their slaves to the outside of the circle. All eyes seemed to be focused inwards to the open space that had formed. Stacey felt nervous and out of her depth and looked at her Master for reassurance. She felt her Masters hand stroke his fingers through her hair and felt the calming influence of his hand almost immediately.

“Don’t worry my slave you will get the idea as it goes on just watch and trust in your Master.” His hushed tones soothing to her nerves as she listened to the words and nodded silently and turned her attention back to the ring. The first Master led his slave into the circle. He was dressed in leather trousers and a leather jacket giving him an almost biker look as he tugged on the lead of his slave who almost stumbled after him. His slave wore a blue mask and nothing else, her naked body for all to see. Her short blonde hair didn’t really match the masks shape or colour of the mask and it created an odd picture. Stacey watched as she dropped to her knees under her Masters direction and then onto all fours. The Masters dog, a golden lab dashed over excitedly and began to sniff the startled woman. Like a deer in headlights she froze and knelt motionless in front of the dog. With a bark the dog scrambled on top and began to try and hump the woman. The whole show looked very disorganised and the dog never really found its mark as it humped away. Stacey watched the woman looking around unsure of what to do as the dog constantly changed position to try and find a foothold. After another couple of unsuccessful attempts the dog hops off and despite his Masters directions decided he had lost interest in the bitch in front of him and padded off to lick his semi swollen member. The crowd seemed displeased at this show and a slight ripple of sympathy applause filled the air. The Master yanked on the lead pulling the slave to her feet and out of the crowd. The glances after him showed most peoples displeasure at the Master treatment of his slave. After a couple of seconds the next Master led his slave into the ring of people.

Stacey watched the next couple of Master and Slave couples perform for the crowd. Although the scenes were exciting and were getting her more and more turned on they lacked the passion that would really make it a scene to watch. For the most part the dogs jumped on the girls backs and humped away before shortly hopping off and cleaning themselves. As none of the dogs knotted so far the crowd would occasionally clap support as the dog squirted its cum deep inside their bitches or as it ran from their used pussies. She could feel the excitement grow in her pussy as she continued to watch the spectacle with growing interest. As each couple finished it grew closer and closer to her turn and with a sense of purpose she waited. Determined to put on a better show for everyone and make her Master proud. As the next couple came off she watched as the short stocky man called Morris led his slave into the ring. His slave wore high black PVC boots which reached halfway up her thighs and a matching black mask. ‘Morris’ stood back smugly as his slave began to undulate and writhe in front of the crowd her hand snaking down her body as she danced to the silent music. Her long jet black hair thrashed around as her movements sped up and became more flamboyant. Her hands running up and down her body pinching her nipples or spreading her lips putting on quite a show for the crowd. Stacey could feel herself moisten and her mind played havoc with her body. Imagining the ladies hands all over her body twined with hers. Locked together in the lustful scene in front of her. She slowly dropped to her knees and crawled forwards like a prowling cat. The crowd had finally started to get excited and Stacey looked around to see people watching intently and egging the woman on as she spread her legs wide and pushed her ass high in the air. She looked back over her shoulder as ‘Morris’ let go of the dog which dashed to the bitch and sprang onto her back. The Great dane thrust forward powerfully and the womans head was thrown back as she grunted loudly the big dog finding its mark and pushing forward deeply into the woman.

The crowd clapped and cheered as the dog fucked the woman mercilessly. Again and again the dog humped forward and the woman braced herself on the floor pushing back. Stacey had a good view of

the whole scene and could now feel how wet her pussy was as she was so tuned on by the scene in front of her. So this is what it looks like then when I get fucked by Keates. She thought to herself with pride. God I wish I could be in there with her now with her. She bit down on her lip as she watched the scene unfold before her. Her hand slipped down to her pussy and began to play with her self. She muttered gently as her fingers snaked inside her hot wet pussy and began to stroke her G spot. The feeling was intense as she watched the woman on the floor getting buggered by the Great Dane.

"God Master this is so hot. I wish I could be in there with her now. I would like to see up close that cock in her pussy." She whimpered into her Masters ear.

"Whats stopping you then, go and steal the show. Make me proud." His voice returned to her as he slapped her on the ass. The sting startled her forward and she found her self take a couple of steps in shock at the pain. She smiled at the warm feeling on her ass from the spank but she realised she was now stood in the circle a couple of steps from the woman still with her fingers stuck in her pussy. The woman looked up at her through gritted teeth the sweat on her face evident as she stared up at Stacey.

"WHAT THE FUCK" called 'Morris' from the side although further outbursts were silenced by the cheer of the crowd and the firm look and gesture from the fat man on the stage.

Stacey stepped forward tentatively and sank down to look into the womans eyes at her level. She could here the tight breath and grunting as each thrust of the dog. She could see the feelings burning in the womans eyes as she was shunted forwards again. Stacey's hand reached out and cupped her face as she held it feeling the hot temprature of the sin burn against the palms of her hands. Stacey then stood up and walked around the back to watch the dog cock flashing in and out of the abused slave. The massive red cock reminded her of Keates as it pounded away the know slapping against the outside of the slave. Her hand moved of its own accord and ran over the slaves clit the wetness reminded Stacey of her own juicy pussy as she rubbed it. The bucking slave groaned loudly in pleasure as Stacey picked up the pace and fingered her faster. She watched in awe at the effect she was having on the woman as she screamed suddenly and shuddered through an orgasm. Stacey moved in closer to the woman and shuffled under her on the floor. She looked up and watched the cock blasting into the womans cunt like a piston. Wet juices dripped out of the woman as her orgasm powered on. Her face wrinkled up as the drops splattered on her face her mouth open trying to catch the mix of pussy juice and precum. Then the the great dane began to hunch and growl as he shot his load deep inside his bitch. Stacey saw it almost in slow motion as the beast pulled his cock out and the cum began to gush from the fuck hole of the woman knelt over her. It splattered over her face and continued to pour freely from the stretched hole. She swallowed what she could and the rest slid down her face. She could feel it pool around her head, the mask on her face not milky white and red.

As the great dane moved away Stacey lifted her head up and began to eat the remaining cum out of the pussy above her. Like a starving woman she hungrily dived into the open wet pussy. The crowd cheered again and the applause and shouting reached fever pitch as the slave above her convulsed and shuddered. Stacey gagged slightly as more pussy juice was forced out by the womans orgasm. The slave forced herself up to her knees and sat down on Staceys face clamping her thighs tightly to her head as she continued to orgasm. The devastating force of the orgasm was pumping wave after wave of fuck juice out over Stacey's face as she was ridden by the slave. Then the slave collapsed to the side in a heap exhausted and panting like a bitch in heat. Stacey finally able to breath again struggled up onto her elbows with a gleeful smile her face plastered with dog cum and the slaves fuck juice. Her hand reached up and wiped her mask clean and then sucked her hand free as she looked over to her Master. He stood calmly in amongst the sea of people whole were cheering

and hollaring like a pack of wild animals. they josteled each other to find the best position from which to watch the amazing show unfolding in front of them.

Her Master silently mouthed to her "It's your turn."

She looked over at Keates who was straining at his lead and then took in the crowd around her. It wasn't until now that she realised what she had just done in front of a large group of complete strangers. She thanked the lord for the tightly fitting mask on her face and her anonymity of it all.

Now all she had to do was keep the crowd happy.

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Stacey sucked the last of her fingers clean, letting the taste of the still hot dog cum fill her senses. The crowd began to fade into the background as she focused hungrily on Keates straining at his masters lead. Her master released the lead and the huge St Bernard bounded over to the prone girl and danced around her naked body. Stacey tried to calm the dog but Keates would not stop jumping all over her. She finally managed to force herself off the floor and up onto her knees, she looked eyes with her Master as she braced herself. She had entertained the idea of sucking on Keates's hard red cock but after what she had just been through the only thing she could think of was being stuffed full of hard cock and having her insides hosed down with doggy cum.

She was shunted forward hard as Keates jumped her without invitation. His heavy weight pinning Stacey to the floor, taking all her strength to remain on her hands and knees. She could feel the dog cock bashing against her ass and she wiggled it enticingly trying to help Keates find the soaking wet pussy. It didn't take long at all as the cock drove deep inside her. She screamed in surprise at how good it felt to be speared deeply in one thrust. The huge beast slammed his cock all the way to the knot in the first splitting lunge. With a snarl he withdrew and slammed it in again and again building up his speed and ferocity as he battered the tiny girls body with his monster cock.

Her eyes never left her Masters as she gasped and moaned, writhing like a whore in the throws of passion. The world dropped away like someone simply turned down the colour leaving nothing but the stark image of her Master watching her fucked mercilessly by the slaving dog. The dull muffle of the roaring crowd barely registering in her eyes as she moaned and whimpered. She could feel the tip of the cock jabbing against her cervix having run out of room in her insides. The knot pushed again and again at the outer walls of her pussy. Each time getting a little further towards the goal. Each thrust coming in slow motion as Keates rammed his cock deep into his bitch. Each long stroke pushing harder and harder until with a scream of ecstasy Stacey accepted the huge cock knot into her wet pussy. The feeling was mind blowing, perfect, freeze frame of bliss. Then reality caught up and snapped back like a rubber band. The noise washed over her and the sights and smells overwhelmed her senses. She pushed back on her hands trying to get Keates further inside her already full pussy. She looked longingly into her masters eyes begging with her face contorted in pleasure to let her cum. He simply shook his head.

Stacey gritted her teeth and followed her masters orders not to cum and tried to hold on for as long as possible. Keates however was picking up the pace faster and harder deeper and deeper with each thrust. His front paws wrapped tight around her pulling her back into each ram rod shafting. Stacey gurgled with pleasure as she gritted her teeth through the pleasure trying to hold back the orgasm building deep in her groin. She could feel every hair on her body prickle with the tingling of her orgasm. The hot dog breath washing over her neck filling her nostrils. The fur scraping across her skin like an electric shock running the length of her body. The tight embrace of the dogs paws wrapping her up and controlling her as the dog pounds faster. Stacey's mind begins to swim with all

the different feelings assaulting her and doesn't even notice as Keates begins to Haunch up. The first warning she had was his low growl that built up from deep within him before the flood gates opened. His cum gushed out in flows after flows of hot dog cum splashing against her cervix and welling up inside her.

the force was undeniable and was etched over her face as her eyes remained locked to her Masters eyes. Her screams and grunts died in her throat as she held on for dear life. The dog used her like a cum dumpster as he unloaded every last drop of his hot cum deep inside her. Each drop burst against her insides like a bomb as she tried to keep the orgasm for shacking her composure and follow her masters orders and not cum. As the spurting cock began to ease off she finally, tentatively let out the breath she was holding in scared that with her relaxation would come the earth shattering orgasm walled up inside her. the task became even harder as Keates tried pulling out of her, with each tug the knot pulled at her inner most strings as Stacey gritted her teeth to resist the pleasure of the deep knotting. it was almost unbearable to keep the orgasm rupturing her concentration but she held on as she looked longingly at her master. His eyes boring deeping into her mind helping her hold back the tide.

With a pop Keates knot slopped out of her and the cum ran freely from her gaping hole. With each passing second more drained from her used pussy, the gaping holed dribbled more and more cum with each passing second. Stacey could do nothing but gasp and shudder as she adjustd to the feeling of openness in her cunt as the air caressed her hole. Her sight was fuzzy and misjudged as she tried to focus on her master but her eyes denied her a solvent image as she grouped and scrabbled for a grip on reality. her fingers gripped at the floor trying to gather a hold on the smooth concret surface while her mind danced between scenarios and her body quivered with the possibilities. each second brought new sensations as it trembled with its abusive fucking. Her whole body shock as she gathered contrl of her senses and looked towards her master for reassurance. His eyes greeted her with an inner smile. The sort of smile a cat gave a trapped mouse before it devoured the poor creature. she was to occupied to hear his words but the crowd began to move in on her. Keates left her slut body and padded over to his master as the cum continued to drain from her body. Her eyes could only pick up the after image of the crowd closing in on her and the faint noise of her masters words. "take her and fuck her. I want to see each person, man and woman cover her in there cum. Fuck her like the toy she is."

The crowd closed in around her like a tidal wave and crashed over her body. Hands gripped her flesha dn tugged her in every direction as she fought to stay upright. Her eyes straining to ook at her master as her holes were probed by the strangers. Cocks forced their way into ever hole she had as nails grazed her skin with lasting scratches. She could do nothing but give her self over to the rough gang fucking she was receiving. Her eyes pleading with her master for the sweet release as he shock his head again with refusal. Her body rocked back and forwards as cocks slammed deep inside her cunt and ass. Her throat became the fuck sheath for another long hard cock as she squirmed to maintain control of her body. Before she could take any more she gave one last pleading look to her master who granted her wish. With a soul destroying smile her master granted her desires to cum and Stacey didn't need a second invite. A ear splitting scream stunned the orgy as she came with out comparison. the imagery and the event had built such an orgasm as to rival those of legend as it burst through her body. Every molecule shock and spasmed with orgasmic engery as it took control of her body maiming her senses. Her argonising scream ruptured the air shocking the crowd causing the gang fucking to stop for a second as the orgasm blasted her senses to pieces.

so intense was the rogasmic power that she started to black out through the fucking she endured. Like a strobbd disco stacey's eyes caught only brief images between her black outs. Hands gripping her body, cocks ramming deep inside her. Woman burying Stacey's face into their pussy's. the stay dogs trying to mount her. Again and again Stacey blacked out with the undeniable power of the

pleasure. Her darkest fantasy's coming true as her body was showered in cum from men and women alike. Dog and man fucked her every hole like the toy she was till the group slowly moved back. Stacey collapsed onto the floor. Slowly like treacle dripping from a spoon. till she lay flat in a pool of sweat and cum. Her own fuck juices mingling with those of her captors as she wallowed in her perverse desires and rolled onto her back. Her hands pitifully clawed at her skin trying to make sense of the barrage of feelings annihilating her senses. Her body spasmed like she was plugged into the mains as the most intense orgasm of her life skull fucked her. she quivered in the pool of juices trying to rip away the images from her soiled skins before she collapsed in the puddle of fuck juices and finally gave into the sweat black release of unconsciousness.

Her eyes flickered open a little while later, the warm ecstasy still gripped every inch of her skin and the oozing cum still dripped from her pale skin. Stacey slowly lifted herself up looking around. The crowd had moved back leaving just her master and his masked assistant. They approached Stacy's struggling form and helped her to her feet. The assistant held her from behind letting her address her master.

"I live to serve you sir..... \*a drip of cum dropped from her chin and plopped on the floor\* What ever you wish my lord." She felt his hand caress her cheek like she was watching from outside her own body.

"You have served me better than I could have expected Slave and now I have your reward."

Stacey felt her master's strong arms tense and lift her off the floor. His large cock pushing slowly inside her as he lowered her onto his cock. Her frame as if it weighed nothing.

The Stacey felt the assistant behind her as his cock pressed against her ass. after the gang fucking every hole was loose and dripping with cum, as every inch of her body was. With little resistance the cock popped inside her ass while her master slowly fucked her pussy. She leaned back against the mystery man while her master took control of her body. guiding the speed and depth of each thrust. She watched with a tear of pleasure in her eyes as the assistant peeled off his mask. Her father's face greeted her vision. Against she found herself lost for words as her father fucked her in the ass and her father fucked her in the pussy. She could feel their cocks grinding together through her insides as they held her off the floor. She could feel the deep meaningful thrust of each cock penetrating her insides as she rocked back and forwards between her father and her master.

each thrust was like a spike into her mind driving her wild as she gyrated on the hard cock flesh penetrating her insides. gasping into her father's ear her deviant words echoed louder than she hoped for " fuck me daddy, fuck me like the little whore I am, make my master proud as you cum deep in my ass. Please daddy please. please fuck me harder..... please."

The pace picked up as both her master and her father fucked her senseless. The first spray of cum began to hose her abused ass. the sloppy cum mixed with others as it splurged out of her ass with each new thrust dribbling down both their legs. The her master joined her father as his cum blurted out into her gaping pussy. the knotting on the dog and the fisting of various people leaving it wide open for abuse.

Tears of joy streamed down her face as the orgasms washed over her again and again like a pulse. twitching and spasming on the two cocks Stacey faded from reality one last time. the blackness of bliss closing in on her as she was lowered off the cocks onto the floor. passing out one last time in a pool of man, woman and dog cum. Warm to the touch and soothing it embraced Stacey where she lay and held her close.

The end