

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Something over two years ago I posted a story including a note that my friend Sarah had an extreme fantasy. I've taken a little time off from redrafting Buttercup to write-it-up and post it.

Both Deborah and Sarah have been with me as I revised the story, and they have encouraged me to post it in the Forum. This is a long story, no where as long as Buttercup, that it will end up at about 60,000 words, (that's the length of a shot mystery novel). I plan to post the entire story before the end of June. Then go back to revising Buttercup. Please be a little patient. The 'set-up' is the most erotic part of this fantasy for Sarah. If you hang with the story, by the end I think you will read enough sex scenes to please you.

First a word about fantasies. Sarah gets all hot and bothered when she thinks about this fantasy. Yet, she would no want it to become true. While she finds some ideas arousing, she does not like pain, bondage, or the idea of sexual slavery as a part of her reality. Even role playing is to much for Sarah if it goes on for longer than an hour.

Oh, and by the way, Deborah and Sarah have started having sex with their Tibetan Mastiff, Kiwi. He has grown into a wonderful male of 155 pounds and may reach 180 in another year. They are all still learning each other. Sarah says the one part of this fantasy she would like to become real is to able to birth Kiwi's puppies.

Sarah like me is short with small breasts. Unlike me she tends to be a little plump. Her best features are her pretty red hair and fair skin. This may not be a story that does it for those who like women with breasts bigger than their heads.

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## **CHAPTER I**

### **Missing Persons**

There was a big push on curbing vice in the Oregon coastal town. The mayor had staked his reelection on a promise to clean up the town's wharf area. Sarah had been under cover for almost three months. In that time the undercover policewoman had come to be accepted as part of the edge community that inhabited the Astoria's semi-abandoned waterfront. Working at odd jobs and staying in a nearby boarding house she had slowly blended in. She appeared to be a runaway, small, willing to work at just about anything, good natured, talkative, and a little shy, a little plump, and a little plain. Sarah had short brown hair, a smallish bust and hips that were too wide. Still, her youth had attracted offers from the johns visiting the area. Offers she had shyly turned down, explaining, that she was lucky to have other work.

But Sarah was older than she looked, and had another job; undercover detective, vice squad. Sarah's reports documented the names and addresses of most area streetwalkers, and the cheap motels they rented by the hour. More important she had the evidence needed to send the five pimps that worked the area away for a long time. Sarah had collected dates and times, names and addresses for over a hundred johns. The Chief had told her that many of these men would turn state's evidence, against the pimps, as an alternative to the ruin that would follow their prosecution.

Lately Sarah and the Department had realized that the case might be deeper than just pimps and their girls. There had been several young women who disappeared from the wharf area. Not just streetwalkers. A teenage runaway was missing and a couple of college girls had gone down to the docks for a beer and some local color and vanished. Sarah, working with her department, figured that seven girls had disappeared in the last year. The Chief wanted to know how and why before the

Mayor and the press got wind of the situation. The town's economy was shifting from fishing to tourism. A story like this could destroy their economic hopes of summer visitors spending their dollars in the town's upscale hotels, galleries, and restaurants.

The Chief had explained, "Who will bring their girlfriend, wife, or daughter for a vacation to a place where women disappear, never to be heard from again."

The Chief was worried. Based on their suspicions most thought it was a group of "white slavers" working the town docks. After they got over the preposterous nature of the idea, they had to admit that the old nineteenth century term might still have meaning in Astoria. The 'working girls' were even starting to stay out of the wharf area. They had shifted toward the downtown and Astoria's new Convention Center a shift triggered the Mayor's new anti-vice campaign.

Sarah had learned that for these girls, their whoring was often the difference between eating and starvation, for them, and for the children they seemed to invariably have. She was glade when the Chief decided not to bust the girls.

"Mostly they are deserted wives and or abused or abandoned children," the Chief had sadly confided to the rookie cop. "They are the real victims. We will focus on the pimps and the johns. And we will stop who ever thinks they can freely kidnap this town's women."

That afternoon Sarah had gotten the information she had been looking for. She and Tom, and a local boy she'd met. They were hanging around the docks checking with the fishing boats as they came in. While her story was that she was homeless, Tom's story was that he was high school drop-out looking for any kind of work he could get. After a few uncomfortable tries to talk her into bed, Sarah had convinced Tom that she wasn't interested. The fact that she didn't hook-up with men or boys convinced Tom it would be OK to be her friend. They worked together during the day, offered to help unload, or if the boat was a charter, they often cleaned the tourist's catch for them.

Sarah noticed a big cruiser coming in. It was over forty feet long. She hadn't seen it before. As she started toward the boat Tom stopped her. The boat was named 'Pacific Sultan'. It seemed to just ooze money.

"Don't bother, Sarah. They never take any help and don't like strangers near their boat," Tom warned.

Sarah's curiosity was aroused, "So, they've been here before?" She asked Tom. "It must have been before my time. I'd remember something that big."

"They were here about four months ago, I remember it was about the same time that Angie disappeared. Sure do miss that girl."

Sarah knew that Angie was one of the missing hookers. A particularly pretty girl that many of the waterfront's denizens had liked.

This is the clue I have been waiting for!" Sarah realized.

Later in the day she slipped over to the harbormaster's office and checked the Master's log. The rookie cop noted the 'Pacific Sultan' had previously been in port three times. Each of the boat's stays corresponded with the disappearances of one or more young women. It was a lead, but it wasn't proof. Sarah knew she needed more than coincidental dates to make a case. She decided to go after the evidence.

Before any more girls disappear, she grimly decided. Sarah fingered the 38 Police Special hidden in the pocket of her baggy overalls. The gun was clean and loaded.

That night as she waited in the alley she wore her badge under a heavy pea coat. The badge felt strange, Sarah was wearing it for the first time since going undercover. Watching the 'suspect' boat was tedious, but after five hours Sarah was rewarded. At dusk three men came ashore and walked into the wharf district. They had moved slowly ending up at a dinner that Sarah knew was frequently 'worked' by the area's streetwalkers.

Joe's Dinner was a marginal business. Old man Olsen, who owned the place, had confided in Sarah, one day when she was cleaning up for him. "Sure I know they're hookers. So what? They buy coffee and donuts and attract other customers who buy beer and food. Frankly, those girls and their customers are the only thing keeping me open. Now get back to mopping that floor if you want to earn that meal you asked to work for. I'm not keeping you around to embarrass those that pay."

Sarah waited in the alley across from Joe's for the three to leave. As she waited she realized that she should have called in. The manual said you didn't handle a job like this alone. You called for back-up. Feeling guilty about forgetting a basic rule, she started toward the phone booth down the wharf. Just then the three men came out of Joe's. They were not alone.

A slender fourth figure had joined them. One in high heels and a short red skirt. The skirt was split up both sides and revealed generous amounts of thigh as the four walked across Sarah's field of vision. It was hard to be positive from two hundred feet away but the young cop thought the hooker was a girl name Linda. A college drop-out who had come to town a few weeks before. She looked to be eighteen or nineteen. A week ago she had recognized her ash blonde hair in an alley. She had been on her knees blowing a fisherman.

As Linda and the three men walked back toward the 'Pacific Sultan' they didn't seem to notice Sarah's slight figure behind them. The undercover cop followed them out to the wharf and watched from the shadows as the four boarded the big boat. Once they were inside Sarah quickly moved up the dock and took cover beside a stack of crab pots near the boat's bow. Through an open port she could see the boat's large salon. Linda and two of the men were now sitting and talking, each had a beer in their hand. One of the men had his hand on her knee. Linda didn't seem to mind. Sarah couldn't quite make out what they were saying. She leaned closer and thought she heard one of the men say something about being first.

Sarah tried to follow the conversation. She was distracted when the third man entered the salon. The young police officer moved closer and waited. The undercover cop noted that while the two men in the boat's salon with Linda were white the third man was much darker. She decided they might be speaking to each other in Arabic or some Asian language. The dark man offered Linda another beer. One of the white men said something about them all having another.

"You know my faith forbids," the dark man shot back. "However, I see no reason why you and this young lady should not indulge yourselves. She may find that a few drinks help her lubricate as the evening wears on."

Sarah was sure she detected an accent in the man's cruel voice.

Linda laughed nervously and took a sip from the fresh bottle the dark man had given her. A look of surprise crossed her face then she slowly slumped over. The bottle fell to the floor spilling its contents on the wooden deck.

This was just what she had been waiting for! Sarah stood up and reached inside her coat for her

thirty-eight. As her hand closed around the pistol's grip everything went black.

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CHAPTER II

"A long sea voyage that begins at dawn."

From the film King Kong (1933)

When officer Taylor started to come around she was dazed. It took a few minutes for her to realize the sense of motion she felt was the boat moving, and not her head. Her head felt like hell, but she knew she had to concentrate. Given the way the boat was rolling she knew the boat must be out of the Astoria's harbor and on the open sea. Sarah tried to stand up, only to realize that her hands and feet were tied. She managed to sit up. The effort cost her and Sarah was overcome by nausea and passed out again.

A few minutes later she again started to come out of it. Sarah realized that she wasn't alone. There were two men standing near her. The dark sailor who had laughed when Linda passed out and another foreign looking guy she hadn't seen before. The new man was darker than his companion. He wore a heavy gold chain around his neck that showed through his open fronted white cotton shirt. Over the shirt he was wearing an immaculate navy blazer. He looked rich. In his hands he held Sarah's police identification and revolver. He spoke to the other man in a language the young police officer did not recognize. The sailor looked at Sarah and spoke.

"So you figured out where the disappearing girls are going. Who have you told?"

"The whole police force! They will be here soon to arrest your ass. You had better give yourselves up to me. If you don't, I'll add a charge of assaulting a police officer," Sarah tried to sound convincing. The two men responded by grinning at her.

The sailor pulled a wicked looking knife out of his boot and without saying anything started to cut the tied up policeman's coat off her. The blade was keenly sharp and a good ten inches long. Sarah feared that the man's hand would slip cutting her instead of the cloth. As the man worked he continued to grin. When the coat was reduced to a pile of discarded cloth he continued, cutting the young woman's shirt off her. Then he removed Sarah's shoes and socks and started on her pants.

"You had better stop!" The helpless and now nearly naked girl cried

The man with the knife continued to grin and cut. Soon Sarah's pants were gone. Next her white cotton camisole and matching panties were cut from her body. Sarah was naked. She was braless, her breasts were too small to require a bra, and she hated bra stapes. But right then she wished she was wearing one.

Standing, the sailor joined the other man and looked down at the tied naked figure on the cabin's deck. All through the ordeal the man in the blazer had been watching closely, as if considering something of significance.

Looking back and forth between the two Sarah realized that they were appraising her. Exactly the same way she and a high school friend named Cathy had once looked at a car that Cathy was considering buying. She was naked being examined critically. Sarah tried to control herself but couldn't keep from blushing as she was examined.

The man in the blazer and the sailor began to converse, again in a language that Sarah could not identify. Sarah could tell that they were talking about her from their frequent glances in her

direction. A few minutes later the sailor turned and stooped down beside Sarah. He was still holding the knife.

Although it was cold in the boat's cabin Sarah began to sweat. She thought that this was the end. Death was moments away. The man placed the razor sharp knife to her throat and spoke.

"The boss, he has a question. Lie and you will regret it. But if the answer is right, you might be allowed to live."

"Yes," Sarah whispered.

"Are you a virgin? Your breasts are so small. And your manner so masculine, the boss thinks maybe you are."

A tear ran down Sarah's cheek as she whispered, "Yes."

"Your lucky, kid. The boss, he likes your looks, and if you really be a virgin, he has a use for you. We almost decided to cut you into little tinny bits and fed them to the fishes. Now we think maybe we give you a choice."

He pushed the edge of the knife a little deeper into the bound girl's flesh. Sarah felt a trickle of her own blood run down her neck. She knew it would take only the slightest additional pressure to cut her juggler.

"So you get to choose. You can become fish bait, now. Or you can do what we want. But I warn you, if you choose death it will not be quick. What is your wish?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"What ever you are told! Understand! From now on, for the rest of your life you will do exactly as you are told. Your body, your virginity, your whole future is ours."

Sarah felt the knife press a little deeper into her throat. She could now see a thin trickle of his blood running in a thin rivulet down her chest and onto her right breast. The man's voice clearly implied that he was looking forward to the expected knife work.

Sarah didn't want to die. She was young, just nineteen the week before. She had never even made love. Tears came to her eyes as a spoke, the shame and humiliation of her admission nearly choking her.

"Yes! Please don't kill me! I understand, I'll to do whatever I'm told!" Sarah begged through a series of racking sobs.

The knife came away leaving a stinging in her neck.

"So you have chosen," the seaman said. "I thought you would choose death. I thought you were a tough American cop. The boss was right. You are not tough at all. What fools Americans the are, sending little girls out to do a man's work."

Sarah was humiliated. Her dreams of becoming a policewoman evaporated more quickly than the tears she was shedding. She was so lost in his sorrow that for a moment she did not notice the bonds on her hands and feet being cut away.

"Get up," she heard the seaman order through a fog of emotion and self pity. Unsure of her balance

Sarah slowly arose. The boat's rocking motion in the water added to her sense of unreality.

"Come with me!" The order was barked at him.

Sarah let herself be lead down a narrow companionway to another cabin. This was smaller than the first. She was nearly in shock and barely noticed that the girl, Linda, was passed out on a bunk to the left of the door. There was another man in the room. The man was of European extraction. He examined, then cleaned and bandaged the slight cut on Sarah's neck. Then the sailor told Sarah lie down on her stomach on the bunk next to Linda. The man administered a shot to Sarah's naked hips. Sarah felt herself drifting into darkness. A blanket was through over her naked form as a drugged sleep took her.

Sarah never knew how long she was out. Later the girl realized it was over a day. When she finally came around it was because someone was shaking her.

"What are you doing here?" A woman's voice was saying.

"Undercover cop, trying to find out why girls are disappearing from the wharf area," was Sarah's groggy reply. She had come around enough to realize that her questioner was Linda. She was sitting up in the bunk beside him.

"You don't know where we are being taken?" Linda asked.

More aware of herself Sarah replied, "No. I think maybe somewhere in the Middle East. I'm not sure. They may have been speaking Arabic."

As Sarah spoke she started to roll over only to give a quick yelp. Her backside was sore. Then Sarah remembered the shot and everything else. Including her nakedness. The girl turned bright red and tried to cover herself with the blanket.

The door opened and two men entered. Both were European looking; one carried Sarah's police special; the other a knife.

"So your are awake. Good. Now get up, both of you," he commanded.

Sarah and Linda got up out of the bunk. Sarah hugged the blanket around her body concealing her naked flesh.

"Now you, girl, strip!" The man with the gun ordered. "You," he continued pointing the revolver at Sarah, "lose the blanket."

The two young people started to protest. Then they heard the hammer on the pistol being drawn back.

"I said, now!" Repeated the man as he leveled the gun at Sarah's head.

Sarah dropped the blanket and Linda quickly began to undress. As she saw Linda's cloths coming off Sarah was amazed at what-all the blonde had on.

Sarah, of course, was familiar with women's clothing, but not the glamour-wear Linda wore to work the streets. Besides the skirt and blouse there was red satin and black lace camisole, followed by a matching half-slip, matching garter belt (Sarah had never tried on such a garment), nylon stockings (Sarah seldom wore pantyhose and never stockings), followed by bra and panties that matched the

other underwear. The skirt was black and the blouse was plumb colored. In spite of her fear and embarrassment Sarah found herself becoming excited. Linda was slim with large well-shaped upturned breasts and delicate white skin. Her sex was not really hidden by the wisp of blonde hair at her groin.

In junior high, Sarah had learned, in PE class, that she found the sight of naked girls exciting. She'd never had a chance to explore sex with a girl, but she'd never been attracted to boys, found the idea of penetration disgusting. She'd never had a date, instead focusing her life on doing well in school.

Looking at Linda's breasts and great figure Sarah felt the feelings of attraction coming back. In Sarah's naked state it was impossible to hide the thin stream of lubricants that seeped down her thighs. She was unable to keep the girl and the two men from noticing her condition.

"Oh! So our little girl here wants to get laid too, does she?" The man with gun sneered at Sarah. "We will see if she still likes the idea in a few minutes."

Instantly Sarah lost her sense of arousal. His face turned white as she began to respond, "I'd rather not, if it's just the same to you."

"Oh, you aren't a whore! I seem to remember that you agreed to do what ever you were told. You made a choice. You will do as you are told! By the time were done with you, becoming a whore will be the least of your troubles. So maybe we make movies of you whoring to a pack of dogs, that be something you like? We sell it on the internet to American perverts who want to watch be a bitch for our kennel."

Sarah shook her head.

"What if we fix you so when the dog, he takes you he can make you pregnant with his puppies. Maybe you like that idea?"

Sarah again shook her head.

"So what if I tell you that we will make it so you can have the puppies, and we will breed you to a pack of dogs and other creatures, and film it all. Maybe you rather I just kill you now?"

The gun came up and was pointed right between Sarah's eyes. One ounce of pressure from his finger on the trigger would send her to oblivion. "If you have changed your little mind, that is fine. If the young lady will step a bit farther away we will get to it. I wouldn't want her splattered with your brains." Sarah saw the gun barrel center on her head and heard the weapon again being cocked. She hesitantly, then nodded.

"No, please don't kill me. I'll do what ever you want. Please!" Sarah cried out, as self-loathing and humiliation filled.

"OK," the man said, his as he brought the gun down. "But don't complain if you find yourself in puppy mill, having one litter after anther."

"No, please! I'll do as I'm told. I won't complain!" It didn't occurred to Sarah Taylor until months later that what she thought was mealy a threat made to terrify her, was really to be her future.

The man with the gun laughed, "Girl, you help your friend get dressed up like a good whore. When she is dressed, help her paint her face too. It looks like she is ignorant of such arts. Use what you find in the purses in the drawer under the bunk. When she looks as pretty as you can make her,

bring her up on deck.

“Do a good job. If we think you could have done better, we will cut off one or two of your toes. Loosing a toe or two won’t hurt your value, much.”

Linda became quite pale, almost white as the men left the cabin. Then she turned to Sarah.

“Well?” She asked.

“I guess we should do as they say. They are willing to kill me and I think they might carry out that threat about your toes. I’m sorry, I don’t know anything about clothes. Never liked skirts or dresses and my parents gave up trying to get me to wear them when I was in Junior-high. I’ll try, but you will have to tell me what to do.”

“OK, your right, I guess. In any case we haven’t much choice.”

Linda reached down and picked up her bra passing it to Sarah, “Put this on. The cups are too big, but we can pad them out with Kleenex.”

Linda adjusted the straps and, after getting some Kleenex, padded out the cups. She was surprised that the bra was actually a little big around Sarah’s chest.

“You are smaller, than I thought. This bra is a 34C, I think your size is closer to a 32AAA,” Linda commented.

Linda was relaxed around Sarah. She was used to being naked. Sarah however, was not used to being with a naked girl. The girl’s nude form and close proximity were too much for her. Almost as soon as she slipped the panties on, a noticeable wet spot started to form in the red satin panties front. Linda ignored Sarah’s excitement and helped her put on her garter belt and stockings. Stockings were next, followed by the half-slip and camisole. Before going farther she had the former cop sit on the edge of the bed while she did her makeup.

Opening the drawer under the bunk they found several woman’s bags. Linda went through them all removing the cosmetics and setting them out in [SPAM] by type. Then she took a moment to consider Sarah in the light of the colors she had to work with.

“Sarah, with your chestnut hair, blue eyes, and pale skin I think deep reds and blues will look great on you.”

She started with by brushing pale pink blusher on Sarah’s cheeks as a foundation. Then Linda added light blue eye shadow, indigo eyeliner and mascara. Next she put a dark lip liner around the Sarah’s mouth and then filled in Sarah’s lips with a dark red lipstick. Stepping back she smiled. She decided that the girl, with a little padding and the right makeup could look OK, not a fox, but if she wanted to be whore, she’d find customers. Sarah’s features were more readily softened than she would have thought possible. She finished by adding a coat of lip-gloss.

Returning to her task Linda shaped Sarah’s finger nails and then painted them a deep red that matched the color of the lipstick she had applied.

When she was done Linda looked around for something to wear.

“I think I should stay naked,” she decided. “These men were cruel, and one thing I’ve learned whoring, is that when a cruel man giving orders you better either get away, or follow them.

“Getting away is impossible. So I’ll follow their orders given implicitly.”

Looking at the cosmetics that had come out of the purses in the drawer Sarah was amazed.

“Why do women carry around all this stuff,” she asked.

“Oh this isn’t a lot,” Linda laughed. “Sometimes I turn three or four tricks a night. I need to touch up my makeup after each one. No guy wants to know they aren’t the first. A girl needs to look fresh. Even for guys that know the score. Judging by the colors here I suspect that most of these come from girls in my line of work. If we look especially nice, and act innocent, the tips are better.”

“Oh,” replied Sarah. “I didn’t realize you girls spent so much time getting ready for your, ah, work.”

“Sure we do! What do you think? That we don’t know what we are doing or something? I can turn maybe two hundred bucks a night if I look good. Guys want class and they are willing to pay for it. Even a poor fisherman would rather shell out a c-note for a sharp looking babe than twenty bucks for a girl who looks like a slob. Most of them are married to slobs.”

Sarah was quite for a minute while Linda studied her face. “You have nice plump lips. I think they’re your best feature. Even without the lipstick and gloss. But with the right color they make your relatively plain features sultry.”

“Your nails are dry now. I wish they were longer. I guess that can’t be helped. Hold still while I see what I can do with your hair.”

Sarah tried to hold still as Linda started to brush her hair. Her hair was short for a girl, part of her disguise as a runaway teenager. Linda made it appear more feminine by teasing the ends into a flip. She used hair spray to give it a little body and to set the style.

Stepping back she commented, “Well that’s not bad. You should let your hair grow out. It has a real nice color and texture, and it’s thick. It will look great long and you will be able to do lots of styles with it.”

“I’m hoping that this won’t be something that lasts much longer,” Sarah reproached her. “It’s not like I want to wear these clothes or look like a girly-girl.”

“Of course, you have the dyke thing down, and giving how you react to seeing me nude, I guess it’s for real. But you do look nice.

“I’ve been hired by girls like you, you know, girls that want to play with a real fem chic. They can be fun, but you seem pretty inexperienced to me.”

Sarah nodded, “It’s not that I’m into virginity, or anything, it’s just I find men unattractive, and have never met the right girl.”

“Well, with luck you will learn that the penis is a useful tool for a girl. I doubt that where we’re going will find ourselves in the arms of other women.”

“In fact, I think you should prepare yourself for this to go on for some time. These men aren’t doing this on a whim. They have some plan and I don’t think you will be given much choice in who gets to take your virginity, when, or where.

“They were probably not kidding about filming you having sex with dogs either. I’ve been offered a

grand to make a film with a big dog. I didn't because, well the idea is icky, but also because I don't want to be a whore for ever, and the film could follow a girl around for the rest of life."

Linda helped Sarah step into her skirt, blouse and belt. They were both surprised to find that Linda's size eight shoes were a little big on Sarah. They stuffed some Kleenex in the toes and they fit OK. When Sarah stood up she nearly fell over. The three-inch heels were unlike anything she had ever worn. The spike heels combined with the gentle rocking of the boat was almost too much.

Linda steadied her and helped her practice walking until she was able to move about without help. Linda guided Sarah around to where he could see herself in the closet mirror.

Sarah was shocked. Starring back at her was a teenage girl. The girl in the mirror looked like a runner who had exercised to the point where her body had lost much of its roundness, except for the impression of large breasts created by the extra padding in the bra."

"Thank you Linda," Sarah murmured.

"That is about as far we can go right now," Linda commented. "It's time to face the music. Ready?"

"If you are, I guess I am, Linda. First let me thank you for helping me. I couldn't have put these clothes on without you."

"Your a sweetheart, Sarah. To bad you're a cop. Or that you were a cop. Let's get it over with. God I wish I had a drink."

As they walked down the short companionway Sarah was almost overwhelmed by the sensations created by the unfamiliar clothing. The satin of the undergarments encased her delicately while the movement of her nylon-covered legs swirled the skirt around her knees. With each step the pull of the garter straps reminded her of the naked vulnerable flesh between her stocking tops and panties, and that the high heels were causing her hips to sway.

They hesitated at the foot of the steps leading up and out onto the deck. The naked girl and the policewoman, dressed like a tart, were afraid to go up. They decided that Sarah should go first.

"At least you have clothes. Besides we were supposed to make you look as much like a whore as possible. You will seem more slutish alone, in those clothes, than you would next to a naked girl," Linda argued.

Recognizing the girl's logic was good, Sarah started up the ladder steps to the deck. As he stepped out onto the deck she was momentarily blinded by the bright sunlight reflected off the ocean's smooth surface. As her eyes adjusted he realized she was being looked at. There were five men on the deck. Each of the five was giving her the long once over. At least two had looks of obvious lust in their eyes. Sarah took a couple of additional steps forward and Linda hesitantly followed him out onto the deck.

"Well what do you think, Ahmed," said one of the sailors to the man in the blazer.

"Do we snipe a toe or two?" the sailor continued giving Linda a cruel wink.

Ahmed motioned for Sarah to come closer. Sarah walked the eight feet over to the man trying to retain her dignity as she struggled with her balance. When she was directly in front of the man Ahmed looked her slowly over. Then he walked around the cop looking Sarah's outfit over in detail.

"No, my playful friend. The girl has done well. This one will do," the dark man remarked.

"You know, Officer Taylor, you cost me quite a bit of money back in Astoria. Ordinarily I would have gotten three or four girls out of that hole in the coast you call a town. Thanks to you, all I have is this girl and you. And, there are other costs; I can no longer safely use this boat, which was expensive, and which I like."

"However, my business is to make a profit. I try to not dwell on setbacks. I find ways to put them to my use. I see a way to show a nice profit out of you; perhaps as much as I would show for two such as her. You are not pretty, but perhaps pretty enough for some markets."

He turned to the closest sailor and said, "Tie this young lady up to that railing over there."

Sarah could not stand it longer. "No!" She yelled, "My name is Sarah Taylor and I'm a police officer. I don't want to be tied up. You are all under arrest . . ."

Sarah wasn't given a chance to finish, as she spoke Ahmed struck her hard in the solar plexus sending her breathless to the deck. She was not able to resist as she was tied to the railing. Gasping for air she slowly looked up to see Ahmed looking down at her.

The man smiled gently at her and spoke in a soothing voice.

"My dear, you must understand all that has changed. Once there was a young policewoman named Sarah Taylor. She died last night when you choose life, as my obedient slave, rather than death. Since that person is now dead you will need a new name. For now I will give you a new one. In the future other masters may give you other names. You are now, Pretty Lips.

"You will answer to, Pretty Lips, and to nothing else. Do not press my patience, 'Pretty Lips'. I could derive a god profit in personal pleasure from your slow and painful death. I would prefer the financial profit I anticipate at your sale. But, Pretty Lips, be a good girl and don't tempt me. Now what is your name, my dear?"

"My name is, Pretty Lips," the former police officer whispered, tears in her eyes.

"Say it louder!"

"My name is, Pretty Lips," wailed the pitiful figure tied to the boat's railing.

"Louder!" Ahmed commanded.

"Pretty Lips!" Replied the shaking form.

"OK, at least we have that straight," Ahmed commented with a smile. Then he turned to Linda. The nude girl modestly tried to cover her groin and chest with her hands.

"Young lady, please step over here and say hello to, Pretty Lips," Ahmed beckoned to Linda as he spoke.

The naked girl took a few steps closer, "Hello, Pretty Lips," she hesitantly offered.

"Answer her!" Ahmed yelled at the feminized boy.

"Hi, Linda," the former cop replied her face crimson with shame.

"Good," said Ahmed. "And now, Linda, since you have done such a splendid job helping Pretty Lips

get dressed and made-up I have a special treat for you," he said grinning.
"Men, you may have her."

Linda was grabbed from behind before the man's words sank into to her awareness. She was thrown to the deck on her back. Taking turns, each of the four sailors on deck raped her. Pretty Lips looked on in disbelief as the first man pushed into Linda's sex. When he was done and a second had taken his place the former cop tried to break free to help the girl. Helpless she only succeeded in squirming seductively in her bonds as a third and then the fourth man took the naked crying girl. When they were done they let her up.

As Linda got unsteadily to her feet the former policewoman could see that her thighs were coated with the men's whitish seed. It was only then that the former Sarah Taylor realized her own lubricants showed as a wet stain on her nylons. Realized that she had gotten excited watching the men rape the Linda; Sarah looked away from the poor child, ashamed. Her shame turned to horror when he looked up a moment later and saw the contempt in Linda's eyes.

"I thought you were different! I thought you were my friend. I helped you. You're just like them. If they cut you free you would climb on me and soil my flesh just as these swine have. Well, I hope they rape you, too! You Dyke, in heels and panties. I hope they gang rape you until you die!"

Linda broke down in tears collapsing again to the deck crying and holding herself.

The two prisoners were silent. About an hour later they sighted a ship on the horizon. Two hours later it came along side. It was a small freighter, two hundred and sixty-feet long. They were forced to climb a ladder up the ship's side. The men followed. The ship pulled away from the small boat. When it was about a half mile away there was an explosion. Sarah, now Pretty Lips, looked over and saw the little yacht engulfed in flames.

These guys don't take chances, she realized.

A few moments later she was lead below to a small cabin. Printed on the door was the word 'Doctor'.

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### **CHAPTER III**

#### **Max**

It was a frighteningly and odd situation for the former policewoman. Once she'd boarded the steamer she was forced to strip, on deck, with the crew watching. When she was nude, two strong men took hold of her arms and half-led, half-dragged, her to her first visit with the Doctor. When they reached the Doctor's cabin door the men pushed her through.

Before they closed the door one of them gave her an order, "From now on, you will not wear clothing, unless ordered to. However, Pretty Lips, you will wear makeup every day. We will be watching and you are to improve your skill at enhancing your beauty. If you do not, you will be painfully punished.

After regaining her balance Pretty Lips looked around and found the she was not alone. A man in a white coat was looking at her, and smiling.

"Hello, Pretty Lips, I'm the ship's Doctor, and it's my job to enhance the market value of al the girls that we collect on this voyage." The Man said as he picked up a clipboard, "Please stand still while I look you over."

The Doctor was a man with a broad bushy beard. He was an older, perhaps fifty of fifty-five and had a decrepit look. In silence, he examined the former policewoman in detail. He took many notes on the clipboard he carried. Pretty Lips, blushed, and desperately wanted to strike out at the man and get something to wear. His coat looked very attractive.

She decided she wouldn't fight, yet. I have to figure how to escape from the ship before I make a break. She decided. Yes, escape is my objective, but on a ship at sea, I don't think I have much chance. I'll probably need to wait until were in sight of land.

After his visual inspection, the doctor had her get up onto the table and conducted a pelvic examination. The Doctor had seemed pleasantly surprised when Pretty Lips cried out in pain during the examination. When the examination was over he spoke.

"Well, well, I think you will do fine," he commented. "You weren't lying. You are, indeed, a virgin. The only one on board this trip. The crew will be disappointed."

After giving the girl two injections, one in each hip, he told Pretty Lips to get dressed, laughing, as he and handing her a lipstick. It was close to the red she was wearing. Reluctantly she refreshed the color on her lips.

Before letting Pretty Lips go the doctor locked a heavy plastic red bracelets around the former cop's right wrist and took three test tubes of her blood, then he called out, "I'm done with her." The door opened and the two men who had brought her to the Doctor stepped in and took a firm hold on Pretty Lip's arms. As she was pulled out the cabin's door she heard the doctor musing to himself.

"Ahmed sure knows how to pick them."

Pretty Lips was glad she hadn't tried anything. I wouldn't even have gotten into the hall! After her visit to the doctor, Pretty Lips' was shown to a small cabin that she alone was to occupy. As Pretty Lips was led to her cabin she heard steps behind her. Turning to look, she saw Linda, nude like her, being lead to the Doctor's office.

On narrow corridor leading to the Doctor's office, there were several cabins. As she was led, she managed to get a glimpse into several whose doors were open. They were all medical treatment rooms, of some type.

When Pretty Lips was ushered into what was to be 'her' cabin she found a light meal set out for her. There were also small cardboard shoeboxes filled with cosmetics.

The young woman had eaten nothing in over a day was starved. After a moment's concern about poison, Pretty Lips shrugged her shoulders and began to eat. If they were going to kill me they would have done it already. Heck! If they wanted to, the doctor could have snuffed me with an injection.

When the food was gone she wished for more. Pretty Lips looked around and found that there was a tiny bathroom with a shower adjoining the cabin. The bathroom was separated from the cabin by a curtain. The young policewoman relished the idea of getting clean. Especially washing her makeup off. In moments she was standing under a stream of warm water. As she was drying off Pretty Lips heard someone enter the cabin. She wrapped a towel around herself and stepped out to see who was there.

A large man, one of the crew, was waiting. As Pretty Lips entered the cabin the big sailor turned to

face her.

“What do you want?” The former policewoman asked apprehensively.

“Captain’s orders, you’re to make yourself as pretty as possible and appear before the him in an hours. I’ll be back for you to make sure you don’t take any unplanned detours.”

He turned to leave but Pretty Lips stopped him.

“Wait! Please, won’t you tell me what is going on here? Why aren’t you letting me have clothes? What is this all about?” The woman who was now Pretty Lips begged.

“You’ll find out when it’s time. Now you best get moving. It will do you no good to look poorly when the Captain sees you.”

The man left leaving Pretty Lips frustrated and enraged at the way she was being treated.

Pretty Lips fumed for a few minutes and then realized that she had better do as instructed. For now, she promised herself.

Hesitantly she began to sort the makeup by type. Once they were sorted she placed the cosmetics on a table by a mirror.

For a second the former policewoman wished she had not been so hasty in removing the makeup Linda had put on her. Trying to reproduce what Linda had done, she selected blusher, shadow, eyeliner, mascara, lip liner, lipstick, and lip gloss in subtle colors; a soft peach for the blusher, a light gray for the liner, and red lipstick that came close to matching the varnish Linda had put on her finger and toe nails. Her first attempt was a disaster. So was her second. It took her five tries to get the makeup on without creating a clown face of smeared color.

Pretty Lips used the mascara sparingly and had dispense with the lip liner until she realized that defining the edges of the area to be covered with the lipstick and gloss would help her get them on right the area intended. When she was done she looked with satisfaction in the mirror. It was not as nice a job as Linda had done. Still, she thought it would compare well with the efforts of many girls who were just starting to use makeup. Of course, Sarah had forsworn the use of makeup in her first year of high school. Before then, at the urging of her girlfriends she had used a little lipstick and nail varnish in junior high. It had been four years since she had used those basic cosmetics.

Realizing that time was running she short grabbing a comb and went to work trying to recreate the hairstyle that Linda had given her. Again looking in the mirror she realized that something was still wrong.

She brushed her hair again and glanced at the mirror, she looked better. Pretty Lips started to smile, then realized what she was doing and frowned, almost breaking down into tears. I’m no girly-girl! I’m a tough undercover cop on undercover assignment that wants to play with girly-girls.

Yet she was afraid. Afraid of what would happen to her if she refused to cooperate.

At the police academy she was taught that if she was held captive she should go along with anything, while wait for a chance to escape. Pretty Lips shuddered, knowing that she had no choice. She feared that escape might be impossible. It certainly is while I’m on this steamer miles from land.

I’m alone, cut off from the police force, on a ship, probably in international waters, surrounded by the open ocean, and crewed by ruthless men. I can’t escape, and what’s worse is that the men on this boat are probably going to rape me, and make me a whore, perhaps even forcing me to bear a

child.

Shamed, she realized that she was even afraid to cry because tears might damage her makeup. There was only one answer. Pretty Lips decided to bide her time, play along and hope that when they came to a port, she find a way to escape.

Play along like a good little girl. Like a good little, Pretty Lips, she told himself. Getting them to relax their guard might be my best chance.

She was startled by a knock on her cabin door.

Without waiting for to respond the sailor that had been their earlier walked in. "Well now, don't you look nice. Just you come along with Big Joe here and I will steer you right to the Captain. He is real eager to get a look at you." The man had a funny smile as he talked; after a moment Pretty Lips realized his smile was a leer.

Pretty lips grabbed for a towel to try and cover her nakedness.

"None of that, now, girl! Slave girls are only allowed clothes when told to wear it. You best get used to being in the buff!" The man continued to leer at her as he spoke.

"He's lusting for me," Pretty Lips realized, with horror.

Big Joe pulled Pretty Lips out into the companionway and pushed the former cop from behind. He was constantly putting his hands on Pretty Lips' naked shoulders to guide the former cop down the ship's corridors. After one turning his fingers slipped down to the girls bottom and pinched her, hard.

"Ouch!" Pretty Lips cried as the man laughed. From that moment on Pretty Lips tried hard to stay ahead of Big Joe. She visibly sighed with relief when the came to door marked 'Captain'. Big Joe knocked and then opening the door pushed Pretty Lips inside. On seeing the Captain, Pretty Lips was surprised that it was not Ahmed. The Captain didn't look Arabic or Asian.

He introduced himself with a slight bow.

"Greetings my dear. I am Sir John Kent, Master of this ship. Ahmed has informed me that you choose to join our little company rather than go fishing. We are highly complimented."

The man's accent was English. His manner surprised the former cop.

What would be gained by pretending that I'm anything but a captive, Pretty Lips wondered.

Aloud she answered, "I was told I would be cut up into small chunks and used as bait, if I refused your er-invitation."

"Quite so, my dear, quite so. Still, you must admit that the choice was yours. Well to business. We don't normally handle people from your occupation, or sexual inclination. But, seeing how charming you look I predict an interesting, and not unpleasant time for you with us."

Pretty Lips was so angry she lost control, "Tell me what it is you plan to do with me, and the other girls you kidnapped! Why are we nude and why are you making me wear this awful makeup!"

"Oh dear me, rebellion, and mutiny, aboard ship. Simply can't be tolerated, no, dear me, no!" the Captain replied with a condescending grin.

"Tell me I say!" The former police officer demanded taking a threatening step closer to Sir John.



The look in the Captains eye turned to cold steel. He made a motion with his hand and Pretty Lips felt strong hands grip her arms from behind. She had forgotten that Big Joe was still behind her. Sir John continued, his words were addressed to Big Joe.

“Take our impertinent guest out to the aft deck and have Max teach her to mind her rebellious manners. Instruct him to leave no permanent marks, but to make sure she sees the error of her ways.

“Make the little wench wish she’d never been born, let alone stumbled into the middle of our business.”

Pretty Lips was pushed out of the cabin and then dragged out onto the deck. The former cop was tied to the cargo crane mast, her chest pressed to the mast’s cold steel.

A crowd of sailor formed around. They made comments on her looks, paying particular attention to her smallish breasts, wide, somewhat fleshy hips, and the thick bush of chestnut hair at her groin. The former policewoman blushed as they discussed her the way they might a mongrel hound.

Pretty Lips’ hands were tied well above her head forcing her to stand on her toes. As her muscles began to ache another man appeared. He was a huge, over six feet high, and nearly as wide. He stripped of his shirt and Pretty Lips shuddered at the size of his brawny arms. His lean biceps were bigger than Pretty Lips’ thighs. Then he reached to his belt and pulled out a many-tongued whip; a cat of nine tails. The thongs were cut wide and smooth edged. The whip was designed to punish, but not cut flesh.

Big Joe grinned, then drawing a knife and put it to Pretty Lips neck. “This a learning experience for you, girl. Learn, or be prepared for further instruction that makes the pain you’ll experience here seem a trifle!”

Joe stepped back and the next moment Pretty Lips’ life turned to pain. Max brought the stinging straps down across the former cop’s back, rump and thighs again and again. Pretty Lips had planned not to yell or cry. The force of first blow drove the air from her lungs. By the fourth stroke of the cat the girl was screaming and whimpering. She would have begged them to stop if she could have spoken at all. Thirty lashes the giant delivered to the quivering girl before him. With each stroke Max grinned, seeming to enjoy the pain he was inflicting. Pretty Lips’ back and rear went from smooth soft pink skin to a flaming red pattern of wide welts of pain.

Then Max asked, “Well, girl, will you now keep a civil and lady like tongue in her mouth!” The strap stopped and after a moment the sobs began. They were patient knowing that they had just punished her severely. After a few minutes Pretty Lips was able to gasp out a promise. “Yes! I’ll be good! I promise! Please don’t whip me any more!”

They cut her down and carried her back to his cabin. All that afternoon Pretty Lips lay on his stomach softly crying. By the next morning she was able to stand again. Later that day he was again told to do her makeup and hair as she was to be presented to the captain, again. Pretty Lips was carefully made-up and demurely feminine and quite when she was before the Captain again. Answering only when asked a direct question Pretty Lips tried to behave as femininity as possible. The Captain addressed a question to Sarah, and Pretty Lips looked at the deck saying nothing, pretending to have no idea who Sarah might be.

In the next few days the shipboard routine became an anchor to sanity for Pretty Lips. The former policewoman drifted through the first week not paying attention to what was going on around her. Each morning Pretty Lips showered then carefully did her makeup and hair. The former cop was

then escorted down the hall to see the doctor. Each trip to the Doctor included more injections, more measurements and more notes. The injections she received went into her arm, her bottom, and every day two went into her lower abdomen; one on each side. They were the most painful and sometimes the Doctor had to stab her with the needle several times to deliver what ever was in the syringe to just the part of her he wanted to go to. The third day Pretty Lips awoke with sever cramps. She asked the doctor about them and he just smiled.

“Don’t worry, little one. They will last only a short time, while your body adjusts to its new chemistry,” the Doctor replied with a grin.

Pretty Lips suspected the nature of the injections but knew better than to ask. On the sixth morning the former cops suspicions were confirmed. She her breasts were bigger, perhaps having gained a half-cup size. They also seemed plumper, not just larger but more upturned and perky.

My breast are growing! She moaned looking into the mirror. I wonder what else the might do to reshape my body into some man’s adolescent fantasy.

Her shock brought her out of the listlessness the whipping and imprisonment had created. Looking closely in the mirror she saw other changes were occurring. Her skin looked finer and was softer. The lines of her face were smoother as were her arms, hips and calves. Her lean runners body was vanishing. However, the changes weren’t all bad. Looking closer she saw that the extra flesh she had been unable to run off her hips and tummy had thinned. She figured that whatever process the doctor had started in her body with his fowl injections, would continue unless she could find a way to stop it. She touched her breasts, protectively, they were tender, especially the nipples. A sensation she hadn’t experienced since she was thirteen.

Thinking about it she realized that she was strangely alone. There were many young women on the ship. None were allowed clothing. She had learned that the most of the girls slept together in a large communal chamber. Pretty Lips assumed that it was one of the ships cargo holds.

The glimpses he got of life aboard the ship convinced the former policewoman that she was caught in a white slavery operation. She noticed that all the girls did have one item of clothing. Each girl wore a heavy plastic bracelet around her right wrist, like the one the Doctor had placed on Pretty Lips. All were green, except her red one. It was several days before Pretty Lips learned the significance of the different colors of the bracelets. Then it dawned on her.

I’ve seen girls wearing green bracelets routinely raped by the men on the ship, the former policewoman realized.

Rape was common on the ship. It seemed that any off duty sailor was free to take any girl he liked, as long as she wore a green bracelet. With a crew of about twenty men and roughly forty girls on board, some poor sister was being taken almost every waking hour. Looking at the red plastic band on her wrist Pretty Lips shuddered.

I won’t let them, she decided. But she knew that her chances of stopping what ever they planned to do to her were slim, at best.

Pretty Lips swore that she would not allow the Doctor to administer more injections. The time had come to fight, to awake Sarah, the tough well-trained policewoman.

Yes! Tomorrow when they unlock the door I’ll either win to freedom or die.

She started to plan her escape. Her plan was based on this morning’s routine being the same as the routine on the previous five days. Unfortunately, the next morning was not without surprises.

## CHAPTER IV

### Radical Changes

Pretty Lips planned to invite the Big Joe's advances when he came for her the next morning. He'd been her guard every day, and his flirting behavior had become totally predictable. The idea disgusted her, but Pretty Lips was sure it would be easy to convince the big sailor that she'd succumb to his charms.

When the man kissed Pretty Lips, the former policewoman planned knee him and get his knife. Once armed she would tie Big Joe up, and search the Doctors cabin for the firearms she hoped were there. With a gun Pretty Lips felt that Sarah, yes Sarah again, would be able to take control of the ship and radio for help. It was a daring plan that might have worked, if big Joe had come as usual.

When Pretty Lips emerged from her cabin the next morning she was greeted by two sailors she didn't know. Big Joe was nowhere to be seen. She started to fight, but that ended when the men each took a firm hold on Pretty Lips' arm and half led her to a cabin, one she had not been in adjacent to the Doctors office. While one of the men held the struggling woman, the other placed a mask over Pretty Lips' face. The former cop knew the smell of ether and tried to pull away. She was too late. Before she fully understood her danger the drug had already started to put her under. In moments the struggling woman was quite.

When Pretty Lips came around she was strapped down to a narrow hospital bed and couldn't move. Even her head was held rigidly in one place. As the minutes ticked by Pretty Lips felt a growing sense of pain in her face, neck, and groin. Glancing around she saw that there were at least three IVs dripping something into her. She could feel where the delivery needles were taped to her arm. The punctures were painful and fluid felt cold going into her.

The former cop tried to remain calm as she waited, hoping someone would tell her what was going on. Her worst fears were horrible. The pain in her groin terrified her. Pretty Lips hoped that she was still a virgin. Yet she knew that she might now be irrevocably changed, even pregnant. Later he heard the door open and the Doctor walked into her line of vision.

"Don't try to speak, Pretty Lips. You won't be able to until the bandages come off. That will be in two weeks. I will explain what has happened to you.

"My assistants, and I, have made a number of adjustments that enhance your marketability. I know you'll be pleased to hear that, Pretty Lips. The changes are more than cosmetic in nature. I am a surgeon. My job is to make whatever adjustments to the girls that are necessary for them to achieve their highest price.

"That's what I have done to you. A few minor alterations to your face enhance your beauty, shortened your vocal cords assure you will only be able speak in a very soft soprano, a time-release implant has been inserted into your groin and I have treated your reproductive system. The implant will flood your body with catalyst and hormones that will continue to accentuate your female curves and help you adjust to the new reproductive possibilities I've created for you. I think I can get you into an A cup by the time you are put up for auction; a big improvement over your cup size when you were captured. You are receiving drugs continually from IVs that, aided by the catalyst, are slowly altering your genetic structure, helping your body adjust and be ready to thrive, given your new nature and role.

"Your reproductive system has been augmented by the addition of two new ovaries with new

fallopian tubes connected them to your womb. You, Pretty Lips, are now capable of birthing human babies and puppies, Great Dane puppies to be exact. We use Great Dane ovaries because we find that most of the buyers interested in breeding a slave to their dogs prefer the giant breeds, most often Great Danes. Besides, I hear the giant breeds, do a better job of impregnation on my created part girl-part bitch slaves, like you. The knot that forms at the base of a dog's penis tends to pull out of women. But, with the add of the catalyst, your vaginal muscles should develop in a few months to the point where once the dog's knot grows to full size, you'll be stuck together with your dog lover until he has filled you quite full of his puppy seed. You will bear purebred Great Dane puppies, mostly show quality.

"However, the market is broad and other girls on this trip will be markets as high quality breeding stock for other breeds, such as the mastiff. Another girl is in the adjacent room and is now almost ready to be bred for mastiff puppies; I believe you know her. Her name is Linda.

"We add the bitch nature to girls, like you, that while pretty, will never be beautiful, even with all the help I can provide.

Sarah wanted to scream, but the restraints and bandages made it impossible for her to move and although she tried, no sound escaped her lips.

It can't be true! They can't have made me part animal! Her mind cried, and the Doctor grinned, seeing the tears flow onto her cheeks.

"The implant, given the right situation, such as when you go into heat, will also enhanced your ability to lubricant allowing your system to welcomes the sexual advances of males." The doctor continued.

"The implant and catalysts together will modulate the timing of your human fertile period adjusting it to match the bitch heat you will go into every four to six months, that's between litters; so, when you are ready to breed, either a man or dog, or both, may impregnate you. The implant will lose its effects in about thirty months, but by them your new ovaries will maintain the pattern. I was very pleased to find that doggy ovaries are more powerful than human, and gain control of a slaves breeding in a matter of months.

"While you heal from these procedures we will make an additional minor alteration. My assistants will removing all your body hair. Prior to your facial surgery we permanently removed the slight fuzz you had on your upper lip, eliminated any hint of sideburns, and thinned and reshaped your eyebrows.

"I'm afraid, Pretty Lips, that you will never again be able to play off the role of a dyke who claims a fem girl as her own. You yourself will are now a pretty fem.

"Relax and try to sleep, Pretty Lips. This may be the most restful time you will have for months, perhaps years." With his final caution the Doctor left.

Sarah wanted to scream. Could it be possible? Have they really turned me into a creature that can have puppies?

It's impossible! I know it's impossible!

But the bastard seems so sure of himself. And why the hell would they tell me that, if it weren't true?

Tears flowed from her eyes but she was bound so tightly that no other sign of her anguish was

visible.

Sometime later two men dressed in white coats came in. They removed the blanket that was covering Pretty Lips. Under the blanket Pretty Lips realized she was nude, except for the bandages covering her face and part of her groin. Using electrical tools that hummed, the two men began to remove the hair from her body. One started on Pretty Lips' arms while the other began at Pretty Lips' groin. They inserted a thin needle into each follicle and administered a slight electrical charge that killed the hair.

The process was painful. The former policewoman tried to pull away, to resist, but she couldn't move. Pretty Lips realized that struggling was useless and tried to ignore the building pain. One of the men smiled at her, cruelly.

"Maybe you need something to occupy your mind, slave. I think I have just the thing." He stood and moved a TV monitor into Pretty Lips' line of sight. Placing earphones on Pretty Lips' head he hit the play and went back to work. Sound filled Pretty Lips' head and the TV screen filled the former cops field of vision. The program they had turned on was a discussion between two women.

They were in their twenties, and had fine figures and were pretty in a young mother sort of way. One was wearing a light blue denim jumper that came to below her knees over a white cotton long sleeve blouse. The other was wearing a pink pants suite over a shy blue blouse. They at a kitchen table and having coffee. The kitchen was large and displayed cherry cabinets, black stone countertops, stainless steel appliances and bamboo flooring.

'But, Marge, why would I want to have sex with a dog?' The woman in the Jumper asked.

'Well, Wendy,' the woman wearing the pink pants suite replied, 'you see dogs are the creatures on earth best able to really make a woman happy in bed.'

'You must be kidding. I mean, better than men?'

'Yes,' Marge replied with a shy smile. 'Even better than another woman.'

'Now I know your kidding.'

Marge shook her head. 'Consider a dog's tongue. It's a lot wider and longer than a man's. It can caresses a girls anus, vaginal opening and clit, all at the same time.'

'Hum, well I admit that sounds like it has possibilities. But are they any good at it. I mean size can be nice, but I've always needed more than size to get me off. Skill is important.'

Marge nodded. 'Dogs have good instincts about how to get a girl excited. Their tongues are hotter than human, and they just love the taste of a female's body getting excited. It's bio-feedback for them. What feels good, releases some of your liquid, and a dog lover figures that out, and goes after more. Plus, dogs never are the least bit put-off by your taste or smell. If you just peed, they like that. If you're menstruating they like that too. If you haven't bathed in a while, or just had a great workout and are all sweaty they love you for it, dogs get more turned on by your smell and taste as you smell more, which you do if they are getting you off.'

'Wendy, Let me show you a short video of a dog doing my friend Judy.'

Suddenly, a film of a pretty young woman slowly stripping in front of a large German Sheppard in an expensively furnished bedroom.

Judy was a slight woman who looked to weigh thirty pounds less than the bog dog in front of her. The dog seemed mesmerized as she stripped for him. She kept smiling at him and giggling as she removed her clothes. When she was nude she leaned back on a bed and with her vulva right at the edge of the bed spread her legs wide in front of the dog.

'Come give mommy a kiss, Frisco,' she said as she lightly patted and then spread her thighs wide. The dog slowly moved forward and the camera moved in.

Pretty lips forgot the pain of the electrolysis as she watched Frisco's huge tongue first bath, then please Judy's vulva. The tongue caressed, probed and moved very quickly between the woman's trigger points. The tongue seemed huge to Pretty Lips as the close up view showed it moving over the soaking vulva.

The dog's tongue started probing into the waiting vagina, pushing deeper and deeper, sliding in and out, and from time to time, emerging to tenderly touch and excite the magic places at the top and the bottom of the woman's cleft.

Pretty lips heard Judy's breathing responding to the stimulation. More convincing than the breathing, was the way the woman's body shook and convulsed as Frisco continued. The woman's orgasm came in rapid succession as the dog licked and probed. Pretty lips could see little squirts of Judy's liquids, mixed with the dog's saliva coming out of her vagina around the probing tongue.

Judy was screaming in time with the movements of the tongue. 'Oh my, God! I'm coming! Good Boy! God! Coming! Good Frisco! . . .'

After what looked like a mind-blowing climax, Judy rolled off of the bed and wrapped herself around the big Sheppard, hugging him tight and whispering so softly to him that Pretty Lips couldn't hear what she was saying.

The scene faded to black and there were Wendy and Marge again. Still sitting at the kitchen table sipping their coffee. Both looked a little flushed.

'Well, Marge, I guess I can see how that might be good,' Wendy said with a grin, 'but, that's a long way from letting a dog screw you with its dirty cock.'

Marge jumped in, 'A dog's penis is very clean. They clean it daily. It's much cleaner than most men's. When it's not angry, its penis sheltered in the dogs body in the cute sheath under its tummy. What's more you can't catch a STD from a dog. You can even stop taking your birth-control pills and safely enjoy doggy sex.'

'No STDs?' Wendy asked.

'Well, if the dog has just had sex with someone else who had a STD you might, but if it was more than a few hours before you're safe, if it was a few days before you're very safe.'

'And if it's your own dog, that doesn't get out much?'

'Like my Baxter?' Marge said smiling. 'Yep, you can't get sick, and you can't get pregnant.'

'Did I just hear a confession?' Wendy asked, smiling.

'I guess, if you want to look at it that way, Wendy. Think of it as my coming out, like you did with me when you told me that you like girls, as well as boys.'

Wendy nodded. 'So, Marge, are you as pumped about coupling with Baxter as you are about his tongue.'

Marge nodded, and giggled. 'It's not like a man's. I think it's better, at least at getting a girl off. Although I admit some men are good at that, and maybe better at cuddling and pillow talk after sex than Baxter is.'

Wendy laughed, 'So it's just sex?'

'No, how could it be that way, when there is love shared between us. I know Baxter loves me, and I love him. It may be human to pet love, but it makes the coupling very special.'

'So, Marge how is it different than doing it with a man?'

'Lots of ways, let's watch this.'

The screen gadded to black and then an animated image came on showing a nude woman on hands and knees, with a full sized male poodle beside her. A very clinical voice male came on and the figures moved to demonstrate the points being made.

'Women and dogs fit together well, but differently than men and women. The woman's sex is lower than a dog's, and a woman offering a dog her sex, must lower her upper body and raise her hips to get her vagina in a position that is normal for the dog to in mating.

'Here we see a woman in the appropriate position, offering mating to her K9 pet, a full size poodle. Poodles are good breed for sexual companionship because they are large, and intelligent. Most easily figure out when their mistress wants to couple with them and are eager to oblige. They have already had oral sex and the dog knows she is receptive. Being male he wants to breed her and will try to do so, giving a little encouragement. Note how the tip of his penis is protruding from his sheath already. This is the perfect way to start. Although, his human partner, even in the right position may need to guide his penis to her entrance, with her hand, even when she is in the right position, once he begins to mount.

'A dogs penis has a bone within it, unlike a man, that starts the mating process when the dog is excited by pressing the tip of the penis out of the sheath. The dog's penis never gets fully erect in the air. To gain its full size it needs to find its way into a vagina. See your willing woman has her head down, resting on her left arm, which in tern rests on the floor. This position raises her sex and presents it to her. See how she guides the emerging penis to her opening with her right hand.

'Lets look at this cut away animation of what happens. The penis is thrusts into the vagina by the dog's hips, but at this early stage it is only about two inches long, and rather thin, about like the woman's index finger.

'Now observe as the male thrust repeatedly into his partner. At first the penis is small and the stimulation for the partner is mental. She knows she has joined with her chosen mate, but, so far, she receiving little stimulation. At this point the penis starts to grow and begins to eject pre-cum into the woman's sex to lubricate it and prepare her. The amount of liquid is large and an observer, or helper, at this point will see some of the clear pre-come drip from the woman's vagina.

'But, see what happens next. As the male thrusts in and out, his penis grows in length. After a few dozen thrusts the penis has grown to be a length that can reach the woman's cervix, longer than most men's. Another dozen thrusts and the thickness of the penis reaches that equal to a well endowed man's. As the mating continues the shape of the poodle's penis takes its final for. It is

different than a man's. Observe in the animation, how the tip is at then of a penis comes to a cone like tapered end. The end is rather small. This is because that when mating with another dog the tip of the penis will be thrust through the cervix and into the womb.

'Some women also have the experience of their cervix being penetrated. For some it is unpleasant, even painful, for others it is a wonderful pleasure. Some women can train themselves to relax their cervix to allow the thrusting penis tip to move through the entrance of their womb. We will return to this aspect of the mating in a short while.

'At this stage in the mating the penis is still growing and getting thicker in the middle. Unless a woman has recently given birth, she will feel that the expanded penis is filling her, and as it moves through the entrance of her vagina it is providing significant pleasure to her.

'Near the basis of the penis a bulb starts to form that is wider than the middle of the penis. It starts out as just a greater thickness but quickly widens into a large bulb that is called the knot. In our animated couple the poodles knot grows to be something greater than twice the thickness of the penis. In some dogs, particularly the giant breeds, it may become much larger.

'At first the knot is thrust in and out of the woman's sex, providing enhanced stimulation that often triggers one or more climaxes. As the knot grows it becomes too large to be pressed in and out in the standard coupling motion of mating mammals. At this time, the knot may become locked into the vagina neat the entrance.

'Note the relationship of the woman's G spot to the knot. Most women experiencing being 'tied' like this find that the knot, which still may be growing, presses over and over against their G spot in the exact right way to create pleasure.

'Women who enjoy mating with a K9 lover often work to train their pelvic floor muscles to allow them better to hold the knot in.

'The knot blocks the entrance to the vagina, trapping the dogs seed within the vagina, and womb (if the cervix has been penetrated). The tie greatly improves the chance, in dogs (and a few special woman), that the mating will result in the female's impregnation. If she is in heat and her eggs are released, the sperm is trapped within her providing an improved chance that the sperm will reach and fertilize the egg.

'I'm told that the pleasure associated with what looks to the observer as a quite time is very great and that what is going on inside the woman is far from quite.

'Some positions also extend the time the sexual partners may be tied. Left on his own, the dog will dismount from the females back, and turn so that they are tied together sort of end to end. Some women like this part of experience while other prefer to use positions, such as the missionary, which allow the woman to wrap her legs around the dog holding him in place during the tie.

'The tie will last from as few as five minutes to well over a half-hour. While tied the dogs penis is delivering its sperm. His sperm is warm enough so that the woman can feel it in entering her. When the dog has given the sperm he has to the knot shrinks and the penis slips easily from the woman's body.

'Some women report that their K9 lover will then use his tongue to clean her sex, an experience that is described as one of great pleasure, while others dogs will move to the side to clean their penis and rest.



'If the female is in heat the couple may mate again every few hours until her fertile period ends. The male will stay near her, eager to impregnate her. Some woman report that when they ovulate their K9 lovers behave as if they were in heat.

'To review, we have seen that while some adjustments may be necessary for a woman to be mated by a dog, the results may be much more physical pleasure than many women find with a human lover.'

The screen faded to black and then returned to Wendy and Marge talking at the kitchen table.

'Really?' Wendy asked.

Marge nodded, a large grin on her face. 'There is nothing like it! I try to think that I'm no slut, but I'll admit to sixteen men as lovers in the last few years. Some were pretty good in bed, but not one can do for me what Baxter does.

The screen faded and Pretty Lips became aware of the man removing the hair on her sex, arms, underarms, and legs. She felt in shock, but wondered how much of the film was propaganda, aimed at making her compliant, and how much was true.

Then her tormenters ran the videos again. Pretty Lips tried not to watch but watching distracted her from the pain of the electrolysis. She felt her curiosity increase as the women discussed, over and over, the virtues of dogs as lovers.

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CHAPTER V

A Visit to Judy's Kennel

Each new day brought a repeat of the films Pretty Lips had seen, plus new ones. Her second day there was a new film featuring Marge and Wendy, which began with Marge explained the pleasure of giving oral sex to her dog lover. The Film was titled: Wendy and Marge Visit Judy's Kennel.

'You do that with Baxter?' Wendy asked, opening the film.

'Sure. I mean you saw, in the film, the terrific job Frisco did of pleasing Judy. Well, Baxter gets me off that good and better, every time we play. I'd be pretty selfish if I didn't want to return the pleasure.'

'I know you said it's clean, and all, but the idea of sucking a dog off seems really gross to me. Do you go all the way and try to deep throat Baxter?'

Marge shook her head. 'Dogs are different than men, from top to bottom, and that includes their penis. The most sensitive flesh on a dog's penis is around his knot. On a men, it's at the tip. Men love it when you let them fuck your mouth, but, although a dog will thrust, what he wants is for his lover to lick his shaft and knot.'

'So you lick it?'

'Yeah, like you would an ice-cream cone. Baxter loves it when I do him that way, and I find one of the great pleasures of my life was watching his face when I'm able to bring him the supreme pleasure. It's a rush of power that's better than having my own climax.'

'Better than the rush you get when you do a man. I mean that's a rush, but I can see so much in a man's face, I can't see much in a dogs, their either happy or sleepy, at least that's how it seems to me.'

'Wendy, there is a lot to see in a dogs face. I've never given a BJ to a man who looked at me with the appreciation that Baxter does after I do him. He looks at me like I'm god, and god has just blessed him with complete bliss.'

'Well, I can see how that might be.'

'Marge, I can't really get my mind around the idea of you having an affair with your dog. What about Frank.'

Marge giggled, 'Frank leaves me alone so much that I can't see how its any of his business. Between twelve-hour days at the office and out of town business trips I only see him a few waking hours a week. During those hours I take good care of his needs, and the rest of the week Baxter takes care of mine. I don't know that Frank would mind. He's very concerned about STDs, and I've promised him I wouldn't do anything that might risk his, or my health.'

'You mean Baxter can't give you a STD?'

'Yep, there aren't any that a dog can pass onto a human, or other dieses either, short of rabies. His shots are up to date, and I don't let him run lose.'

'Something else to consider, is Baxter will never tell, or try to blackmail me.'

'I see there are advantages, especially over say the teenage boy who cut the lawn.'

'So, Marge, you know that Baxter is faithful to you?'

'Sure, except when I put him out to stud.'

'You do that?'

'Yes. He's a wonderful dog with great bloodlines. Besides Frank really like the stud fees we get.'

'For my part I know that Baxter's fine qualities should be passed on.'

'But, Marge, don't you get jealous, when, excuse my language; Baxter is screwing around with a bitch?'

'Wendy, it's awful. But, since I can't have his puppies, it's the right thing to do. Besides. But I do love it when Frank talks about my big stud dog, Baxter.' She giggled.

'Puppies? Wendy, you want to have Baxter's puppies.'

'Sure, I mean he's a wonderful lover! No man has ever made me come the way he does.'

Sometimes, in the afterglow of five or six earth-moving orgasms, while Baxter is cleaning me up and making me all sparkling, I cry, because I can't do it.'

'That would create a problem with Frank, if you had puppies, I mean. There is no way he'd not find out.'

Marge giggled. 'Your right, but I'd tell him, as soon as I was sure, and let him decide if he wanted to be part of the fun, or get free of me. It's not like I don't have my own money.'

Wendy's eyes grew large, 'Part of the fun!'

'Sure, I've read stories, on the inter-net, about men who like it when their wife cuckolds them with

their dog. Some husbands even post movies and pictures of their wives mating with the family pet.

'Frank might be one of those. You know, turned on by the idea of me and this animal doing the deed together, especially if I let him watch.'

'Let him watch?'

'Sure, he really is a dear, in many ways, and if that's how he could make his peace with the reality of Baxter being my lover, I'd let him watch, and do me after if he wants to.'

Wendy grinned, 'OK, you talked me into it. When will you bring Baxter over so I can find out how wonderful a dog is as a lover.'

Marge laughed, 'Never, Girlfriend. Baxter is mine. But, I do know a lady, Mrs. Brown, who raises dogs to sell as lovers to women like me. That's where I got Baxter. If you want, one of these days, when my Frank and your Bill are both out of town, we can go visit her, and you can try out several dogs. Mrs. Brown tells me that some ladies like them smallish, and some want the biggest they can get.'

'Size of dog, or size of penis?' Wendy laughed.

Marge giggled, 'Both. Like with men, generally as the guy gets bigger, so does his bad thing. But like men, not all dogs the same size, have the same size tool.'

The film closed with Wendy and Marge making plans to visit Mrs. Brown.

Pretty Lips wanted to through-up. This film is the most damn sexist thing I've ever seen! But as soon as it was over her tormentors ran it again. Pretty Lips was forced to watch the woman Marge talk about how she loved to give oral sex to her dog again, then it repeated, and repeated again, and again. It was repeated over and over until she knew the words by heart. Later, when they changed the tape, Pretty Lips realized that they were not just removing her leg, arm hair and shaping her genital patch. She could feel them removing every hair in her groin, even the few hairs near her anus. She groaned, knowing she would never again see the soft thatch of chestnut hair that had shielded her vulva. When the two men quite work, over eight hours later, they had removed every hair from Pretty Lips' groin and thighs.

The next day they were back and after catching a few stray hairs they had missed they worked on Pretty Lips' lower legs and underarms. They were back the next day and the next. Each day there were new films for her watch, and the ones she'd already seen were run again.

They're trying to brainwash me, but I'll resist, they may be able to abuse and even rape me, but I'll be damned if I'll learn to like it. And the whole idea of having sex with a dog! It's too gross to even imagine! Pretty Lips assured herself that she could resist, but the more times she watched the damn films the more curious she became.

Mixed in with the films glorifying sex between women and dogs, were others that extolled the role of women as the servants and willing sexual playthings of males. One tape that was particularly disgusted to Pretty Lips explained, including demonstrations, how a woman's could use every part of her body to pleasure and relieve a man's erection.

On the fifth day they drugged Pretty Lips' liquid breakfast. After she was out cold they turned her carefully over and secured her again.

When Pretty Lips came to she realized that they were now removing the sparse hairs from the backs of her legs. She also realized that the growth of her breast had progressed. They felt larger as her weight pushing her chest into the mattress. After recovering from the horror of this realization, Pretty Lips began to wonder just how big they were, and how big they might get. The tingling she felt in her nipples as they brushed the surface of the bed was shocking. Pretty Lips' horror deepened as she realized that the sensations were more pleasurable that she'd received from her breasts before, even when masturbating in the shower. She had the first inkling of the degree to which he might be at the mercy of the implant the doctor had invaded her body with.

Three new films were added to the mix for the next few days. The first they showed her featured Marge and Wendy visiting Mrs. Brown so that Wendy could see what kind of dog she might like as a lover.

The film opened with the two pulling up to a farm like cluster of buildings in a black Mercedes convertible. As the car came to a stop the sound of barking dogs was heard in the background.

A woman that Pretty Lips recognized as Judy, from the oral sex film with the Shepherd Frisco, walked to the women, who had gotten out of the car with her hand extended to Wendy.

'You must be Wendy, Marge has told me about you.'

'And you can be no one but Mrs. Brown,' Wendy replied.

'Yes, but call me Judy. After all, you're about to join the sorority.'

'Sorority?' Wendy asked.

Judy nodded, 'Yes, women who take dogs as lovers.'

'Oh!' Wendy blushed, 'Well, sort of. Marge talked me into, you know trying it, and said you could help me find the right dog, or breed.'

'No reason for embarrassment, Wendy, Marge, does it, I do it, and I know lots of other women who do it too.'

'Is your husband a fellow conspirator, or are you keeping your new interest a secret.'

'I'm not sure how that is relevant.'

'Well, if it's a secret you may need to be sure the breed you pick is one your husband would like to have as a family pet.'

'Oh, yes I understand. I did talk about getting a dog with Bill. He liked the idea, but said I shouldn't get any of the toy breeds or small terriers. He wants a dog that his friends won't make fun of.'

'What about size, at the other end?' Judy asked.

'I don't think he cares, although I'd like some size down there. Bill is a good lover, but he's not very big and I was thinking a dog that was, would be a nice change of pace.'

Judy and Marge giggled, then Judy explained. 'I meant overall size. All my dogs, bred as women's companions are well endowed for their size in the penis department, as far as I can go and not violate the breed standard.'

Wendy giggled, "Well, our yard isn't very big, and while I will take him running with me, a dog that needs more than a half-hours exercise a day, other than sex play, might be too much.'

'That helps, it eliminates several breeds.

'Wendy, how big is Bill, where it counts and he is ready to make love?'

'Well, I haven't measured, him, but judging from the men I was with before we were married, I'd say he's a little below average.'

'In length, or width?' Judy pressed.

'Both, I'm afraid, but he uses what he has pretty well, and if I'm not satisfied when he's done, he finishes me off with some pretty good tongue work.'

'Does he hunt?' Judy asked.

Wendy shook her head, 'Only clients.'

'So, why do you want to add a dog to your sex life? Sounds like your Bill is a fine man?'

'He is, but he's away a lot on business trips. He often goes with his assistant, a pretty young thing named Rachel, and his secretary, thinking she was getting even with Bill for something, told me he and Rachel shared a room, and bed, with Bill when they travel.

'I checked it out, and its true.'

Marge drew in her breath, 'Wendy, I had no idea. So the dog thing is sort of revenge?'

'No, I don't mind much about Rachel. When Bill is home he is very attentive. Rachel is married, and her husband is well off. So she's not looking to trade him for Bill. But, since Bill isn't going without while he is away, I see no reason why I should.'

Judy grinned, 'OK then, Wendy, one more question. How much do you weigh?'

'About 105 pounds, a little more when I'm feeling bloated.'

'About what I reckoned, Wendy why don't you get comfortable and I'll bring in the first candidate.'

As Judy went out the door, Wendy turned to Marge and said, 'Comfortable?'

Marge nodded. 'She means naked. You're about to have sex, and your clothes are going to be in the way.'

'Right here, in the living room?'

Marge nodded, 'Yep.

'Judy has all the props and padding you will need.'

Wendy stood still for a minutes, and then smiled and then slipped off her clothes. She wasn't wearing a lot, since she'd expected to have sex; sandals, jeans, a white cotton blouse, and a matching pastel blue satin panty and bra were soon piled neatly on the couch.

The room was warm, and after a moment of being embarrassed at being nude in front of Marge, she shrugged her shoulders and smiled. 'You're going to watch?'

Marge grinned and nodded. 'Unless you don't want me to?'

'Well, . . . '

'I'll make a deal with you, Wendy, you let me watch, and when we get home I'll let you watch me and Baxter.'

Wendy thought for a moment and then smiled, and nodded. 'I guess I might learn a lot that way.

Judy came back in the room leading a large short-legged dog with very big ears on a leash.

'Wendy, this is Hank, he's a Basset Hound. He weighs 55 pounds, but his penis should be larger than your husbands, and of the course his knot adds to that. I've trained him and he gives a real nice fuck.'

'So what do I do?' Wendy asked. She looked nervously at Hank, why was looking right at her like he knew he was about to get lucky.

'Bassets are best in the missionary position. There just tall enough so their penis is at the right height to enter you when you're laying down.

'Grab a couple of them pillows,' Judy said pointing at the pillows on the couch, 'lay down on your back and get one of the pillows under your head and the other under your hips, then bend your legs at the knee and spread your thighs nice and wide apart.'

'Ok, I guess.' Wendy replied as she grabbed two pillows. She paused, seeming to think about how to take the next step, and laid down with her vulva pointed at Hank.

'The carpet on the floor feels soft and clean. Thank you Judy.' A moment later she had her hips and head on the pillow and looked comfortable, except of course for the look fear on her face.

Judy giggled, 'No reason to be afraid, dear. Hank her is as gentile as a lamb, until you want him to be aggressive.'

She led Hank over to Wendy's crotch and unleashed the dog. 'Wendy, he wants you, but he won't do anything unless you invite him. Pat your vulva lightly, smile at him and call him to you.'

Wendy patted her sex and smiling at hank said, 'Here Hank, come kiss me, I'm ready and really want to know what kind of a time you can show a girl.'

The dog moved a little closer testing the air and picking up her scent.

'Spread your lips a little, and massage your sex until you feel yourself start to get wet.' Judy instructed.

With her left hand Wendy spread her outer lips and then with her right began to masturbate her sex.

Forced to watch, Pretty Lips found herself feeling aroused by the sight of the pretty woman massaging her magic spot. In the background she heard the men removing her body hair joke about her enjoying the film, but the scene was so stimulating their crude comments weren't able to destroy her arousal.

In the film, Pretty lips saw that Wendy was younger than she'd thought, in her mid twenties. She had a narrow waist, full upturned breasts, and long smooth legs.

Pretty Lips wished it was her being invited to taste the treasure of the young woman's sex. In the film, Wendy began to breath heavily and moved her hips against her hand. She moaned and whispered, 'I think I'm ready.'

Judy giggled and said, 'Call him again, tell him what you want.'

Wendy laughed, and then smiled at the dog, 'Come her Hank, come take care of momma's sex. I want to feel your big hot tongue in the worst way, and I really, need you to finish getting me off.'

Her giggle was interrupted when the dog took two steps forward and caressed her sex, from her clitoris to her anus, with one long swipe of his tongue.

'Oh my; it's so wet and warm!' Wendy laughed, but as Hank continued the long licks, treating his tongue to the woman's taste from top to bottom of her sex, Wendy's giggles changed to soft moans.

Her moans became loader as the Camera zoomed in and Pretty lips could see the huge tongue probing deep into the valley of the woman's vulva. The sight increased her excitement. When she saw the tongue disappear into Wendy's vagina, and heard the woman on screen moaning her arousal it caused her to softly moan. Pretty Lips wished her hands and bandaged groin were free, so that she could pleasure herself. The crazy idea of asking the men to caresses her sex filled her mind, for a moment, until she could push it aside. Besides I can't talk, even if I wanted to say something so shameless.

The scene she was watching saved her from having to listen to more the men's comments. The dog's tongue moved ceaselessly across Wendy's sex, caressing and probing. The woman was clearly excited and her head was turning back and forth as she whispered encouragement to the dog.

'Oh, good Hand, sweet Hank, your licking me so good! So, good! So damn good!'

She climaxed on screen as Hang's tongue pressed deep into her sex.

Knowing he had pleased her, the dog stopped and looked expectantly at Wendy. It was a minute before her breath slowed enough for her to speak. When se could she grinned at Hank and leaning forward caressed his big head.

'That was so nice, sweet doggy! You did me better than any one has ever done me, with their tongue before.'

Judy cleared her throat. 'Wendy, Hank is still excited and in need. I think you need to return some of the pleasure he gave you.'

'With my mouth?'

'You could, but he would like to mate with you better. Since you wanted to try it, and since he is ready, why not?'

Wendy grinned, 'OK, I means that was so much better than I imagined I'd be foolish not to go all the way.'

'But how do I, you know, get him going.'

Judy brought her a small blanket, and spread it over her tummy. 'This will protect your skin from his claws.'

'Now smile at him and tell him what you want him to do. He's well trained and knows what the F word means.'

Wendy swallowed and then smiled broadly at Hank, and softly cooed to him, 'Come to mommy,

Hank, come give me a real good fuck. I won't say no!

On the word 'fuck' the dog moved forward stepping over Wendy's thighs and wiggling himself forward until Wendy felt his penis press to her groin.

'He's not lined up.' She said pleadingly.

Judy leaned toward her and said, 'Use your hand to guide him.'

Wendy reached down and grasped his sheath and guided it to her sex.

'It's so warm!' She said when she touched it, then 'Oh my, he's in, but like in the film, it's real small.'

Hank started to hump in and out of Wendy and an amazed look came over the woman's face, 'Oh my! He is getting bigger, it's like with every thrust it's longer and thicker.'

'Oh, it feels good to have him growing inside. Yes! Good! Wendy reached around and petted the dog's head and long floppy ears, grinning at him and moaning as he filled her.

'Wow, he's as big as Bill is now, and he's still growing. It's amazing, I mean Bill is three times his size!'

'Wow! I feel his knot starting to form. It feels really good going in and out, each time a little thicker.'

She moaned and started moving her hips to meet Hank's thrusting penis. 'Oh, the knot must be three inches across now. It sort of hurts going in and out.'

Judy leaned forward, 'Wrap your legs around him and holding him inside.'

Wendy did and Hank's thrusts continued but were shallower.

Pretty Lips watched as Wendy grabbed the dog's front legs and pulled him deeper into her. A minute later the dog's thrusts were reduced to a rocking motion and Pretty Lips saw Wendy climax again. A moment later the woman came again and then again. It was a long series of climaxes the slowed and then sped up as she mated with the dog.

'His knot is really big now! Wow! When he moves it presses that special place I love in my pussy, and he's still getting bigger, I mean I can feel him bumping my cervix. If I wasn't so turned on it would hurt, but it feels nice now!'

Wendy moaned and the two seemed to stop moving, although Wendy cooed to the dog and petted him, while her thighs and lower legs held him deep within her.

She climaxed again, and murmured, he's shooting into me now. It feels hot and thicker than the stuff he was shooting a few minutes before. Is it his sperm?'

Judy nodded, 'Yes, he'll do that for quite a while, then stay tied with you for a while longer. His knot is trying to lock his seed in you so he has the best possible chance of impregnating you.'

'Wow! I almost wish he could. I mean I just came more in the last few minutes than I think I did all last year!'

Marge nodded, 'I told you. If I could, Baxter and I would have puppies.'

Hank and Wendy stayed locked together for another for fifteen minutes. The two just wiggled

slightly against each other. Pretty lips could tell that the woman was climaxing, over and over; she and Hank seemed to be seeking to merge.

After what seemed like a long time, Wendy sighed, unlocked her legs and Hank slipped out of her. His penis seemed small again, but it was dripping. The camera zoomed in Wendy's vulva, and Pretty lips saw that there was a coating of what had to be the dog's seaman all over Wendy's sex and pubic hair.

Hank licked his penis a little, but turned back to Wendy's and slowly, but with deliberate care cleaned her until the flow of liquids from her stopped. As the dog licked Wendy came again, and when she was all clean she rolled around and cradling Hank to her bosom, hugged him, and petted him and said, 'Good boy!' over and over.

When the two final separated Wendy got to her feet very slowly, and on shaky legs and said, 'Judy, I'm sold. How much do you want for Hank!'

Judy grinned, and replied. 'Quite a bit, he's show dog quality and the training, which I think you'll agree makes him special, cost a lot more. But it's to soon to talk about price. I have three to four more studs I think you should try before picking a lover.'

The film ended, leaving Pretty Lips excited and desperately wanting to masturbate. The two men working to free her of hair joked about her being in heat, but since Pretty Lips could not reply to their taunts they grew tired of baiting her.

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## **CHAPTER VI**

### **Hero**

The next day there was another new film for Pretty Lips to watch as the men worked on her. It was titled, Hero. It opened where the last had left off, Judy's living room, and a bewildered Wendy contemplating the idea of having sex with more dogs. Marge was looking at her and grinning.

'When I met with Judy, to pick a dog lover I tried six. They were all great, but I settled on Baxter because I liked his smile, and he felt the best inside.'

'Baxter is a Boxer, Marge?' Wendy asked.

Marge nodded. 'A big boxer, at about 75 pounds. But there was another dog I almost took. His name was George, he's a Great Dane. He was great to play with, and he had a good personality, but I decided he was just to big for my house. I mean when I first saw him I thought he was a small horse.'

'But, Wendy, your house is lots bigger than mine is.'

'Wendy laughed and replied, 'Well, why not get a horse then, since I have room.'

Judy shook her head. 'Those that likes horses get off more on the idea than the actual sex. A horse thrusts a few of times and comes. It can be a real nice feeling, but unless your so turned on by the idea that your on a hair trigger, you probably will never come. Also a horse won't do oral with you the way a dog will, and it they'll never clean you afterwards.'

'With horses, there is more risk too. They're so big they can easily hurt you, without intending to, both by stepping on you and by the sheer size of their shaft. Their penis is so long and thick it can

tear you up, and when they come in you, the head flares out to be so wide that if the shaft hasn't torn you, it might. Unless you're in love with the idea I'd leave horses for those that get off on the idea.'

Wendy's eyes got big, 'I was kidding, Judy.

'I mean I've heard stories, but I never thought a woman would really do it with a horse.'

Judy laughed. 'Some do, and say they love it. Some do, and find they don't, some try it and get torn up inside. Those that really, really, want to try a horse, I tell try a pony or a miniature horse first. The risk is lower. But they won't come over afterward and lay down beside you and put their head in your lap the way a dog will.'

'Well, I think I'll leave the beast sex at dogs, Judy,' Wendy said.

'Me too,' Marge added. 'But, Judy, do you still have George?'

Judy nodded. 'Yep, everyone that tries him loves what he does, but none so far have figured they have the room.'

'Does he take a big yard?' Wendy asked.

'Yard nothing, he'd be great in a condo, but he takes a lot of indoor square footage.'

'Well, I've got that. Maybe I should try George next.'

'Not next, George is really, really, hung. Most ladies that come here leave with a dog before they ever get around to thinking of trying something as big as George's lumber. Remember, I breed for penis size, as well as the breed standard. That said, remember that the bigger the dog the longer you'll be tied with him. It won't be a case of needing to hold him in. The knot will do what it does. So you might think you have plenty of time to play, and George might do you real good, and you two might still be tied more an hour later, maybe then hubby gets home unexpectedly early. Then the cat is out of the bag, and you'll wish you'd told hubby before you brought a dog home to be your lover.'

Wendy swallowed, then said, 'Well I'm interested, but if you say I should try a smaller dog first, I will. I mean you know what your doing, and other than the humping part of it, I don't.'

'That's smart. If you think your ready for more I thought I'd bring Hero in next. He's about 20 pounds in weight more than Hank, and his package is longer and thicker. He's also beautiful, with the sweetest eyes.

'You ready?'

Wendy nodded, 'Yeah, I always had a fantasy about being gang banged. I guess today I get a taste of what it might be like.'

Judy laughed, leashed up Hank, and led him out of the room. On the way Hank turned and looked at Wendy for a moment. She held up her hand as if she was about to stop Judy when she saw Hank's face, but didn't.

The scene changed and showed Judy entering the room again with a larger dog. His fur was thicker and long and he had a distinct, black, white and brown pattern.

'Wendy, Marge, this is Hero. He's a Bernese Mountain Dog. He weighs 79 pounds, which is a little

large for the breed at his age, and he's proportionally large where it counts. He's two years old and will continue to grow for another year. I'm pretty sure he'll end up over 90 pounds.

Wendy looked at the dog with interest, "You're right, Judy, he really is a beauty.'

Judy nodded, "I wanted you to try a real dog. Some ladies love having a lot of soft dog fur all around them when they couple with their lover. Others, like your friend, Marge, don't care for it and prefer a breed like Hank, or her Baxter, that has short fur.

'Because he's bigger than Hank I suggest you try him with two pillows under your hips, then, before he ties you, in the doggy position.'

Wendy grinned, 'OK, I think I'm ready, just position myself like before?'

'That will work great. Call him when you're ready. Like Hank he's understand what you want.'

Wendy got into position, 'It feels a little strange, having my hips so high,' she commented. 'Do I need the little blanket?'

Judy nodded and Wendy placed in on her tummy.

Wendy looked over at the dog, it was grinning at her.

'OK, Hero, come give me a nice tongue bath. Come here, Hero, don't be shy,' she coaxed and lightly patted her abdomen.

Judy released the leash and Hero bounced over to Wendy stopping between her thighs. He sniffed her, looked the woman in the eye and barked happily. The next moment he caressed her sex with a tongue that looked incredibly long and wide to Pretty Lips.

'Wendy moaned, 'Oh, my! Wow, that's some great tongue Hero has!'

Hero's tongue was busy, moving across and through Wendy's vulva. As the movement of his tongue continued Wendy made more and more little moaning sounds, until a few minutes later, Pretty lips saw the woman's whole body quiver in release.

The dog stepped back, seeming proud of what he'd done. When Wendy recovered herself a moment later, she spread her thighs a little wider. 'Here, come fuck me, Hero.' She cooed at the dog.

Marge watched her friend, a look of surprise on her face.

Hero moved forward and Wendy reached around her thigh and guided him into her.

'Oh my! He's getting bigger fast', she said as Hero began thrusting.

Hero leaned farther over Wendy bringing his furry chest forward enough so that they caressed her breasts.

Wendy looked up in surprise, and moved her chest, to rub her nipples through the fur surrounding them. 'Oh, that feels so good!'

'Wendy, tell me when the knot is starting to get big. I think your ready to be taken by him as if you were his bitch.' Judy giggled as she watched Wendy's passion mount.

Pretty lips saw a little of the dog's saliva drool onto Wendy's chest. The woman giggled and said, 'It feels hot!'

Wendy nodded, but the excitement was clearly taking her toward another climax. When it occurred she yelled out, 'That's it Hero! Make momma happy!'

Hero stopped thrusting, and Judy explained, 'He's trained to pause when he senses you've come, to give you time to catch your breath before he continues.'

Wendy giggled, 'I wish I could train Frank to do that.'

Judy said, 'Dismount!' Hero stepped back, pulling his tool, which the camera revealed to be substantial eight inches long and two thick, free of Wendy's vulva.

The camera zoomed in on her sex and Pretty Lips saw that her sex was soaking with liquids and a thin stream of the viscose clear stuff was flowing from Wendy's stretched vagina.

'Role over Wendy,' Judy instructed. Push those pillows out of the way. Spread your thighs nice and wide and drop your forearms to the floor, and bring your shoulders down. Try and look submissive for your lover.'

Wendy giggled and said, 'I think I can do more than look submissive for the big guy. I mean that was one wonderful orgasm he gave me. I'd do a lot more than just be submissive for another one of those.' She followed Judy's instructions. As she did, Hero, less than two feet behind her watched her started to make little whining sounds.

'Is he OK?' Wendy asked.

'Judy nodded, 'His blood is up, and he wouldn't be OK if you stopped now, but he'll be fine once he's in you again.

Wendy laughed, 'Well there is nothing to worry about then. God, I feel like I might be physically sick, if I don't get him back inside me soon.'

'Then call him,' Judy suggested, 'and move your hips around invitingly.'

Judy grabbed a fleece through and put on Wendy's back as she spoke.

Wendy giggled, then began to wiggle her bottom and called out, 'Come here Hero, I'm ready for you to finish fucking me. Just like a good little bitch that wants to be breed.

Hero jumped up onto her back, and started to hump as he wiggled forward. Wendy moaned with pleasure as she felt the rich long fur on his chest envelop her back. Without being told, she reached back between her legs and, grasping the big hot shaft guided it to her entrance.

Hero slammed into her and began rapidly breeding her.

'He's getting so big!' Wendy cried out, but the look on her face told Pretty Lips the woman loved what the dog was doing. 'Oh, he's much bigger than Hank was, and still growing!'

Hero drooled a little onto Wendy's back as he bred her, but the woman didn't seem to notice.

'I think I'm love!'

Judy winked at Marge who had slipped her hand into her shorts and was watching Wendy and Hero with a dreamy look on her face.

'Oh that knot is getting big! It kind of is hurting as it goes in and out!'

'Try using your pelvic floor muscles to clamp down when it's inside and hold it in,' Judy advised.

Wendy nodded. Pretty lips could see the effort she was making. Then it happened. Wendy laughed and said, 'I've got him trapped now!'

'Wow! I can't believe how big it's getting! And that's not all, jeepers creepers, he's still getting longer and thicker too!'

Pretty Lips watched as she saw Wendy go through a long series of orgasms. As she watched she felt her own sex wetting her bandages and thighs. Damn! Now they'll know there damn movies are turning me! She cursed to herself. One of the men working on her said something about being able to smell her desire. They both laughed, but the film pulled her back. Her mind to escape being turned on, but it kept coming back stronger as she watched the film and Wendy's cascade of raptures continued.

Pretty Lips had never had multiple orgasms, and she sensed that the times when she'd brought herself to climax were nothing compared with what Wendy was having with Hero in the film.

Damn! Just once in my life, before I die, I want to experience pleasure like that!

Pretty lips felt her desires were betraying her. Tears escaped her eyes and she sobbed, knowing the truth. They're succeeding. If I was in that room in the movie right now If get down on my hands a needs and beg that woman Judy to bring in a big dog to take me! If it was going to make me pregnant, like they said I could, I'd still beg and then welcome what ever stud they brought me.

Her tears covered her cheeks as the depth of her humiliation sank in, but Pretty Lips eyes stayed glued to the screen, watching as Hero's thrusts grew slower.

'He's slowing down, but he's still getting bigger. My, God! His knot is so big that it and his shaft completely fill me.'

'Oh! Oh! Wow, the tip of his shaft s pressing into my cervix!'

'It's pressing through! Oh my, God!'

'The tip is inside my womb! I can feel his cock jerk as he shoots his seed, it's like a burst of warmth in me!'

Hero suddenly climbed off of Wendy's back and turned around, all the time his shaft and knot felly sheathed within Wendy's sex.

'Oh my, God! What is he doing! Oh, Oh, I'm coming again!'

Judy told her, 'He's now in the classic tail to tail position with you. Hero will stay like that, while he continues to fill you with his seed. Since he was on your back, he's in control, and given a chance, all male dogs will move to the bottom to bottom position after they are tied with you.'

'It's really strange, but I love it,' Wendy whispered. For some time no one said anything. Pretty lips could see the orgasms as the took Wendy, and the camera zoomed in on her sex from time to time,

showing little streams of her and Hero's liquids escaping from Wendy's vagina around Hero's shaft.

For a long time the strange union continued. The dog looked pleased with himself, and Wendy was making soft moaning sounds and quivering from time to time as orgasm after orgasm took her.

Then she groaned, 'He's shrinking!'

A moment later the camera captured the sight of the dogs, still large member, pulling from the woman's sex, followed by a strong stream of liquids.

Hero turned around and began to lap up the flow that was pouting from the woman's sex, and Wendy, a dreamy look on her face grinned pressed her vulva back into the dogs tongue. When her flow stopped, the dog lay down beside her, and began to attend to cleaning himself. But Wendy turned and grinning wiggled between Hero's tongue and his shaft and sucked the dripping tool into her mouth. She cooed and licked and sucked until the male shaft was perfectly clean then rolled onto her back and sighed and then softly laughed.

'This is magic. I mean when we got her, Judy, I would have bet big bucks that my mouth would never ever have a dog's penis in it. But I just had one there and I loved it! In fact, I'm a little disappointed that poor Hero is spent and I couldn't continue until he filled my tummy with his seed from the other end.'

Judy smiled, indulgently and sat down on the floor next to Hero and gently locked the leash back on his collar.

'Well, Wendy, did Hero provide you with all the cock you think you could want in you, or do you want to try something bigger?'

'Bigger? Bigger! You mean there are dogs bigger, down there, than Hero?'

'Yep! Among the breed I train here, Bernese Mountain Dogs are several sizes down from the biggest.'

'Oh my, God!

'I don't want to appear greedy, but while I loved what Hero did, and he satisfied me, oh so very well, I did think I could handle something a little bigger.'

'How about overall size, Wendy,' Judy continued. 'Are you a girl who likes her males to be noticeable bigger than she is?'

Wendy thought for a minute then nodded. 'Yeah, I mean I love being all small and in the control of a big masterful male, especially if he is both powerful and gentile as we mate.'

Judy nodded. I think I'll bring King in next. He's about 110 pounds and will get to about 125 when he gets his full size. He packs a littler more lumber than Hero.

'Marge, please get yourself and Wendy a drink while I put Hero back in his kennel and round up King.'

Marge got up and Judy led Hero out of the room. As she watched the dog move through the door Wendy had tears running down her cheeks. A moment later Marge handed her a tall glass of orange juice.

'Judy insists we wait on the white wine until the sex is over for the day. She told me that she's had women here, trying different breeds that got dehydrated.'

Wendy laughed. 'I can imagine.'

She looked at Marge as she took a nearby chair and grinned. 'Well Girlfriend, it smells like you had a pretty good time while Hero and I were getting to know each other.'

Marge blushed, but then giggled. 'It was too darn hot to just watch, Wendy. Will see how detached you can be when I let you watch Baxter and I.'

'Oh, and dogs are like men, in one very nice way. As you get used to making love together the sex gets better and better.'

'But no head trips!' Wendy laughed.

Marge nodded.

The scene faded to black and Pretty Lips realize the men were finished with her for the day. She desperate to bring her hand to her sex and relieve the frustration she felt, but she couldn't move, she cried in frustration because she couldn't ask one of the men to make use of her sex.

As they left she wanted to scream for them to stop and take her, but the gag prevented no more than a muffled groan from being heard.

One of the men turned and grinned at her, 'We smell your need, Pretty Lips. If you weren't a virgin, we'd take you until you felt satisfied. But as it is, you must patiently wait until you and your virginity are sold, and your new master decides how you're going to be introduced to sex.'

'If it were up to me I'd take you to my kennel and let my dogs use you until they were too tired to go on.'

He and his companion laughed as they left the cabin, leaving Pretty Lips crying in frustration and shame.

Damn! If it came, right now, to take me such a kennel for a pack breeding, I'd welcome it!

She spent much of the night crying, in fear of what these films were doing to her, and knowing that there would be more, for at least as long as she was so helplessly bound.

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CHAPTER VII

King

The next morning the men were back, removing Pretty Lips' body hairs, one by painful one. As she'd come to expect there here were more films, in addition to the four she'd already seen. That day's new one was Titled, King. It opened with Judy returning to the room Wendy and Marge were waiting in leading the largest German Sheppard Pretty Lips had ever seen.

Wendy was sitting, still nude on the couch, although there was a towel under her. Marge was sitting with her. The women were sipping drinks from large glasses. It looked like orange juice to Pretty Lips.

Judy stopped and the dog instantly sat down beside her, on the left and slightly behind her. Perfect

heal position, Pretty Lips realized.

'Wendy, before we continue it occurred to me I should ask when you expect hubby to want to make love again.'

'He's out of town this week. I don't expect him home until Friday night. He will be tired, so he probably won't try to hook-up with me until Saturday morning.'

'Why?'

'Well, your sex is already stretched enough to be noticed by your husband, if you and he were together now. It will take a few hours for it to get back down to its normal size. Also you will be draining a little doggy hours.'

'King is a lot bigger than Hero. Chances are he will stretch you enough so that it's noticeable for twelve to sixteen hours. If you go on and try George, he will do wonderful things to you, but your husband would have to be pretty slow witted to not notice during the twenty four hours following your mating with George.'

'What would he notice, Judy?'

'Well he would not feel your insides envelop him they way the usually do. His pleasure would be diminished, and I'd be surprised if he didn't wonder why your sex was loose, all of a sudden.'

'Wendy,' Marge interjected, 'that's one of the reason I went with Baxter. He's a little bigger than my Bill, but not enough so I get stretched to where Bill might notice.'

'I see,' the nude woman said.

'But even with George, I'd be back to my naturally compact size in a day?'

'About a day, it varies with the woman's age. Your young, and a day should do it. A day and a half at most.'

'OK, let's proceed. As I mentioned, Frank is gone for weeks at a time. Some months go by and he's only home a couple of weekends. I'll get a really big dildo and keep it around to show him if he notices. If he objects, we'll have a nice chat about what I should do while he is off playing with his assistant.'

Judy laughed and Marge giggled.

'Wendy,' Judy began. 'Did you like the missionary or the doggy position best, at lest so far?'

Wendy smiled, 'Missionary, I like to keep my lover close to me while were matting.'

Judy nodded. 'I suggest you try King that way. He's big enough so you can be on the couch rather than the floor, most of my ladies find they like that better.'

'Cool,' Wendy giggled. 'What do I do?'

'Get on the couch, on your back, your feet on the carpet, your vulva over the carpet, your shoulders and head nestled comfortably into the cushions. Spread your thighs and call King to you.'

'Your pretty exciting to him, all covered with smells from Hank and Hero. King will be a little more

aggressive because of that. But if you hadn't been with those other males already he would approach you as gently as Hank did.'

Wendy nodded, 'That's fine, If I'm really going to do two more dogs today I'll need to limit the action. I'm feeling a little sore.'

'Too sore?' Judy asked.

Wendy smiled and shook her head. 'No, just a little. But I think two more of your boys is all I can handle, at least today.'

'Two should do it. But if you want to try some other breeds you can spend the night and we can begin again tomorrow.'

Wendy nodded, and then smiled at King, patted her vulva, and said, 'Here boy. Come lick me, King. Just as soon as you get me nice and slick, King, I promise that you're going to get lucky.'

The Sheppard moved quickly over and between Wendy's thighs. When his tongue reached out it drove right into the woman's moist valley. Wendy giggled and spread her thighs wider. King connected and Wendy giggled and then moaned as his tongue plunged into her vagina.

'Wow! Its like he understood what I said. Oh my! His tongue is huge, and incredibly long. I think he's licking my insides all the way to my cervix!' Wendy giggled.

King continued licking and Wendy stopped talking although she moaned and laughed as the big dog managed to caresses all the right places.

Marge and Judy watched as King excited Wendy more and more until the woman climaxed with a long load moan. She seemed to suddenly relax and her hands went to King's head, petting him as she cooed to him, 'You did me so sweet, King, so nice, just like I asked. Good boy! Good King.'

The dog grinned at her and held still as the woman continued to thank him for the pleasure he'd bestowed on her.

Judy cleared her throat. 'Wendy, his penis is well out of his sheath. He's ready for more, and he could start feeling over excited. If he stays like that too long he will lose interest in you and just lick himself to relieve the tension.'

Wendy smiled, softly. 'OK, I think I'm ready. I'm certainly nice and slick where I'll need to be.

'King, you did me very well. Now it's time for you to fuck momma. Fuck me, King. Fuck me!'

The dog barked happily and jumped his two front feet up onto the couch, one came on each side of Wendy near her breasts. King used his rear legs to walk his penis toward Wendy's waiting sex.

Wendy petted Kings head and smiled at him. 'That's it boy. Good King, your going to fuck me real hard aren't ya!'

She reached down between her thighs and gently grasping his sheath and guided King's penis it to her vagina. King was very well trained and the moment he felt the woman's hot wetness envelop the tip of his shaft he hunched forward driving his extended length into Wendy, who giggled.

As King started to trust Wendy giggled.

'With each thrust he's getting bigger. I'm starting to really like this part too. I mean he's thrusting like crazy, but we're well connected and the feeling of him growing inside me is terrific.

'Oh! Oh my! He's really getting big now!

'Wow, he's as big as Hero was! My goodness, he's still growing, I can feel the tip bumping my cervix.'

Wendy dropped her head more to the level of her back and thrust her hips out to meet King's insistent thrusting.

Pretty Lips felt her own vagina flow with her lubricants as she watched Wendy through her arms around the big German Shepard's back and climaxed. She seemed like she might fall off the couch to Pretty Lips, but she wrapped her legs around King's back and swung her hips to meet his thrusts.

'God! Marge he's getting really big inside now, bigger than Hero was. With every thrust he's hitting my G spot and my cervix! Wow!'

Wendy was laughing and giggling, her arms and legs sere holding the thrashing dog to her like her life depended on it, and Pretty Lips saw her body quiver in climax after climax.

'His knot is much bigger than Hero's now!' Wendy said.

'Oh my, God! He's still getting bigger, but there is nowhere for it to go!'

Wendy pulled herself tighter to the dog, burying her breasts in the fur of his chest and thrust back hard with her hips. There was a moment in which Pretty Lips saw that both the woman and the dog were straining.

Wendy screamed, 'He's in!'

And the two seemed to stop thrusting. Although Pretty Lips saw that although they seemed pretty still, the two lovers were still both slightly moving their hips, as if they were grinding their joined sex into one single organ.

'Marge, its amazing,' Wendy murmured, 'The tip of King's Penis is actually inside my womb! My, God! It feels wonderful. Like we're one creature.

'He's coming, now! I can feel his shaft twitch and then there is a sensation of great warmth in my core. It's wonderful! Then it happens again. The warmth fades, into me, and the he gives me more of his seed.

'Damn, after this I don't know if I don't know if can ever get up any enthusiasm for Frank again! I may just want King in me, forever!'

The two held together, hardly moving, except for a slight pressing of their sex together between them. After a few minutes King dropped his mouth to Wendy's shoulder and held her still, as he quivered the explosion of his seed was feeding her eager body.

Wendy groaned and Pretty Lips saw that her orgasms were now pulsing through her with each of King's little thrusts.

'Yes!' Wendy gasped, grinding her shoulder deeper into King's hot mouth.

Pretty lips was so hot she prayed that the medical technicians removing her body hair would stop and make her their bitch, treating her to all their maleness had to bestow on her. But the sharp little stabbing pains continued as the men continued their work, unmoved by her little moans and obvious need. Pretty Lips only escape was to loose herself in he film, watching as the dog bred the itch beneath him. He bred her so well she was clearly transported to a rapturous state.

After what seemed like an eternity to Pretty Lips the big German Shepard released Wendy's shoulder. The camera moved two between her legs and revealed the animal's shrunken knot plop out of her sex followed by a torrent of clear to whitish liquid.

The shaft followed and as it left her body Wendy released her hold on Kings back and neck and seemed to melt into the couch. She looked happy and contented, almost beyond belief to Pretty Lips.

After a wile, with the biggest smile on her face that Pretty Lips could imagine, Wendy turned toward Judy and said, 'Could I have a towel please, Judy?'

'Sure, but King will clean you up real nice if you let him.'

Wendy shook her head, 'Not if I'm going to do it again with your George. If King cleaned me up now, I'd be done for the day.'

'So, you want to try George, still?' Judy asked as she handed a large white towel to the woman.

Wendy nodded as she patted her sex. 'Yes! Don't get me wrong. King is a wonderful lover. More than I think I could desire. But since I'm here, and shopping, I think I should see what your largest has to offer.'

Judy nodded, 'So, you want to try George. Well, you handled Hero and King real well. It sounded like King worked his way into your womb?'

Wendy blushed and nodded, 'It was the most intense sexual experience of my life. I mean while he was that deep in me, it hurt some, but well, I wanted, I . . .' Wendy's voice trailed off as she blushed almost crimson.

Judy smiled. 'I know. You wanted his puppies, growing in you and after they are whelped, nursing at your breasts.'

Wendy nodded.

'Don't feel bad about it. Every time I get bed real well by one of my dogs I feel that way.'

'How about you, Marge?' Judy asked.

'Sometimes. My Baxter isn't really big enough to get in me that far. But I've built up my pelvic floor muscles and once in a while we stay tied for a long time. After he's buried deep in me, and my nips are deep into his chest fur, and, and after I'm feeling like we really are each others' mate, I sometimes want his puppies. I think I'm lucky that it's not possible. Frankly my Bill would never understand, and I love him too, and don't want to loose him.'

Judy looked serious, as if considering something carefully; when she looked up she smiled. 'Well, it is possible. One of the women who came to me for a K9 lover has had her lover's puppies, more than once.'

Suddenly Wendy was all attention and Marge was looking at Judy.

'But, how, I mean the biology is wrong?'

'She found a doc who could alter her body chemistry so she doesn't get rejected by a K9 fetus, and he implanted her with a set of K9 ovaries that provide the eggs for her lover's seed to fertilize.'

'And the puppies were fine?' Wendy asked, with a tone of interest in her voice.

'Yep,' Judy answered, 'I've seen the litters and the puppies are all fine, top quality really. In fact Hero, that you were with, is one of her pups.'

'But he seemed so normal?' Wendy protested.

'He is, with maybe the exception of being more focused on women than a lot of dogs. His mother was a great bitch to Hero and his littermates. She loved them all, raised them right, and has taken great care to make sure they end up in the best homes possible.'

'She suggested I train Hero, because he was sexually more interested in women than dogs.'

Marge looked like she was in a kind of trance as she asked, 'And the mother, what are the effects on her?'

'She tells me she goes into heat, not like a dog, she still has some control, but there are a few days every few months when she wants her lover, Sam is his name, real bad. Also nursing puppies is hard work, and her breasts get bigger and her nipples show the results of light chewing puppies tend to do when they nurse. She's not married, so that's not a big problem for her.'

'Is it expensive?' Marge asked, with a catch in her throat.

'Yes, and no,' Judy replied. 'The doc that did it got off on it. His fee was the cost of the champion breeding bitch he harvested the ovaries from, plus something for his time, plus he wanted to watch the breeding, be there at the whelping, and have pick of the litter for the first three litters. All told I think it cost her about what a new midsize car would, a lot, but doable, if you're motivated.'

'I've also heard, that in some remote parts of the world there are men who will hire this doc, or another one who knows how, and have some of their female slaves modified to be bred in their kennel.'

'Female slaves?' Wendy asked.

Judy nodded. 'Not that uncommon in this big world of ours, consider, for example, that the age of consent in Brazil is 14, and that lots of countries embrace polygamy. Why I read last year that it's possible to buy a family's ten year old daughter as your personal sex slave for a couple of hundred dollars, US, in Haiti. It's not that unbelievable.'

'I even know of a woman, her name was Carol, who didn't have the money, but traveled to central Africa, and offered herself as a slave if she was given the ability to have puppies.'

'What happened?' Wendy asked.

'Some rich man took her up on the offer. Last I heard she was happy as a breeding bitch in his kennel.'

'So, Wendy, you still want to see what George is like, as a lover?'

Wendy nodded. 'Yea, I mean I want to know what your largest is like.'

'George isn't my largest. I raise mastiffs too. There are dogs that are a lot bigger than George, in the lumber department. But sex with one of them would ruin you for men. Your husband would know you were mating with something really big, almost right away. After a few times, you get to where you needed something bigger than any man to get you going.

'You said you wanted to stay married, and given that, George is as big as I'll let you have.'

'Oh,' Wendy said, a lost look of wonder on her face.

Judy smiled, 'Don't be disappointed, Wendy. No one who has ever tried out George has felt they wanted a dog with bigger equipment. What they want that's bigger, they want for reasons that don't have much to do with the sex.

'I'll fetch George, but prepare yourself. Just as there was a huge step up from Hero to King, there is another big step going from King to George.'

As the film ended Pretty Lips was breathing hard and she felt her thighs were coated with her arousal. Tears streamed from her eyes.

It's working! God damn them it's working! Her mind screamed, although a muffled moan was all the medical techs working on her could hear. Still, they laughed, and joked about, "The bitch is going into heat, already!"

As the other films were shown her, again, Pretty Lips knew she wanted it. She wanted to be bred by a giant dog. She even sensed she'd welcome the beast's puppies.

I'll fight it! She promised herself. I won't be made into a bitch dog that is bred for the pleasure of her owner. I'll escape! Somehow I'll escape from this hell and then do what it takes to rebuild my soul!

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## **CHAPTER VIII**

### **George**

The next day Pretty Lips tried ignore it when the next film appeared. The constant mild pricking of her skin by the electrolysis needle was a torment, and without realizing it, Pretty Lips found her mind welcoming the diversion the film provided. Again she resisted paying attention for a while. Reciting parts of poems she knew, the Song of Hiawatha, Bear, and doggerel she remembered for Alice in Wonderland. But the insistent little sharp pains kept breaking in. Doing the multiplication tables was no better; by the time Pretty Lips reached six times nine she was lost. Her mind opened itself to the film. She'd missed the opening; when she began watching Judy was escorting the largest dog she had ever seen into the room where nude Wendy and dressed Marge were waiting, again sipping something that looked like orange juice.

Judy stopped by the door, 'Wendy, this is George, he's a Great Dane with champion bloodlines from both sides. George isn't done growing, but he's currently 118 pounds; a year from now, when he's fully grown, he will weigh 145 or more pounds. That's big for a Dane, but that's what I breed for. In the lumber department he's bigger than a normal too. A lot bigger.

'After you do him it will take a day or more for you to shrink back to your normal size. Are you sure

you want to try him?’

Wendy looked at the huge animal. She stood up and walked over to him holding her hand out for him to sniff. His head was as high as her breasts. She looked at him with wonder and hint of trepidation as she asked, ‘Thanks, Judy. I’m not into pain mixed with sex. Will the sex hurt?’

Judy shook her head, ‘Not after the stretching Hero and King gave you, but if all you’d had for a couple of weeks was your husband you might want to stretch yourself a little with a nice fat vibrator before getting George started.

Judy told George to stay, and dropping to her knees put long socks on his forelegs. ‘You’ll need these Wendy unless you want to end up scratched. Some women like that, but most don’t.

‘George as gentle as a lamb, but like just about every dog, once he’s inside you and his knot is formed, he won’t stop until he’s given you his seed. As you found out with Hero and George, a dog gets quite a bit bigger once he’s tied.’

‘But it won’t hurt?’

Judy shook her head. ‘If you want to take him home I recommend not going much more than a week between matting sessions with him, working on your pelvic floor muscles so you have more strength and control, (your husband will appreciate that), and letting him tie and give you his seed at least once a month.’

‘Why not every time?’ Wendy asked.

‘That’s ideal, and he will love you for it. But some ladies limit their stretching and maintain control by holding the knot outside them. That’s easy to do in the missionary position. George, or any dog, just won’t climax the way he needs to unless he is tied. If he doesn’t get it at least once a month it could potentially damage his reproductive abilities.’

‘Oh, and I should have mentioned this before, if you want one of my boys I reserve the right to have you bring them back once a year to act as studs in my breeding program.

‘I guess that’s OK.’ Wendy said, still looking at George. ‘For today I think I should go all the way with George. Find out what it’s like with him having his way with me, totally. That will help me decide if a dog as big as he is will be right for me.’

‘Good thinking,’ Judy replied. ‘In that case I think the doggy position. Let George be in control.’

Wendy giggled and said ‘OK, He’s so big that taking a dog as a lover seems more real than it did with King and Hero, and of course Hank. Where should I do it and how?’

Judy pointed to an occasional chair nearby, ‘Neal on the seat of that chair, spread your knees as wide as you can, fold your arms on the top of the back. Then call George to you.

‘Like with King, he’ll smell the other dogs on you, and be more aggressive about breeding you than he normally is. Usually he takes his time and uses his tongue to get you ready, but his senses will tell him you’re already receptive.’

‘That’s OK, I’m feeling pretty ready now, and a little sore. I don’t want to spoil the experience by being so overused I don’t enjoy it.’

'OK, just call him to you and tell him what you want,' Judy said as she unclasped George's leash.

Marge moved closer to watch. She also slipped her right hand into her pants and started to please herself. The camera angle shifted and moved over to zoom in on Wendy from the side. Pretty Lips saw Wendy's pert breasts swaying and decided the woman had very nice sized boobs. Not so big that they get in your way and have to be supported all the time, but large enough to be really pretty, she decided. I wish I was there and could worship her pretty breasts and try to take all the soreness away from her sex with my tongue. Even if her sex is all soaked in dog seaman.

Wendy looked at the huge dog and look submissive as she patted her bottom, and said, 'Here, George, Come fuck momma. Come on boy, I want you.'

George leaped across the room and the next moment his tongue tasted Wendy from the little hood over her clitoris to her anus.

Wendy moaned and then took in her breath in as George's pressed his tongue into her vagina. 'Oh, my God! That's divine,' she said to Marge, 'George slide his tongue to the bottom of my sex and washed my cervix.'

'Wow!' Marge said, I wish my Baxter could do that!' There was a wistful look in her face.

Wendy laughed and giggled as George use his huge tongue to clean her vaginal cavity. She stopped when Gorge withdrew his tong, hopped his front legs up onto either side of Wendy's chest and then walked his hips forward with his hind legs.

The Great Dane started thrusting and Wendy moved her hips to meet his probing tool. She started to reach back to guide him, but as she did so, George found her entrance and pressed the tip in as far in as it would go.

'Oh, he's in me real good!' Wendy laughed. 'I like that, he found me without my having to help!'

'Wow! He's really getting big fast. He's already thicker than King, and he's just started!'

The huge dog seemed to understand that the woman wanted him and clamped his paws around Wendy waist as he pressed his groin closer to her bottom. His hips started moving. Pretty Lips saw Wendy trying to mover her hips in time to meet the Great Dane's thrusts, but he was moving to fast. She held still and lowered her head to her folded arms and grinned as the dog mated with her.

'He's really getting big now, Marge. I can feel his penis hitting my cervix and his knot is starting to form. With each trust its getting bigger as he gets longer and thicker. He's already thicker than King, or any man I've ever experienced. I love the thickness. It's like having a tree mating with me!'

The film was having an effect on Pretty Lips, who was breathing hard and felt her lubricant on her inner thighs. She wanted to beg the men working on her to stop and have their way with her, but she could only make muffled sounds. One of them slapped her lightly on her bottom and taunted, "Don't worry, little bitch! Before you know it your body will be full to overflowing with dog sperm!"

Both men laughed cruelly, and tears flowed from the bound girls eyes. The pain continued and Pretty Lips again found her mind seeking relief from the pain by focusing on the film.

Wendy had a dreamy look on her face as the huge dogs rapid thrusts rained onto her. With each trusts her whole body shook and she was laughing and giggling between her comments to the other women in the film.

'Oh, Marge, this is wonderful! I love the feeling of his growing knot as it slides in and out of me!'

Judy smiled, but commented, 'Wendy, you should use your pelvic floor muscles to try and hold him in, now. In a few minutes the feelings that are delighting you will turn to pain as his knot approaches its full size.'

Wendy nodded, 'I'll try. I do yoga and some of the exercises are for those muscles. I hope I'm strong enough to hold him in.'

'You should be, the exercises will have helped but George is just so darn big that you should get a good tie in any case,' Judy replied.

'Oh, damn, I think I could hold him in, but he's moving so wonderfully fast I have trouble clamping down at the right time!'

Pretty Lips watched as the Great Dane bred the woman and she tried to capture him within her. Wendy was swearing with the effort and the Pretty Lips saw that her breasts were flushed and swollen.

Suddenly Wendy screamed, 'Got him!' As she cried out her whole body quivered.

Judy turned to Marge, whose hand was very busy inside her pants, 'I think she climaxed as they tied.'

Marge nodded her agreement. Pretty Lips was sure she was nearing her own moment of bliss.

George's thrusting slowed down and his paws pulled Wendy's hips back sheathing more of his shaft in her.

'He's still getting big and his knot is getting huge. It's hitting me just right, with each of his thrusts, and feels like it's as big as a basketball!'

'Oh, oh my, God! He's filled every part of my vagina and he's still getting bigger!'

'I feel the tip pressing through my cervix. Wow! It hurts, but it feels so damn good too!'

'Wow! He's fucking my cervix, Marge. I mean not just with the tip, but his shaft is moving back and forth in it, and, oh my God! It's still getting bigger.'

'He's impaling me on that thing!'

Pretty Lips saw George thrust harder than before and then lean forward taking Wendy's shoulder in his mouth and holding her in place as he continued to slowly thrust.

Wendy climaxed in a cresting of laughter and pressed her shoulder back and deeper into George's jaws. 'He's giving me his seed now. It's like explosions of hot lubricant filling my womb! Oh this is the best part, for sure!' As she cried out it was clear the woman climaxed again.

George held her shoulder firmly as he bred Wendy. They were together like that a long time punctuated by little moans and giggles from his female. Pretty Lips was sure Wendy was riding a series of orgasms that were crashing through her body as George's sperm filled her. The bound woman found herself wishing it were her being bred so well. She recoiled in horror at her desire, but it did no good, she wanted it to be her that George was breeding.



Eventually George released Wendy's shoulder, and then slowly, almost delicately stepped over and around Wendy until they were tied together bottom to bottom. As he moved, Wendy shook with release again and moaned, 'That's so damn good! So good!'

After a few minutes she seemed to recover herself a little. 'This is special, and I love it, but I like to wrap myself around my lover when he breeds me.'

'Judy, can I do the missionary with George?'

Judy nodded. 'A high bed or a table should get your sex at the right height for him.'

Wendy grinned, 'We, Frank and I, have a real high king size bed. I can't wait to be bred on our bed, and wrap myself around George welcoming his seed into me and cuckold Frank, when he's away screwing his assistant.'

Judy nodded. 'You'll want to have a heavy blanket you put on the bed to avoid George ruining your bedding, either with his claws and teeth, or with the liquids that will flow out of you after sex. Most of it will stay in your womb for a while, maybe days, but there will still be enough to make a major mess.'

A dreamy look on her face Wendy grinned and asked, 'Won't George clean me up?'

Judy nodded, 'Yes, he'll do a real nice job of that, but he won't get it all, even if he leaves your vulva and thighs sparkling clean, the bedding under your hips will still be a mess and there may be a noticeable puddle on the floor. Plus you'll need to use tampons or pads until your womb releases the seed it will trap in you during breeding.'

'It's good to have special bedding. It will allow you to tech George that you're available only when the special bedding is there. Otherwise, you might have him trying to do you while your in bed with your husband.'

Wendy giggled, 'Well, I might just let him, someday.'

After another long wait the camera moved around and focused on the shaft pressed into Wendy's sex. To Pretty Lips it looked thick as a baseball bat. Then George pulled, Wendy groaned and the shaft slowly slipped from her. The knot coming out looked huge to Pretty Lips, but she'd learned that for the knot to come out it must have deflated a lot. When George's penis left her body Wendy moaned and a torrent of thick mixed clear and whitish liquids followed it.

George turned and began to lick Wendy's sex clean. As he did the woman pressed her sex back onto his tongue and smiled wistfully.

'I get it now. Damn, I can't help it. If I could arrange the magic right now, I'd be pregnant with a litter of George's puppies. Frank, and the rest of the world, be damned.'

Judy and Marge grinned. Marge said, 'Told you so.'

Judy thought for a moment and then said, 'So, I guess you want to take George home with you?'

Wendy laughed, 'You know it!'

Judy loved a sale. She liked the money, but what she liked better was knowing one of the dogs she'd train was going to a good home, where his human mistress would treat him like royalty.

'Ok, Wendy,' Judy concluded. 'If, a year or two from now, you really want to have his puppies come see me.'

'You can arrange that?'

'I think so. It would be spendy, but I'd help with the money on condition that when your near going into heat you come out her, let me supervise George breeding you, and then return here to whelp and nurse your puppies. '

'Sounds interesting, I'll see how I feel after a few months of being George's mate. The desire may pass, with the afterglow of great sex, or it might get stronger. I used to want Frank to knock me up, real bad. But he kept saying he wants to wait for kids. I haven't pressed it but maybe I'll just turn him loose to do what he wants with his assistants, and settle for litter after litter of puppies.'

'Think it over, and be sure. If you get fixed to go into heat and have puppies there is no changing your mind. You'll be doing it ever year, maybe more than once, until you hit menopauses.'

The film closed and Pretty Lips mind was filled with wondering if Wendy would have herself made into a breeding bitch, or not. The idea frightened her, but she wondered. Will I like being bred, by a dog like George, and if I do will I want his puppies.

She recoiled at the thought, but the memory of playing with a litter of puppies a neighbor dog whelped when Sarah was twelve still made her smile. Puppies are so cute, and a lot more fun than a baby.

She knew they were brainwashing her; she realized that, in at least part, they had succeeded. Looking into herself she felt nothing but curiosity about what a giant dog would be like as it bred her. She hunted inside herself for her horror and revulsion, of the idea of a sex with a dog. It wasn't there. She cried, for the loss of her shame, and for herself, trapped into a destiny that she felt she wanted to loath, but which she feared she'd welcome.

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CHAPTER IX

A New Woman

After six days the brainwashing and hair removal process was over. Laying in the bed with nothing to do forced Pretty Lips to admit that the strange films were all that had kept her from going nuts from the pain and boredom. She was fed a liquid diet through a straw. Pretty Lips felt hungry all the time. The next day the Doctor came back and disconnected what Pretty Lips realized was a catheter. In the following days two orderlies came in and removed her restraints long enough for her to use the rest room several times each day. The orderlies stayed with her in the head to be sure that she did not touch her bandages.

They showed Pretty Lips the same films, over and over, on the TV monitor. New films featured near naked woman dancing before men supplemented the films she'd already seen. Most featured belly dancing although tapes on how to do a strip, and pole dance were included. In spite of her self the former police officer started to take an interest.

Sarah tried to hold onto her identity, but was shaken to the core, when they added films showing women being bred by dogs to her. One was particularly graphic and followed the woman's breeding with scenes from her pregnancy and then finally of the birthing, or whelping as it was described in the film, of puppies. When Sarah saw the puppies, still in their placenta, emerge from the woman's

birth canal her belief that it was all a strange perverted lie was shaken. After hours of tears, and seeing the film a dozen times, she admitted to herself that it might not be impossible.

Near the end of the second week in bandages the Doctor noted on his chart that, "Subject has started to respond automatically to her new name. Pretty Lips has started the process of accepting her new identity, although she does not yet realize it."

For almost three weeks Sarah had been forced to respond to the new name Pretty Lips. The whipping she had received had broken her will to resist and constant use, by the Doctor, guards and his assistants had made the name one she associated with herself. However, her response initially had always been preceded by a moment in which she realized that she was expected to respond to that name. That had changed. The young woman was not aware of the change. Even now, when her responses showed that she had accepted the name 'Pretty Lips'.

Pretty Lips was aware that her dreams were becoming confused. She had many dreams that centered on dancing before men, wearing a costume that was scandalously revealing. So close to being nude it was shockingly sensual. In most of her dreams she was still Sarah. In a few she was Pretty Lips. The dreams in which she was Pretty Lips were becoming more common. In these dreams Pretty Lips had large breasts and a moist cleft between her delicate smoothly rounded thighs was belly dancing before rooms full of appreciative men. In these dreams Pretty Lips large full breasts moved provocatively as she danced. Pretty Lips had awakened in shock and fear when one of the men had reached out and grabbed the dream Pretty Lips pulling her to his arms.

The horror of the dreams increased when among the men watching her dance she realized a huge dog was watching her, as the men did, with carnal desire in his eyes. She often awoke crying, her brain screaming that it must not be true. Yet, with each day her belief that it could not be true dimmed.

She was becoming more emotional. She often cried and shifted through major changes in mood in minutes. Pretty Lips realized that she was increasingly depressed. The former police officer had studied hostage situations. She knew that captives held for a long period of time often became depressed. The textbooks had explained that depression was triggered by the hostage's loss of hope. Pretty Lips vowed to keep alive her hope. She increasingly spent her waking time dreaming of escape, not realizing that she was dreaming rather than planning.

When the day came for the bandages to be removed Pretty Lips could not suppress her excitement. After weeks in bed, immobilized virtually she was ready to get up, and wanted to feel herself move again.. The Doctor had come early in the day and fed Pretty Lips breakfast through the straw one last time. To remove the bandages two assistants raised the hospital bed, and Pretty Lips to a sitting position. They released the restraints on Pretty Lips' head and body to allow access to the bandages. As the Bandages came off Pretty Lips got the first glimpses of how they had altered her. Glancing down he was shocked to see pert but largish breasts. The aureoles and nipples had more than doubled in size. And her nipples looked fat and stuck out provocatively from the raised flesh around them. The breasts themselves were firm and extending out from her chest an inch farther than they had two weeks before when the former policewoman had first noted their swelling. Seeing the look of horror on his patients face the Doctor smiled and reached down to gently cup and caress one of Pretty Lips' mummies.

"Quite the green thumb I have," he laughed. "My special formula does wonders."

A flash of pleasure shot through Pretty Lips as the Doctor expertly caressed her breast. Pretty Lips' face turned pale then flushed with shame at her reaction. A tear formed in her eyes. Pretty Lips feared that she would never again be able to even dream of living as a free woman. Her fear grew as

he remembered that the growth of his breasts was only one of the physical alterations the doctor had made. Before Pretty Lips could complete a self-inspection, the Doctor's assistants refastened the restraints that held Pretty Lips' body and head immobile.

"A good job, I think," the Doctor commented to Al. "The Captain should be pleased. She is almost beautiful, now. With her new breeding ability she should bring a good price."

The two medical assistants rolled over the electrolysis machine again and went to work touching up Pretty Lips' face. It took another hour for the two men to be sure that they had removed every stray hair. When they were done the doctor gave Pretty Lips another injection. Pretty Lips started to panic as she felt herself lose consciousness, but before the feeling could take hold she was out.

When Pretty Lips awoke all restraints had been removed. For the first time in over two weeks she was able to carefully examine the changes that had been imposed on her. She sat still for several minutes afraid of what she might find. Tentatively she moved her hand toward her groin. As her hand moved down she found that her groin was totally free of hair. Her skin felt smooth and soft, and the feel of her hands on her vulva was better than it had ever been before; her exploration was interrupted when the cabin's door opened.

"Good morning, Pretty Lips," a bright feminine voice said.

"Who . . . ," Pretty Lips started to ask but stopped in shock at the sound of her voice. It wasn't hers. The voice she heard was very high. It was also soft, even softer than that of the woman's who had just greeted her.

"That's right, your voice is different. You will get used to it. I know it must be disconcerting."

"Who are you?" Pretty Lips ventured, taken aback at the highly pitched sounds issuing from her throat.

"I'm Virginia, and I will be your trainers for the next few weeks. So please get up. Let's meet the new you," Virginia encouraged.

Reluctantly Pretty Lips did get slowly up and off the bed. For a moment she thought of wrapping a blanket around her body. Then she remembered that he was also quite curious about what she now looked like. However, instinct took over and without thinking his hands moved to cover her sex. As they did her arms bumped the sides of her enlarged breasts sending quakes of sensation across her chest.

Virginia grinned at her for a moment. Then she stepped over to Pretty Lips and firmly placed both of Pretty Lips' hands at his sides. Virginia walked slowly around Pretty Lips examining her carefully. At the same time Pretty Lips started to notice her visitor.

Virginia was wearing a filmy two-piece outfit of green silk. There was a tight bikini top that barely covered her large breasts. Breasts that were noticeably larger than Pretty Lips newly enhanced set.

Virginia's hips were barely covered by a short nearly transparent skirt. Virginia was an intensely attractive woman. She moved on her bare feet with the sensuous grace of a dancer. Her long dark hair cascaded across her slender shoulders nearly to the middle of her back. Her rounded face had delicate classic features that were highlighted by deep blue eyes and sensuous pouting lips. Pretty Lips' observations were interrupted when Virginia completed her inspection.

"Well my pretty. They are magicians. Your outside is now deliciously shaped, and my understanding is what they have done to your insides will command a premium price."

"Does that mean, I mean can I really have . . .?"

Virginia nodded. "Yes, you can and will be bred for the puppies by a dog selected by your master.

"That was not done to me, but other slaves owned by some of my past masters were made into breeding bitches. Some even have been made to breed other creatures than dogs. A girl in the last harem I was part of was bred by a sheep and gave birth to a lamb while I was there.

"Do not doubt that your fate will include being bred to have puppies. Your master may be kind, he may have affection for you, as happens sometimes, but he will have paid a premium for your ability to be bred and will want to see you whelp puppies.

"Also the masters tend to dislike the United States. The fact that you were an American policewoman, will make your masters eager to watch you being used as breeding stock for the dogs of their kennel."

Pretty Lips wanted to scream, but instead found her eyes were filled with tears.

"Enough self pity! Now to business, girl!

"You must realize that you are in my control. I may not look like a masterful entity, but be assured I can have you whipped. I can also recommend that the ship's master have you tortured and killed. He tends to take my advice when I tell him a girl will never make a good slave.

"Inflicting pain is not something I do on a whim. However, if you disobey me, or appear to be giving me less than your best effort, . . .

"Well, imagine what Max could do with his cat if it was directed to your charming chest and sex rather than your back. Imagine what he could do if he used a knife instead of a whip!"

Virginia reached out with her right hand and gently cupped Pretty Lips' left breast, "Will you do your best to please me, Pretty Lips?"

"I will try to please you," Pretty Lips hesitantly replied. Her face burning crimson with shame at her fear of Max and what the huge man could do to her.

"I will try to please you, Mistress," Virginia corrected.

Pretty Lips considered resisting. She knew that as an officer of the law she should resist. Then a vivid memory of the cat hitting her back came to her, and she replied.

"I will try to be pleasing, Mistress."

"Good girl! Now, come with me. You need a bath, badly."

Virginia led Pretty Lips out of the cabin and down the hall to another cabin. Two sailors were in the hall and openly looked at the two. Pretty Lips' face turned crimson in embarrassment as their looks of lust surveyed her. She sighed with relief when Virginia guided her into another cabin. They were in a bathroom. It was lavish by shipboard standards. There was a shower, and a large tub. The room's walls were covered with mirrors and deep oriental carpets covered the wooden deck. Pretty Lips looked up and gasped at what he saw.

Reflected in the mirror in front of her was a complete stranger. Her face and form were no longer plain, she saw that she was in fact pretty. When Pretty Lips moved the reflection mirrored her

actions. The face was more rounded, the nose narrower, the eyes bigger, the chin more pointed, the cheekbones high, her lips were fuller, sensuous, and dark. Her neck was long, elegant, and seemed almost impossibly thin. The reflections shoulders were narrower and more rounded. On her chest protruded two breasts capped with aureoles and nipples that seemed huge. Pretty Lips realized that she had lost weight. Her waist was narrower and accentuated her bust and hips. Her legs and arms were long, smooth, completely free of hair and looked impossibly thin. The runner's musculature she was used to seeing in her thighs and calves was gone with the bicep and tricep development she'd cultivated in the police training facility.

Pretty Lips gulped and then fainted. Fortunately Virginia caught her and lowered her gently to the carpet.

When Pretty Lips came around 'she' found Virginia sitting beside her. Virginia was playing lightly with her breasts. Sparks of pleasure shot from the sensitive mounds as the Virginia expertly manipulated them. When the woman leaned over and engulfed a fat nipple with her mouth Pretty Lips could not suppress a moan. The gentile sucking of the woman's mouth pulled on her nipple in way she could feel down to her toes. Pretty Lips felt her nipples flush and extend. Her nipples felt huge. She could feel them firming and growing as her arousal increased.

Between her legs Pretty Lips felt her cleft flush with her lubricants. Virginia's lips continued to play with Pretty Lips' nipples. The lovely woman moved her hips around and, straddling Pretty Lips' hips, lowered her sex down onto Pretty Lips' hairless vulva. Virginia was nude beneath her short silk skirt.

"How vulnerable she must feel." The former policewoman thought.

The warm moist cleft of the woman kissed Pretty Lips' vulva exquisitely. It was her first time experiencing a another women's body, naked and against her own. It was better than she'd dreamed! Pretty Lips nearly passed out with pleasure as Virginia began to glide her cleft up and down in a slow smooth rhythm. Pretty Lips began to move her hips in time with Virginia's, and felt as if she could die of pleasure as she came in a burst of ecstasy that left her yielding in the woman's arms. A moment later she felt Virginia's body shudder as her orgasm took her. They lay together relaxing while Virginia continued to quietly play with Pretty Lips' nipples.

A few minutes later Virginia stood and turned her smiling face to the prone figure on the floor. She raised her skirt revealing a completely hairless sex that was coated with hers and Pretty Lips' lubricants. She pulled Pretty Lips to a sitting position and guided her girl's mouth to her labia.

"You seem to have a taste for women, Pretty Lips. That's fine, but you will need to cultivate a taste for the use a master may make of your enhanced body, and the use his dogs can make of your womb. But for today I'll make use of your lesbian inclination. In the women's quarters, women who are neglected by the master, often play together. I think you can look forward to that once you have accepted your slavery.

"Clean me, Pretty Lips. Lick and swallow until I'm pristine," she smilingly ordered.

Pretty Lips leaned forward and brought her tongue to the woman's vulva. It was her first taste of a women's sex. Pretty Lips remembered the pleasure that this woman had so recently given her. She decided the taste was interesting and seductive, like her own but different. Better than she had imagined in her dreams; not at all unpleasant. She tried to serve Virginia with her probing tongue and gently sucking mouth. When she was sure Virginia's vulva was as pure as mouth and tongue could make it, Pretty Lips stopped. Virginia allowed Pretty Lips to lean back and smiling pulled away.

"That was sweet dear. You have pleased me. That soft mouth of yours shows promise. Now I want you to shower. I will run a bath for us while you clean yourself."

Almost in a daze Pretty Lips stood and proceeded to do as she had been told. Pretty Lips realized she was weak. The long confinement and liquid diet had stripped her of her much of her strength. She suspected that was responsible for her fainting, at least as much as the shock of seeing the very feminine creature she'd become. As Pretty Lips got into the shower she saw her reflection again.

I can't weigh a hundred pounds, Pretty Lips realized.

While Pretty Lips showered Virginia filled the tub with warm water adding skin softening bath oils. Their fragrance softly filled the moist air. Virginia removed her scant garments and joined Pretty Lips in the shower. They washed each other. Virginias insisted Pretty Lips soap and rinse every fold and curve of her charming form. Under the older woman's care Pretty Lips' nipples again extended again. When Pretty Lips tried to bring her lips to Virginia's vulva she was pushed her away with a laugh.

"Only when I say so, Pretty Lips. The master and mistress control your access to sex. With them, with their kennel and stable, with their guests and with other slaves. Understand?" Virginia warned her charge.

Disappointed Pretty Lips pulled away and slowly replied, "Yes, Mistress."

Virginia took Pretty Lips' hand and led her to the tub. She had Pretty Lips get. Sitting by the tub Virginia combed out Pretty Lips' chestnut hair and then put in into tight curlers. As they soaked Virginia explained.

"I've just given your hair a more girly look. Later, when its long you probably won't be allowed to curl your hair. Most masters love the feeling of a woman's long hair flowing over their bodies as they play with us. Your future masters probably won't tolerate your cutting your hair, or having it cut."

Pretty Lips started to protest that no man would ever touch her, but stopped when it came to her that the alternative might be the lash, or worse.

Seeing her pupil's protest die on her lips Virginia smiled and continued, "From time to time we may play as girls together do. It will be when I want it, either because I'm horny or because I wish to reward you. Don't expect me to be horny often. There are many men on this ship who find me attractive. I call them all, "Master," and when they want me, they take me. They do an exquisite job of satisfying my needs."

Pretty Lips noticed that Virginia wore a green bracelet on her wrist and realized that her Mistress was also a captive.

"You are a prisoner, Mistress?" Pretty Lips asked.

"No, Pretty Lips, I am a slave. Once I was captured, and for a while I was a prisoner. Now I have been trained and bought and sold several times. I am content to be a slave. In time you too will learn to love your slavery, and your masters."

"Never! They can change my body into some man's fantasy, they may have changed me so that I can be bred for puppies, but they can't make me like being their toy."

"You will see, my dear. You will see, and in a short time learn your slavery well."

When the water started to feel cool they got out and patted each other dry with big fluffy soft towels. Pretty Lips was amazed at how much softer the bath had made her skin. Virginia used a dryer to finish her hair and then removed the curlers and brushed out Pretty Lips' hair. Looking in the mirror Pretty Lips saw a pretty and feminine face framed by a mass of short loose red curls. No sign of Sarah remained.

Is that me? Pretty Lips wondered.

Virginia gave Pretty Lips an outfit in a rose colored silk to put on. It consisted of a wispy bikini like top and a wrap skirt that stopped at Pretty Lips' mid thigh. The skirt was slit from the hem to the waist band on both thighs. Virginia then passed Pretty Lips a wispy pair of matching panties. Pretty Lips eagerly slipped them on.

"Generally slaves are not allowed panties," she instructed. "Our masters want ready access to us. Because of your status as a red bracelet girl, you will be allowed them, for now. The masters think it will make you less attractive to the crew."

Pretty Lips looked at the red band of plastic on her wrist and shuddered. They thought that she was now so attractive to men that the men on board the ship must be ordered not to take her.

What will happen when those orders change, she fearfully wondered.

When the garments were on Pretty Lips realized that while they offered some support to her budding breasts they also allowed her breasts to freely shift from side to side as she moved.

"Come with me Pretty Lips, it's time for class," Virginia ordered moving toward the door.

"What class?" Pretty Lips asked.

"Dance class. Pretty Lips you failed to address me improperly. Must I have you whipped?"

Pretty Lips remembered herself and replied, "No Mistress, I apologize."

"I will let it go this time since you are new, but not again. It is for your own protection. If the Captain had been here he would have had you whipped and worse. You know your value would not change much if you were a green-banded girl. He might think a night servicing the crew would foster your acceptance of slavery."

"Pretty Lips, dancing is an important skill for a slave girl. It is a way to please a master and attract his interest. You will learn to seek your master's favor and will strive to be one of his favorites, particularly if he is a kind and generous master. A master's displeasure will result in your being sold or worse."

"Worse, Mistress?"

"Yes, one of my former masters had a very pretty slave he called, somewhat affectionately, boobs. She hated the name and told him so and became stingy in her affection for."

"What did he do to her, Mistress?"

"All the slaves were made to watch. She was led to a courtyard and hung from a bar that held her feet a foot above the ground. Her feet were tied to stakes in ground and her arms were spread wide."

"The master asked her if she would become his docile love slave. She refused. He then had one of his guards, draw a knife and skin her alive. The man was skilled and she was still alive when her skin had been removed, although her boy was dripping blood and the sand under her was red with it.

"The master told her he was having boots and a belt made of her skin for him to wear and then we left the courtyard as did the Master and his guards and a leopard was released. The cat was hungry and the girl's cries and screams were horrible until the best ended her."

Pretty Lips was nearly overcome with horror at the prospect Virginia described. Obediently she followed Virginia out the door. They went down several corridors and stairs until they entered a large room. The room held close to forty girls all dressed in a manner similar to Pretty Lips and Virginia, but in a rainbow of bright colors and pastels. Looking closely Pretty Lips noticed that none of the other girls had panties. Across the room Pretty Lips noticed Linda. The former hooker was looking at Pretty Lips with a quizzical expression on her face.

Virginia raised her voice to address the others, "Class this is Pretty Lips. She is joining us for the duration of the voyage. Although she was once a police officer, her fate is the same as yours. You may as well be kind to her for she will suffer just as you all will, she has been, as have we all, surgically enhanced by the Doctor. In her case the changes were more radical than for most of you. As was the case of Slender Ankles, Pert Nipples, Linda and Emily, she will be sold as breeding stock for dogs, as well as the use of a master. Now to work."

Virginia turned and turned on a tape player. The room filled with exotic music. Pretty Lips realized that the class must be in belly dancing. She shuddered at the thought of having to learn such a degrading dance. Virginia looked at her a moment and observed her hesitance.

"Pretty Lips, try and imitate the steps and movements I make. Or, if you like, I will call Max and he will teach you another, less exotic dance," Virginia warned.

Pretty Lips began to try and dance but at first was completely lost. She tried to follow Virginia's lead. But felt that the older woman's steps and undulations were beyond her. From time to time Virginia stopped to give Pretty Lips, and others of the women, a little extra attention. Pointing out errors and suggesting how they could improve. At the end of the four-hour class Pretty Lips had mastered a few steps and was able to move her hips and stomach in ways she hadn't thought possible. Virginia announced, after the class, that there would be a ninety-minute lunch break before the next class started. As a group they were taken into an adjacent room that acted as dining hall. On their way a girl was pulled out of line by an off duty sailor who had her kneel before him and take his manhood in her mouth. Another girl was lead away by a man who seemed to want more privacy. A third girl, a red head, was stripped and taken on the deck by the dining hall door. She came into the hall a few minutes later, nude.

Pretty Lips tried to blend into the background. As she sat down Pretty Lips saw Linda working her way toward her. The former prostitute sat down on the bench next to Pretty Lips.

"Hello," the young blonde greeted Pretty Lips.

"Hi Linda. How are you? Have they treated you well?" Replied Pretty Lips, unsure of the right thing to say or do.

The girl hung her head, then whispered, as she blushed her shame, my name is now Pert Nipples. They tell me I'm a Great Dane bitch. I tried not to believe it, but there is another girl here, Slender Ankles, they call her. She has been sold before. She says they made her a Great Dane bitch when she was first captured, and she swears she has birthed three litters of Great Dane puppies in the last two

years.

"It is you isn't it, Pretty lips. You're Sarah Taylor, the undercover cop?" Linda whispered.

"I'm not really sure. I think so. They call me Pretty Lips all the time and I have to think for a while to remember that I once was Sarah. They told me I too an now a Great Dane bitch."

"Well, Pretty Lips, or, Sarah, or what ever, I want to ask you to forgive me for cursing you. I didn't really mean it. I was hurt and lonely and I struck out at you because you were there."

Pretty Lips was touched by Linda's apology. She hadn't expected the blonde to do anything other than continue to hate her. Linda's offer of compassion brought tears to her eye.

"That's all right, Linda. I haven't held it against you. Besides, that's the one thing they haven't done to me."

"You mean that you're still a virgin?" Linda asked surprised looking at the feminine figure in front of her.

"Yes, that's the only thing they haven't changed," Pretty Lips replied and with a deep blush raising her wrist so Pert Nipples could see her red bracelet.

"They sure did a job on you! You know that you are pretty now? Is it all real?" Linda asked pointing to Pretty Lips' breasts. "Not implants? You were sort of flat on top before."

Still blushing Pretty Lips tried to reply, "Yes, it's all real."

"May I touch? I just have to feel one to be sure. It seems so incredible. Why, just three weeks ago you were so different."

Before Pretty Lips could react Linda's hand was cupping her breast through the near transparent silk top. Linda slipped her hand inside pulling down the top and pressed her fingers around the nipple, which rapidly extended.

"Wow! It sure is real Pretty Lips," Linda commented as she removed her hand. Girls with implants aren't that responsive.

Pretty Lips blushed a deep crimson as Linda explained to the girls around them what she had discovered. Several began to demand that Pretty Lips allow them to test her breasts for responsiveness. Pretty Lips shyly refused. She would have left the room if she had known where she was or where she might go. The commotion attracted Virginia's attention at the head table.

When the older woman realized what was going on she decided it would be best to clear the air. She called Pretty Lips to the head table and ordered she to get up on the table, "Where everyone could see you."

When Pretty Lips was on the table Virginia ordered her to strip off her top. Pretty Lips started to refuse. Virginia cut the new girl's refusal short by asking, "Do you want me to call Max?"

Pretty Lips, trying to pretend that she was alone removed her top. All the other girls crowded around to get a good look. Virginia stood and motioning them all to step back a little. The older woman explained.

"Girls, Pretty Lips here is special. Many of you have had some minor cosmetic surgery from the good

doctor. A nose job, a little extra pout added to your lips, tattooed eyeliner. You all have had your body hair removed. Pretty Lips has had all of that and more. She represents a major transformation. Her budding breasts are almost totally new. She didn't wear a bra when she was captured, and didn't need one. When the Doctor began to work on her she had barely enough to fill out a training bra. As you can see she now as a nice rack that a master will enjoy. They are not the product of implants but something the Doctor was able to grow.

"Pretty Lips will go through the same course of instruction as you. She is not here by choice. She was taken by force just as you were. She will be sold, as you all will. Her future masters and mistresses will decide when and with who she has sexual contact with. Each of you was given the choice of submitting to slavery or a quick death. Pretty Lips was not given the same choice. 'She' was offered a painful, and lingering death if she refused. Pretty Lips please return to your seat. You can put your top back on after lunch."

Virginia's speech quieted the group. On Pretty Lips' walk back to her seat she was stopped a dozen times by girls who wanted to get a close look. Only two actually touched her breasts, both were gentile and asked first. Pretty Lips realized that since she would be living in close quarters with these girls it was best to satisfy their curiosity. A few minutes later it was an embarrassed girl that sat down next to Linda.

Pretty Lips felt that her ordeal was nearly over until Virginia announced that the evening class would be on 'cock-sucking'.

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## **CHAPTER X**

### **Dancing Girls**

The following days were intense for the girls. Each day included twelve hours of instruction divided by two ninety-minute rest periods, the first for lunch and the second for dinner. Other than being encouraged to drink lots of water the girls did not get breakfast. The light diet and constant exercise reshaped the girls into slender and graceful creatures.

Morning and afternoon classes were always the same. Morning classes consisted of aerobics and yoga. The classes shaped and firmed the girl's bodies. They also fostered the flexibility the girls needed to be good dancers. All the girls, including Pretty Lips, added to their bust line and reduced their waistline significantly. Their thighs, abdomens, and rears became firmer and their legs and arms slim. Most lost a little padding around the hips; but Pretty Lips broadened there. The afternoon class was always belly dancing. The flood of new hormones and exercise was reshaping Pretty Lips body. She continued to lose weight; Virginia weighed all the captives at mid-week and confirmed that Pretty Lips weighed less than one hundred pounds.

"Ninety-three pounds to be exact. Don't worry, Pretty Lips. As your hips and bust fill out you will gain a bit. I would guess that within a few months you will be up to one hundred and two to five pounds," the older woman reassured she.

Afternoons were reserved for dance class. Although most of the girls had weeks more training than Pretty Lips the former cop found was quickly catching up. At then end of her first week of classes Pretty Lips had learned many steps and a few simple dances. She could even move her hips and belly with some steps, for a few minutes. She was surprised when Virginia singled her out to demonstrate a particularly sensuous step. It didn't surprise her that she was learning, but she was shocked that she could do something so wonton well enough to be an example.

Evenings were less physically strenuous and seemed to change each night. The classes included instruction in makeup, preparing and serving food and wine, and love. Pretty Lips was repulsed at the later. She found that these classes were to teach the girls how to stimulate a man as they caressed, kissed, and sucked on various parts of his body. Some of the ship's crew were always present for these classes. Pretty Lips, being red banded was not allowed to actually touch the sailors. She was forced to watch, and pay attention, as the green-banded girls were taught to drive the men wild with lust.

"You are here to learn how to pleasure men. Not to receive pleasure," Virginia sternly told her class. "A kind master will give you pleasure in return for seeking to please him, but it is his choice. It will be your responsibility to inspire him, or her, to touch you in ways that please."

As a red-banded girl, Pretty Lips was supplied with a dildo and forced to practice with it. As Pretty Lips sucked on the plastic shaft projecting from another girl's groin she gave thanks that it was not real.

I wouldn't mind doing this if it were girls tender vulva rather than this damn shaft! Pretty Lips realized. She hated the shaft all the more because it was worn by a girl, who had just what she wanted, and wasn't allowed, under the strap on device.

After the evening class the girls were allowed to either watch a movie or go directly to bed. All the films shown were erotic and emphasized the intense pleasure women derive from sex with men. After a month of these films Pretty Lips was feeling horny.

Of course, the entire crew seemed to rape the green-banded girls several. The prettiest girls were raped several times each day. Even the plainest was taken at least once each week. Of course, there were no real plain girls, thanks to the Doctor's cosmetic surgery skills.

Most of the girls tended to find the films comforting. The films provided a form of justification for their submission and the pleasure they were having as the men poured their lust into them.

Among the girls a number of lesbian affairs started. Pretty Lips, embarrassed, chose not seek out another female and tried to quietly masturbate at night, as did most of the girls. The fact that they all shared a single room for sleeping prevented these moments of self-pleasure from being a secret. In the end all the girls lost their inhibitions and sense of modesty, except Pretty Lips who was clinging to the idea that she was a police officer, bent on escape, and not a slave.

Pretty Lips who had spent three weeks in relative isolation had a difficult time adjusting. She found that she was modest around girls and men. Still, the constant exercise and sexual stimulation were increasingly frustrating.

Like a painted bird Pretty Lips' difference caused her trouble. Most of the girls bitterly teased her about having failed as a policewoman. They were angry at being enslaving and the fact that they were powerless to protest their cruel capture. Pretty Lips was, or at least had person whose job it was to protect women, and they directed their anger at her.

"You must not have been much of a cop if they can make you into a bitch dog slut," one teased.

Another said, "I'm sure you'll love being bred. I bet you have secretly always wanted your breasts to nurse a litter of your puppies sired by a big stud police dog!"

Almost every day someone commented, "A real cop would have chosen death before she let them turn her into a breeding bitch."

Another girl persisted seemed to start each conversation with Pretty Lips with the phrase, "Why don't you ask them to breed you now, then you show us all how a real bitch gets used."

As a result Pretty Lips was left out of girl-to-girl sex play, although she longed for the touch of one of the other girls, almost as much as she was eager to taste the wonders between a girl's thighs. The former cop was left alone, and cried herself to sleep while girls pleased each other.

One night Linda noticed Pretty Lips' predicament and came over to the former cop just before dawn.

"I can't stand to see you so frustrated, Pretty Lips," the blonde whispered. "I know you're a lesbian, and it must be hard for you to be surrounded by girls, who generally are straight, are still indulging themselves in girl to girl play."

Linda lay down beside Pretty Lips and gently pulled her to her. Her legs were spread and Pretty Lips seemed to melt into her. The two moved together slowly and gently for about twenty minutes. When Linda felt Pretty Lips' quiver in release she whispered, "Now you must help me."

Linda pushed Pretty Lips' head gently to her sex. Thankful for the chance to finally make love with another woman Pretty Lips pressed her tongue into Linda's cleft, and did everything she could think of to pleasure the blonde. Pretty Lips smiled to herself when she felt Linda's body shudder.

Linda and Pretty Lips held her for the rest of the night.

Pretty Lips started getting up early to give herself more time to dress and do her makeup. She needed the extra time to do a good job. The other girls had all been putting on makeup for years. Pretty Lips tried to learn in few days the techniques the other knew. The experience was frustrating. Pretty Lips had to concentrate hard to get the makeup to look reasonably good. Her task was made difficult by her wild mood swings. She often broke down in tears ruining her makeup. As Pretty Lips worked she kept trying to think about making the best of the current situation, keeping a stiff upper lip, not letting them get to her. In the end these thoughts only postponed the tears. The sight of her pretty face and expanded bust line would ultimately bring on the cascade.

Sarah the police officer had never cried. However, Sarah, in becoming Pretty Lips, had lost all her mental defenses. Her new hormone k-9 balance fostered her growing emotional nature. At the end of the second week living with the other girls, her fifth on the boat, Pretty Lips realized there was no going back.

Looking in the mirror she saw her swelling breast. They'd taken on a delicate crescent moon shape. Her face was pretty and sweetly feminine. Her voice, when she spoke, was a lilting soprano. But what was worse was the yearning she felt in her sex. She wanted to be filled and to her shame she yearned for her womb to be fruitful. Her sense of desire had been building and she found that she became jealous when one of the crew took one of the girls and used her. Still more shameful was the realization that the idea of a big stud dog breeding her was becoming both fascinatingly attractive.

Even if the hormone implants were removed the dog ovaries they implanted will continue to shape, and my voice will always be soprano. My face is pretty and there isn't a hair left on my body. You're stuck as a girly-girl, she said to herself.

I'm a freak, a kind of sex sideshow oddity. I can hear the barker, 'come see the woman who had puppies. Watch then suckle at her breasts as she feeds the fruit of her womb.'

Pretty Lips shuddered as she contemplated life as a sideshow attraction. It was a new thought for her. It frightened her.

No, it would be better to remain a slave. To be bred for puppies by one person for his entertainment in private, or to be a free woman who can manage her own breeding. Will I be able to? I've seen a bitch in heat, presenting her rear to dog after dog; unable to control her need. Will I be able control that? The feelings within me may be much more powerful than I can control.

My biology is a tighter prison around me than my captures could devise.

A few days later Pretty Lips found she could look at herself in a mirror and not cry. She had decided several issues and made peace with her new identity.

Pretty Lips reviewed her thoughts as she did her makeup, I will be Pretty Lips, the part bitch-part-human, and live out my life as Pretty Lips. I will wait and be patient and find a way to escape. Being Pretty Lips does not mean I must accept slavery. When I escaped I will do it quietly and never let my family or friends know of my humiliating condition. My story will not be spread across the newspapers. I will escape slavery and notoriety. When I escape I will get money. If I can't control my breeding I'll hire a woman I can trust to manage it for me. In the meantime I'm getting excellent training in how to behave, look, dress, and respond as a sexy woman. With what they are teaching about dance I should be able to make a living as an exotic dancer, perhaps I can make big bucks as a courtesan. I don't want to have sex with any man, but, for enough money, I might, once in a while.

A week later one of the sailors sighted land. Pretty Lips had been on the ship for nearly eight weeks. Later she learned that while she was in isolation the ship had continued to follow the coast picking up girls. The girls were not allowed on deck. Once they heard the rumor of land they took turns looking through portholes to get a glimpse. The land turned out to be a small island. It was less than a square miles in area; a coral atoll lost in the ocean's vastness. At noon the next day the ship dropped anchor in an attractive crescent shaped lagoon. The shore was edged with white sand and over shadowed by a dense forest of coconut palms.

Over the preceding weeks the air temperature had been steadily rising. In the shelter of the harbor, out of the sea's breezes, the girls realized that wherever they were, it was hot. As the temperature went up the girl's clothing came off. By the afternoon belly dancing class most of the girls were topless and several were nude. At the end of the four-hour class they all were sheathed in sweat.

After the class Virginia told those who had retained some of their clothing to strip. When they were all nude, including Virginia the sailors herded them all out onto the deck where they were washed, first in sea water, then ordered into tubs that held six or more where they soaked in warm fresh water that were filled with skin softening oils and salts. Pretty Lips was embarrassed at being naked before the other girls and the crew. She blushed knowing that her interest in girls was well known.

After the girls had soaked for an hour they were told to go below, moisturize their skin, and apply their makeup. By they time they were all done it was evening and the hot weather was softening. Virginia came below and ordered all the girls to go back up to the deck, except Pretty Lips, who was locked below.

Throughout the evening Pretty Lips heard the sounds of a wild part coming through the ports from the deck above. There was much male laughing. The sound of men shouting as they drank was clear. There were also the sounds of girls crying and shrieking. These sounds were sometimes those of pleasure. Some were created by pain. The party continued long into the night. At dawn Pretty Lips was ordered up on deck.

What she saw was shocking. Every available surface was covered with mattresses, mostly occupied by girls and men. A few were asleep. The most of the occupants were in the midst of sexual activity.

Looking around Pretty Lips realized that there were many more men than she thought were in the crew. Pretty Lips was not allowed to linger and watch her sisters being used.

A huge man she had not seen before chained her ankles together with a locking heavy steel band. The heavy restraints were padded with foam to avoid damaging the merchandise. The man did not want the girl's value to drop. The ankle restraint was then locked into a chain the man held. Pretty Lips was sent down a gangplank to a narrow dock. She could hear the chair drag behind her followed by the man's heavy tread. Waiting on the dock was a man with a machine gun. He looked appraisingly at Pretty Lips. As she stepped onto the dock one of the guards spoke.

"There it is my friends, one of those we have heard about," he said.

"Is it true Hammed? In every respect a woman, save one; altered to have puppies rather than children?"

The big man grinned and nodded.

"The bidding will run high."

Pretty Lips' anger flared and she demanded, "What do you mean the bids will run high?"

A second later she lay on the dock, her lip split.

"You will speak only when spoken to. You will do as instructed or you will be punished," the one called Hammed explained. "The next time you causes trouble you will be whipped. The second time your tongue will be cut out and the other slaves will all be whipped. The third offense, if you are so foolish, you will be killed. Death will come slowly and with unimaginable pain. Now get up, noisy one, and come with us."

Pretty Lips moved quickly to obey. With the rattle of chains she was marched off the dock and into the jungle. Pretty Lips and her guard walked about a half-mile from the dock before they came to a walled compound where they were ushered through a large iron gate. Inside Pretty Lips found herself facing a big two story colonial building. It was surrounded by several lesser buildings and pens. One of the pens was behind a razor wire fence that was about ten feet high. The lines of razor wire were spaced about every six inches from the top of the fence to the ground.

The chained girl was led into this pen and into another wire enclosure within that. Her ankle rings and chain were removed and the guard closed the inner gate on her and prepared to leave.

Hammed turned to speak, "The outer fence is electrified, with enough voltage to stun. A girl who tries to escape will be punished."

He turned and left. A few moments after the outer gate closed she heard a low hum. The electrified fence had been turned on.

The shelter had a partial roof and large number of old mattresses under it. At one end were an open latrine, washbasin, and communal shower. There were no walls and no hint of privacy. Among the mattresses were piles of sheets, pillows and blankets. Pretty Lips had not slept much the night before. She took the bedding and, correctly assuming that the green banded girls would join her, made all the mattresses into beds. Pretty Lips, lay down and was soon asleep in the morning heat. It was dusk when the rest of the girls were herded in with her.

The arriving girls were nude. They looked worn out. Several were bruised. Two had blood smeared

on their inner thighs and rumps. An hour later a light meal was passed through the gate to each of the girls in turn. They ate quietly. The red-banded girls were quite. Pretty Lips was too frightened to ask questions. Later Pretty Lips noticed that Linda was one of the girls with dried blood spread on her hips. After they had eaten she went over to her friend.

"Linda, is there anything I can do?" She asked.

Linda looked at her blankly.

"You look hurt, would you like me to help you wash or get you some water?" Pretty Lips persisted.

"Hurt? I looked hurt? My God! Is that all," the young woman was almost hysterical.

"Last night about forty men came aboard the ship from the island. Then they and the crew raped us; every one of us. It went on all night and all day. I'm sure each of us was taken at least ten times. Some more. I lost count. Of course I look hurt. I was handling it all OK until that bull Max decided he wanted to take me up the rear. He just rolled me over, smeared his shaft with KY, and shoved it in to the hilt. It was the worst pain of my life. It wasn't my first time, but that bastard is huge. At least ten inches long. When he was done he came out bloody. Then others decided that they would do my rear. It went on and on. Then they started in on the other girls. Each of us was taken that way. Colleen was next. Let me warn you, when some guy spreads those cheeks of yours don't fight it. It hurts more if you fight it. Some of the men seemed to like it when a girl resisted trying to keep them out. It never worked. It just hurts more."

Pretty Lips was shocked, "They wouldn't do that to me? I mean . . ."

"Listen honey, any man sees you is going to want to shove his tool into you, any places he can. Given time the beasts will not be happy until they fucked your sex, your ass, your mouth, hell even your boobs!"

"Pretty Lips, they will! Take it from a pro. Men will want you to suck them first, then, they will want to push inside of you. Some will want you to suck them after. They all want to feel themselves sinking into your yielding flesh."

Pretty Lips was shocked. For the rest of the night she was silent, thinking about her fate. She felt repelled by the prospect of being taken by a man. Yet she knew Linda was right. It was going to happen to her, sooner or later.

Just before dark the guards came back and ordered Pretty Lips to strip. They left with the clothes leaving all of the girls in the compound nude except for their bracelets. Even Virginia was not allowed clothing. She was just another slave girl awaiting the slave sale.

Virginia smiled at the other girl's amazement. She showed them around and then told them to get some sleep. The next morning Virginia made sure they had all showered. After their shower their routine began again. Exercise class, a break for food, dancing class, another light meal, and then more instruction in proper subservient feminine behavior. The pattern became a routine. Pretty Lips lip healed and she started to feel like she was really dancing. The days were hot and after a while most were glade they wore no clothes. Nights were cool but not cold. Three weeks later the plans started to arrive.

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CHAPTER XI

Merchants of Flesh

For five days the planes kept landing. By the morning of the fifth-day Pretty Lips had watched over thirty planes land. Every one was a private jet, None had taken off. The big house was filled with life. Every night the sound of parties and music floated across the compound to the caged girls. Sometimes, after a plane landed, one or two new girls were introduced into the compound. They were all nude. Most were Americans or English. One was French and a few were Semitic in origin. Two girls were black and one was Asian. The new girls were quite and kept to themselves. It was clear to Pretty Lips they were afraid.

Each week Pretty Lips would take a look at herself in mirror that was in the compound to allow the girls to see themselves as they danced. Virginia often had each girl go through the steps of a dance and watch as she suggested how she could improve. Then repeat the dance incorporating Virginia's suggestions.

After over three months of intense treatment and surgery the former tomboyish and dyke-like Sarah Taylor was completely feminine as the dancing girl Pretty Lips. She had added a little weight. It all seemed to be going to her breasts and hips. Virginia had told her she might now be over one hundred pounds. There was no way to be sure. Pretty Lips did know that her dancing continued to improve. After five weeks of near constant practice she was able to follow Virginia's lead and could even improvise steps. She was beginning to see the potential of the dance as a method of expression. She found it hard to admit to herself that she enjoy dancing, but she did. Her enjoyment and expression were so feminine she was frightened at what she was becoming. Even the most humiliating of the dances, with names like, The Slave's Surrender, were opportunities for expression and a chance to enjoy the skill she had gained.

There was a growing sense of excitement in the air. The planes seemed to have all arrived. The number of girls in the pen had grown from the forty-one who came off the ship to fifty-five. As the afternoon became early evening several of the girls emotional stability began to crack. Virginia had the girls bath and checked to make sure each was perfectly clean. Several of the girls had to bath twice.

One of the new girls, Beth who was English, became hysterical as Virginia told her to bath a second time. Screaming over and over, "What are they going to do to me? What are they going to do to me?"

She screamed until one of the guards entered the pen and slapped her. Virginia held her until she stopped crying. When she was calm, and after a glance at the watching guards, she was eager to bath again.

Just as it was turning dark the girls were brought a light meal of rice and vegetables. After their meal Pretty Lips and most of the others were surprised when they were brought clothing. Racks and racks of evening gowns were pushed into the slave's pen. They were also provided with ample makeup. With the cloths were oil lamps and hand-mirrors. As the girls looked through the gowns more cloths were brought included underwear and hose. Finally two men carried in a large case filled with shoes. All the shoes were high heels.

Hammed addressed them, "You will all dress and make yourselves up as beautifully as you can. You will have two hours. I warn each of you. A girl who does less than her best will deeply regret her neglect."

After he left the girls started to sort out the clothes and assembly outfits. There were a variety of gowns and lingerie allowing each girl to choose between different outfits. Pretty Lips was grateful when Virginia joined her and helped she pick out a dress. Pretty Lips ended up wearing a black velvet cocktail dress that puffed out at the waist and hugged her chest tightly making the most of

her still smallish, at least compared to Virginia's, bust. The dress had a deep cowl neckline and short puffy sleeves. Under the dress Pretty Lips had put on a black demi-bra that enhanced her cleavage, matching black lace panties, and a black satin garter belt. Virginia had given her dark gray hose to wear and Pretty Lips had found a pair of black patent leather sling back pumps to complete her outfit. A many-layered petticoat augmented the flounce of Pretty Lips' skirt. Pretty Lips giggled as she slipped on the frilly garment. She felt so feminine she almost forgot she was now a captive.

When they were all dressed the group looked like the female half of a high school prom. When the guards came back they were carrying chains. The girls groaned knowing better than to protest. Each of the girls was locked into a manacle that fitted around her ankle. The manacles in turn were locked onto a long chain. There were eleven girls on each chain; five chains in all. They were told to carry their shoes and marched, one chain at a time out of their pen and over to a side door of the big house. The sounds of a party were clear to Pretty Lips as her chain, the third, reached the house. Once in the house they were told to put on their shoes. The girls were then led into a large room that was open in the middle with tables along its walls. The tables were all the same height and created a platform around the room that was two feet high.

The room had an attractive but rustic appearance. It was huge; Pretty Lips estimated it was thirty feet by seventy feet in size and fifteen feet from floor to ceiling. The room's walls were made of a red volcanic stone. The floor was a rough-cut pine plank, worn smooth in front of the doors and in the middle of the room. The ceiling was coffered into squares and composed of the same wood as the flooring. Above the tables were a series of heavy iron rings attached to the masonry wall. The rings were spaced about thirty inches apart. Roughly seven feet above the tops of the tables were a series of clearstory windows, framed out in the same material as the floor and ceiling. There was no glass in the windows, but they were fitted out with tightly spaced bars that were made of black metal.

One by one the girls were unchained and forced to climb up on the table. Once in position their right legs were manacled to iron ring in the wall. The ledge they stood on was about twenty-four inches wide. The chain that attached them to the ring was ten feet long.

When Pretty Lips entered she was shocked. The sides of the room looked like an expensive women's shop featuring evening dresses. Except the models up on the tables were alive, and Pretty Lips realized she would soon be joining the girls on display.

When her manacle was freed from the chain Pretty Lips was led to an area apart and told to get up on the ledge. She did so and was locked in place. There were several open spaces near her on the same platform. A few minutes later Linda was brought in and forced to stand next to Pretty Lips on the table. A few minutes another girl that had been made part bitch was on the same platform. Linda was dressed in a red satin shift. Her legs were bare and the shift was so snug that it was clear she wore no underwear.

Linda tried to smile as she whispered to Pretty Lips, "They told me to wear this damn dress. I guess they wanted everyone to know I was a whore."

Pretty Lips nodded and whispered, "I guess they're putting all of us fixed to bred puppies together."

"You're right," Linda responded looking at the other girls on the platform. "Were even being grouped by breed."

"I wonder they bothered to put us in clothes. If we're to be sold as breeding bitches, why not display us in a leather collar and nothing else?"

"I don't know why they're having us wear cloths, but I'm relieved, this is the prettiest dress I've ever

had on, and wearing this dress maybe it will be harder to think of me as a bitch dog." Pretty Lips looked down at her black velvet dress and felt very feminine. After a moment Pretty Lips realized that Linda was looking her over. She blushed. As she blushed she felt her chestnut hair brush her shoulders. Pretty Lips' short hair had grown to be long enough to be styled. Virginia had helped her do her hair before they had finished dressing. Her hair was wavy and caressed the tops of her exposed shoulders. It was much longer than the blonde soldier's hair.

"You've changed," Linda commented. "You're rather pretty now, almost beautiful. Back on the docks, in Astoria, no one sure whether you were a girl, or not."

Pretty Lips looked down the swell of her bosom, and laughed. "I think we all have had our appearance enhanced. Linda, I always thought you were beautiful, but you're now more than that. You're stunning."

Linda grinned ruefully, "Yeah, it's amazing what months of the right diet, exercise, hormones and a little cosmetic surgery can accomplish."

Linda and Pretty Lips watched as the other girls from the pen were each locked into a place standing on the tables round the room's perimeter. When they thought they all were in place another person was brought in and locked on the table near Pretty Lips. It was a feminine boy or a slightly masculine girl. Pretty Lips could not tell. She wondered if it was a young man who had been feminized for the sale.

Many of the girls were talking, wondering what was to happen next. Pretty Lips was about to ask her neighbors what they thought, when a guard with a loud voice told them to be quiet. As he spoke he raised a heavy bullwhip over his head and cracked it across the floor. Instantly the room was silent.

A tall thin man wearing a tuxedo entered the room and looked around. He was bald, but sported a thick gray goatee. The man slowly walked around the room pausing to take a good look at each of the girls. When he had completed the circle he went to the end of the room and stood by a pair of double doors facing them all.

He began to speak, "In a few minutes we will invite our guests in. They are here to inspect you. You will speak only when spoken to. You will oblige their requests in any way you can. You will look appealing and seductive. If one of them seems interested in you will beg them to buy you. You will not speak to each other."

There was a collective gasp in the room. Although most of the girls had figured out that they were to be sold they had never dreamed that it would be in such a public setting. They were embarrassed and humiliated, having been reduced, before others, to the status of merchandise. Most had cherished thoughts of rescue and dreams of escape. The speaker allowed his words to sink in before continuing.

"For the next two hours you will be inspected. You will encourage the prospective buyers to look you over in as much detail as they like. Green banded girls may be tried. Whatever a potential master wants you are to allow. This includes any and every intimacy. Our guests are all buyers. If you attract a buyer's interest I suggest you enthusiastically try to convince them of your desirability. Those slaves not sold at the end of the tonight's auction will be killed."

Again the man let his words sink in.

"The business part of the sale will begin after the inspection. Each of you will be presented in turn. A base price will be suggested. Our guests will be invited to bid. If there are bids it is simple. In most

cases you will be stripped, so that the buyers can see you without the aid of push-up bras and other figure enhancing clothing. You are to be sold to the highest bidder. If there are no bids we go to the next girl. Once we have offered each girl all those not sold will be offered for inspection a second time. We will then start with another round of bidding at a reduced starting base price. At the end of the second sale we will kill any unsold girls. They will have disappointed us.

“Girls to be killed will first be tortured, for our amusement. Such undesirable girls should understand that their death is our opportunity for us to be revenged on them for their failure to make us a profit. After our last sale one girl did not die until four days after she began to beg us to kill her.”

Several of the girls began to cry and but Pretty lips anger burst, she began to scream, “You can’t! You can’t do this to me! I’m Sarah Taylor and you can’t do this to me!”

Two men went to her, released her foot from the wall ring, and threw her to the wooden floor. One of them pulled out his bullwhip and began to lash Pretty Lips.

The whip cracked and Pretty Lips felt a searing pain across her back. She screamed as she felt the wetness of her own blood along the line the whip had drawn on her back. The next crack lined her left hip and thigh.

The blows were deep and intended to cut as well as cause pain. Moments after the third blow, this one across her chest the former Sarah Taylor was begging them to stop.

“Stop! Oh please! Stop! I’m sorry! I’ll be quite! Oh please stop!” She cried and sobbed as the whip bit through her clothing to her flesh across her right shoulder.

The guard with the whip kept at her until her clothes were in tatters and well stained with her blood. After ten strokes he stopped. Then two guards lifted Pretty Lips back onto the raised platform and locked her into place. She was shaking and sobbing but managed to stand.

The man in the tuxedo turned to the others and spoke, “The slave who was the former Miss. Sarah Taylor now has a problem.”

Turning to face the girl he continued in a loud voice, “My dear, you look like a fright! I don’t think that anyone will offer a bid on you let alone bid against other for you. If they don’t I personally will torture you to death. You must try hard to interest our buyers. If you are not sold in the first round I will have you whipped to death. Right here in front of the others. It might help them understand their slavery to see you die. I could think of that as a small profit.”

He turned away from the crying girl and said to the guards, “Open the doors.”

Pretty lips tried to stop her tears. Looking down at her ruined dress she saw her skin was smeared with her blood where the whip had cut her as well as left deep welts. Every inch of her body hurt and her mind screamed. She knew her make up must be ruined. But she was sure of two things. The man who ordered her whipped would kill her if she did not sell, and she didn’t want to die. She tried to control her tears by watching the crowd as they entered.

Through the large wooden doors that had opened at the room’s far end a crowd started to pour in. Several were Europeans in business suits, many were wearing robs and head gear that identified them as Arabic. Turbines were present, on men who looked Indian, to Pretty Lips, and there were more Asians in business suites than Europeans. There were a few women, mostly dressed in western business clothes; a pair of huge Irish Wolf Hounds flanked one. She was tall but looked small next to the dogs. Pretty Lips was surprised to see that there were several couples.

CHAPTER XII

Sold

Several men were wearing military uniforms. From the amount of braid, ribbons, and insignias they were high-ranking officers. They looked like the military dictators she was used to seeing on the news. Pretty Lips looked around. To try and focus her mind she started to count the people in the crowd. There were over one hundred. Pretty Lips noted that each seemed to carry a kind of catalogue, which they referred to often.

As they entered each 'buyer' slowed to survey the room. Each seemed to be looking for something in particular. They'd pick out a girl to examine more closely and walk toward her. The girls were a little surprised to find these people engaging them in conversation. Asking them their name and, with what seemed like real interest, inquiring into their background. Then the 'buyer' would touch the girl.

"Pretty Lips saw Virginia, who was directly across the room from her, offer her leg to a man who ran his hand up her calf and thigh. His hand disappeared beneath Virginia's dress. Pretty Lips could tell when his fingers reached Virginia's sex. The girl jerked with surprise, then moved her hips to help him explore her. The man spoke a word and Virginia dropped to the floor, turned to lean over the counter, and raised her skirt offering herself. The man pulled her panties down and began to explore her sex with his hands. A few moments later he turned to a woman who had been watching. She was wearing a black suit top with a wide loose skirt. The woman flipped her skirt up revealing a large black rubber dildo strapped to her hips. She stepped up to Virginia pressed the rubber rod into the exposed girl's cleft to its hilt. Pretty Lips watched in fascination as the woman 'took' Virginia. When she was done she stepped away and the man exposed his own hard tool and pressed it into Virginia.

All through the encounters Virginia moaned and writhed and showed great delight. Pretty Lips could hardly believe her eyes. Looking down at her wrist she was suddenly thankful for the protection created by her red plastic bracelet. But then it hit her: to avoid death she must convince one of these people to buy her. But how could she do that looking as she did, and without even the use of her sex to interest them in her.

Pretty Lips was shocked to hear herself beg, as a potential buyer approached, "Take me master! Buy me please! Please taste my charms! I want to please you! Please buy me master!"

After a while a man stopped before her and carefully looked Pretty Lips over.

"Why were you whipped, slave?" He asked.

"Because, Master, I could not wait for the sale. I begged the guards to take me. I demanded that they fill me with their seed. Instead they whipped me. Buy me, Master, I will please you well."

"So you wanted to be had. Tell me dear, do you still need to be taken?"

"Yes Master! Please use a girl. I will be pleasing. I will thrill you, Master. Please let me try to thrill you. I'm a hot bitch wanting nothing more than to please you!" Pretty Lips begged.

"But you are a red banded girl, your virginity must be saved for your owner's pleasure. If I take you now, I must buy you. But I'm not sure you are worthy of becoming my slave."

"Oh, please buy me, Master. I will be more than worth, I will delight you!"

"Experience the pleasures of my mouth, or fill my bottom with your shaft! I will make you eager to own me, and have the rest!"

"Are you so hot for a male. How about two males? Are you eager to please two males, in a row?"

As he finished the man turned and called, "Hay Mildred! This girl says she is a bitch that needs to be taken, right now if possible. Why not give Blood and Guts the pleasure of taking her?"

The stately woman flanked by the two Wolf Hounds turned and smiled. She slowly walked over to the man and a shocked Pretty Lips. The woman was in her late thirties, tall slim with slim figure, but her ankle-length black satin gown was slit up both sides, revealing wonderfully long legs. The room quieted as others began to watch the scene unfolding around the whipped girl. The man's next words were clearly audible to the whole assembly.

"If you really are a hot girl, ready to pleasure a male you can show us now. Strip and get down on all fours. Show us all just how hot and eager you can be to please these two horny hounds by taking them in your virginal bottom. If you show them a real good time I just might buy you. For my own dogs to use."

Pretty lips looked at the dogs with horror. Then she removed her tattered clothing and nude got down on the floor between the two dogs.

"I don't know how!" Pretty Lips cried, almost in tears.

The woman with the dogs answered, "The dogs know how, dear. Let them get a good sniff of you and try licking their shafts. They will take care of your need once they get the idea. Both have had girls before. Keep your sex low, and your head lower, until they are well into your ass."

She opened her purse and withdrew a tube, opened it and began to rub some slippery gel into Pretty lips' bottom. "This will ease their entry, dear, and give the dogs a scent that will drive them to want to mate."

The man who had called her over scanned the catalogue and looked up surprised. "Mildred the girl has Great Dane ovaries! You could breed her for puppies."

"Yes, I read that. But my boys with her would make mongrels. Some of the bitches here have been prepared for a Wolf Hound to breed; I may buy one, or buy a girl who has no bitch nature and have her modified."

When the women stood Pretty lips watched with horror as the two dogs circled her. The urge to live was strong, and the pain from the whipping had convinced her that they would kill her. From time to time one would lean toward her and lick her, generally on her hip, thigh, or breasts.

One of the dogs stopped before her his sheath near her mouth. The tip of the dog's penis had extended from the sheath. It looked red and very wet. Hesitantly Pretty lips extended her tongue and licked the inch of exposed shaft. The taste was musky and salty. Tears streamed down Pretty Lips cheeks as she began to give the dog the first blow-job of her life. She was repulsed when she felt the organ in her mouth extend. Then the dog became restless and pulled his shaft free of her mouth and circled to her rear.

Her fear of the lash and death drove her to try and cooperate. She raised her hips and lowered her head to her arms, offering the beast herself. The dog's tongue reached out and caressed her bottom. The tongue moved toward her cleft, but the dog's Mistress said sharply, "Ass Fuck her, Blood!"

A few moments later Pretty Lips cried out. It was a cry of a girl being entered by something massive. The crowd surrounding her and the dogs seemed enthralled.

As the shaft was pressed deeper and deeper into her, Pretty Lips cried out in pain. She thought it might never end for within her she could feel the dog's shaft growing as the animal thrusts became frantic.

Knowing that life depended on convincing a buyer that she was a hot bitch, Pretty Lips tried to change her cries into those of pleasure. What the crowd heard were low animal cries of excitement. Pretty Lips was trying to put on a good enough show to interest a buyer, but as the fucking continued she started to feel genuinely turned.

Her mounting cries became authentic. Then the crowd applauded. Pretty Lips hoped the applause indicate that they were convinced that she was the hot bitch she said she was.

Pretty lips felt something large press into her bottom, and immediately her body seemed to grab and hold the invading thickness. Blood was on her black with his front paws hooked around Pretty Lips' waist. Her sides were scratched and bleeding, as the dog tried to pull himself ever deeper into the bitch he was making his. But the pain was minor compared to the growing shaft within her and the pleasure it was giving her. Pretty Lips felt a growing sensation of warmth within her as the animal deposited first his pre-come, then his seed within her.

Suddenly the dog was still, although Pretty Lips continued to feel the shaft jerk and explode within her. Then the dog climbed off of her back, as it did, the shaft locked within her rotated within Pretty lips causing additional excitement mixed with pain. She realized that she and the dog were rear to rear, but still firmly connected by the swelling locked within her. Tears streaked her face and dripped to the floor as she experienced a mix of pleasure and pain the like of which she had never known or understood was possible.

She continued trying to convince those around her that her tears and the sounds she was making were expressions of joy. She even faked an orgasm for the benefit of her audience.

The other dog moved before her face again. Knowing what was expected Pretty lips rose onto all fours and moved her head and tongue to the tip of red that was emerging from Gut's sheath. She licked and sucked and was rewarded as the shaft grew. Pretty Lips hoped she could bring the dog to climax in her mouth, and end her ordeal without having to go through the pain of a second breeding.

After what seemed like forever to Pretty Lips, but what in reality fifteen minutes the shaft within her began to deflate along with the huge bulge that had locked it within her. Blood pulled his tool free of Pretty Lips. A gush of liquids followed it and coated Pretty Lips' thighs.

Guts seemed to realize the bitch's her bottom was free, pulled his shaft from Pretty Lips' mouth and circled to her rear. The girl moaned in resignation as the dog mounted her.

The second entry was easier, after the stretching she had been through, and was helped by the lubrication Blood's seed left within her. The ease of the entry also reduced the degree to which guts needed to grasp the bitch's waist to achieve penetration. He added only a few scratches to her side as his rapidly moving hips filled Pretty lips.

Pretty Lips was surprised to find she was becoming aroused. As the shaft grew within her and the dog's hips pressed it ever deep and deep with powerful quick thrusts. Pretty Lips began to moan. When the bulge formed she climaxed as it locked within her. Pretty lips came again as Guts rotated off her back and moved into the end-to-end position.

Pretty lips cried out, "Yes! Oh, Yes!" As Guts filled her with his seed.

She came a final time, moaning her pleasure into the floor and making sounds that left no doubt in the audiences mind that she had enjoyed being bred. Ten Minutes later Guts shaft shrank and slipped from her, and Pretty Lips' thighs were again coated with his seed.

The crowd parted and two guards helped the girl rise from the floor. They held her for a moment, allowing the crowd to observe the streams flowing down her thighs. One man reached out and collected some on his hands and smelled it. He smiled and said, "First class!"

The audience laughed.

The guards helped her resume her place and back on the platform, steadying Pretty Lips until she could stand on her own.

Her humiliation was completed when the woman with the dogs pointed at thigh and laughed, "Why the dogs have filled her to overflowing. I had no idea they were so badly in need of relief. I may need to buy her just to make sure the my dear pets are not frustrated when they can't get to a real bitch."

Pretty lips hardly believed it when she heard herself say, "Yes buy me for your dogs. I long to keep them satisfied."

Her cheeks burned with shame and Pretty Lips kept her eyes downcast, afraid of the contempt she'd see, even in Linda's eyes and those of the other girls being offered for sale.

The buyers in the room that heard her laughed. But none of the other girls for sale did.

The man in the Tuxedo stepped up to the platform and turned to face the crowd.

"What am I bid for this hot bitch?" He asked. "Surely one of you has need of a girl to service your pets. She will take on a horse as willingly, I promise. Put her on exhibit and repeat the scene you just saw and she will show you a profit. Put her to breed with your Great Danes and let her add to your profits by giving you puppies. She will breed prize puppies, examine her excellent bloodline is in your catalog. Image watching her whelp and then nurse her litter. Will someone offer me one hundred?"

"The puppies will be pure breed, and her bitch blood lines trace to many champions!"

"But wait, before we commence the bidding, consider, this female was only recently an American Policewoman. She carried a gun and worked undercover," the auctioneer said turning to Pretty Lips. "Imagine your pleasure as you humble and humiliate her. Imagine considering what she was, as you watch your dogs breed her when she goes into heat and then the thrill of seeing the dog bred policewoman whelp and nurse your dog's puppies!"

Pretty Lips felt her cheeks burning as the crowd looked at her.

Stay calm, she told herself. No reason to give them the pleasure of knowing my feelings. I will bide my time and my chance for escape will come. Perhaps even a chance at revenge.

"Note the well shaped bosom, the narrow waist, the sweet face, and delicate arms. She is lovely yet still she is more, or less, than a complete woman. Her tender vulva has been closely checked and our Doctor guarantees her virginity.

"Image your pleasure as you make the policewoman your love slave by taking her innocents!"

Although he spoke softly his words carried to everyone in the room. Then he turned to Pretty Lips.

"Beg them, Pretty Lips!" He commanded. The look in his eyes was cold and cruel. Pretty Lips knew he had enjoyed having her whipped and would relish a chance to abuse her again; or even kill her.

"Masters, please buy me. I'm inexperienced but I will work hard to give you all the pleasure my body can offer. Just now you saw me bred by two dogs, I was a virgin when it began. Then you saw me grow to love the use the dogs made of me. Buy me and I will be hotter for you to use me, even breed me with your dogs! Buy me, please!"

"My friends, she is more than an attractive girl, a former symbol of so called American power, a bitch to breed puppies from using your favorite stud. She is skilled at serving and dancing, just as all of our girls are. Her instructor informs me she has the potential of becoming a superb dancer."

There was a polite round of applause as the crowd observed Pretty Lips.

"Our Doctor has certified that 'Pretty Lips', we call her that, is capable of being bred by any dog. Her breed is Great Dane, and she will produce excellent puppies when bred by a good stud. Watch as her breasts fill with milk and later nourish her puppies. After her puppies are ready to be weaned use her lactation; milk the bitch and sell the milk. She should produce eight to ten puppies a litter and at two litters a year she could return her purchase price long before she is bred out. Our Doctor thinks she has at least 25 breeding years ahead of her and perhaps as many as thirty.

"If you milk her when she is not nursing we estimate she will produce at least a two liters a day, perhaps twice that. The going rate for human milk is fifty euros a liter. Not only can you take a world of pleasure from this bitch, it is likely that you will turn a quick profit on her if you want to sell her puppies and milk!

"Again, my friends, I say only a few short weeks ago this 'lovely' was an American police officer. She made the mistake of stumbling onto one of our collecting expeditions. Pretty Lips will need a special buyer. One who will enjoy the powerful feeling and excitement that must accompany the subjugation and sexual use of an arrogant America. Who will bid one hundred thousand euros."

The Auctioneer's words were fast and crisp. Pretty Lips could see several of the men in the crowd wet their lips as they looked at her. One woman smiled with delight. Glade to see an American subjected to the same humiliation as the many European, Asian and African slaves for sale that day.

"Fifty," a dark man wearing a turban called out. Pretty Lips gasped with relief. She would not die.

"Sixty," the woman with the two dogs bid. "I can rent a Great Dane stud, to breed her to."

A voice spoke, "One hundred!"

Pretty Lips almost fainted with shock at the realization.

They are bidding for me!

"One hundred fifteen," was the bid from a black man in a uniform that had an almost impossible amount of braid and ribbons. His voice had a crisp English accent. Clearly he had received his education at Oxford or Cambridge.

"One hundred twenty, " said an attractive young woman. She was holding a man's hand as she bid. He looked at her with an approving smile and kissed her cheek.

"One twenty five," a tall man wearing a turban and an orange burnoose bid.

The Auctioneer sighed and raised his hand. "Ladies and gentleman, we shall be here all night. We have four bidders already and I see several more hands. Let us save time. Do I hear one-fifty?"

"Surely a minimum price for such a jewel. Imagine her in your arms or at your feet; begging your touch and then eagerly working to please you. In your mind, watch her as she is proudly presents you with her puppies."

"One-sixty," the man in the orange burnoose bid.

"One-seventy," said a short powerfully built man in tweed.

"Two hundred," came from a tall man near the back of the crowd.

The man holding the smiling young woman's hand offered "Two-twenty." She turned her smile to him and kissed his cheek. Pretty Lips was surprised the young woman really did wished to own her. For what? She wondered.

The bids were now more spirited. They quickly rose to two-hundred-thirty thousand, then to two-thirty-five. Two-thirty-six was bid by the smiling young woman again. Then a silence fell on the room.

"I have two-hundred-thirty-six," the auctioneer smiled at the crowd. "Do I have another bid?"

"Two-forty," a dark man in a business suit and a fez spoke for the first time.

There was a long silence; then the Auctioneer slapped his hands. "Sold to the Man From Morocco!"

The Auctioneer's words hit Pretty Lips like a hammer. Sold like an animal, sold as a slave, sold as an animal to be bred by dogs! Her fears rattled in her head as she began to faint. Strong hands caught her as she slipped to her knees. As she started to come around Pretty Lips realized the crowd was still looking at her.

"What will you do with this treasure?" Inquired the Auctioneer.

"I have not yet decided. She may warm my bed and pleasure my guests and house guard. Perhaps my most favored dogs shall have her use and my Great Danes shall breed her. I may also do other things, her milk may find a use in my household. I may also use her as a special treat in my stables, for my stallions. When one wins a race she may be his reward," he announced. The crowd laughed approvingly.

"It shall be pleasure to consider my options.

"To reinforce her position, her slavery, I would like her pierced and marked. You will see to this?"

"But of course. It is all included in the price. In the future should you require any other minor modifications we will undertake them for a nominal cost. For instances, should you desire her transformation made more completed we can add additional breasts, to help her in the work of feeding her puppies."

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## CHAPTER XIII

### Marked

Fifty-three girls gasped as the reality of Pretty-Lips sale hit them. None of those who had been captured by the slavers believed they really would be sold, until that moment. Their shock deepened as each additional girl was put up for sale, bid on, and sold. When they were sold some girls became hysterical, some cried, a few smiled. Most were silent as they were leashed and lead from the auction room.

At the end of the first round only a dozen girls remained unsold. Seven had not yet been offered. These included the two standing next to Pretty Lips, Linda and the androgynous person and the other three girls who'd been modified to breed puppies on the slave ship. Pretty Lips was frightened and impatient. She realized that she had been sold. In the crowd she could see the man who had purchased her. He was considering each girl offered, but had yet to bid. It occurred to Pretty Lips that she had yet to be led away because he was planning to purchase more slaves. Shocked, Pretty Lips thought, Not only sold, sold to a man who plans to own several slaves, perhaps already does. Tears filled her eyes as realization filled her mind, I won't even be a specially valued prize to him!

Her sale had been a horror, but she feared what being pierced and marked would mean. Pretty Lips had seen the girls described like animals, stripped, displayed, touched, used, and then sold. Just being in the room was humiliating. Sale of the girls always brought bids that seemed like a huge amount of money, and almost nothing to Pretty Lips. Every sold girl went for six figures, an amount that seemed like a fortune to Pretty Lips. But, to see such a figure as the value of a human being, seemed obscene. It was clear the slavers knew what they were doing, all the slaves that had been sold were younger and/or prettier than those that had yet to be sold. Embarrassed by the thought Pretty Lips wished that she prettier.

She reminded herself; my sale was based on what I did with those two dogs, and having convincing them that I was hot for more. Tears filled her eyes. I want to die! God! How could I want to live so much that I'd put on that kind of a show for a room full of strangers. Her horror at her actions grew as she realized the seed deposited by the two wolfhounds was still draining from her sore bottom and coating her inner thighs. Pretty Lips wanted the horrible experience to be over. She tried to prepare herself to accept pain and death before shed abase herself with an animal again.

Linda seemed defiant with her arms crossed. "This is terrible," she whispered, "Pretty Lips. I know I'm a whore, but working the streets I had the choice. I could say no if I didn't like the guy, or where he wanted to take me, or what he wanted to do, or if he wasn't willing to pay what it would take to get me to consent. Yes, I sold myself. But these bastards are selling me. They've stolen my personness, my whole life!"

Pretty Lips nodded her agreement. She whispered back, "Yes, they have taken everything we had and stolen everything we might ever have had.

"I wish I'd had the courage to not let those dogs do what they did to me. I wish I'd let them whip me to death."

Linda looked shocked. "No, you must choose life. That is always the right choice. Don't talk about dieing. These monsters will kill you if they think it will be amusing. No one should die just to amuse a bunch of heartless bastards. Promise me you won't do anything to invite death!"

Pretty Lips saw sincere caring in Linda's eyes and nodded, "OK, I promise, but I don't know how long I'll be able to stand it."

Their conversation ended when the auctioneer led the crowd toward them again.

Linda, shuddered, and whispered a soft, "This is it!" More to herself than Pretty Lips.

The auctioneer stopped in front of the boyish-girlish creature on Pretty Lip's other side. It seemed listless. Pretty Lips guessed that the creature had been sold before.

Thinking about the auction Pretty Lips remembered Virginia. Her former teacher and mistress had been one of those who smiled when she was sold. She'd clearly been pleased at the high price that had been paid for her. Pretty Lips tried to figure out just how much three hundred and twenty thousand euros was, in dollars. She couldn't remember the exchange rate. She thought there were about one and one-half euros to the dollar. The price one was sold into slavery for seemed like an odd thing to take pride in.

"My friends," he auctioneer began. "I, Saied, the trader in beautiful flesh, have promised you something special today. I will not disappoint you. Before you are two forms of exotic jewels. Each a rarity. First this seeming boy," he pointed to the youth beside Pretty Lips.

"A true hermaphrodite," the auctioneer continued.

Then he turned to the creature, "Strip now, my pretty, so that our guests may see the secret wonders you offer."

Instantly the youth removed its clothing, which consisted of a simple satin shift, panties, and bra, garter belt, and hose. The crowd applauded with appreciation as two small breasts were revealed. Then looked with wonder at the penis projecting from the youth's groin. As the child was about to remove its nylons the auctioneer restrained its hands. Then using his pen he lifted the immature looking male tool revealing a delicate pink grove, rather than a scrotum.

The crowd pressed forward to get a better look. The auctioneer had the creature sit down and spreading its legs wide to reveal its secrets. Pretty Lips standing right next to the child could see that there were no testicles at all. Clear to all, including Pretty Lips, was the entrance to a vagina.

"The vagina is fully function. The hymen is intact, awaiting its owner's first use. Your eyes do not deceive you. We have here a creature that is both male and female. The good doctor assures me that sets of sex both organs are functional. We call it Gaminet. Of course its owner may wish to rename it.

"Gaminet is in perfect equilibrium. Within its body are a mature ovary and a mature testicle. It is you, the buyer, who will decide which, if either, will dominate. The creature is even capable of impregnating itself. With this sale will go the ongoing support of the doctor, who will ensure that your desires are fully realized. We bring Gaminet to sale now, because the Doctor advises us that at eighteen years old, its sexual organs need use, if the balance is to be maintained. Shall we start the bidding at a round quarter million?"

"Two-hundred-sixty!" Called a small European man.

"Two-seventy-five!" Bid the woman with the two Wolf Hounds.

"Three hundred," offered a dark man wearing a turban.

The bidding continued for several minutes. It slowed when the bids went over five hundred thousand. The woman named Mildred with the hounds made the final offer.

"Five-hundred thirty-five thousand," she said quietly.

"An excellent price," commented the auctioneer when it was clear there was no higher offer. "Might I inquire as to Madam's plans for Gaminet?"

"You may," Mildred replied with a laugh. "I shall allow the feminine development to slightly predominate. I want to see somewhat larger breasts and a softer look. My Husband shall have its hymen, as his birthday present. There after he shall be given full use of that feminine orifice. I shall take charge of the development of its male part. When we tire of it we may breed it.

"Is it practical to have it modified to have the puppies of my wolfhounds?"

The auctioneer nodded. "Anticipating that a buyer might have such a plan, I discussed it with our doctor.

"The surgery is relatively simple, although it requires several weeks; if you were to leave the existing ovary in place, and add wolfhound ovaries, the balance would be destroyed and in a year or two the male parts of Gaminet would become impotent. However, so modified Gaminet could be bred for either babies or puppies.

"If we removed the human ovary and added only one wolfhound ovary the balance between male and female could be maintained. However, Gaminet would be only able to have puppies. The litters would be smaller than those from a bitch with two ovaries. Gaminet will go into heat when ready to be bred."

The woman who had bought Gaminet smiled broadly. "I'd really like to see that. I also don't want my husband to father any children with the creature. We have three now, and I think that's quite enough.

"What would the up-charge be for such an alteration?"

"None at all, Madam. Given the price you're paying, it's included.

"Would you like us to develop Gaminet's breasts more at the same time. It is a simple matter while we are adjusting its biology to K9."

The woman smiled, "Yes, I'd like that. So would my husband.

"Please make both changes. I shall rename Gaminet, Princess. My husband shall have her maidenhead and we shall share her use in bed until she goes into heat. I look forward to the look on my husband's face when he sees her whelp puppies!"

"An excellent plan Madam."

The room spun around Pretty Lips as they talked so lightly of further altering a person's body. When she came around she was on her side on the platform. She realized the Linda was being bid for. The bidding was running high. She recognized the voice of the dark man who had purchased her among the bidders. Linda was sold to her new master for one-hundred seventeen thousand euros.

"It should be interesting. You have purchased a former police woman, and a streetwalker she sought to arrest. One modified to breed as a Mastiff, the other as a Great Dane. Do you plan to breed them?"

The man frowned, "They will certainly be bred. But while that is an important part of the use I shall make of them, there are other uses that will come first. Some I mentioned before. But I prefer to say no more at this time."

"But of course, just as you would like. However, if these other uses require further medical alterations, we will provide it at no additional cost."

Pretty Lips was pulled to her feet and unchained. Strong hands stripped off her shoes, and what remained of her nylons and garter belt. She was nude in a crowd. Then her hands were pulled behind her and bound. She was again chained at the ankle. The Linda was similarly stripped, tied and then chained to Pretty Lips' ankle. The two girls were lead out the double doors and guided down a flight of stairs into the mansion's basement.

As they walked Pretty Lips silently reaffirmed her resolve, I will not submit. He may have paid for me. He will never own me. I will own myself and I will escape, some day.

As she was forced down the stairs rage burned in her eyes. Pretty Lips realized that they were being led deeper into captivity and began to struggle. Linda instantly joined her. For a moment they were almost free of the guards. Then more guards arrived, and they were quickly subdued, grasped harshly, and held in place, unable to move.

One of guards looked angrily at them, "You deserve to be whipped for that. But that is your new owner's decision! Will tell him of your escape attempt!"

The two girls were carried down the rest of the stairs, through a short corridor, and into a dark room. There was a large wheel in the room's center, its bottom set deep in the cement floor, its top eight feet high. Pretty Lips was spread eagled facing the wheel on one side. Heavy leather straps were used to fasten her wrists, ankles, neck, and waist securely in place. She could barely move. A moment Linda was strapped to the other side of the wheel. Pretty Lips felt Linda's breasts brush her own as the blonde was secured to the wheel and facing Pretty Lips.

A gag was forced into Pretty Lips' mouth and another strap fitted around her head holding it immobile. Pretty Lips watched in horror as Linda was gagged. The spokes of the immense wheel kept them barely separated. They were close enough to see the fear in each other's eyes.

A man in black leather pants entered the room. He wore no shirt and his chest was heavily muscled and his arms were thick and corded with strength. His look was sinister as he approached the tied girls. He tested each of their bonds and made some adjustments. When he was satisfied Pretty Lips felt herself held in a rigid vice that barely allowed her to breathe. As the man adjusted Linda's bonds Pretty Lips became aware of the heat in the room, it was hot.

Sweat was starting to glisten on the blonde's chest and Pretty Lips felt sweat trickle down her back. The man looked at Pretty Lips and laughed a long evil laugh. The two girls looked at each other. They could read the same message in each other's eyes.

Anything! Anything, can happen here!

Pretty Lips felt like screaming and Linda gasped as the man grasped her head. There was a metallic click and a groan, then another, and another. A few moments later Pretty Lips looked and saw that each Linda's ears were now pierced in five places. Thick chrome steel rings were being inserted in each bleeding hole. Pretty Lips knew she was next. She steadied herself to show that she retained her pride.

Knowing it was coming made it worse. The pain of the puncture was intense. Then again as her ears were pierced a second, third, fourth and fifth time. More pain as the steel loops were put in place. The man took a tool and brazed the rings closed. Pretty Lips' pride showed in her eyes. She had not cried out, although her tears revealed her pain Linda. The blonde saw her anguish and tried to make a supportive smile.

"So, a couple of tough ones. We will see if you can be strong when you taste the iron," the man laughed.

Pretty Lips could not see what the man did next. He was behind her. She felt the room suddenly grow hotter. The blonde's eyes filled with fear and horror as Pretty Lips heard the man approaching her. She tried to free herself but found she was too securely held.

The solder girl started to scream. Her cries were distorted and muffled by her gag.

Then Pretty Lips screamed as she felt fire cut into her hip. Flame was burning and searing her flesh and she screamed, and screamed again. She felt her body was on fire. Her nostrils tasted the stink of burning flesh that suddenly filled the room. It was her burnt flesh she. Then the pain seemed to double as something was pulled out of the burning flesh at her hip. She continued to scream as she felt something cold rubbed into the burned area. As the pain subsided and she slowly went limp.

Pretty Lips was beyond caring as she watched the man press a branding iron into Linda's hip. She knew she too had been marked. Marked with her owner's brand. For the first time she doubted her ability to escape a slavery that could mark her so boldly. Pretty Lips realized that the blonde was screaming as she had, her muffled sobs and cries tried to escape the gage in her mouth. When the iron was pulled from Linda's flesh she too collapsed in her bonds.

Later the Doctor entered and examined the freshly branded girl's hips.

"How are my prodigies this fine day?" He joked to Pretty Lips and Linda as he injected each of the girls several times and then bandaged their hips.

The girls sobbed as he worked.

"You will leave the bandages in place for three days. If you remove them or tamper with them you will be whipped. You are well branded. The marks will heal cleanly displaying your owners symbol to any who look. If you damage them we will brand you again. Consider going through this a second time when the bandages itch.

You both have been given an implant contraceptive. It will work for six months. If your owner wishes to breed you he will do so then."

"Pretty Lips, Linda, understand that now, and from this moment on, you will be branded slave girls."

He left the two still sobbing girls. They were released and allowed to fall to the floor. Again their hands were tied and their ankles chained together. The guards left them on the cool floor for a ten merciful minutes then ordered them to their feet.

The girls complied. There was no resistance left in them. A guard took a rope and tied it around Linda's neck. He pulled her out of the room. Pretty Lips was forced to follow by the chain linking her friend's manacled ankle. They were taken down a short corridor, up a long ramp, and through a door out to the edge of the airstrip.

There guard took them across the field to a Leer Jet. Another man took the rope and led them up the steps and to the back of the plane's small passenger section. He pointed to two adjacent chairs and the two girls sat down. The man pulled two sets of handcuffs from his pocket and cuffed each of the girls to her chair. They were both chained together and chained in place. He left the slaves ball gages in place. They could neither move nor speak. A moment later the tall man in the dark blue business suit and fez who had purchased them boarded. Two additional guards were with him. Each had a bulge under their suit coats that Pretty Lips recognized as the product of a shoulder holster.

"Strap them in," their owner ordered.

One of the guards quickly moved to fasten the girl's seat belts. As he did so, the man let his hands casually caress their bellies and breasts. The two girls blushed and squirmed. The man watched and laughed as their movements caused their breasts to jiggle.

The hatch was closed and the plane started to move. The guard who had fastened their seat belt called his friend over and pointed at Pretty Lips' smaller breasts. They both laughed and Pretty Lips lost her self-control and began to cry. Linda stroked Pretty Lips' cheek and pulled the crying naked girl to her chest trying to comfort her. Pretty Lips thankfully hugged her companion in slavery back. Pretty Lips stopped crying as the girl's contact, taking comfort in the first kindness shown her in the weeks since she'd been taken from the slave ship to the compound on the island.

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CHAPTER XIV

Linda's Story

The jet's flight lasted a long time. Twice the plane landed to refuel. The girls remained gagged and chained to their seats. Every few hours, always while they were in the air, the guards would release them and take them to one of the jet's two small restrooms. Before they were chained to their seats again their gages were briefly removed and they were given a paper cup filled with water.

The girls realized the futility of resistance while aboard a plane in flight. They cooperated with their captures and eagerly accepted the water. They were desperately thirsty. When they asked for more it was given to them. After twenty hours of travel they arrived at their destination. It was night. The girls had their hands handcuffed behind their backs before the rope was again placed around Pretty Lips' and Linda's necks. They were lead off the plane into a cool dry night wind that chilled the nude girls to the bone. Pretty Lips felt her nipples extend as she stepped onto the asphalt of the airstrip. She looked around and could see very little. They were at a small airstrip. There wasn't another sole in sight. A big black Chrysler limousine pulled up in front of them.

The door was opened and the two girls were forced inside the car; the man who'd purchased them and two guards followed them. For the first time the girls got a good look at the man who owned them. He was not particularly big, about five feet ten inches tall, Pretty Lips estimated. He was about thirty-five years old. His eyes were dark and he wore a carefully trimmed black beard. He smiled as he realized they were looking at him and reached over and grasped Pretty Lips' breasts. Shocked at the touch Pretty Lips tried to pull away but was unable to. The man gently squeezed her breasts and took her nipples between his thumb and finger lightly twisting the nubs until her bosom flushed. Then he repeated the same procedure to Linda. Both girls now hung their heads in shame.

They had been touched and handled, like animals. Sitting back down the man laughed. The two girls rode in silence as the car moved through the night. The drive was long and boring. Although both girls were tired, they were too excited to sleep. Their owner occasionally caught them glancing at

him as he stroked his full beard. He seemed amused by their looks.

Hours later they drove through the deserted streets of a small town. There was enough street lighting for Pretty Lips to see that the town was composed of many two and three story buildings set against each other. The buildings were made of a thin reddish brick and had small windows on the first floor. The streets twisted and changed width often and irregularly. Upper story windows were larger and seemed to be covered with a latticework of wood. Pretty Lips concluded that it was an old town or small medieval city. She thought it looked interesting and perhaps charming. She hoped that she might get to see more of the town. To have any chance of escape she must know where she was and learn something of the surrounding county. She realized that wherever she was, it was likely that a runaway slave that was found would be returned to its owner.

After many turnings the car stopped in front of a large double gate. The driver honked the horn and the gates opened inward. Pretty Lips looked back over her shoulder and watched dejectedly as armed guards closed the massive gates. Only after the gates were securely closed and locked were the car's doors opened. The man who had purchased them was the first to step out.

A moment later a large man confronted the nude girls. He was dressed in white robes tied with a black sash around his waist. Over each of his shoulders was slung a bandoleer of ammunition. At his waste were three extra clips for the uzi he carried. His belt also held a pistol, and a large knife. Pretty Lips' trained eye estimated the knife's blade as close to twelve inches in length. He carried the machine gun like one trained in the weapons deadly use. Waving the weapon he indicating they should get out of the car. His looks exuded confidence and familiarity with his duties.

"A trained killer," Pretty Lips thought.

The man un-cuffed the girls and grasped the rope around Pretty Lips' neck and pulled her and Linda out of the car. They were standing on a brick paved area in a courtyard surrounded by a three-story building.

Their owner conversed with the guard holding the uzi for a minute. Neither girl could understand a word of what was said. As if a matter was settled there owner turned and walked into the night. A moment later their guard pulled the rope and took the two girls in another direction.

They crossed the courtyard and entered a small door set low in the buildings wall. The guard led on, down a long narrow corridor lighted only with bare electric bulbs. Then down a steep flight of dark stairs that seemed to wind downward for ever. At the bottom was a short corridor lined with heavy wood doors. Each was barred from the outside. He paused long enough to open one then motioned Pretty Lips and the Linda inside. Seeing they were in a dark cell Pretty Lips turned to fight her way to freedom. All thought of fight ended when she heard the uzi's bolt being pulled. The guard smiled at them as he might smile at a well-loved but unruly dog. He left, closing the massive door behind him. The girls heard the bolt closed on the outside and knew they were trapped.

Alone and naked in the dark the two involuntary reached out to hold hands. Under their feet they felt a thick mat of dried straw. There was also a current of cool air entering the room that chilled them. Pretty Lips turned toward the draft and could just make out a small opening about twenty feet above her head. The opening was partially blocked with heavy bars that destroyed her momentary hope of escape.

"At least its not damp," Pretty Lips said.

"Yes, but I am cold. I think the night will get colder still," Linda replied in a soft voice.

"I'm cold too. If we hold hands we can explore this place together. Perhaps there are blankets or

something we can cover ourselves with.”

“That is a good plan,” Linda replied.

The two slowly moved around the cell searching it. They found the room was small. Pretty Lips thought it was about twelve feet deep and eight feet wide. Under the straw they found hard stone. In one corner they found a single large blanket. Next to it was a pitcher of water. Both were thirsty and drank deeply. In another corner they found a large glazed pot, about a foot high and around.

“I think the pot is intended as our bathroom,” commented Pretty Lips.

“I think you are right. Let us mound the straw into a bed and get under the blanket before we freeze.

The two pushed the straw into a high nest like mound and climbed into its middle. There being chained together made movement difficult. After a few moments experimentation they found that they must lie face to face against each other if they were to be entirely covered by the blanket. Pretty Lips felt embarrassed as her naked breast and thighs came into contact with Linda’s. She wanted to explore Linda’s body, but was afraid to try.

Caught between her desire, the pain that still burned in her hip and fear of what was to come Pretty Lips broke down began to softly cry. She felt completely overwhelmed by the emotions churning through her. For a moment she felt embarrassed at having cried but realized that, since she was now slave girl and no longer a cop, crying should not be an embarrassment.

As Pretty Lips cried Linda had gently stroked the girl’s chestnut hair murmuring comforting words. Linda felt a great compassion for the ordeal Sarah had gone through to become Pretty Lips. Pretty Lips realized with a blush that she had nestled down into Linda’s bosom as she’d cried. The warm soft flesh against her cheek was the other girl’s breast. She drifted into a deep sleep. Awaking the next morning she smiled at her companion in the morning light.

After an embarrassing time when each of the girls admitted they needed to use the chamber pot they drank some more of the water and tried to talk.

“Thank you Linda for letting me talk so last night. I hadn’t realized how much pain I had stored up.

“Linda, since wee together, and at least for the foreseeable moment slaves together, would you tell me how you came to be working the dock.”

Linda looked at her a minute, frowned and then smiled.

“You weren’t trying to build a case to arrest me, were you, Sarah Taylor?”

Pretty lips shook her head. “My assignment was to build a case on the johns and the pimps when I went undercover. When I followed you with those guys to their boat I was trying to figure out who was kidnapping girls from the docks, and where they were going.

Linda wanly smiled, “Well, I guess you found out?”

“Yeah, but my chances of getting those bastards to trial don’t seem to good. Frankly I’m just hoping for some kind of chance to get away.”

“You’re an optimist!”

“Pretty lips nodded, “I know. Our chances aren’t real good.”

"No they aren't. At this point I'd settle for not finding myself pregnant with some big dog's puppies.

"But you really want to know why I was doing tricks?"

Pretty lips nodded.

"OK, but first you tell me what you think?"

"Well, I sort of thought you might have dropped out of college and been ashamed to go home, so you turned to what was available."

"How old are you?" Linda said with a laugh.

"Twenty-two, why."

"Well, if been in college I'd never have left, and if I had a home to go to I'd have crawled there and begged to be taken in before I spread my legs for a living."

"Two years ago I was communications technician in the army. An E3 with a sharp shooting and good conduct medals stationed in Afghanistan. I was twenty. I'd enlisted right after high school to get away from my stepfather.

"He'd tried to rape me every time my mother was away since I turned 15. She's an accountant and travels a lot. I'd complained to my mom, but she didn't believe me. He got more aggressive every month. The weekend after my high school graduation he cornered me, gagged me, and stripped me. Then he put me over his knee and used his belt on my naked bottom. It was awful. He used all his strength and after five smacks stopped and asked if I would cooperate. I tried to scream, tried to get away, and he went back to whipping me. He stopped again after another five and asked me again. I was crying but shook my head no, and tried to shove my elbow into his solar plexus. He just laughed and whipped my but another ten times. Then he stopped I nodded when he asked. He carried me to the bed, put me down, and then undressed and took my virginity. I cried all through it but he didn't seem to mind. When he was done he licked the blood off my vulva and said, 'It always hurts the first time. Next time it will be better.'

"I knew no one would believe me, and that there would be a 'next time,' pretty soon. The army seemed like a good way out. So the next day I enlisted, and was on a bus that afternoon."

Pretty Lips was crying and hugged Linda tight. "Oh my, God! You poor girl, that's just awful!"

Linda hugged her back, but said, "That was just the start.

"I started to save up money for college when I joined up. I liked the army, after basic. We trained and worked hard. I felt like I had friends and was safe and buddies who'd protect my back. I'd been promoted and was even thinking about staying in the army as a career.

"Then I was sent to Afghanistan. I was assigned to maintaining communications with our outposts along the boarder with Pakistan. Most of my work was at headquarters but I was routed out into the field to do maintenance at the outposts. I liked that to. It was cold and boring work but I felt that I was helping and getting out of base camp, which was pretty sterol, was a treat.

"All winter it was freezing with much snow near the mountains where the boarder is. But there were hundreds of men for every woman. My sergeant invited me out for a drink after our shift one day and we went to his tent. He'd always been great with me and his other troops. He expected

perfection, but worked with us to make sure we had the skills we needed to be perfect. I considered him a friend.

He kept pouring scotch, but something seemed wrong and I stopped drinking. After an hour I tried to leave. The next thing I knew, I was naked, on his bunk, my hands and feet tied to the bed frame with Sergeant Ames above me, pumping away. I screamed and he slapped me and told me to be quiet. I cried, and begged him to stop.

"He grinned and said he'd figured that a good fuck was what I needed most, and I'd thank him when he was done. I tried to scream again and he slapped me and then gagged me. He kept me there all night. I passed out at some point, and when I came to, I was face down on the bunk. Still tied down, and he was pumping I and out of my ass. It hurt, but he must have used something to lubricate his pecker, because it didn't hurt as much as I later learned it could. I cried and tried to beg him to stop, through the gag. He laughed, and said, 'Just as soon as I've come, sweetheart!'

"He did let me go. He showed me that he'd tied me up with soft cords that hadn't left marks. He warned me not to tell, and promised that if I was, 'a good girl,' he'd get me promoted, and that we'd have lots more fun. He told he could make sex a delight, and after all, why shouldn't we have some fun; although it was against regulations. As I dressed, he warned me that no one would believe me if I reported him, but that if I did he'd make my life a living hell."

"I fumed for a day, and then reported the rape to my company commander. He advised me to see medic for birth control and suggested I keep my private life to myself. After fuming for two more days I did; I also got stinking drunk. I decided I made a big mistake. I could have stayed home and maybe gone to college, if I'd been willing to keep my stepfather happy. Now I'd been raped a second time forced to give in to five soldiers. I'd had sex twice, both times were rape, and I had no desire to ever have sex again, but I decided there was point in fighting. I was bored, I started to take lovers, many soldiers visit me at night and I welcomed them.

"My sergeant got disgusted. He'd wanted me to be just his private plaything. He started to sending me to remote outposts late in the afternoon, so I'd have to spend the night. My reputation preceded me, and normally by morning every guy in the outpost, would have filled me.

"One night, maybe three months after the rape, rebels came while three soldiers taking me. They shoot up the Russian soldiers. Pulled the one who been doing me off, and then the rebels use me. I don't know how many there were. A few hours later a squad of our guys arrived, snuck into the camp and killed the rebels, including the way inside of me when they attached. So for the second time a man killed while doing me was pulled off my naked body.

"One of the new guys was my sergeant. He looked at me like I was dirt and threw me a blanket. Two weeks later I was in front of a court martial. I didn't get to say much. They decided that it was my fault that the outpost had been overrun. One of the soldiers had been wounded, and his story was that when I'd arrived I'd announced that I was going to pull a train and they should get in line.

"The court decided that my 'promiscuity' had been a contributing factor in aiding the rebel's successful attack. They stripped me of my rank, fined me nearly the full amount of my savings, sentenced me to 90 days in the stockade, without pay, and then given me a dishonorable discharge. In the stockade I was raped at least once a day. When my time was up, I given my discharge papers and flown home to Camp Lewis. They had me change into my civilian clothes there, gave me the few hundred in back pay I was owed, and I was standing at an off-base bus stop within ninety minutes of being back on US soil."

Linda broke down into tears and it was Pretty Lips' turn to comfort her. Pretty Lips brushed the blonde's hair with her lips and spoke words of comfort. Linda's face turned to her and she kissed her on the cheek. Pretty Lips kissed the Linda's tears away. Her kisses became increasingly passionate. Without thinking Pretty Lips shifted her head bring her lips into contact with the blonde's. Linda answered her passion wrapping her arms around Pretty Lips. Their breasts mingled and Pretty Lips felt a fire unlike any she had known before start in her chest. The fire spread lower and Linda felt Pretty Lips thigh grow wet against her own.

Linda hugged Pretty lips and finished her story. "I went to Seattle to try and find work. Job interviews were a disaster. Everyone wanted to know how I'd spent the last four years. When I said the army the subject of my discharge came up and I was on my way out the door a few minutes later.

"When I started getting low on money I decided to try being a whore. I mean I'd been called one so many times the word had lost its sting. But its hard to be a street walker in Seattle, or work for an escort or massage service without a pimp. I missed Oregon a decided to move to Astoria. It was a long way from my parent's home, but I missed the Oregon coast. I liked Astoria. I could work there without a pimp, and most of the Johns treated me like I was gifting them with something wonderful.

"I was planning to get a nice apartment where me regulars could come and get away from the whole street walker thing, but I didn't have enough money yet when those jerks lured me to there boat."

Linda smiled and took command of the situation. "As you can imagine, I don't care much for men, although since I've been whoring I've met a couple who went out of their way to be nice, and even made sure that I enjoyed what they did. I've found I do like women."

Pressing Pretty Lips' back down into the hay the blonde shifted her hips over Pretty Lips' and lowered her cleft to caress Pretty Lip's vulva. Pretty Lips moaned and the two caressed each others' breasts and kissed as Linda gently worked them toward orgasm.

Pretty Lips wanted the pace of their love making to quicken. "Oh please! Linda, don't torment me," Pretty Lips begged.

Linda smiled at her friend and then lowered her head to Pretty Lips' swollen nipple. The blonde began to suck and gently bit on the delicate pink flesh while continuing to move her vulva around Pretty Lips'. Linda felt her orgasm coming and bit down harder on Pretty Lips' breast. They came together as Linda lowered herself into Pretty Lips' eager and outstretched arms.

The girls were exhausted and after a few soft kisses drifted to sleep.

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## **CHAPTER XV**

### **Mistress Jessica**

The two girls were awakened late in the afternoon by their cell's door being opened. The guard entered. He put a loaf bread on the floor next to a fresh pitcher of water and left. While the guard was feeding and watering them, another guard stood at the door covering them with his machine gun.

Realizing they must eat, the girls shared the bread and drank the water. As the room darkened they again made a nest in the straw and cuddling into each other's arms prepared for the night's chill.

Throughout the night their arms and bodies remained interlocked. Their second day in the cell past

much as the first had. Again they made love and talked about their past lives. They also wondered about their future. They were awakened the third morning by the sounds of their cell door being opened and the soft laugh of a feminine voice. Looking over at the doorway the girls saw a smiling young woman looking at them.

“So the Sheik’s new slaves have found means of entertaining themselves. It’s good you have a healthy interest in sex. I promise your appetite for it will be met.”

The two new slaves arose from their makeshift straw bed. Pretty Lips saw that the woman was smallish and looked European. She was about thirty, just over five feet two inches tall. She had light red hair and deep green eyes. Her accent suggested she was Scottish although her clothes were from the Arabian Nights. Her gauzy light blue halter top revealed well-shaped small upturned breasts. Her hips were wrapped in an orange silk skirt that fell to just below her knees. One side of the skirt was slit up the side revealing an attractively shaped leg and hip. Pretty Lips saw that on the woman’s hip was a green mark. At first she thought it was a tattoo. With a shock she realized it was a brand. A brand that was perhaps like the one she had been given. Pretty Lips’ marking was still covered by the bandages the doctor had applied.

The woman noticed Pretty Lips’ look and smiled, “Yes, I too am a slave. Our owner has declared that until you are trained to perfection I shall be mistress of your slavery. I am called Jessica. You will call me, Mistress Jessica. Guards please unlock the chain that ties them together and bind them to the posts in the next room.”

Four men entered the cell and silently did as Jessica had requested. Pretty Lips and Linda found themselves pulled by strong hands out the door and into the next chamber. The cell was larger with two wooden poles set near its center. The poles were anchored firmly in the stone floor. Each of the girls was lead to a different post and tied, by their raised hands, to a bar near the post’s top. The rope was tightened until they were standing nude, on the balls of their feet, facing the post. Jessica followed them into the second cell. She watched with detachment as they were tied. Pretty Lips feared she knew what was to come next. Her heart sank as the woman spoke.

“If you would, Master Morgan, Master Ben Hammed, please pick a girl of and give her five lashes. Take care not to scare them. The Master does not want his property damaged. But teach them what it is to be a naked girl who is whipped.”

A moment later the small cell was filled with Pretty Lips’ and Linda’s screams as the heavy lash came down on their backs. Five minutes later the whipping was over. Each girls’ back and rumps were covered with a crisscross pattern of welts. The two hung in their bonds quietly crying as the pain slowly began to subside.

“Girls, you will thank the guards for whipping you well,” Jessica commanded. “Or would you prefer five more strokes of the lash?”

Through their tears the girls thanked the guards who laughed and then left the room.

“You have been whipped to make several points. Most important you know now that you can be whipped. There are no protections in law, or custom, here that would challenge a master’s right to whip his slave. This whipping was a mild one. It was a demonstration not a punishment. A punishment would be much more painful.

You also now know that I can order you whipped. I have done so and will do so again if you do not strive to learn all I have been instructed to teach you. There are always guards close by. I can call and be sure that one or more will come. Know that disobedience is punished. Cooperation and

success in pleasing your owner will be rewarded. If you learn to accept your slavery your lives can be filled with soft luxury and tenderness. Some find slavery a life of pain leading to early death. Give your master the rich joy that your feminine bodies offer, and he will learn to love his slave and take care that she is comfortable. Deny him those pleasures and he may find pleasures to take from your body that are not so sweet.

“It is in the interests of all slaves that masters not acquire a taste for torture. Such masters exist. They come to exist solely for the pleasure of watching their slave girls tormented. Imagine, if you will, a master who collects brands, on your flesh. One who is always looking for the new and interesting iron to sear your flesh with. As I train you, I will be protecting myself by ensuring that you become pleasing slaves.”

Jessica stepped up behind Pretty Lips and untied the girl. The chestnut haired shape fell to the floor, still softly crying. Next Jessica untied Linda who also dropped to the hard cement floor. The older woman let them weep for a minute before she spoke.

“Get to your feet and come with me girls. You smell of sex, and pain, and fear. We will bath you and see what can be done for the pain before we proceed with further lessons.”

Jessica led them out the door and farther down the hall into another room. This was not a cell. It was a large tiled room with a small pool set in the floor at its center. Around the room’s edges were benches. High up on one wall were a series of small clearstory windows that flooded the room with light. Near the door was a tiled covered narrow table covered with towels. Next to it was a tall narrow set of shelves, built into the wall. These were filled with bottles and other containers in a variety of sizes. The room was a delight of color with cheerfully geometric patterns on the wall created by brightly colored glazed tiles. There were narrow openings in the each of the two sidewalls leading to smaller chambers.

Pretty Lips and Linda were struck with wonder at the beauty of the room. Jessica directed them to one of the alcoves where they found a large shower. The older woman stripped and joined them. Jessica used soaps and lotions with the shower’s warm water to relieve their pain. She removed the bandages over each of their brands and inspected the scarred flesh.

“If you will promise not to touch your brands for the next few days I can leave the bandages off. You will heal faster and the pain will diminish sooner. If you think you will be unable to control yourselves I will bandage them. I don’t want you to have to be branded again, but if your brand is not perfect, you will be,” she explained.

Linda and Pretty Lips readily assured Jessica they would leave the marks alone. The bandages itched and neither was willing to risk a second experience with the iron.

When they were clean Jessica turned off the water and lead them out to sit in the small pool. Its waters were warm and quit soothing. Jessica added herbs and bath oils until the pool seemed filled with almost a different substance than water. Pretty Lips felt the pain and aches seep out of her tired body as they rested in the warm water.

After a few minutes soaking Jessica spoke, “Lesson time now. You are slaves in Mali, which is on the south side of the Sahara Desert. Our Master’s home is a small village northeast of Timbuktu. This is, officially a French speaking country, but most people speak Bambara. If you are to learn to please your masters you must learn to understand them and to speak to them when invited to. I will teach you all I can of both languages. You will need to pay attention to me, and work together to learn on your own.

"We will begin with Bambara. When you have mastered that language we will move onto French. Our Master, or some future master, may wish to offer your use to a visitor who speaks French. The Master has many such friends. If you please the Master's guests you bring credit to him, and, of course, speaking the guests language will enable you to please them better."

She began by pointing to the parts of her body and their bodies and repeating the Bambara word for the area. Jessica continued until she was sure her students had learned the words for face, lip, eye, ear, nose, neck, shoulder, arm, hand, breast, hips, bottom, thighs, legs, feet, anus, and vagina. After an hour soaking in the warm water Jessica told them it was time to get out of the bath and dry off.

"Next we will deal with the care of your skin," Jessica informed them. "The Master tells me you are to be trained as a pair. He plans to keep you as a pair for some time. During your training, and after, you are each to take responsibility for the other's appearance. If I decide that one of you is not looking her best, you both will be whipped. Pretty Lips, Linda do you understand?"

"Yes Jessica. How do you know our names?" Pretty Lips replied.

"You will address me as, Mistress Jessica! I will overlook your lapse this once only. Do you wish to ask a question, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress Jessica, how do you know our names?" Pretty Lips hesitantly asked.

"I have been fully briefed on each of you."

"Mistress, what is to become of us? What will they do to us?" Linda begged.

"The Master will do what ever he pleases to you. I think he may be planning to give you away as a gift. To be given as a gift is a great honor. Slaves given as gifts are lucky. It is expected that the new owner will cherish the gift with the memory of the giver. If you learn your lessons well, and please your master, your slavery may be an easy one.

"Enough questions for now. Your skin is drying and must be cared for. The climate here is wonderful in many ways, but it can be unkind to a woman's skin.

"Pretty Lips lay on the table on your back her. Linda massage this moisturizer into her skin. After the moisturizer you will apply scented oil. Let me think, yes, I think a gardenia scent would be perfect for your friend," Jessica decided.

Linda followed Jessica's instructions. As she worked Jessica continued to teach them Arabic words. She reviewed the parts of the body with them. Then the redhead switched to the various objects in the room.

As she worked, Linda left no crevice or fold of skin untouched. The sensations were exquisite and much to both girls' embarrassment Pretty Lips began to leak lubricant. Jessica instructed Linda to ignore it and the blonde continued working down Pretty Lips' legs to her feet. Pretty Lips' arousal slowly faded. It was gone when Linda had the chestnut haired girl turn over and continued moisturizing her back. After the moisturizer a light coat of oil was applied and then patted off. Jessica had Linda repeat the process three times. When the blonde was done Pretty Lips smelled like a garden. Her skin was softer and smoother than it had ever been. Then it was Linda's turn.

Pretty Lips' lubricants began to flow again as she worked the lotions and oils into the delicate folds of Linda's vulva. Again Jessica told her to ignore her arousal and continue with Linda's massage. The memory of the morning's whipping was clear in Pretty Lips' mind. She wasn't tempted to object to



Jessica's instructions. As she worked she tried to concentrate on the job at hand. Eventually her arousal passed.

When they were both smelling sweetly with soft glistening skin Jessica lead them to another room. It was a narrow chamber with a long counter and several stools. The wall behind the counter was a large mirror and the light in the room was quite bright, almost harsh. The counter was covered with cosmetics.

"This is where female slaves come to apply makeup. You will each apply make up to the other. I want to see how you do so I can judge what you need to learn. Remember, you are each responsible for ensuring that the other is as attractive and desirable looking as possible."

An hour later they were done. Looking at herself in the mirror Pretty Lips realized that Linda was miles head of her in the skill of applying cosmetics.

It was late in the morning when Jessica decided they had done their best. The girls were hungry and were relieved when their trainer announced it was time to eat. Jessica led them out the stairs and out into the courtyard's bright sunlight. At the door Pretty Lips and Linda hesitated.

"Mistress Jessica!" Pretty Lips called.

The older woman turned and answered, "Yes, Pretty Lips."

"We haven't any clothing. There are people out there. Couldn't we have something to wear?"

Jessica thought for a moment. She removed her skirt and top setting them on a table just inside the door.

"Linda you and Pretty Lips must learn that we are female slaves. We live to serve the pleasure of our Master. The men of this place, and most men everywhere enjoy the sight of a naked girl. Some women find it pleasing too. You have no choice. Your modesty is useless. I know our owner, in particular, likes to see his female slaves nude. Follow me, as you are."

After a moments hesitation the two girls began to follow Jessica. Both were blushing bright red and trying to place their hands to cover as much of themselves as possible. As Jessica led them across the middle of the courtyard they felt many sets of eyes on their bodies. There were about a dozen men in and around the courtyard enjoying the sight of the three nude girls. To Pretty Lips and Linda it felt like there were thousands of people watching them.

The courtyard was a rectangle, about one hundred feet long and sixty wide. In the middle was a long reflecting pool with a fountain at the end farthest from the gate. The area around the pool was planted with a rich variety of flowers and shrubs creating a series of interlocking geometric patterns. The walls of the courtyard were three stories high. The upper two floors were a series of open galleries that looked out across the enclosure. Pretty Lips imagined that they must provide a shaded transition to the many rooms she could see opening off them. At the end of the pool closest to the gate was a large bench with an abstract sculpture set at its center.

A Henry Moor, Pretty Lips thought.

The bench or podium was about two feet high and was about six feet on each side. A man was reclining on the bench in the shadow created by the large sculpture. As they walked by he called to them.

His words were in Bambara. His smile suggested his thoughts to Pretty Lips and Linda. Jessica turned to the new slaves and smiled.

“Wait here, this will only take a few minutes.”

Jessica smiled at the man and walked over to him. She said something to him, laughed, and climbed onto his lap facing him. The two began to kiss and the man’s hands moved freely over the redhead’s body. The two new slaves watched in horror as the man opened his robe revealing his erect shaft. Jessica wrapped her hand around the huge shaft and guided it to her sex. With a single smooth stroke she impaled herself on the man’s tool. She leaned back on his lap presenting her breasts to him. The man lowered his mouth to one then the other kissing and sucking as they worked their hips together. Jessica’s laughs gradually changed to moans as they continued. It was clear that she was enjoying the experience.

Pretty Lips realized that her vulva was lubricating again. Looking at her companion Pretty Lips saw that the sight of the two before them also affected Linda making love. Her genital hair glistened with a soft dew of the blonde’s arousal. They were breathing hard with the writhing couple when the man cried out signaling his orgasm. Jessica thrust her hips a few more times and then giggled as her climax overcame her.

For several moments the two figures remained entwined with each other, Jessica’s head and rich flow of red hair ornamenting the man’s shoulder. After another hug and kiss Jessica got up. As she arose the man’s still partly hard tool slipped out of her with an audible ‘pop’. She bowed to him and turned to walk back to her two students. The man said something and lightly slapped her on the rear with a laugh. Jessica spun around to face him and looked down at her thighs. They were smeared with the man’s seaman. Jessica smiled her assent to him and turned back to the girls. She spread her legs wide apart with her hands on her hips.

“Girls, the guard Jamal has reminded me that it against his religion’s for him to spill his seed on the ground. My poor body is so full, a little is coming out. You will, at his command, come and lick my thighs and sex until there is no danger of his seed reaching the ground. Pretty Lips you will lick my right thigh. Linda you minister to my left thigh. You will begin now. If one drop reaches the ground we will all be whipped.

Pretty Lips and Linda quickly went to their knees and brought their mouths to Jessica’s soft thighs. As her tongue worked Pretty Lips sensed strong muscles lied under Jessica’s white. Pretty Lips was surprised that Jamal’s seed tasted so very different than the dogs’, Blood and Guts. As the girls tried to comply with Jessica’s instructions they found that they kept getting in each others’ way, specially as they tried to bring their mouths to her cleft. Jessica decided that Pretty Lips had demonstrated more enthusiasm. She gently pushed the blonde slave away. She wrapped her hands in Pretty Lips hair and pulled her mouth to her vulva.

“Drink, girl! Drink deep! It is the sacred water of life. Feel privileged that you are offered a man’s seed,” Jessica instructed.

As she spoke another orgasm shook her. She held herself steady leaning on Pretty Lip’s shoulders as the girl continued to tongue her. A few minutes later Pretty Lips stopped and looked up pleadingly at Jessica.

“It is done. I can find no more.”

“Good! You have done well. Now both of you stand and bow to Jamal. Thank him for sharing his seed with you.”

The two did as instructed. Feeling embarrassed and humiliated they followed Jessica as she led them to the kitchen.

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CHAPTER XVI

Lessons

As they entered the kitchen Jessica explained that the house contained several dining rooms, "Unless you are called to a dining room to serve a master, and invited to eat you will eat in the kitchen. Unless bidden you are allowed only in the slave quarters, where we were this morning, the courtyard and the kitchen.

"If you are called to a dining room to serve a master, and not invited to eat, and you eat, you will be whipped. Understand?"

Pretty Lips and Linda both nodded.

Jessica instructed them to bow to the cook whose name was Mohammed and beg to be fed in Bambara. The man smiled indulgently and brought them three bowls of oatmeal like porridge. It was spiced with raisins and cinnamon. Pretty Lips thought it was rather good. As the three ate Jessica continued their language lesson. The redhead pointing out objects in the room and made the girls repeat the Bambara word for each. When they were done eating she allowed them to ask her a few more questions.

"How many slaves are in the house," Pretty Lips asked.

"Just we three right now. Last week there were three others but the Master sold them. Probably at the same place he bought you two," the redhead replied. "I feel proud that he decided to keep me. Now there is less competition for his bed."

"If you are the Master's bed fellow, why does he let his guards use you for sex," Linda asked.

Wistfully Jessica replied, "I am not his bed fellow often. The Master has four wives and must satisfy them. It is a rear treat when he calls for me. We are here to keep his guards and staff satisfied."

"You mean all the men here," Pretty Lips asked horror in her voice.

Jessica smiled at her, "Yes, guards, cooks, servants, even the gardener. The Master encourages them to use me all they want. He can then be sure they will not try and seduce one of his wives. Why risk death for sex when they can have one of us any time they please?"

"One of us?" A shocked Pretty Lips asked, "Do you mean that Linda and I will be expected to have sex with the men?"

"But of course. First you must learn a little Bambara and a touch of French. At least enough to know what it is a master wants when he calls you to him."

"Do free woman sometimes use you?" Linda asked.

"It is rare. The Master's wives turn to each other. From time to time the Master has western guests staying here. A few are women, and a few of those have called me to their bed.

"That is enough time for questions. It is now time to practice dancing. Dancing is important for a

slave. It will keep you trim and girlish looking as you age. It will also do much to please a Master. You will learn to bring a man to arousal with the flash of your swaying hips as well as with the touch of your body.”

Jessica led them back across the courtyard and down the stairs to another large chamber; one wall was covered with mirrors. The floor was wood and there was a ballet bar. Against one wall was a small wooden table on which sat a small stereo. This room also had high clearstory windows that opened onto the courtyard above. The redhead placed a CD in the player and turned the music on. Exotic sounds filled the air. Linda started to dance finding that although she was no where near as good as Jessica she could at least follow the redhead’s intricate steps, moving her hips with enough flourish to elicit her teacher’s smile. Linda watched in shocked amazement.

“Mistress, you dance like that before men?” The Pretty Lips blurted out.

Jessica laughed at her, “Of course. They love it. It raises their passion and makes them want us. I have been loved by a whole room full of men, driven wild by my dancing, each one releasing his seed in me, so many I lost count. If you practice and become proficient you may one day be so honored.”

“Never!” The former police-woman cried with vehemence. “I will never debase myself by dancing so obscenely before men,” she declared. After all, once she had been a police officer. Surely they would not make her into just a dancing slave girl in a few short months.

Jessica looked at her hard, “You will do more than that my proud one.”

As she spoke Jessica stopped dancing. Linda also stopped dancing. She smiled at Pretty Lips, admiring her courage of her defiant words. She was ashamed at her own docile acceptance of her situation. Linda determined that she would also draw the line at dancing to arouse men.

Jessica clapped her hands together three times. Two guards entered the room and the redhead spoke to them. Pretty Lips only understood the first word. It had been ‘Master’. A moment later the two guards grabbed her and dragged her into the hall. She tried to kick and struggle. The guards easily bound her hands together. They hung her by the cords binding her wrists together to a high hook on the wall. Her toes were just barely touching the floor. Pretty Lips looked over her shoulder in horror as one of the guards brought his whip down across her already tender backside.

With the first strike Pretty Lips began to scream. Ten strikes later her screams changed to weeping and pleading. Ten lashes later Jessica had the guard, who was sweating from the exertion, stop. They left Pretty Lips hanging there in the hall weeping softly.

Jessica gently took Linda by the hand and pulled her away from the door.

“We will continue our practice. I am pleased to see that you are not without training. You show some talent. Let me show you how to smooth out your hip thrusts while speeding the tempo. Always remember, your dance should suggest the longing your insides feel for a man’s shaft. Keep the movements round and smooth suggesting to him the delight he would feel where his tool buried within you.”

Linda tried to concentrate and succeeded in improving as Jessica worked with her. Her thoughts were constantly coming back to the soft sounds of Pretty Lips weeping in the corridor. When Jessica saw that Linda had truly learned to dance a bit more smoothly she again clapped her hands. The guards brought the still weeping Pretty Lips back in the room. They untied her and left her crying on the floor at the redhead’s feet.

"Are you now interested in learning to dance to pleasure men?" Jessica asked coolly.

"Now?" Pretty Lips murmured through her sobs.

"Yes, right now. Should I have you whipped again for forgetting to address me properly? Let me assure you that when you are done with this training you will not only dance, you will dance wantonly before men. You will love doing it. You will beg men to allow you to dance for them. You will hope that you can rouse them into taking you."

"That low?" Pretty Lips wondered allowed.

"Lower than even you think. Your years as a person are over. You are now property, like a dog or a horse. You are kept solely to please the Master and those he allows access to you. Let us resume our lesson. You both have much to learn."

Pretty Lips arose slowly to her feet. Her backside was beet red from her second whipping of the day. Her brand glowed on her red hip. There were no cuts but there were many welts. The pain had left a permanent mark. For the rest of the dancing lesson Pretty Lips seemed to desperately want to please Jessica as she tried to learn the intricate steps and movements. They practiced all afternoon, until the sunlight began to fade. Jessica complimented Pretty Lips on her progress and noted that Linda had learned a few new steps as well.

"Now go and clean each other up. You must look as pretty as possible when you beg Mohammed for your dinner," Jessica instructed them.

The two returned to the room with the small pool. They showered and again applied scented oils to each others' skin. They then joined Jessica in the makeup room and reapplied their makeup. After inspecting their makeup Jessica spent a little time having them make improvements. As they worked on their faces she explained how they might create different effects. All her instructions were aimed at teaching them to look sexy, wanton, and alluring. When she was satisfied with their appearance Jessica again led them across the now dark courtyard to the kitchen. As they walked she continued instructing the two in Bambara, pointing out and naming objects as they walked. Once in the kitchen they again bowed to the cook and begged the man to feed them. Jessica was pleased that Pretty Lips and Linda remembered the little speech without prompting.

Looking them over Mohammed smiled. Three nude and attractive females were certainly worth a moment's look. Mohammed was a big man who had worked since early in the day. He liked his job but felt he needed a break.

"Perhaps a woman," he thought.

He ordered Pretty Lips to him. The blonde could not understand him. Jessica translated for her repeating the man's orders, "He wants you Linda, kneel in front of him and service his manhood with your mouth."

"Must I!" The shocked girl begged.

"Yes, this instant. If you resist you will be whipped. If you do not please him you will be whipped. Let me warn you. A slave who must be whipped three times in a single day for disobedience is branded a second time. Your first brand is not yet healed. You have been whipped twice today already. Go to Mohammed, and do your best to pleasure him!"

Pretty Lips inched closer to the man and hesitantly dropped to her knees. Mohammed pulled his robe aside revealing his flaccid shaft. Hesitantly Linda reached out and gently grasped the shaft. She brought it to her lips and kissed it. Slowly she moved the tip toward her mouth. A tear ran down her

cheek. The flaccid man tool was very different from the dildos she'd practiced with. Those had been strap ons worn by women. But this was real and reeked of man.

"I don't know how," she moaned.

Linda's heart went out to her friend, "Take it in your mouth and gently suck it. Be careful to not touch it with your teeth. Move your head back and forth while you suck so he can feel your lips moving up and down his shaft," she advised. "That should get it hard."

Pretty Lips shook with sobs as she sucked Mohammed's stiffening shaft into her mouth. She realized that she was going to have to do this thing and began to suck and move her head as Linda had suggested. She was rewarded when the shaft continuing to stiffen until it was rock hard. The man was now gasping as her mouth moved up and down his length. Mohammed placed his hands on Linda's head and took control of the pace. He forced more and more of his erect tool into the girl's mouth with each thrust of his hips. He halted to allow her throat to become used to the action from time to time, before resuming thrusting. Each time he resumed he pushed deeper. Pretty Lips learned when to breathe and how to not gage as the long shaft penetrated deep into her throat. Mohammed felt his orgasm coming and allowed the girl to slip all except the swollen head of his tool out of her mouth.

Pretty Lips sensed that he was about to cum and tried to pull away. Mohammed held her head in place as his seed erupted into her mouth. She realized letting the man's cum dribble out of her mouth to the floor would lead to another whipping and reluctantly began to swallow. Pretty Lips swallowed until she felt his shaft start to soften. When Mohammed pulled his flaccid member from her mouth he looked down at Pretty Lips as she licked a few last drops of his cum from her lips. The man laughed and pulled her to her feet. He spun her around and playfully pattered her still beet red behind.

Pretty Lips staggered into Linda's arms. She felt in a daze. The deep humiliation she felt at being used was almost overcome by a sense of excitement. Slowly she admitted to herself that it had been exciting, the knowledge that these men held power over her, a branded slave. They would use her as they wished, regardless of her desires. Pretty Lips could barely admit to herself that she had found pleasing the man exciting. Yes, she thought, not the taste, but the sense of power that making him come gave me, that was nice. She was far from being willing to admit it to anyone else.

Holding Pretty Lips, Linda remembered the solders who'd used her. Then she had been forced to pretend that she was a free and independent woman. The blonde realized that she preferred the brutal honesty of slavery. Then she had been used as a slave. Now she simply was a slave. Not having to put up with the other solders' and officers' pretense that she had a choice was a relief. Her circumstances were now better in at least one way. No more pretending. Jessica saw her smile and asked how she felt. Linda explained her realization.

"You are a smart girl. It took me a year to learn what you have just discovered," the redhead commented.

Pretty Lips was shocked at their exchange. Didn't these girls realize how important it was to preserve their sense of self worth? She thought.

Aloud Pretty Lips said, "I can't believe you two. You act as if being a slave was part of the natural order. Don't you have any pride?"

As soon as Pretty Lips had spoken she regretted her words. The chestnut haired young woman realized that her words had hurt the other two. She had only spoken to bolster her own shaken ego.

Looking down Pretty Lips saw her own well-shaped small breasts, her smooth naked flesh with its feminine curves and softness, and started to cry. She tried to beg the others to forgive her. Between her sobs Pretty Lips could not get a coherent sentence out. Jessica and Linda tried to comfort her, making Pretty Lips feel guiltier. In time she got a grip on herself and managed an apology.

Sensing the need to reduce the emotional level the two new slaves were at, Jessica began another language lesson. They ate a simple meal of rice and vegetables as they learned new words. By the end of the meal they were calm and Pretty Lips even giggled when Jessica asked her how she liked her appetizer.

As they were rising to leave a man Pretty Lips and Linda had not seen before came and stood before them. Jessica quickly bowed to him. Pretty Lips and Jessica followed the older woman's example. The man said a few words to Jessica. Pretty Lips had the feeling they were talking about her. She could not make out enough words to tell what was being said. Jessica at first smiled then answered the man, disbelief in her voice. The man left and Jessica sat back down on the floor, silent for several minutes. She looked at the two and spoke.

"You are to be given as a matched set. Pretty Lips, Linda the Master has special plans for you. You must come with me now. It is important you understand what is being done."

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## **CHAPTER XVII**

### **A Gift is Prepared**

In silence Jessica led them out of the kitchen and back to the slaves' quarters. They went to a room next to the bath. It was small. Its walls were covered with a cheerful pattern of red and blue tiles. In the middle of the room was a low padded stool surrounded by cushions. The stool was square and on each side were two heavy leather straps.

"Pretty Lips, Linda, there is no need to be frightened. Nothing bad or painful is going to happen. Indeed something will be started here that many women look forward to, even find enjoyable. Now, Pretty Lips you will be first. Linda's turn will come when you are done. Get down on all fours with your stomach over the stool and your thighs against the far side," Jessica instructed. "Support your upper body with your arms.

"Must I, Mistress Jessica, " Pretty Lips pleaded.

"Yes, you must. Do it now and hold still while Linda and I fasten these straps.

"Of course, if you prefer, I can have you whipped first, then branded on your other hip, and then, after you beg me, I'll let you get on the stool."

Bewildered the frightened former policewoman complied. Pretty Lips was well aware that after a few strokes of the lash she would agree to anything. Jessica brought the straps over her back and buckled them together. Pretty Lips felt herself firmly held in place. Looking over her shoulder she realized that it would be difficult to impossible for her to remove the straps. When she was sure Pretty Lips was well secured Jessica stood.

"Linda since you and Pretty Lips are to be a pair it will be your job to administer this treatment," Jessica informed the blonde. "When Pretty Lips is done, she will administer the treatment to you."

Jessica went over to a cabinet in one wall and returned with a large jar and gave it to Linda.

"I want you to rub this ointment into Pretty Lips' breasts. Be careful to cover the whole breast. Pay extra attention to her nipples and aureoles," the redhead instructed.

"Mistress Jessica, what is this about?" Linda asked.

"You will both know all in a few minutes. Do as I have instructed or I shall call the guards."

"No!" Cried the blonde, "I was only curious. See! I am doing as instructed."

Linda dropped to Pretty Lips' side and opening the jar and began to rub the thick cream that she found inside onto Pretty Lips' breasts. Her hands were warm and in spite of her fear Pretty Lips felt her nipples extend at Linda's gentle touch. In her current bent over position Pretty Lips' relatively small breasts seemed larger to Linda than when her companion was standing. After ten minutes each of Pretty Lips' nipples felt more swollen than she should remember them ever being. When Jessica told Linda to stop, Pretty Lips was disappointed. She'd sensed an orgasm building.

Pretty Lips barely noticed Jessica's next instructions, "Linda place these cups over her breasts and attach the strap behind her back. Pretty Lips saw Linda slipping a sort of metal and rubber bra like contraption on her chest. Her breasts settled smoothly into the soft cool rubber cups. She noticed that each cup had a small clear plastic tube emerging from its end. The two tubes entered a small box a few feet from Pretty Lips. It was a little uncomfortable because there didn't seem to be quite enough room for her nipples.

"Turn the switch on the back of the box to the on position, Linda," Jessica continued.

Pretty Lips heard the click of a switch, and her world seemed to turn inside out. She felt her nipples sucked deep into the rubber cups. A moment later she realized there was a rhythmic suction that seemed to alternate between her left and right breasts. Then the realization of what they were doing hit the former policeman. The auctioneer had suggested it.

"You're milking me!" Pretty Lips screamed over the hum of the machine. She tried to pull away and found that she was held firmly in place.

"Yes, Pretty Lips," Jessica answered. "You're being milked. The Master has decided that bringing your breasts to milk will make you two a more fitting gift. You will come here three times each day with Linda. Here this machine will milk you, and then Linda. You will do this until you are giving at least a quart each day each.

"Soon, within two months, you will find that you need to be milked. Your swollen breasts will ache when it is time for you to be milked. At that point you will be able to either come here, or offer your bodies rich bounty to a man. I have given milk myself and recommend a soft mouth over this machine, anytime you can arrange it. The experience of lactating will be pleasant unless you insist on making it otherwise.

It's part of your slavery, as well as part of your womanhood. As is the case with all other aspects of your slavery, your first thought must be to please the Master. Comfort yourself with this thought. You have no choice, and the Master desires it. You must wish eagerly do all things the Master desires."

Pretty Lips quietly sobbed as the milking continued. It hurt a little. Pretty Lips feared that once she was accustomed to the sensation it would not particularly bother her. The sense of loss of her person was more painful. Not only had they hormonally and surgically altered her to be part bitch dog, they were now forcing her newly enlarged breasts to function in the most profoundly female way. She'd



wanted to nurse a child, someday, and had looked forward to it, but that would have been her choice. Here, in the dungeon that was her slavery, her milk would be brought on like any milk animal's. She realized, in the profoundest sense, her owner thought of her the same way he thought of his cows and goats.

To suit their ends they will use my body for milk production!

Pretty Lips remembered being Sarah. Only a few months before Sarah had been a police officer working a tough beat undercover. Pretty Lips began to scream.

"No! No! You can't! No! I'm a person, not an animal! You can't make me into a cow! No! No!"

Pretty Lips went on screaming for some time. Linda started to go to her. Jessica held the blonde back.

"Let her scream. She needs to let the emotion out.

"I could have her whipped and then branded again, but I'd rather let her scream and hope she comes to accept her status without further punishment,"

After an age Pretty Lips stopped screaming and simply cried. She had lost her voice.

My high-pitched voice, she thought bitterly.

Pretty Lips had no resistance or energy left when Linda was allowed to turn the machine off. Jessica and Linda removed the machine and then helped Pretty Lips to her feet.

Jessica pointed to the bench. Suddenly Linda looked around, but realized there was nowhere to run. She hesitantly took the position Pretty Lips had been on over the stool. She silently cried as Jessica helped Pretty Lips strap her in, and as Pretty Lips massaged the cream into her breasts, attached the suction cups of the bra-like milking device to her, and turned on the switch.

When the pumping started she heard Jessica explain, "The pump is on a timer. It's set for ten minutes now, but each week I will add time to your milking sessions. You should be very productive. A woman can, on a pound per pound comparison, produce as much, or more, milk as a dairy cow."

When the machine clicked off, Jessica and Pretty Lips helped Linda up. She instructed them in how the machine was to be cleaned and stored between uses. She gave them a large plastic tub of cream.

"Apply this to your nipples and the areola around each nipple after each milking. It will keep your skin supple and help to open your milk-ducts," she instructed.

Jessica took the two back to their cell. Before locking them in for the night she turned to Pretty Lips and gently cupped the new girl's tender right breasts.

"What is this?" Jessica asked.

Pretty Lips continued crying saying nothing. Jessica slapped her hard across the cheek.

"Answer me, or answer to the whip, Pretty Lips. What is this?"

The chestnut-haired girl tried to get control of her emotions. She finally answered, "Breast."

"My breast, Mistress Jessica," she was corrected.

"Breast, Mistress Jessica," Pretty Lips parroted back.

"Say, it is my breast."

"It is my breast, Mistress," Pretty Lips responded, a little more in control of herself.

"Did you think your breasts were ornamentation and not functioning organs?"

"I didn't want them to produce milk!" Pretty Lips cried.

"So what! I was happy as a free woman once. Now we are slaves. We have breasts. What are breasts for Pretty Lips?"

"They are for nursing babies."

"Oh they are for much more than that. They are for milk, yes. Tell me in detail Linda, what your breasts are for," Jessica commanded.

"Mistress?" Linda hesitated, then realized that she had no choice. "They are for looks. They look nice, I guess. They are for feel. They are sensitive and feel good when touched. I know that men like to touch them. I guess they are to help arouse a man. They are for nursing. But, Mistress! We're not pregnant! Why do our breasts need to give milk?"

"Don't you think a master or a mistress might like to suck milk from them as they take pleasure from your body. Have you never been curious about the taste of a woman's milk? Tell me Pretty Lips what kind of creature produces milk, for the consumption of those other than her young?"

"A cow, Mistress.

"In this country cows, goats sheep, and women all may be milked for their owners use, profit and enjoyment." Jessica said softly.

"I'm not a cow!"

"Yes you are, my dears. You are human cows, if that is what the Master wants. He has said you will be cows and you shall be. You may become cows whipped or without whipping. That is your only choice. Now which is it to be, whipped cows or willing cows?"

"Mistress?" Pretty Lips' face was a cascade of tears as she choked out her answer, "A willing cow, Mistress Jessica."

"And you, Linda?"

"A willing cow, Mistress Jessica," Linda replied, although her cheeks were covered with her tears.

"Good. You will find it not unpleasant. I am looking forward myself to tasting your milk. I'm sure that you will find it exciting. Although you are not happy, you and Linda will learn that it offers you pleasure."

"And, Pretty Lips, Linda, remember; one day you will be bred by a master's dogs. When you whelp your puppies you will need to produce lots of milk to feed them."

Linda nearly was knocked over by Jessica's words. She softly said, "Puppies? We'll have to nurse our puppies!" Not believing her ears.

"You have been whipped and forced to learn much today. I have been indulgent because it is the first day when you fully taste your slavery. Think on your slavery tonight. Learn from this day. I will not be this indulgent again."

Jessica locked them in the cell. Once the door was closed Linda took her friend in her arms.

"Pretty Lips, how do you feel?"

"My breasts hurt, but yours probably do too" Pretty Lips replied her voice softening. The feeling of Linda's soft body naked against her own was comforting and exciting.

The blonde let her hand move down and to Pretty Lips' cleft. "Yes, mine are sore, but I was hoping you'd like to kiss them and make them well." She caressed Pretty Lips' vulva and smiled as she felt it becoming moist. Pretty Lips tried to be upset but Linda's ministrations soon overcame her anger. Her fear and pain seemed to melt away as the blonde pushed Pretty Lips' back to the floor and brought her mouth to the a swollen nipple, then the other, then Pretty Lips' moist cleft.

After Pretty lips quivered in her release it was her turn to press Linda's back to the straw and worship her treasures.

Later, when they were both satisfied, Linda said, "Puppies?"

Pretty lips began to softly cry, then said through her tears. "You know they implanted dog ovaries, and maybe other things in us. They said I was now part Great Dane bitch and you're part Mastiff bitch. If we're bred when in heat we'll have litters of puppies."

"Yes, I remember what the man said when he was urging people to buy us, and what the Doctor told me before. I understood it in my head, but I didn't really believe it. But this day has made it all so terribly real.

"So we can have puppies." She mulled the idea over, seeming to taste it with her mind.

"You know, Pretty Lips, I like dogs a lot, and I like puppies more.

"As a slave, I think I would rather have puppies than babies. Puppies are cuter, smell better, and are old enough to leave their mother in three months. If I had a child it would grow up in a slave culture. Probably as a slave, I don't want that, and it seems now it can't happen. I want my freedom back, but since I'm not likely to get it, this is better.

"But, Pretty Lips, did you like being bred by those dogs? You know, when we were sold?"

Still softly crying Pretty lips said, "No, and yes. At first it was very painful. The pain was all I could think of. You know I'm a virgin, and to preserve my maidenhead for my master's use," she almost spite out the words, "they had me take the dogs in my rear. But after the first dog was done, and the second dog took me, it stopped hurting so much, and felt sort of good.

"You climaxed?"

Pretty Lips nodded. "Not with the first dog. I faked that, but with the second I did. But, Linda, I don't want to be bred and have puppies! I'm frightened. Now they have added to that horror by deciding to make us cows a well." She hugged Linda as her tears welled up again.

Linda petted her head and neck and whispered, "When the solders came to my post and took me,

some took me in the behind. It hurt much more than when they took me in the right way. Even if my vagina was very dry, it still hurt more. I'm surprised you were able to find pleasure with the second dog. Perhaps when you are bred you can find pleasure in the breeding. Perhaps I can too. With my stepfather, the soldiers, the rebels, and then the johns, sex was as much head-trip as anything. There was little pleasure, although I have had a few nice moments. With a dog, breeding me, there will be no head-trips, no power trips, just the joining to make new life. I think it could be nice.

"We may as well try to enjoy it, since we will have no choice. Perhaps they will be kind and have a man who is patient and gentle take your flower before they breed you.

"Could you tell, Pretty Lips, is a dog different than a man?"

"Yes, I remember dogs start out small and hard and get bigger, a lot bigger, as they stroke in and out. Also a dog's thing, it's not the same from front to back. Near the base a dog grows a large lump that locks his thing inside of you as he shoots his seed. He stays locked in you for a while. It seemed a long time, but it might have been only ten minutes."

"You could feel him shooting?"

"Yes, can't you when a man, you know, does it?"

"No, sometimes, I can feel it jerk, but that is all. What was it like with a dog?"

"Well, the jerking was there, but it was hot, or felt hot inside of me. And suddenly there was lots of new lubricant."

"Oh, I understand. A dog's insides are warmer than ours, only a few degrees, but you would feel it when his shaft enters you. It would also feel more heat from the dog's seed."

"I don't know, but you may be right. I guess I'll probably find out soon. It seems like my virginity isn't likely to last long here."

Linda giggled, "No, a few days at most, I'd guess. But it seems like we will be we are kept together. In that case we'll have each other. I will look forward to your telling me all about losing your virginity.

"I told you about how I lost mine. It was nothing but terrible. I think the men here might try to make it nice for you."

"It can be nice?"

"I've known girls who said it was for them. Not all fireworks or anything, but pleasant, with more pleasure than pain. Some men pride themselves in doing it well. Perhaps who ever he is, he will be like that for you. So far our master seems to be harsh, but not unnecessarily cruel."

"I hope your right," Pretty Lips said and kissed Linda again.

The two were tired and cuddled together under their blanket for warmth as the night air chilled.

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CHAPTER XVIII

Lorant's Reward

The next morning Jessica roused the two new slaves early. She had them bath and massage each other while she continued their instruction in Bambara. When she lead them to the milking room Pretty Lips tried to get away. Jessica quickly summoned two guards who tied Pretty Lips to a wall and began to whip her. After ten lashes Pretty Lips begging them to stop.

Jessica told her it was not enough, "You must now beg them to allow you to be milked. You must insist you want to be milked. Insist that giving milk for the Master is what you yearn most for."

"No!" Cried Pretty Lips and the lash crossed her again. Ten lashes later she was sobbing and begged.

"Please stop. Please let me be milked. I want to be milked. I want to please the Master."

The men stopped the whipping when Jessica told them to.

"Leave her hanging," Jessica said.

She led Linda into the milking chamber, prepared her breasts, strapped her in and turned the milking machine to on. While Linda was she having her breasts stimulated she returned to the whipped girl. The guards were still there. Pretty Lips understand was imperfect, but they seemed to be discussing her female attributes and comparing them to those of other women. Her face burned red with shame.

When Jessica returned she said, "Pretty Lips that is now not enough. You resisted. You were disobedient. When I told you what you must say, you refused. Now you must go farther. You must explain how you love the idea of giving milk. Explain how you can't wait to be milked knowing that it will bring your breasts into their maturity. That you yearn to feel a man's lips sucking milk from your breasts."

Pretty Lips sobbed for a moment then said the words Jessica had demanded.

"Now I will teach you how to say it in Bambara. Repeat after me," Jessica prompted her.

Pretty Lips repeated the phrases. Jessica made her repeat them over and over until the redhead was sure her student knew and understood each word. When she was done Jessica nodded to the guards who grinned at each other and cut Pretty Lips down.

"Pretty Lips, now go to the machine," Jessica ordered.

The dejected girl did as she was ordered. She released Linda and assumed the position with her tummy on the padded stool. She did it silently but tears covered her cheeks in a steady flow as she release Linda. Linda massaged the softening lotions into Pretty Lips' breast, attached the pumping mechanism, and turned the machine on. They did not bother to tie Pretty Lips down. Pretty Lips had accepted the milking. As the pump pulled alternately on her breasts Pretty Lips softly cried. It was humiliating to be attached to such a machine. Her humiliation deepened as she realized she would never again resist.

After the milking was over Jessica took the two new slaves to the kitchen. Little was said beyond the redhead's insistence that they continued to learn the Bambara words for the objects they saw. After breakfast Jessica took them back to the slave quarters for more dancing lessons. Four hours later they bathed, did their makeup and went to the kitchen for lunch. After lunch there were more dancing lessons, then dinner, and then makeup lessons. Before Linda and Pretty Lips were locked in their cell for the night they were again was sent to the milking machine. Later, in the quit of their

cell Linda and Pretty Lips gently made love before falling into an exhausted sleep.

That day served as a pattern for the subsequent weeks. The only variations were the girls being required to clean their cell every other day, and the sexual attentions of men. Jessica was called on to interrupt her teaching and serve a man at least once each day. She confided to her pupils that she also spent much of the night moving from master to master.

Linda was increasingly called on to 'please a master'. The men seemed to limit their attentions to the blonde to forcing her to use her mouth to pleasure them. All the men in the household avoided contact with Pretty Lips. Although she knew the men talked about her, the former policeman was satisfied to be left alone. Although she realized that the men were not using her because her master had yet to decide how he wanted to dispose of her virginity.

After one week's instruction the girls were speaking and understanding simple sentences in Bambara. The twice-daily milking regime was accelerating the growth of Pretty Lips' breasts. Her nipples and aureoles were noticeably bigger. They had expanded to the point where they as large as Linda's.

After two additional weeks Jessica refused to speak with them in English. The redhead also forbade them talking to each other in a language other than Bambara. Forced into total Bambara immersion Pretty Lips and Linda learned more rapidly than they had thought possible. Pretty Lips' breast continued to grow expanding to a B-cup size.

At the end of the fifth week Pretty Lips' morning milking session produced liquid results. The next morning Linda had the same result. A week later Pretty Lips and Linda were each producing a cup of milk at each of their three times they were milked every day. Jessica added a fourth, before bed milking to hurry the slaves development. Three weeks later Pretty Lips and Linda found that she needed to be milk. The pressure of her milk told her when she needed to go to the machine. The lack of pressure told her when she was done. Her breasts were now well-shaped C-cup sized rounded globs that were as large as Linda's and larger than Jessica's. When they were alone together Linda enjoyed suckling at Pretty Lips' breast. The blonde told Pretty Lips her milk tasted good, "Sweet and rich."

"I love the taste of yours," Pretty Lips replied. "I wish it was just you that I was going to feed. I'd really like it then. But knowing that I will be forced to share it with others is almost more than I can bear."

During the day, often at the bath, Jessica would try the milk from Pretty Lips' and Linda's breasts. She seemed to like the taste and made it part of her daily ritual. The feel of warm lips sucking the liquid nourishment from her breasts increasingly aroused Pretty Lips. Jessica encouraged Pretty Lips' sexual excitement when the redhead suckled. The mistress used her hand or Pretty Lip's sex to bring her to orgasm as she suckled and ordered Linda to do the same.

One afternoon Pretty Lips saw the assistant cook, Mohammed, retrieve the a liter bottle from the milking machine. The bottle was nearly full.

Later, after their dance lesson, Pretty Lips hesitantly said, "I saw Mohammed collect the milk from our noontime milking. Mistress Jessica, what happens to all the milk that Linda and I produce?"

Jessica smiled, "As you could deduce, it goes to the kitchen where the cooks use it in the dishes they prepare. At least one day a week the cream is collected and the make it into ice cream for the Master and his wives. I've heard them say it is a delightful treat."

Linda began to cry and in moments Pretty Lips was crying too.

“What did you silly slaves think?” Jessica said sternly. “That it would be pured on the sand. You should be proud that your milk is valued, and that you are contributing to sustaining the Master’s household!”

Fearing the lash, the two slaves apologized to Jessica for their foolishness, but when they were alone held each other and cried for much of the night.

A month later Pretty Lips found she could not deny the feelings that settled over her when Jessica or Linda were drinking from her bosom. The sensation of her milk being drawn from her body to nourish another was profound and affected her every movement. Linda confessed she was having the same feelings when Pretty Lips nursed from her. The slaves dancing became increasingly sensuous and wanton as they accepted the role of milk producers. Jessica told her that they were becoming superb dancers. Pretty Lips’ hips moved with a liquid grace that was provocation. Linda often stopped to watch, feeling her cleft flush with moisture as she observed the raw sexuality of Pretty Lips’ dancing. Only Pretty Lips remained unaware of how wanton she appeared. After nearly six months of dancing at least four hours each day Pretty Lips’ every movement was a ballet of grace and balance.

Linda’s dancing had also improved. The former soldier was good, but Jessica realized that Linda would never have the liquid excitement in her hips that characterized Pretty Lips’ steps.

When the girls practiced they often drew a crowd of the household’s male staff. [SPAM] of men clustered around the windows looking down at the three undulating females and called out their praise and encouragement. After the dance lessons Jessica and Linda were in demand. They often were called on to service several males as they crossed the courtyard for their lunch. Although there was agreement that Pretty Lips was the most exciting dancer, the men hadn’t yet been given permission from the master to take her.

Pretty Lips was glade to be overlooked by the horny guards, cooks, and other male in the household. Linda was tender and loving with her when they were alone together at night. Pretty Lips felt jealous when the men touched the blonde. Jessica encouraged the intimacy between her two students. They were to be a pair and she felt that the complete acceptance of each other would help when they must share a master’s bed and work together to please him. Jessica trained the two to dance, love, even breath as a pair. The redhead was pleased with her students’ progress.

Jessica shared with the Master of the house her evaluation of the girl’s progress. Late at night in his bed, after she had made him cry out with pleasure, she told him the girls were ready. They would continue to improve but they no longer required her teaching to do so.

“In the future they will only need time to practice,” Jessica informed the Master.

She suggested to the Master that giving them now would allow their new master to watch them improve, increasing his appreciated of the gift. The Master considered her advice as he plunged his shaft into Jessica again.

“Are you sure they are ready to please a master in every way?” He inquired as he gently thrust into Jessica.

“Yes, Master! Oh! Oh! Yes!” Jessica cried.

A few minutes later he asked her the same question again. Jessica was lying in his strong arms gently licking his chest enjoying the afterglow of a deep orgasm.

"Oh my Master, forgive me. I was overcome by your passion. I lost all sense of what you were saying."

"A pretty excuse for failing to be attentive to my words. I shall require you to do a penance soon. Tell me, are they ready to please a master?"

"Linda I think yearns for the fulfillment of having a man within her. She often makes love with Pretty Lips, but I think she longs for a man as well. I have observed Linda looking with a longing at me, as one of your household took me, before her."

"Pretty Lips is a superb dancer who has not yet discovered her total femininity. The men of the household have avoided her virginity. Master, will you take her! She needs to discover the surrender of being a taken slave to be the superb gift you desire."

The Master laughed and pushed the redhead's face down his chest to his flaccid male tool.

"Your penance shall be to rouse me yet again this night or feel the lash on your back in the morning. If you succeed you shall feel something else within your plump bottom."

Jessica went to her task with an enthusiastic laugh. She had spent many nights with the Master and knew he was far from the limits of his arousal. As she made love to his quickening staff the Master thought over her evaluation.

He decided. I must do something to ensure that my gifts are ready to surrender their bodies to a master.

The next day after explaining what he required to the sleepy eyed Jessica he set his plan in motion. The redhead went from him to the cell of her students and led them to the bath. There she informed Pretty Lips and Linda that this was to be a special day.

Today we will practice the dance wearing clothing, the clothing of a slut slave who dances to arouse the interest of her masters. Tonight, after you are prepared, we shall dance for the guard in their barracks.

"But part of your preparation will be some time with the Master earlier. Pretty Lips, it is time that you became a true woman who knows, and loves, the feel of male. It is also time for your bitch nature to be let free. This evening you will surrender your virginity to the Master, then, when he is well pleased with you, you will learn what it is to be well taken by his dogs. Only then will we go to please his men."

"No! Please!" Pretty Lips cried out. "If the Master wants me and I please him, isn't that enough?"

"It is not, Pretty Lip, you are the Master's property and if wished to share your sex with his hounds you will do it, with enthusiasm, knowing that you are pleasing him."

"Must I call the guards, and have them whip you until you beg to be allowed to service the Master's dogs."

"You know, if I do that, very soon thereafter you will beg that the whipping be stopped and that you be allowed to please your Master's dogs. That will be the outcome, it will be so before you have been lashed ten times. But I will not stop the whipping at ten lashes."

If I must have you whipped, after months of training, if I do not present the Master with a slave who is eager to please, I will be whipped for failing.

"So, I swear it, Pretty Lips, if I'm to be whipped, I'll be sure you are punished for causing my whipping as well as for hesitating to please the Master. Part of your being punished for my whipping will be Linda being whipped, at least until she begs you to willingly and eagerly please the Master's dogs, and his stable of horses!

"What is it to be? Shall we all be whipped, Pretty Lips?"

Pretty Lips cheeks were covered with her tears, as she shook her head. "No, Mistress, I will do as the Master wishes. When it is over, will I be pregnant with puppies?"

"No, you are not in heat, and the Master is giving you as a gift. It shall be your new Master's pleasure to see you bred for puppies, and to watch as you become pregnant, whelp, and nurse your litters.

"But, Pretty Lips and Linda, it will happen! Your contraceptive implant has almost expired and I think your first bitch heat will be upon you soon. I have seen girls who, like you, are made part bitch, go into heat. When that happens you will beg to be bred with such passion that few Masters could resist. You will welcome any creature who may fill you! Man, dog, horse, sheep or anything with a male shaft ready to meet your need.

"Prepare your mind for that destiny, as you learn the magic of sex tonight.

"Pretty Lips, there are much worse fates than becoming the sex slave of a man. Laurel, a girl who was a slave with me, before I was purchased by our kind Master, was sold to a monster. On her first night with him, she did not please him, worse still, she told him he was ugly, and that she disliked the use he made of her in his bed.

"The next day he had her painfully prepared, then roasted alive, and when she was cooked, feasted on her flesh with his friends. I was there, and saw what remained of her after the feast, just her burned head on the table and her broken bones on the floor where the dogs had gnawed them. They even cut the top of her head off and ate her brain.

"Our Master did not go to the banquet, disapproving of the waste that was being made of Laurel's beauty. He told me that Laurel was not the first slave to be so roasted and eaten by the man who had been her Master.

However, if a slave was consistently rebellious, displeasing, and disobedient to him, he would punish her very severely, and if she did not repent, he would sell her in the market where slaves are sold for their meat.

Pretty Lips and Linda were terrified, but suddenly Pretty Lips realized that it must all be a story that Jessica had made up to frighten her. "That can't be true!" She asserted.

Jessica looked her in the eye, "It is true, so that I would know what could become of a disobedient slave might be, the Master took me to see Laurel, still alive as she went over the fire, and then the next morning to see her scrapes.

Linda was holding her hand over her mouth, her eyes wild, "But we cost so much to buy. How could someone just kill us, especially someone who had just purchased a slave?"

Jessica laughed, a strong bitter edge to her laughter. "Linda, and you, Pretty Lips, should know this too, the seeming vast sums that were paid to own us, are nothing to the master's who buy us. They might lose the amount every day, gaming, betting on horses, or buying slaves to cook and eat, and

never feel the outflow of wealth is significant.”

“So we are not valuable to them?” Pretty Lips asked.

Jessica shook her head, but then smiled. “Not in monetary terms. But a slave may be of value to her Master if she succeeds at giving him great pleasure.

“I have taught you what you need to know so, if you try, you can be of such pleasure for your master that he will treasure you. He might even give you the honor of becoming his concubines.

“Indeed, Pretty Lips and Linda, you should know it will be an honor if your master breeds you to his dogs. They might never breed you, but put you on display, for the amusement of their gusts when you are in heat and are being mated by their dogs, or other pets. But you were given the ability to bear the best quality dogs of the purest blood. To many masters, your value is in the fine puppies you could have.

“Once, when our master was pleased that his stallion, Lorant, who had won an important race for him, he sent me to the stallion, having told me I was to give all the pleasure I’d been giving to him, as his love slave, to Lorant.”

“Did you?” Linda asked, her eyes open wide with curiosity.

“Yes, smiling as I went to the stables, as I would if sent to please a guest of the Masters. Once I was there the trainers, knowing my purpose, gave me a gel to rub on my vulva that was perfumed it with the scent of a mare in heat. They also showed me a platform they had prepared that I could safely use, while the horse, Lorant, or Victory in English, filled me. They kindly explained how it worked, for I was not the first slave girl to be given as a reward for one of Master’s horses.

“Before they went to fetch Lorant, I thanked them for their aid, and expressed my desire to please my Master by well pleasing Lorant. I offered the three grooms the pleasure of my mouth in thanks for their help. After I had undressed, two of the three allowed me to please their manhood while the third fetched Lorant.

“When the third returned, with Lorant, I was just finishing the second groom.

“The groom, who I had already pleased, massaged a lot of the scented gel into my vulva as I finished pleasing his friend. As I swallowed his friend’s seed he asked if they could watch. Of course, I said they could, as long as they were sure it was OK with Lorant, and the Master.

“Looking at him, I saw that Lorant was magnificent. A solid black Arabian, eighteen hands high, with a long silky main and tale that had been so well combed they looked like fine black silk. While I had walked to the stable with some fear of my task, I felt better on seeing him. He was so beautiful that I wanted to give him pleasure.

“On seeing me, or more to the point, scenting me, Lorant’s male staff extended, long and very stiff. It was nearly 30 inches long and nearly reached the ground. I knew I must complete my task, but I wondered, aloud, how I’d might do so and live. Taking the shaft within me was clearly going to tear my insides apart. Yet I knew my Master would not have sent me to my death, without telling me of offense I had committed to earn death.

Hearing my fear, the groom I had just pleased, smiled at me and taking a long silk sash he slowly approached Lorant showing him the sash. The horse almost smiled, and then whinnied at me. The Groom dropped to his knees by Lorant’s awesome shaft and holding the sash about a foot from the

business ends of the shaft asked if I thought I could manage 'that much'.

I swallowed, and said 'Yes.' I'd once had a master who was nearly that long, but he had nothing like Lorant's thickness.

The Groom tied the sash around Lorant's shaft, tightly forming a kind of hilt that would keep him from driving his full length into me.

The three grooms moved away and I realized they were ready. I undressed, for I wore the clothes of a dancing slave, walked over to Lorant offering him my hand. He sniffed my hand but then he dropped his head and pushed it into my vulva, tasting my sex. His tongue was big, wet and soft. At that moment I started to look forward to mating with him. Glancing down I saw his shaft, with red sash tied around it, had risen up and was almost parallel with his chest.

I began to softly dance. My sex saddled on Lorant's nose. I swayed and moved, very slowly, being careful to keep my cleft in contact with Lorant's wonderful tongue. He seemed to catch onto what I was doing and did things with his tongue that had me feeling weak in my knees.

I felt Lorant gentle pushing me toward the little platform the grooms had made for him to mate women on. It was time. I turned, and after petting the big guys soft cheeks, I walked to the platform. It consisted of a blanket-lined tube above the floor at the right height for Lorant to enter me. I climbed in and realized that my back and head were protected from Lorant's hooves, and weight. There were stirrups for my feet. They gave me the ability to move my hips from left to right and to raise and lower by bottom. In front of me was a bar, positioned so that I could grab it and use it to move my upper body. Between the stirrups and bar I could have my body fully in the air and position myself best for Loran and I to get the maximum pleasure from our coupling. I experimented and realized that I could move my hips back and forth, and might be able to move against his thrusts, welcoming him within me.

Lorant moved in behind and over me as soon as I was in position. I heard his hooves land on the platform that supported the tube I was in. A moment later I felt his shaft pressing against my branded cheek. I reached back and guided him to my sex. A moment later I let go and gasped as I felt Lorant enter me. It took him three thrusts before the sash tied around his shaft met my bottom and stopped his penetration. My eyes were filled with tears by the pain of the stretching.

Then all thought and sensation was buried under his thrusting. He went in and out very fast, I used the bar and stirrups to keep us joined and to guide my hips to his thrusts. We did not couple long, after a very few minutes he whinnied, really loudly, I felt the end of his maleness, sheathed deep within me, grow to what felt like double its width, and then a river of Lorant's hot seed first fill, and then overflow me.

I screamed from the pain, but also in wonder as I felt through the flair at the tip of his tool send his heart beat pulsing through my body. For a moment I felt like I was floating in air, suspended in space by the shaft I was impaled on. I climaxed as I felt the shaft being drawn from me. A flood of liquids poured from my sex following Lorant pulled it free.

Lorant and I coupled three more times that night. I had to be carried back to the slave quarters by the grooms the next morning. Marsha, another slave cleaned me up. I slept all morning. Later that afternoon I was greatly honored when the Master came and sat beside me, petted me, and called me 'good girl'.

He told me that no other girl whose use was gifted to Lorant had ever pleased the huge horse so well. Most felt their duty was over when he had come within them a single time. Only I had

continued until Lorant was too worn for more.

Master kissed my forehead and told me he was well pleased by me, and that I might ask for a gift. He also told me he, his men and his gests would not be using my body until I was fully recovered from Lorant's use of me.

I begged him two things as my boon. First that while I recovered, that from time to time, if he was so inclined. He'd allow me to please his manhood with my mouth. Second that when next Lorant won a race again I 'd be again to him as his reward, for I was sure that if he was well rewarded, he would win many races for Master.

My master was very pleased by my request and said, 'It shall be so'.

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## **CHAPTER XIX**

### **Slave Girls Prepare Themselves**

Linda looked at Jessica with wide eyes. "Did he, ah, did he send you to Lorant again?"

Jessica smiled and blushed. "Lorant is a great racer, famous throughout Arabia. He has won many important races, and since I pleased him that first time, our Master has sent me to please him many times. The last few times I no longer needed the cream of a mare in heat to arouse his passion. He welcomes me, knowing I was there for his pleasure.

"Each time I have had his groom tie the scarf around his staff a little farther back, allowing me to feel a little more of his strength within me. One day I hope to sheath within me the length of his shaft that he would press into a mare in heat. That is about half his length, or a bit more. I will fill with joy when I know that the pleasure he has with me is at least as great as the pleasure he would have with a female of his kind.

Linda and Pretty Lips looked at Jessica, shocked that she could accept, even apparently relish mating with a horse.

When Jessica's story was done Linda and Pretty Lips were both filled with fear. Jessica had smiled as she told the story, and it was clear that her pride in having served the masters horse so well was real. But that reality was a horror.

Jessica looked at them grinning like a Cheshire cat. "I see that you do not understand your slavery yet. In time you will see how I could give myself with abandon to Lorant, my only objective being perfectly obedient to my Master.

Tonight you will both take a step toward having a perfect understanding of your slavery. It is a big step, especially for Pretty Lips, but it is only one of many that stand between you and acceptance of your slavery. Once I longed for my freedom, as I know you now do. Today I would not take it if offered. Instead I long for my master's touch, and strive to be his perfect slave. But we must prepare for this evening.

"How?" Linda asked.

"What ever else happens this evening, we are our master's dancing girls. We will be asked to dance for the pleasure of our master and his men, perhaps for hours. We must be sparkling clean, and both perfectly made up and dressed for dancing. We will eat little today, but if we dance well, we will be

hand fed by men who appreciate or dance.

"If I told you how much pleasure you will have by morning you would not believe. All I will say is that by tomorrow you will feel that your slavery is not altogether bad."

Jessica led them to the room where they put on their make up.

Once there Linda asked, "So, we must be like that, eager to do what ever will give the Master pleasure?"

"If you want your Master to value you, yes.

"We slave girls are not kept to warm the Master's bed. He has wives to do that; wives who are jealous of their right to share his bed. While, if we are good, and a little lucky, we may be called to please him, he will use us mostly to please and entertain his household retainers, guests, and even his pets."

"So we will never have a child?" Linda asked, tears in her eyes.

Jessica shrugged her shoulder. "A master is unlikely to give me his child, he would then need to make me one of his wives or concubines. He will not want me bred by his men, or guests.

"Linda, and Pretty Lips, your ability to be pregnant with a child was removed. Your future master will appreciate you the more, knowing you will not be making babies that might complicate or burden his household.

"Except, of course, that you will well please most masters by birthing fine and beautiful puppies. For you being bred for puppies may be inevitable."

Pretty lips almost fainted. "Breed, me?"

"Of course," Jessica continued. "Your value as a slave girl is mainly in your ability to give your Master fine puppies that allow him to improve the bloodlines in his kennel."

"Kennel!" Pretty Lips sputtered.

"Yes," replied Jessica, "It is an honor, a great honor to please the Master by doing his bidding, even if that bidding is to please his servant, his guest, his dog, his horse, even one of his wives, if he orders it. I have told you what may become of slave girls who reject the favor of their Master. Those sent to, and resold, in the slave meat market, suffer for a long time and die in pain that we can't imagine. Their new owners are cruel men.

"Remember, both of you, we are south of the Sahara. There is no hope of rescue here, and less still to for a slave girl who is sold to a new Master in a market south of here. Many places in Africa it is no crime to own a human slave, no crime to order your slave girl painfully killed, and no crime to have her cooked for your dinner.

"So tonight we dance, and please the Master's men and dogs, both!"

Pretty lips and Linda were shocked, at first. But realized they had no choice, and, just as their milking had been a step deeper into slavery, what was coming was merely their next step into a deeper slavery.

Pretty Lips reminded herself, my objective is to stay alive until I can escape and return to being

Sarah. Just as I had no choice other than to learn to dance, or suffer the changes they made surgically and chemically to me, I have no choice about endure what comes tonight. None, until I see my chance. But I can't reveal my thoughts to Jessica. At best she would have me whipped.

While Jessica gathered clothing and other supplies for the evening Pretty Lips whispered to Linda, "We have no choice, dear. Jessica has advised us well. We are owned, far from anyone who would help us. As you know, I have no desire for the touch of any man. I have nothing but aversion to the idea of being used again sexually by a dog, let alone being impregnated by one. But just as I had no choice about whether we were brought to lactation, and none about being sold and branded, we have no choice about tonight, and probably many other nights after this one."

Linda nodded, "Yes, I agree, and even will try to find ways to appear to like it. But, dear girl, I may not be able to sit quietly while they let their dogs use you."

"You must," Pretty Lips replied. "They have made it a part of our destiny. Unless that damn Doctor can be found, and made to undo what he did to us, if it can't be undone, it is our fate to someday go into heat, be bred, and have puppies. Even if we were transported back to Oregon, it would be our fate. Worse still, they have taken our ability to have a child. All we may ever taste of motherhood is the puppies we may have."

Linda nodded, "I wanted children, at least a child. My, God! Pretty Lips, if I can't have children I think I'd welcome having puppies. At least I'd know something of motherhood."

Pretty lips squeezed Linda's hand. "I know. I'd no idea how it might come about, but someday I wanted a child. Now, knowing I can't, I find that the idea of puppies is less difficult to accept."

Linda nodded. "It might have been much worse. What if they had given the ovaries of sheep! Then they might have bred us, and as we birthed our young, we'd know they were destined for slaughter!"

Pretty Lips hugged her, sharing her horror. "Linda, they will hurt us if we resist, and because we care for each other, we can't allow that to happen," she said as Jessica returned to them.

"Your companion in slavery advises you well, Linda," Jessica added. "Remember tonight that you are lower than the lowest prostitute, even in this culture. For a prostitute owns herself, and can chose to say no. We are not so fortunate."

Linda nodded, as tears crossed her cheeks.

Pretty Lips relaxed, deciding that the worst of it would be watching as the guards took and abused Linda after the dance. She knew her deflowering was at hand. But, even given her dislike of the men, and fear of what might happen with dogs, she knew that the pain of her branding, and the pain of being whipped were far worse than the horror of seeing her lover taken.

After they had dawned the filmy bites of silk that Jessica provided as a costume Pretty Lips looked with wonder at herself in the mirror. She had not really looked at herself in weeks. Before her stood a haunting temptress of the dance. No hint of her flat chest, plain faced, and fleshy hipped dyke she remembered was left.

The brass mesh of bra Jessica had given her barely contained the ripe mounds on her chest. Pretty Lips looked longingly at the relatively modest costume Jessica wore. It was as sheer as hers, but Jessica's near nudity was screened by hundreds of coins that tinkled like bells as the redhead moved that adorned her costume.

Jessica saw Pretty lips looking at her treasure, and laughed.

“These coins, Pretty Lips, are the gift of men I have please with my dancing, and in other ways after the dancing was done. When you dance well Masters will toss the coins at your feet. You may keep them if you embroider them into your dance costume as I have. They are the only wealth a slave is permitted. Of course a cruel master may take them as his own profit from your slavery, or they may be taken from you as a punishment.

“I have pleased many men and the gold and silver in my skirt is worth many thousands of euros. If I ever am given my freedom my skirt will buy me passage back to England and get me started as a dancer there,” the redhead explained.

Pretty Lips and Linda felt envious at the mass of coins Jessica was dressed in.

“Mistress Jessica, if you escape, you would continue to dance?” Linda asked.

“Escape!” Jessica laughed, “I do not wish to escape. What I wish is that my Master would take me as one of his wives and make my belly big with his child. If I were set free I would do what I know. I would dance for rich men and then take the richest as my lovers until my old age was provided for.”

Linda and Pretty Lips were shocked. They often talked, late at night, alone in their cell, of their eventual escape. They could not imagine wishing to be one of some man’s many wives.

“You are a slave here!” Pretty Lips pleaded.

“Of course, as a slave I am cared for and pampered in every way, as long as I please my master. I know how to keep my Master pleased, and my life is full and the only hardness I encounter is a Master who is aroused and wishes to use me in ways I love to be used. All things I need are provided. I worry about nothing. My job is to be beautiful, desirable, and to willingly surrender to my Master slightest whim. If that is that I please another, his dog or horse, I care not.

“You will learn. Soon, the touch of your master’s hand on your flesh will drive all thought of escape from your mind. You will learn tonight.

“Now, let us practice, for we must be perfect in our dancing if we wish to be considered slaves that it is a pleasure to own.”

As they practiced Pretty Lips and Linda silently contemplated Jessica’s words. As they danced Pretty Lips began to feel aroused. Her dancing often aroused her, but it suddenly was a sensation by knowledge of what men would soon do to her. Pretty Lips began to suspect that she might not be as immune to the desires of males as she had hoped.

In the evening they bathed again and did each other’s makeup. As they prepared themselves they talked in Bambar. It had been weeks since they had been allowed to converse in English. They were starting to hold conversations in their new language. Jessica did not allowed Linda or Pretty Lips to nurse from each others’ breasts; she had also forbidden them going to the milking machine. While not yet painful their breasts felt full, their nipples were extended and thick, and their thoughts were increasingly centered on getting some relief for the building pressure. Pretty Lips begged Jessica to allow her to be milked. The redhead denied her.

“Tonight you must beg the Master and his men to relieve the pressure in your breasts. Fear not my pet, they will. Most have known the taste of woman’s milk and long to try it again.”

"But Jessica! They'll want more than just milk?" Pretty Lips gasped.

"Ah, they will. You will give all they desire. Tonight is your night of initiation. The Master has ordered that none of the men may touch Linda, or me, unless they have first touched you, as a man longs to touch a woman. It is his choice that your fear of men be ended this night. Expect to be well used by morning," Jessica informed.

"And the dogs?" Pretty Lips asked.

"After you are well used, and have pleased the Masters men, in thanks for the pleasure they will have given, you are to reward them with a display of yourself pleasing the Master's dogs. I do not know how many dogs the Master will send tonight."

Pretty Lips collapsed on the floor breathing hard. She realized that she had been foolish thinking that she was immune to lust. She had seen men's eyes as they watched her dance through the windows. There lust is not limited to Jessica and Linda, it's me too. I'm no longer flat chested and plain. I'm pretty, with big lactating breasts. Men will want me. Oh, my, God!

I've seen them watching me dance, or being milked, with lust. Only lack of permission has held them in back! Tonight I will dance to please the men, and my dance will only be the beginning. The slave girl who had once been Sarah Taylor felt dread at the thought of being used by men and dogs.

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CHAPTER XX

Dance of the Love Slaves

The Master placed a bounty on Pretty Lips, for the first man to mount her while her sex still dripped his seed onto her white thighs; an extra week's pay to the guard who next impaled her. Some were feeling reserved, unsure of their Lord's reaction to their use of a girl who's virginity the Lord had just taken. Others looked forward to earning the bonus. A few were eager to feel the former American policewoman writhing under them. All were eager for more dancing and for the loving to begin.

There were nearly twenty men in the room. Many were familiar to the girls. They had interrupted their walks to take Jessica and Linda and often watched the three practicing their dance through the windows opening to the courtyard. Kirk, the German mercenary leered at the girls as they danced. He had long blonde hair and a jagged fencing scar on his cheek. There were two Frenchmen, Philip and Antoine, both dark and thin. Against the far wall an American leaned. He was called only Jones and once had played professional football as a defensive guard. His two hundred and fifty pounds was solid muscle. Ming the martial arts master, whose slight form belied his strength, looked over the girls with a practiced eye. The remaining men sat on cushions around the room. The walls were draped with oriental rugs in geometric patterns. The floor was tile and felt cool against the girl's bare dancing feet. The oil lamps cast a warm glow across the room and took the chill out of the desert's night air.

As the Pretty Lips joined Linda and Jessica the musicians finished their song and began another.

The men cried out, "Dance! Dance!" They spoke in Bambara, French and English, but the message was loud and insistent.

Jessica nodded to her fellow slaves and the three spun out into the middle of the room and began to writhe with the music. Weeks of practice allowed Linda and Pretty Lips to easily follow the lead set

by Jessica. Their steps were unerringly smooth, feminine, and provocative. Each girl knew instinctively what step and twist of her body would come next. For a time the flickering light and music were all that seemed to mark the quick steps and movements of the three dancing girls. The men were awed by the spectacle. Raw sexuality charged the air. After a time the men began to call out to the girls. Their words praised excellent moves and encouraging them to dance with greater abandon. Each of the three feminine forms seemed to have a center in her groin from which the dance sprang to fill their bodies.

As the three danced, sweat formed on their breasts, thighs, and exposed bellies. Hot rivulets of perspiration ran down their bodies wetting the scant clothing they wore. As the cloth became damp it would cling to their bodies revealing the feminine curves slightly hidden underneath the near transparent fabric. As they danced their sweat mixed with their perfume filling the hall with smell of females in heat. As the men began to scent the girls' excitement their cheers and yells became louder and more demonstrative. Pretty Lips was intensely aware of the scent of Linda and Jessica's arousal. Glancing at her friends the new girl could see the moisture of their sex had lubricated their hips. She could feel a mixture of her own lubricants and the master's seed on her inner thighs. Her sex ached from its first use, but the ache was also a longing for more. The sight Linda's and Jessica's damp thighs excited her and Pretty Lips translated that excitement into the dance.

As she danced Pretty Lips found that she loved the dancing, and that she was loving this dance. She felt totally alive and completely feminine as she swayed her hips and moved her arms and feet in a series of graceful and sensuous moves. The feel of her breasts moving against her swirling form seemed at times to lead her feet as their pull seemed to decided the next step.

Feeling her breasts swaying with her body and watching the men's eyes as they followed her form enthralled her. Pretty Lips found herself opening to the dance like never before. She was dancing well and dancing before men. Their eyes watching her were burning brighter and brighter with the excitement of lust. Pretty Lips danced to the men, to their excitement. She moved her body to them stepping forward and back as she shook her hips and breasts in counterpoint with the music. Her movements seemed to call to the men offering them her body. The dance overcame her mind and the femininity that was now her took over. She brandishing her raw feminine sexuality at the men daring them to take her.

Pretty Lips seemed to be presenting herself to each man in the room as she danced. She taunted and teased the fire in their eyes, trying to build it higher, toying with her power to rouse them to animal passion. She became almost drunk with the sense of power that flowed through with the dance. She smiled gleefully as she noted that many were becoming hard from watching her dance. The men's arms were now outstretched to her as she moved around the worm. Each moment another inched a little closer to the maddening femininity writhing before them.

Jessica took Linda's hand and guided the blonde off the dance floor to sit on some cushions near the musicians. Pretty Lips dancing alone did not even notice their departure. She was a light casting a glow of tangible sexual need around her.

Whispered to Linda, Jessica said, "I have seen this happen before. It is something that only happens to women who are true sex slaves. She is now the dance. The men are lucky. It is rare for even a skilled slave to be so caught in the dance."

"Is it then the dance that makes Pretty Lips so alluringly feminine?" Linda asked. "That makes her so alive, so filled with the femininity."

"It is like when a warrior goes berserk in battle. Pretty Lips has both lost and found her true self.

The subjugated female within her has arisen and taken control to triumph over her reserve to revel in life's embrace. After this she will never be the same. I've seen it happen to others and it has happened to me. Afterwards a girl can't get enough. In England they might call it nymphomania. Here they understand slavery and a girl's need to be taken. Pretty Lips now has the beauty of the dancing female slave who is ready to be taken by any man, and by all men. She is in ecstasy and her ecstasy will continue until the dance is through. Watch her and learn. Soon you will see the act of sex itself become part of her dance."

"Pretty Lips is a lesbian," objected Linda.

"Observe her dance then review that judgment. I think you will find she is completely heterosexual, if bisexual."

Linda watched for a while. She was astonished to see within her friend and lover things she had never sensed in Pretty Lips before. Linda had never suspected such femininity could exist. Finding it expressed in one who once had only distaste for men brought a gasp to the blonde's lips.

"Jessica, she is magnificent. It is as if a burning candle of femininity was dancing before us. No matter how she feels about women, she is the essence of female. How glorious, how beautiful she is!"

"Yes, she is superb."

Pretty Lips continued her dance taunting and teasing the men. She relished her power to excite the crowd. She was not thinking, only dancing. Her dance was drawing her to the flaming desire that filled the room. She continued to dance when a guard arose before her and pulled her to the cushions. The guard's name was Mohammad and his chest was broad and covered with a mighty black beard. He tore the skirt from her hips and the top from her body. Pretty Lips, prone and on her back, continued to writhe and move with the music. Looking down at his victim the man smiled at her full breasts and the hairless vulva before him. He'd expected to be repulsed by the sight of her virginities blood on her thighs. He'd been wrong. The sight excited him.

Mohammad laughed and opening his robe dropped to his knees and lifted Pretty Lips' up, resting her back on a cushion and exposing her cleft. His shaft was thick and hard and as he lifted Pretty Lips' he placed it at her opening. He thrust deeply in finding her deliciously tight yet yielding. Pretty Lips cried out, there was the ache again, but there was also pleasure. She yearned for the depths of her to be found by the man's impaling shaft. Her hips moved with the dance and to meet his thrusts as he pumped her. She laughed with joy when she felt him shudder sending his hot seed deep within her. When Mohammad withdrew from her she sighed.

Arising Pretty Lips, now nude, her clitoris extended from its sheath for the room to see, hard with anticipation. She moved to Antoine, the next man, and danced to him her need. She only knew that a spot that should be filled within her was now empty. Her need was great. Antoine laughed and pulled her to himself. He dropped his pants and placing her on her stomach decisively thrust his hardness into her. The way was open and the girl was willing. As the man used her he was amazed to feel a girl who had been a virgin a half-hour before using the muscles within her body to massage his tool. Soon he too was sending seed his to her core. When he slipped out of her she almost rushed to the man called Jones and danced into his lap. Pretty Lips opened his pants and gasped in wonder finding his member already hard and thick. She grasped it in her hand and looking deeply in the man's eyes lowered her sex onto his tool until it was in her to his hilt. She danced her need to the huge man and presented her full breasts to his lips. Jones was surprised when he sucked and found his effort rewarded by a rich flow of warm woman cream. He laughed and turned his attention to

sucking her dry as she fucked herself on his member. When Pretty Lips felt the Jones explode her orgasm overcame her. She's vagina spurted its store of lubricant onto her thighs adding the aroma of Pretty Lips' cum to the growing sent of ripe sex that filled the room's air.

Jones continued to relieve the pressure in her breasts even as his tool softened within her. She felt the milk flowing from her as ecstasy and added her pleasure at giving her milk to her dance. When he released her she arose and eagerly turned to the next man. He was nude from the waste down. Pulling the dancer to him he lost no time in finding relief for his engorged tool. He took her from behind while another man went to her chest and began sucking at her breasts and gently massaging her vulva.

Linda and Jessica rejoined the dance now. The aura of sex was too strong for the slaves to resist. The men let them dance until their bodies were glistening with sweat. Soon each was pulled to a master who used her well.

Naked and still filled with lust pretty lips danced alone. She glistened with sweat and her thighs were no longer red with her virgin blood, but streaked with white where the seed of men had flowed from her sex and coated them. She danced toward the master, trying to temp her into taking her again. The man smiled and clapped his hands.

Into the room came a man with the largest dog Pretty Lips had ever seen on a leash. Te best was brown and white with long fur. His head was nearly as high above the floor as Pretty Lips' and she thought he must weigh as much as Jones. But the dancing girl could sense that the dog was male and his maleness drew her to him.

Her dance became focused on the dog. Deep within her she felt her need to be filled growing. Two of the men brought cushions out to the middle of the floor and placed them to create a low bed. Pretty Lips understood its purpose and hesitantly danced toward it. The big dogs eyes followed her and he pulled against the leash trying to go to her.

He wants me, and I want to be filled. But like a woman welcoming her lover, not like a dog. It's my destiny tonight to be taken by him, and I'm as ready as I can be.

When Pretty lips reached the makeshift bed she laid down on her back, her sex hanging over the edge of the bed, her hips still moving to the music and her arms tracing patterns of desire in the air.

Suddenly the big dog's tongue was on her sex, and his handler was beside Pretty Lips, cupping her left breast in his hand. "His name is, Abbas, lion in Arabic. He has had many women and knows what to do." The man softly said, and them moved away.

Abbas kept caressing her vulva with is tongue and probing her entrances. He eagerly licked away the residue of the liquids that had coated her sex and thighs. His tongue was delightful and Pretty Lips surprised herself by thrusting her sex into his probing and feeling a great pleasure envelop her being when Abbas pressed his tongue deep into her vagina. She moaned and realized that the emptiness within her wanted something larger and harder than the probing tongue that was delighting her.

Pretty Lips had lost track of where she was and the fact that many men, as well as Jessica and her sweet Linda were watching her. There was only the music, her desire to move with it, her mounting need, and the huge beautiful dog.

When the dog moved up to cover her, Pretty Lips reached down and found his small tool and guided it to her opening. She felt disappointed at its small size, but Pretty Lips reminded herself, once

within her, where it could do the most good, it would grow. Abbas lunged forward, and Pretty lips giggled, as the male fully sheathed himself in her flesh.

The dog began to thrust and Pretty Lips laughed with delight and wiggled to continued her dance as she felt the male treasure she held thicken and extend. Her arms went up and enfolded Abbas' neck and the animal's thrust quickened. When Pretty Lips felt the swelling at he base of the shaft that was delighting her she raised her legs and wrapped them around the dogs back, pressing her sex to the shaft taking it deeper. When it reached her cervix she gasped and climaxed. Abbas kept pumping her sex with his growing shaft. The swelling grew larger and larger and Pretty Lips climaxed again when her body seemed to clamp down on the base of the shaft, capturing the knot within her as it continued to grow.

Abbas pressed hard, and Pretty Lips tried to accommodate him, but he was unable to press his shaft through her cervix. Pretty Lips felt pain with each thrust, but still she pressed back, more than willing to feel the dog in her womb. Pretty Lips felt that it was possibly, but not that day. She wondered if it was something related to her having been a virgin, or if perhaps it wasn't possible, although somehow she knew it was possible. Both Abbas and she wanted it so very much, she reasoned that such a joining must be part of nature. Then it occurred to her, maybe when I go into heat it will happen!

Leaning forward Abbas took Pretty Lips shoulder in his mouth. He bit down, and it frightened Pretty Lips. But he was holding, rather than biting her. She felt he had managed to press a little more of himself into her. She lifted her back off the cushion and gently bit into Abbas shoulder, lightly, but with enough force so that the dog responded with a happy bark.

To the watchers the two seemed locked together and motionless. Within Pretty Lips vagina Abbas' shaft continued to press her cervix and his bitch pressed her hips to his strength, lost in pleasure as the dog filled her with his seed. The connected pair didn't know or care what was happening around them. The pair were locked together for twenty minutes before Abbas released Pretty Lips' shoulder. At the same time she felt his sword shrinking within her. Pretty Lips felt frantic to maintain her connection to the big dog. She held to him for another five minutes. Only when the male shaft had departed her sheath did she relax and allow her body to drop back to the cushion.

Abbas moved his head between Pretty Lips' thighs and delicately licked up the heavy flow pouring out if her sex. When he was done he lay down beside the cushion and began to clean himself. Pretty Lips moved like lightning, replacing his tongue with her own.

As Pretty Lips ministered to the dogs shaft and sheath, the musicians set aside their instruments and joined the other men in taking their pleasure from the two other voluptuous dancing slaves. It was past dawn when the last of the men left for a short stay in his bed. He left behind three well-used slave girls. Linda and Jessica were sleeping softly. Pretty Lips was passed out, overcome with the fulfillment of the night's lust. It was late in the morning when Jessica, gentile shaking her shoulder, awakened her.

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## **CHAPTER XXI**

### **Pretty Lips Deflowered**

Through her horror Pretty Lips admitted to herself that she was curious about a man's touch. For weeks she had watched as Linda and Jessica had sought to please the men. Jessica actively provoked them men into taking advantage of her charms. The new girl felt torn between her past life and her

present as a dancing love slave. Jessica interrupted Pretty Lips' self absorbed thoughts.

"What is it Mistress?" Pretty Lips asked.

"Pretty Lips, can you do what you must tonight? If you say no we will both be punished, but if you say yes, and then refuse the Master, his men or his dogs, you will insult the Master and our punishment will be more severe."

"Mistress, I'm far from the person that I was. My breasts are large and ripe, they need milking, my legs are stronger and know the dance, my waist is narrower, I have been had by dogs, and know it can hold pleasure as well as pain. When the dogs had me, before my sale, it was in my bottom.

"After the Master and his have taken my virginity, the dogs should cause me less pain than they did the day I was sold. Although, had I know this is how I'd lose my virginity, I'd have gone to one of the nicer men I know and given it to him. I have been changed and trained so that my voice and reactions are not just feminine, but those of submissive love slave."

Looking at the red dyed brand on her hip she shuddered, "I can never go back to being Sarah, the policewoman. Since I am owned slave I must learn to enjoy sex with a man, as I do with Linda. I know I still like woman, and I love Linda. I see her pleasing a master and feel twinges of jealousy. But, of what? A master's use of my friend and lover, or my own hidden desire for a Master's touch?"

Jessica nodded. "I believe you are ready for tonight.

"We must all lubricate our insides. I expect that by morning we will all be well used. We must prepare our cleft of joy, as well as our rear passage. It's likely that both will be well used. But, the Master and his men are kind. They will be patient with a new girl who is still learning her slavery."

As the warm oils soothed the women's insides Pretty Lips felt the pain and tension of the day drifting out of her body. After being sure their sex was well prepared, each of the three slaves gave themselves two herbal enema followed by another of massage oil. They used towels to pat their bottoms dry, careful to leave their sex and anus moist with lubricant. As the three walked the slickness of their cheeks rubbing together added a bit more sway to their graceful hips.

Watching Linda and Pretty Lips Jessica realized, They will be superb tonight, the lubricant is smoothing all their movements, beyond the tender openings the males will fill. When they dance the men will lose their restraint and take them."

As Pretty Lips saw Jessica watching her and her cheeks turned beet red. She had prepared herself to be used by men. A sense of hopeless humiliation nearly overwhelmed her.

"You look lovely dear," Linda said hurrying to embrace her friend and lover.

"Yes," Jessica added with a smile. "You are both beautiful tonight. The men will be pleased."

Jessica ordered Pretty Lips and Linda to freshen up their makeup dress again. With her silk skirt back down Pretty Lips felt more secure. Each movement of her feminized body brought home to her just how slight was her grip on her fading sense of self. I'm starting to see myself as a slave, and my value I hope to see in my Master's eyes.

After a final once over, Jessica decided they looked as good as they could. She smiled to herself realizing that both were attractive and would well please the men of the guard room. The redhead took them up the stairs and across the garden courtyard to the houses guard's hall.

As they walked the three could hear music, dancing music, coming from the open door ahead. The three girls were trained dancers. To hear such music was to respond. Jessica saw Pretty Lips and Linda start to gently sway their hips with the music's beat. The music was getting louder as they approached the door. Their preparations had taken longer than they had thought. As they came to the door Jessica could see that the men had finished eating. Among those guards who were from Europe and Asia the wine flowed freely. The native guards were abstaining from the alcohol, but several were smoking hashish from large water pipes. Jessica smiled at them as she led her two charges into the large high ceiling chamber.

Pretty Lips looked around. The room was long and divided into three aisles by two rows of tall columns. The columns were about ten high and placed ten feet out from the long walls leaving an open space twenty feet wide in the middle. The three aisle's ceilings were low vaults that gave the room a pleasant airy feel and also created a warm resonance for the musician's music.

The middle space was paved with tiles that had been polished to a high-gloss by the feet of many dancing girls. To one side of the door were a group of five musicians producing the music that the three dancing girls heard as they approached.

The columns formed a series a separate, almost square, areas along the sides of the chamber. Each was emphasized by having its own brightly colored oriental rug that was covered with many cushions and a large low tables, and most significantly men.

There were many more men in the hall than Pretty Lips or Linda had dreamed were in the household. The light in the room came from oil lamps that were attached to the columns about three feet below their simple capitals. There was an iron belt encircling each column that supported four lamps, one on each side of the column. The light was a warm yellow and flickered, brightest in the room's long central space. There was a strong smell spices in the chamber, and Pretty Lips correctly guessed the oil in the lamps was scented.

At the far end of the hall was a wide raised platform covered with many silk pillows, piled on a wonderful oriental carpet. In the middle of the carpet sat the Master of the house. His beard and hair looked very black to Pretty Lips. He wore a white robe, tight tightly around his waist by a long red silk sash. Next to him, on its own large pillow, rested the largest sword Pretty Lips had ever seen. The blade was wide as well as long and the wide hilt was encrusted with glittering jewels. The blade glimmered in the light. It looked very sharp to Pretty Lips.

Many yelled a greeting to the girls, clapped their hands with the music and called for them to dance. They were eager. The Master of the house had ordered that all three dancers were to be well used, once he had taken the flower of the untouched one.

The Master smiled at the three girls and motioned with his hand for them to come to him. The music stopped.

Jessica led Pretty Lips and Linda forward and bowed low to the master when she was at the foot of the platform. Pretty Lips and Linda bowed low, following Jessica's example.

The Master smiled and motioned for Pretty Lips to join him. Hesitantly she mounted the platform and knelled before the Master. He softly laughed and clapped his hands. The music began and again, and at a touch from Jessica she and Linda began dance, moving to the rooms center and moving in ways that had their audience of male admirers shouting encouragement in moments.

Pretty Lips was kneeling before the master, her face hidden, and her nicely rounded bottom raised high.

"Raise your eyes and look on my child," The Master said, surprising Pretty Lips with the kind tone in his voice.

Pretty Lips remained on her knees but raised herself to face the Master. She demurely kept her eyes cast down. But she did steal a glance at the sword to her Master's right.

"The sword is a family heirloom that dates back over a thousand years. It has been carried into battle more than a hundred times and has served my ancestors, and I, well.

"It sits beside me, ready for use, so that all that come to my home know that I'm prepared to defend my home if challenged."

Pretty Lips looked up, something in his voice told her that it was true. But her curiosity took control of her tongue, although her mind knew it was dangerous. "Master, has that happened?"

He nodded and smiled then reached out and caressed her left breast. "Yes, my sword has taken the lives of five men who sought to supplant me. They died, here in this hall.

Pretty Lips steadied her emotions, and managed to not pull away from his exploring hand. Even when he caressed her nipple, and she felt it extend.

Her Master caressed her other breast and in moments both her nipples were extended and throbbing. The pressure in her breasts was great and she knew that soon they would hurt if she were not milked.

"Master," she hesitantly began, "your slave would feel much favored if you were to take your nourishment from my breasts."

The man grinned. "You beg prettily, and in excellent Bambara, although your accent is pure American.

"Your Mistress, my slave Jessica, informs me your milk is very pleasant.

"Yes, I think I will at least taste you."

He took Pretty Lips hand and gently pulled her to his lap. He softly pulled her until she was sitting on his lap, her legs wrapped round his back, and her breasts even with his face. Expertly, but slowly, he removed her brass bra revealing her breasts as he freed them from the stiff garment and the silk lining that had hidden her bosom. Leaning forward he kissed each nipple until Pretty Lips felt it throb between her lips. Then he began to nurse. His sucking was strong and forceful, much more powerful than Linda's or Jessica's. Pretty Lips felt her milk let down and sighed as she felt it being pulled into the man's mouth. His nursing was stronger than the milking machine, and much more erotic.

In the background Pretty Lips heard the dancing music that filled the hall. She knew Jessica and Linda were dancing for the room full of men and the sounds of the men, shouting encouragement to the dancing girls told her that the performance was a success. Unthinking she began to slightly sway to the music in her Master's lap. She was breathing deeply, responding to the wonderful things her master was doing to her nipples and areolas with his mouth and tongue.

He repositioned her skirt and opened his own robe, with a movement so slight that Pretty Lips only realized what had happened, when she felt his hardness press into the valley of her sex, its tip caressing her sensitive button.

Her vulva was well lubricated and she continued to move delicately dancing the secrets of her cleft around his shaft in time with the music.

The man lifted his face from her breasts and wrapped his hands around her taking the orbs of her soft bottom into her hands and lifted her slightly. She seemed weightless compared to his strength, and gasped when she felt him press slightly into her entrance.

“Place your hands on my shoulders, child, and as you are ready lower yourself until I’m fully within you. Move with the music, and enjoy the dance of your deflowering. Wait until you are ready to accept the moment’s pain that will come with the tearing of your maidenhead. In my house, obedient slaves are used in ways that reward them with pleasure for pleasure given.”

After months of dancing hours every day Pretty Lips could not help but move her hips and undulating her body in time with the rhythm of the music. She felt the shaft center her on the man and danced around it, slowly raising and lowering herself on its tip and moved her hips to caress its sides, so delicately cradled within her.

Her Master’s experienced hands softly needed her bottom as the actions of his mouth and tongue added to her arousal. Her whole chest was flushed and she felt her body’s lubricants dripping onto her inner thighs as Master pump her sex for its fount of sweet oil.

Pretty Lips suddenly felt that it was right. This man was offering her the softest possible way to lose her virginity and she felt that she was ready. She gently kissed her forehead and then softly whispered, “Thank you,” and thrust her hips down engulfing his full length within her.

There was a sharp pain and sense of tearing. Tears covered her cheeks but the music and her training kept her hips moving. He was so sweet to me! I must satisfy him. Pretty Lips fought through the dull ache in her core and continued to move her hips massaging her Master’s shaft.

The man held her tight and whispered. “Wait, Little One, you have pleased me well, but let your body adjust to the awakening of your womanhood before we rush forward.” He held her still, petted her and kissed the tears from her cheek. Slowly the ache in her softened, then faded to a memory. The man rolled them onto the pillows with Pretty Lips beneath him, keeping himself thrust deep into her as they moved. The very slowly, but in time with the music he began to stroke in and out of the deflowered slave. He was very slow and waited until he felt his slave’s passion rising to meet his before he allowed his body to move toward climax.

The two gently cuddled together, but always the union of their bodies was being further stimulated. When Pretty Lips climaxed she whispered, “Thank you, Master.” In English.

He laughed and his slave felt his manhood within her jerk as he gave her his seed. He whispered to her, “You are welcome, my little Pretty Lips.” In English.

Pretty Lips thrust her hips toward him seeking to hold him deep within her. Again she whispered, “Thank you,” but this time she said it in Bambara.

The Master held Pretty Lips tight and returned to nursing from her while their passions ebbed.

Pretty Lips felt his shaft soften and shrink, and then slide from her. It felt good to feel her milk being drawn into her Master’s mouth, but she wanted to feel him thrusting into her again. She reached down to grasp his shaft, but he held her still and pulled his lips from her nipple.

“You have pleased me well, my slave. I sense that your fire of passion is not yet quenched.”



"Yes, Master. Your slave desires you within her again. May I use my mouth to again rouse you?"

The Master shook his head but smiled. "You have pleased me, Slave. Would you please me more."

"It is what I long for."

The Master nodded then showing his great strength easily raised them to a sitting position. He turned Pretty Lips so she could see Linda and Jessica covered with a sheen of sweat, that glistened in the light from the oil lamps as the danced for the room full of shouting men.

Lust filled the eyes of the men and Pretty Lips wondered at their restraint. The dancing slaves every step was a sultry provocation to rape.

"You may best please me, Slave, by joining your fellow slaves and aiding them as they seek to please my retainers. The strength of my house is built on their strength and I want them content and pleased by the slaves I make available for their pleasure."

Pretty Lips pulled back in horror. But, I love him! was the thought that cried out inside of her. She glanced at Linda and Jessica as they danced and silently laughed to herself. I'm one of them and must join them in their labors. Later the Master must please his wives, while I will be free to cuddle with my Linda.

She scooped up the discarded parts of her costume and quickly put them on. Turning she bowed to the Master and whispered again, "Thank you," then whirled onto the floor, her eyes flashing and her hips teasing as if singing to the watchers of her desire.

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CHAPTER XXII

Acceptance!

"Wake up, wake up, you lazy girl! Do you think you get to sleep all day? There's work to be done." Jessica laughed as she shook Pretty Lips the next morning.

For a moment Pretty Lips was disoriented. Where am I? She wondered.

She looked into Jessica's grinning faces and remembering her friend reached out her arms to hug the redhead. But as she leaned forward she cried out in pain.

Jessica laughed, "Did you expect to make love all night and not be a little sore the next morning? Silly girl, from now on many mornings will begin with a sense of having been well taken during the night. A long soak in a warm bath will make it better. Arise wanton slave, and the three of us will go heal ourselves."

Linda and Jessica helped Pretty Lips to her feet and gently guided her toward the door.

Pretty Lips looked around with realization in her eyes, "It's true then, not a dream. I really did those things?"

Linda slapped Pretty Lips lightly on her nude behind and laughed, "My dear girl, if you can imagine it, you did it. I have never seen any girl go after guys the way you did. You were berserk with lust."

"While Jessica and I were well used, you, Pretty Lips, were the star attraction. Into your tender self you welcomed the hardness of more males than Linda and I accommodated together."

"I don't believe it! I could never have behaved like that!" Pretty Lips asserted.

Jessica laughed and pointed at Pretty Lips' thighs, "Then what is that white liquid draining out of your sweet self and covering your thighs?"

Pretty Lips stopped moving and looked at her thighs. There were several rivulets of a creamy white substance trickling down her legs. She reached under her skirt a little stream to her opening. It was sore, and soaked with the stuff. Bringing her hand to her face Pretty Lips' anger turned to horror as she smelled the aroma of seamen.

"It's true! Oh my God, I really did all those things!" She sobbed, as realization flooded her mind.

She 'd offered her body to men, who had used her like a whore. She had begged to be touched and had been taken by many men. She remembered offering the men her milk and thanking them for drinking from her by taking their hardness into her mouth. She had sucking until they rewarded her with their cum. Pretty Lips sensed a fullness within her bowls that could only have been created by drinking the seed of many men.

"Was there really a giant dog?"

Linda and Jessica nodded. Jessica explained. "His name is Abbas, and he is a Leonberger. The master breeds them. They're a noble breed from Europe that does well here. The Master likes them because of their size. They are considered a giant breed. Abbas weighs over 180 pounds. Leonbergers are similar to Newfoundlands and Great Pyrenees.

"What has happened to me!" The sobbing girl pleaded.

Gently Jessica tried to explain, "You were filled with lust for men. It flowed out of the dance and became part of you. It often happens to a slave who dances well before her masters. Now, you are a slave girl filled with lust for the hardness of a male, any male. When not being taken you will always feel empty. It is something that has happened to me. It will probably happen to Linda when she becomes a better dancer.

"Rejoice, you have found your true slave self. It will never leave you. Always it will assert itself, and send you to your knees to beg your master's touch. First you will feel like dancing. A little dancing can't do any harm. As you dance your desire to dance will grow until the dance consumes you. Then that desire will become desire for men and what they can do to you. You will beg their touch offering them every pleasure that is to be taken from the ripe body of a slave girl."

Linda hugged Pretty Lips and tried to comfort the weeping girl, "You were superb last night, Pretty Lips. I envied your skill and abandon."

"Can't I fight this?" Begged Pretty Lips.

Jessica laughed again, "Of course you can. You will fight it, and you will lose. Each time you fight it will take less time for your struggle to be lost. In time you will no longer fight. You will learn to welcome each opportunity to meet your body's needs. Then you will no longer be sad. Once you were a free woman who would probably would never have felt these needs. Now you are a love slave whose whole life is centered around offering your body to willing men, who will give you what you desire.

"You will not be neglected. You will be taken often and well. Now stop this foolish crying and let's get cleaned up. All three of us are a mess. We would not want some master to be disgusted when he

desires us.”

Pretty Lips stopped her asking, “But, what about the dog? Must I surrender to that too?”

Jessica looked at Pretty Lips sternly. “It will not take many more matings with a dog to raise your desire for their seed equal to that you now feel for a man’s. Certainly once you have been in heat and been bred, you will be ready to be the love slave of man or dog.

“I desire to please our master in all things. Since I’m unlikely to be allowed to have our Master’s child, I wish I could be altered, as you have been, to have his dog’s puppies; or his horse, if it were possible.

“Once I begged that, after I had spent the night pleasing Lorant, but the Master told me it had been tried, and always resulted in the slave girl’s death. It seems that women were never meant to have young the size of a colt.”

Pretty Lips looked at Jessica, amazed at the depth of her mentors slavery, then realized she too had tasted what it was to be mad to please their Master. Resigned, for the moment, Pretty Lips stopped crying. She at least was sure that she wanted to wash the seed, the sweat, and the grime off her body. Soon she was feeling much better as the three soaked in a tub of hot water, brimming with bubbles. As the three friends chatted Pretty Lips’ mood improved.

So what, Pretty Lips thought to herself, “I am a sex object attracting the lust of men. So what if they use me like a whore, filling me with their seed. I’ve admitted to myself that I liked being used. It was kind of nice, and since I am stuck being a dancing slave girl, why should I feel bad about finding pleasure in love.

Pretty Lips was quite for the rest of the morning. Linda noticed that her lover was smiling and seemed pleased about something. After their bath Jessica nestled down between Linda and Pretty Lips and nursed from their ripe breast until the pressure in the girls chests’ was calmed. They then did each others’ makeup; soon the three were as lovely as they could contrive to be. Linda and Pretty Lips were surprised when Jessica presented them each with a filmy skirt and matching halter-top to wear.

“Your training is done and you have pleased the Master of the house. You are allowed clothing. Understand that he may deny you clothing should you displease him. He may deny you clothing just because he enjoys seeing you nude. For now it his pleasure that you be allowed clothing.”

Linda and Pretty Lips quickly dressed and turned to look at themselves in the mirror. The sheer fabric really accentuated their feminine curves. Looking into the mirror Pretty Lips realized that the obvious shape of her large nipples would attract the attention of any man who looked on her. Pretty Lips, the former wanta-be dyke, was as feminine as Jessica or Linda.

As Jessica lead them to the kitchen Pretty Lips realized that she felt famished. She hadn’t eaten in close to twenty-four hours. In that time she had spent more than eight hours dancing. For a moment she was piqued at Jessica who had taken the edge off her hunger by drinking her milk.

The household’s cooks presented them with a meal of cooked grains and fruits when the arrived. One of the assistant cooks winked at Pretty Lips as she thanked him for the food. With a start Pretty Lips remembered him. The assistant cook had taking her the night before. She blushed bright red with the realization. This man had used her for his lust, and she had cried out in pleasure.

When they were done eating Jessica took them back to the guard’s hall where the three spent

several hours cleaning up the mess from the previous night's party. The three slaves were tired from their work as well as lack of sleep. Linda suggested they return to their quarters for a short nap before practicing dancing. As they walked by the kitchen the cook and two of his helpers called out to them.

The men joined the girls and took them to a shady area by the fountain in the middle of the courtyard. The three men spread blankets and each grasped a girl by the hand and pulled her gently down to the blanket and into the their arms.

Pretty Lips was surprised to find the same assistant cook she remembered from the night before, pulling her lips to his. For a moment she resisted. Then realizing that resistance would mean a whipping, or worse, she allowed the kiss. As Jessica had predicted Pretty Lips' resolve to fight her sexual subjugation quickly melted. When Jamal, the cook, felt her respond he pressed her body to his and removed the skimpy top Pretty Lips wore. Dropping his mouth to her right breast he began to suck on her nipple, which extended, seeming to welcome his lust. Pretty Lips gasped she felt her milk being drawn into his mouth. The man's hands were caressing her and as he moved to her left breast she felt her excitement mounting. She murmured soft endearments to him in Bambara as he sucked, calling him 'her pet' and 'sweet baby' as he continued to suck while moving his hands to massage her bottom.

Pretty Lips felt her resistance melt and knowing she was done she was done surrendered. She accepted Jamal's advances and kissed his head and neck while holding him to her breast. When his hands removed to her skirt she gasped with anticipation, and laughed, surprise, having realized that she craved the man's shaft. Pretty Lips tried to feel distaste for what her body seemed to want, but couldn't. She wantonly opened Jamal's robs and spreading her legs brought his all to hard manhood to her sex. The man was pleased. He took some butter from his pocket and rubbed it onto his shaft. Then he pressed forward. Pretty Lips felt her body relax and the penetration was complete. She brought the man's lips back to her own and pressed her tongue into his mouth in time with his thrusts into her. In the back of her mind she heard the moans of her friends mingling with her own, as the three were taken by the three cooks.

Giggling with delight Pretty Lips decided that Jamal's shaft was just the right size. It wasn't too big, and it seemed to reach all the places within her that needed touching. She pressed her breasts into the Jamal's chest as he thrust.

Pretty Lips surprised Jamal, as well as herself, by gently pressing him to the side and then to his back while she maintained his presence within her. When she had them positioned the way she wanted she began to raise and lower her hips moving to stimulate those places that gave her the greatest pleasure. She squeezed Jamal's tool within her and he moaned and then cried out in ecstasy. Pretty Lips was excited to see the power she had over him. The sense of power lifted her excitement and she found herself climaxing. Her whole body shook with the intensity of the orgasm. Jamal laughed as he saw Pretty Lips' sex spurting a stream of her lubricant onto his groin.

This one is not faking it. She has reached her peak! Jamal congratulated himself.

Jamal pulled Pretty Lips to him as her quivering body began to relax and rolled her to her stomach. Pretty Lips sighed as she lost contact with his shaft but moaned in pleasure a moment later feeling him press deeply into her again from behind. She had a second orgasm as he began to pump her. Her shudders were just subsiding when she felt the burst of new lubricant inside her that was his seed.

They held still as Jamal's shaft shrank from her. Pretty Lips almost cried as she felt it slip out of her

body. She turned and drew the man into her arms again pressing her lips to his. They lay together gently kissing and touching. Jamal's mouth returned to her breasts and again began to nurse. Pretty Lips realized that she truly loved the feeling of her body's nourishing milk being drawn from her nipples by this man. She felt his tool begin to stiffen again and giggled.

The chief cook put an end to the sex play when he called Jamal to return to the kitchen with him. It was time to prepare the evening meal. Slowly the three girls arose and collecting their discarded clothing, they went for a much needed nap.

The following weeks were filled with dancing and loving for the three slave girls. Now permitted to enjoy Pretty Lips, the men of the household seemed eager to savor her charms. Several times a day she was called on to pleasure a man. At the end of two weeks she no longer even considered resisting. The slightest hint from a male would send her kneeling at the man's feet, begging for his touch.

Another month had passed when Jessica informed Pretty Lips and Linda there was to be another party for the household's men. The Master attended and during the first dance called Jessica to his couch. He kept her there serving his pleasure as Linda and Pretty Lips danced and then served his men. This time both girls went berserk with lust during the dance. Pretty Lips had looked on with amazement at first as Linda danced her need to master after master. Soon the same lust took her to, and her need overcame any ability to keep track of Linda.

The next morning Pretty Lips awoke to the delightful feeling of Linda sucking on her breast. Although she had given up pretending to dislike the use these men put her body to, she loved Linda and relished their intimate moments together. She tried to remember the number of times she had been used by the men. Smiling Pretty Lips realized she couldn't, and that it didn't matter.

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## **CHAPTER XXIII**

### **Jessica's Wish**

When Linda and Pretty Lips were done nursing, the girls looked around for Jessica. The redhead was not in the hall.

"The Master must have taken her to his bed this morning," Pretty Lips giggled.

The two took hands and went to the slave quarters to bath and refresh themselves before returning to clean up after the party. That morning Linda said little. She had a quite smile on her face as they worked; it that seemed permanent. As they bathed the blonde hummed a soft tune. Glancing in the mirror Pretty Lips realized she too wore the same soft smile.

As she bathed Linda's breasts Pretty Lips thought about the night before.

Linda has really blossomed as a dancer. Yet, I think I shall always be the better. Could it be that my submission is more complete? The chestnut haired girl thought. What am I doing? Taking pride in being a dancing love slave?

Pretty Lips looked at the healed brand on her hip. It was a delicate rose outline about three inches high. Her brand was burgundy red because of the colored wax that had been rubbed into it when the brand was fresh. Linda had the same brand, although the blonde's brand was a dark blue.

Her thoughts continued; I don't even mind the brand, although a tattoo might have marked me as

well. But no, a tattoo can be removed. Removing my pretty brand would be impossible. I guess they have made me so much the slut that I love giving them my milk, and lust for penetration, loving it when one of them takes me. Yes, I've truly become a love slave.

Pretty Lips sighed with resignation. It all feels so right, she thought. I love my self this way and the sensations I have when I am pleasing a master. I love what has been done to me.

She thought back to Sarah, Poor pathetic creature trying to be a lesbian and never succeeding in fulfilling her bedroom fantasy. Now I am a success. What I do I do well; it is a pleasure to dance well. It is even better to dance before men and see their enjoyment of my skill. Then later it is exquisite to feel them thanking me for their arousal by blessing me with their seed. Still later, it is good to weave my body together with my Linda, and find rest and comfort in each others' arms.

She looked down at her chest, and smiled. Her breasts were much more prominent in her field of vision and her life than they had ever been before in Sarah's.

Yes, this life suits me, her thoughts continued. Linda is my lover and Jessica is like a sister to me. The men seem to like me and I am treated well. They accept my interest in girls, and some seem to find it exciting. My struggle against my lust for what men could do to me lasted only a few days.

I will prepare for sex, and if I am lucky, a master will use me before dinner. She decided as she emerged from the bath.

Her breasts felt full, again. Pretty Lips decided she would beg a master to taste her milk, rather than go to the machine. Experience now taught her that generally they would comply tasting all of her they could. At least until her body captured their seed. As she moisturized she wondered if Mohammed, the cook, was hungry.

Later Pretty Lips succeeded in attracting Mohammed's attention. At the same time Linda was eagerly ministering to Jamal's shaft with her tongue and lips.

In an upper chamber Jessica was humming a contented tune as the Master of the house played with her breasts. He was satiated, for the moment, having recently spent himself within her loins. The redhead hoped that soon she would be able to get her mouth around his shaft and excite his manhood into conquering her again. Her reverie was broken when he spoke to her.

"The two new slaves seem ready. They will make a splendid gift."

"Yes, Master. They are superb. They now both have slave lust within them. Their breasts are ripe and give generous amounts of milk. They cry if no one is near to drink from them. Yet they will not go to the machine, preferring to suffer in the hope that a master will favor her."

"What of Pretty Lips' preference for women? Does the blonde one enjoy proving her companion in slavery that relief?"

Jessica smiled and feeling a hint of hardness in the Master's shaft moved down the bed to lick his shaft as she replied.

"They pleasure each other, often. Pretty Lips is more aggressive and Linda seems to relish her attentions. They make love with the gentle pleasure of two slave girls enjoying themselves when there is no man. They will turn from each other if they can interest a master in their body's treasures.

"Still, there is real love between them, and they take delight in each other's bodies."

"What of their other nature? Are they ready to be bred for puppies?"

Jessica kissed his shaft and then said, "I think so. Pretty Lips confessed that when she mated with Abbas, she longed for his puppies. Linda seems interested and open to learning what it is to be a bitch being bread by a large dog. She wants to birth and nurse young, and since she can no longer have babies, she will welcome her belly growing large with puppies."

"So they are ready to be bred and to find pleasure in the house if a new master?"

Jessica kissed his shaft again, and then said, "Yes. A new master, his household, his kennel, and perhaps his stable, for, I have told them of your sending me to please Larrant. They were aroused at the thought of such a mighty male filling a woman."

When she concluded Jessica took her master's tool into her mouth and gently began to suck. He laughed as he felt her tongue teasing him back into hardness.

"You have done well, my slave. It amuses me to reward you for the excellent way you have prepared and trained my new slaves. You may ask me for something. What would you like?"

Jessica let his tool slip from her mouth and used her soft hand to continue his stimulation when she replied. "May a slave ask for what she most desires?"

"Yes, but take care your request not anger me when I am disposed to be generous."

"All my desire is to please you, my Sheik. Take me into your bed and keep me for yourself alone. Fill my body with your seed and let me feel your child growing within me."

Jessica gasped out her request and again took his manhood into her mouth.

"You beg well my slave. If my wives heard you beg a place among them they would have you whipped for your presumption."

"Whip me if it gives you pleasure, Master. I long for your touch and if it comes at the end of your lash, it is my pleasure. I love being your slave. Yet, my woman's body yearns to give you a child."

"Master, my brand, though pretty, is not that of your house, yet very like it. Often I have wept that it is not yours. Perhaps your wives would forgive my boldness if you over brand my existing mark, making it that of your house, and proclaiming me, not one of your wives, but your slave concubine."

"You beg the iron, a second time?"

"Yes, but I fear it so, it would make my courage firm if it were you, dear Master, who pressed the hot metal to me."

"You asked what I desire, and I hope that knowing you are not offended. I would not take a place among your wives. I will feel greeter happiness knowing you own me, than I would as your wife."

The Master of the house laughed, well pleased by Jessica. Sitting up he pulled her hips to his lap where he impaled her on his shaft. He rocked gently holding her to him enjoying the press of her pointed breasts into his chest.

"If you give me a son there will be discord in my house. I have an heir, and his mother is jealous of

his rights.”

“Then take me often master, for it is said that a man must save his seed if he wishes the power of producing a son.”

“Will you be pleased having a daughter and seeing her grow into woman-hood. What will you feel when I give her in slavery, or marriage, to another?”

“I will teach her to know bliss in submission as she grows, and if it is her fait to be a slave, I will take happiness in knowing she may find her slavery as delicate and fulfilling as I find it with you.”

The man laughed again. He moved within her more quickly now feeling his passion rising. Jessica’s moans revealed her orgasm to him. As he came he thought, It’s true that I have only three wives while the Prophet has recommended four.

Cuddling the girls quivering body in his massive chest he whispered to her, “You shall be my slave concubine and my fourth wife. I will allow you a child. If it is a girl you shall stay with me here, always. When she is of age, I will see her married to a kind man who will use her well.

“Know your peril. If you bear me a son I will divorce you and send you both to my house in London. There you will be protected from the enmity of my wives. From time to time I shall visit and use you again as my slave.

“To assure that you know that you will always be my love slave I will brand you afresh, as you have begged. It shall be done before my other wives, so that they might understand that you remain a slave, yet reserved for my use. Does this please you, slave?”

Jessica kissed his chest and murmured. “Yes, my Master, it pleases. Yet, while I have asked for your iron to mark me, I fear the pain. Will you be kind to your love slave, and mark her as your property, with your own hand?”

The Master lifted her head and kissed her forehead while he ran his hand through her hair. “Yes, Jessica, my slave. I will treasure your request and take pleasure in marking you as my own as deeply as your soul, with white hot steel.

“Before I take you as wife, you must finish preparing Linda and Pretty Lips. If they can be made ready tonight, I will deliver them to their new master. He is old and frail. It is my hope that two such lovely slaves will bring him joy and that their milk will give zest to his final years. His wives are aged, beyond their ability to rouse his passion. He thinks that he is too old to take a young girl as his love slave. Yet, I think the weight of his years will melt from him in the heat of the lust these two will kindle in his manhood. If not, he is sure to take pleasure in using them to breed his kennel of Mastiffs and Great Danes.

“Now go and prepare these two slave girls. Clean them, massage them, perfume them, and prepare them to submit to their new master.”

“I will tell my wives you re to be one of tem, and that tomorrow they are to watch as I brand you as my love slave as well as concubine and wife.”

Jessica kissed her master’s shoulder a slowly arose from the bed. As his now wilted manhood slipped out of her she giggled and bowed.

“I will serve you as wife with all the lust that I have as a slave,” she promised.



"If you do not, you will quickly find yourself my slave again.

"Go, prepare yourself also. I shall tell the household you are to be my fourth wife and now are untouchable by all but I. Prepare yourself well for tonight I shall test your lust and find if it has a limit."

Jessica smiled and ran from the room. On her way out she picked up the wisps of clothing she had worn to dance for him. Once out of the Master's sight she quickly covered her loins and breasts with the sheer blue silk. She found Linda and Pretty Lips inside the kitchen where both were pleasuring two of the cooks. After Mohammed had emptied his seed into Pretty Lips, Jessica took them back to the slave quarters. There they bathed and massaged each other with oils until their skin glistened. She then had them apply makeup to each other.

The makeup did not stop with their faces. Jessica had the girls use all of their skill to accentuate each curve of their bodies. She gave them a special flavored gel to treat their nipples and aureoles with. Pretty Lips' was strawberry flavored and Linda's pineapple. Linda's breasts were shaded so they looked to be the same size as Pretty Lips' slightly larger ones. As a final touch Jessica added a little color to their brands darkening them to stand out against the girl's well-oiled skin. Their hair was combed out and put into a matching shoulder length style. Looking in the mirror the two looked like twins, one with blonde tresses and the other with chestnut hair.

Jessica dressed them in red satin ribbons wrapping the ribbon around their breasts and their groins and creating bows that might be opened easily. The girls gave each other manicures and did their nails in a dark red. As a final touch Jessica fixed a dark ruby in the navel of each. She then brought out a silk skirt for each. The skirts were in matching pale yellow and were so sheer that the ribbons below were accentuated rather than hidden. The skirts were nearly floor length and were split up the right side to the waist revealing a flash of hip and the girls' brand with each step. Jessica gave each girl a thin metal belt from which dangled dozens of coins.

"These are a reward from the men of the house. They thank you for your grace in pleasing them with your dancing. The men have given them to me for you, knowing that I was preparing these belts. As you continue to dance for men others will give you more coins, which you will add to the belt. In time the belt will grow into a heavy skirt whose jingle will add spice to your dance," Jessica informed them.

Linda and Pretty Lips had chatted with each other and Jessica as they prepared themselves. As their preparations became increasingly elaborate the two slaves began to wonder what they portended. The more they asked Jessica the quieter the redhead became.

After four hours Jessica decided the two were ready. Looking at them they were clearly a matched set. The differences between the girls gave the gift of two girls additional meaning. A tear trickled down her cheek as she inspected them this one final time. When they left she might never see either again.

Then she remembered; Tonight the Master will make me one of his wives; he has promised to use my poor body well.

Jessica realized the time had come to tell them.

"I have news that may be sad, but you must not cry. We have worked too hard on your makeup to ruin it with tears. You are both lovely, and as dear to me as sisters. Our master is taking you tonight as a gift to another master in another household," Jessica began.

The redhead saw that both girls were about to cry and realized she must control herself and them.

Jessica hurried on, "You have known, all along, that you were intended as a gift. You are now ready. You must be proud that you are a fitting gift from one strong master to another. Now you must help me prepare. As a reward for helping you the Master will take me as his fourth wife, and love slave. Think of me pleasuring him as you pleasure your new owner."

Pretty Lips' face went from near tears to joy at Jessica's words. In a moment Linda and Pretty Lips were hugging and kissing their friend as they wished her happiness. Before much damage was done to their makeup Jessica stopped their crying by setting them to work preparing her for her wedding night. The young slaves worked carefully on their friend doing many things to accentuate her delightful body. Within two hours Jessica too looked like a fit present for a barbarian lord.

Linda hesitantly asked, "Mistress, are you to be freed, or will you remain a slave, though married to the Master?"

"I have told you I do not wish freedom. Tonight the master takes me as wife, for the first time. Tomorrow, at my request, he will brand me again, burning his mark deep into my flesh. This will assure his other wives that I do not challenge their place."

"Brand you!" Pretty Lips cried out. That is so cruel!"

Jessica shook her head. "It is not cruel, since I wish it. To bolster my courage the Master will wield the iron himself. To show my desire to be his, I will not be restrained, but will strip, and beg his mark.

"When I'm healed, the master will breed me himself. I'm to be allowed to have his child!"

"But, but! Aren't you afraid!" Linda gasped. "I know you want his child, but the iron!"

"Yes, I'm terrified of the pain. My hope is that when he marks me with fire, as his property, the act will bind him to me as closely as I wish to be bound to him.

"I have begged his child, and to be used by the Master alone, and so that he will know that I seek to please him, and not simply to find a softer slavery, I also begged the iron."

Linda and Pretty Lips starred at her, almost in aw. Her love for the master was almost touchable and Jessica glowed, the way they'd always hoped they would as brides, but brighter.

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CHAPTER XXIV

The Sheik

When Pretty Lips, Linda, and Jessica emerged from the slave quarters to the courtyard the air was filled with the wolf whistles and cries of admiration. The entire male staff had come to see Pretty Lips and Linda off. Across the courtyard a helicopter was waiting. The Master standing beside it seemed relaxed and pleased as they approached. Jessica kissed Linda then Pretty Lips on the cheek, one last time.

"I wish you happiness in your slavery. May you whimper for your master's touch," she blessed them in parting.

The Master smiled then spoke to Jessica as the two boarded his helicopter, "You have done well. They are superb and will warm the heart and bed of their new master."

He turned to one of his guards, "Yammal! Take this wench to my room and chain her to my bed. Then call the doctor and have him come and remove her contraceptive implant. When I return I shall take her as my fourth wife.

"Guards! Do not be sad! Within a week, I promise to bring two new lovely dancing slaves to the house to pleasure us all."

"Tomorrow, prepare the common room in my wives quarters, for a branding; for Jessica has begged the touch of my iron so that the mark on her hip shall proclaim her to all, my property."

As the guards cheered he got into the helicopter. A moment later the pilot took off. Pretty Lips and Linda could see tears of joy on Jessica's upturned face as she was led toward the house. As the aircraft arose Pretty Lips realized that it was nearly dark. She saw a hint of palms beyond the town before the ground faded into darkness as they soared high.

The flight lasted a little over an hour. They landed on the roof of a large building in the middle of a mass of lights. The lights revealed that their new home was a city, an unknown city as far as the two slaves were concerned. Again the two slaves knew nothing of where they were. The dry air and short flight meant they were still near the desert somewhere in Arabia. Pretty Lips smiled as she left the craft.

A slave does not need to know where she is, Pretty Lips thought. All she need know is who is her master and how she might pleasure him.

Their master got out behind them. He looked them over and then smiled as he ordered them to follow him. The girls were well trained and fell into step behind him. He guided them across the roof and down a flight of stairs to a landscaped terrace. Across one side was a series of wide arches with French doors thrown open to the night. Their master took them to a door and instructed them to await his call before entering.

As she stood in the shadows of the terrace Pretty Lips became uncomfortably aware of the cool night air moving across her near naked body. The wind was a cold caress that caused her nipples to extend. The two ruby points were swollen and hard almost to the point of being painful. Pretty Lips was also increasingly aware of the growing pressure behind her nipples.

I need to be milked, she thought.

Glancing next to her she noted that Linda's nipples were erect and clearly visible through her sheer ribbon covering them. Pretty Lips longed to have Linda relieve some of the pressure in her breasts, and knew her friend probably wanted the same relief. But, Pretty Lips remembered, Jessica instructed them to let no one relieve the pressure until her new master allowed it.

Jessica had warned, "Your new master will decide when you are to be milked. If it hurts it hurts. Remember the alternative is a whipping that will hurt much more than a little pressure in your lovely breasts."

Pretty Lips knew she must wait. To take her mind off the growing discomfort Pretty Lips looked around the terrace. It was large, nearly forty feet by twenty feet. The walls around it on three sides were high. Pretty Lips longed to look over the railing of the fourth side and see what the courtyard below was like.

The terrace was decorated with many planters supporting a lush mix of vegetation, palms, and lower flowering plants. Some of the planters contain plants shaped like animals; boxwood topiary lions, horses, dogs and sheep. Strings of Japanese lanterns were hung around the terrace. Only a few were lighted.

It's sort of cheerful, Pretty Lips thought with a smile. Maybe being a slave here will be pleasant. Pretty Lips hoped that a man who would create such a playful environment would be good natured and pleasant to serve. Maybe even a man disposed to be kind to his slaves. She longed to see beyond the buildings walls; to see more of the City's lights. The glimpse she had when the helicopter landed had been tantalizing.

I am more tightly chained than any prisoner. I'm not only confined, I am not even allowed to know in what country and city I am in, she thought.

Pretty Lips shivered from fear at the depth of her servitude. It was suddenly terrifying to her to be a helpless slave. Without knowing she did it Pretty Lips reached out and grasped Linda's hand. The blonde must have been having similar thoughts. She responded to Pretty Lips with a reassuring squeeze. Their anxiety was rising as they waited. It was fortunate for their nerves that their Master did not keep them waiting much longer.

"Pretty Lips, Linda, enter and present your selves," he commanded from beyond the curtains.

The two hurried to obey. The next moment they were in a large well-lighted room. The contrast with the dark terrace was so great that for a few seconds they were not able to see. Then the wonder of the space filled their eyes. The room was draped with colorful tapestries. The floors were covered with many overlaying rugs of oriental design. Shyly they crossed the room approaching their former master. He stood beside a large bed at the room's far end. An older man with a magnificent main of white hair and snowy white beard reclined on the bed observing the girls. He smiled as they approached. Their former owner motioned them to halt about ten feet from the bed.

The girls bowed low and then kneeled before the man who would own them.

Looking at his gift to his father, their former Master smiled. Two nearly nude beauties were before him. Their heads bowed in submission; their bodies quivering with a mix of fear, and desire. He turned to his father who was reclining on the bed and spoke.

"A gift, my Sheik. A pair of matched love slaves to delight your days and warm your bones at night. You will find them willing and eager for your touch. They are schooled in all the arts of pleasing a man. To add interest they are a unusual pair. One a former American policewoman, the other a tart she sought to arrest."

He turned to the girls and spoke, "Dance!" The younger man commanded as he turned on a stereo that was beside the bed.

Instantly the room was filled with the rhythmic music of the Middle East. The girls began to move. The thick carpet they danced on seemed to absorb the tension they felt as they began to feel the music. Their bare feet moved easily across the plush carpet. Although both still felt anxiety and more than a little fear, their training as dancers took over. Their steps and movements were smooth and enticing. While the music lasted the two knew only the pleasure of the dance. The looks from the two men reveled that they were dancing well. They relaxed a little which improved and heightened the sensuality of the dance. Soft and slow the music moved the girls with a grace that surprised the older man. They possessed the ability to raise his sexual interest. Watching the younger man regretted not having couched with the two himself, before giving them to his father.

Perhaps some night when I visit he will lend their use to me, he thought.

He was pleased with his gift. Glancing at the tent forming in his father's lap he was sure their new owner was also pleased.

Watching the sensual girls move suggestively before him Sheik Ben Assam smiled. His white hair swayed with the music as the girls turned and twirled to the music. Their gaze like yellow silk skirts were floating in the air around the tops of their thighs, like delicate wisps of cloud. Their breasts were barely contained by the sheer red ribbons that cunningly concealed their nipples. As they moved their breast's flesh did its own dance before the Sheik's eyes. Ben Assam had not had a woman for several years. His wives were all over sixty. At nearly seventy he had decided that he was too old to seek a young girl as his love slave. A sickness had wasted his body draining his strength. One looking at the thin old man would see nothing, but the look of steel in his eyes, that revealed the mighty warrior he had once been.

"Perhaps I weigh less than the nubile beauties dancing before me," thought Ben Assam.

His doctors told him he must stop eating the rich foods he loved. The dull soups and breads they allowed him did not tempt his pallet sufficiently to allow him to regain his strength. His stomach rejected most of even the tasteless meals they allow.

He had thought sex was beyond him. Now looking at these two made his mouth water with lust. The old man longed to feel their young flesh, firm and ripe, against his chest. The sensation of interest in his groin was back. He had given them up, thinking that pleasure lost forever.

If only I have the strength, he hoped.

Watching the chestnut haired beauty's dance he wanted to tear the ribbons from her and bury his beard between her breasts. To feel those strong dancer's thighs wrap around his flanks as he drove his manhood to her center. Then to take the blonde in turn for his second coming, what pleasure! Oh, what a delight!

The old man was worldly and could tell the two knew their slavery. Clearly they had dancing in their blood. The blush showing on their chest and cheeks and the light sheen of sweat on their thighs, the look of sexual ecstasy in their eyes bespoke berserk dancers. The muscles of their naked abdomens and thighs attested to hours of practice on the dance floor. The looseness of their hips and the bold wantonness of their dancing told him they were trained to desire nothing so much as their master's touch.

Ah! What a pleasure to have them beg my touch.

His son interrupted his thoughts; "Father, do you like them?"

"My son, they are superb! I would beg the loan of them were I younger and in health. Still, it is a great pleasure to watch them dance," the old man replied with a touch of sadness in his voice.

"Since they find favor in your eyes, they are yours; a gift to lighten your days. May they warm your nights and help you feel your manhood."

"I cannot accept them, my son."

"But father, it is your birthday."

"My son, such women as these, their blood is hot, the heat of their passion will need to be answered. To neglect their desire would be a cruelty. Being as I am, I can't condemn them to such an empty future. Bringing them to me for this dance is a great enough gift. To watch them with you this evening will be my pleasure."

"My Sheik, all your objections have been addressed. I have selected and trained these two myself. Prepared for you alone. Honor my labor by accepting my gift."

"I honor your gift, my son. It would not be honor to accept them and then turn their use over to my guard. I unfortunately, can't properly meet their needs."

"All your concerns are honorable, my father. Each has been foreseen and prepared for."

The younger man turned and ended the music. The two dancers stopped dancing and flushed faced they bowed deep bow. They looked near wild with desire. The slavery deep in their bellies burned brightly in their eyes.

"Come forward, both of you. Your new master wants a better look at you."

He directed them onto the bed where they curled in submission at the old man's feet. Their breasts just touched the silk of the beds cover. Their hair fell forward obscuring their faces.

"Arise, remove your dancing skirts, and lean back. Spread your legs and allow us to enjoy a view of your sex," the young Sheik commanded.

The girls instantly obeyed, although they blushed a dark rose color at being ordered to present themselves so boldly to the mens' view. The coins at their belts jingled lightly as they bent back. The young man opened the ribbons encasing the sex of each revealing their vulvas and then their breasts.

The old man looked with wonder and gasped, "It is a sight that would raise my passion, if any could, my son. But I fear the fires of my youth have burned to cold coals."

"My Sheik they are ready to beg your touch, and more. Once she was not as you see her now. Once she was employed in America as a police officer. Now she has slave lust in her hips."

He turned to Pretty Lips and ordered her, "Offer your lord your milk."

"Taste her breasts and consider whether if such food will strengthen your desire to live, and restore you to health."

Pretty Lips crawled forward and straddled the older mans thighs. She felt the slight firmness at his groin against her thigh. She kissed him on the cheek, and with a laugh she grasped the old man's hand and brought it to her right breast. Pretty Lips leaned forward until her erect nipple touched his lips. The fullness in her breasts had made dancing painful. Pretty Lips dared to hope that her new master would relieve the growing pressure. Sheik Ben Assam opened his mouth and gently sucked the nipple in.

He was surprised to taste milk spurting onto his tongue from his slight suction. He wrapped his lips around the fat nipple more firmly and began to nurse. The milk flowed freely. He liked the taste nearly as much as he liked the feel of her breast against his face. As he suckled from her breasts Pretty Lips sighed a contented sigh. He stopped sucking. He was surprised when the wench spoke.

"Please, my Master. Drink deep, my breasts are full to bursting and you must drink much more to relieve them."

Sheik Ben Assam was surprised by her boldness and pleased at her wanton demand. He drank deep and when the flow ended he gladly shifted to Pretty Lips' left breast. When that too was dry he gently pressed Pretty Lips off his hips and to a prone position beside him. Her softness caressed his body in a way that filled his mind with pleasant memories. Sheik Bed Assam petted her head and breasts in a relaxed intimate way.

He was surprised, but pleased when the blonde straddled his thighs and brought her left breast to his mouth. She whispered, "Please," but the word was filled with need. Sheik Ben Assam drank deep until he sensed that Linda's breasts were also empty. He felt filled as if he had enjoyed a great feast, and his stomach felt calmer than it had in years.

He grinned up at his son and spoke, "I will accept them my son. I have not had a meal that pleased me so well in many a year. With such food to sup on, I feel you may be right. My strength and manhood may again return to me. But what if my vigor is not enough to meet my slave's needs? Or, if it does return, will not your mother, and my other wives, soon resent their growing bellies."

"Know, my Father, that Pretty Lips and Linda, for those are the slave's names shall never have children. No matter how well they are used. But, each has the parts of be bitch dog with champion bloodlines deep within her. Think of your pleasure in watching Linda, bred by your prize Mastiffs and then seeing her whelp and suckle her puppies. Or have Pretty Lips bred by one of your prize Great Danes. I promise the quality of her puppies will make you proud.

"Let my dogs bred them!"

"Such is my plan, sir. I brought you two, so that while one is nursing her puppies, the other might nurture you. Bred them in terms, and should their dancing, or the sight of them being bred by your prize hounds, excite you; take them yourself, safe in the knowledge that while they know all the secrets of lusty dancing girls, they can never present you with a child that you must find a place for in your household. "

"I will leave you now to play with your new toys."

The younger man slipped out of the room leaving the Sheik to explore the possibilities of a matched pair of love slaves.

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## **CHAPTER XXV**

### **A Dancing Slave's Need**

The sensation of her new master drawing milk from her breasts excited Pretty Lips. As the Sheik touched her face and breasts Pretty Lips' thighs were suddenly wet. Kneeling, hot and excited at the foot of the bed, Linda could not resist. She crept slowly forward and placed her cheek on Pretty Lips' hip and turning her face to Ben Banoka.

"May a slave beg to relieve her friend, my lord?"

The man smiled, seeing the moisture soaking through Pretty Lips' thin skirt.

"It is well begged. Divest yourselves of clothing, that I may enjoy the sight of your naked flesh as you

ease your passions.”

Linda smilingly complied, and then removed the wisp of fabric that was Pretty Lips’ skirt, from her lover. When they were both nude the blonde dropped her head to Pretty Lips’ vulva and took her lover’s firm little clitoris between her lips with a contented sigh. The two began to move together in a gentile pattern they had come to like. The blonde had learned that she could bring Pretty Lips to climax several times this way before her own arousal demanded attention. When Linda felt her lover shudder with her second orgasm she shifted her body around and lowered her sex to Pretty Lips willing mouth.

As the two love slaves pleased each other the Sheik continued to pet Pretty Lips’ and Linda’s breasts as he watched his new acquisitions take each other to climax. Pretty Lips felt concern that their master was only observing the love play. She raised her head and began kissing his hand. The man was a little surprised, but not displeased. Linda saw that Pretty Lips kisses were accepted and decided to be bold. She turned slightly and placed her head in the man’s lap. Pretty Lips saw what she was doing and adjusted her position to give her lover more freedom of movement. With her hands Linda opened Ben Banoka’s robe and grasped his flaccid shaft.

Linda kissed the tip and looking up into the surprised man’s eyes begged, “May your slave drink from her master’s fount?”

Without waiting for a reply she kissed the tip again and began to gently suck on the shaft’s head. Feeling his shaft stiffen the man laughed and pressed his hand to the back of Linda’s head. He pushing her down forcing her to take his entire shaft into her mouth.

“A slave my win favor if she can breathe life into a place thought dead for many years,” he murmured.

Linda used her tongue and lips on the man’s tool, and Ben Banoka’s male shaft, dormant for so many years, became firm and regained some of its erect length under Linda’s ministrations. As Linda pleased the man Pretty Lips continued to use her tongue and lips to massaging Linda’s cleft. Pretty Lips listened to the sighs of pleasure issuing from the old man’s lips and timed her genital kisses to meet them. She felt Linda sex become thick with lubricants and knew from experience that her lover was soon going to climax.

Linda moved her left hand to Pretty Lips vulva and began massaging the moist valley in time with her worship of the maleness filling her mouth. Their actions united, and the three began to rise toward climax. Linda cupped Ben Banoka’s testicles in her free hand lightly caressing them as she raised and lowered her head. She could feel his ancient tool lengthen as she ministered to it. Encouraging him, she grasped the shaft with her hand and concentrated on using her soft mouth and tongue to stimulate the man to his brink of ecstasy.

The Sheik cried out with pleasure as he erupted into Linda’s mouth. His climax gave Linda a sense of power that brought on her orgasm. A moment later, stimulated by the contractions of the blonde’s vagina, Pretty Lips felt her own excitement peak. The three held together, the two women gasping for breath, the ancient man, breathing deeply but with a wonderfully contented look on his face.

Slowly Pretty Lips lifted herself off Linda and crawled to the man’s right side. She brought her mouth to Linda’s and together they kissed and licked Ben Banoka’s wilting shaft. He looked down at the two beauties with their heads placed seductively on his hips and both cried and laughed. “It is so good to have a woman,” he murmured.

“Wenches, a sense of happy well being fills me, and my stomach feels both at ease and full for the



first time in years. Linda, Pretty Lips, your milk has given me strength!”

He lay back, smiling. Ben Banoka petted his dancing slave’s heads and shoulders with his hands, as he had often done with a pair of his dogs.

“I must thank my son for this gift,” he softly said. “Such a brace of slaves to warm my nights will be welcome. I think that you give me strength.

“Besides, if I can’t meet your needs, I will enjoy watching my most prized studs breed you.”

He appeared to be thinking pleasant thoughts as he leaned back and quietly drifted off to sleep. In the light of morning he awoke feeling refreshed and alive. Sleeping between the two girls had kept him warm. The feel of their soft naked flesh against his had refreshed his sense of manhood.

Pretty Lips saw that he was awake, arose to her knees, and lifting her breasts toward him with her upturned hands offered him her milk. With a smile he pulled her to him taking her left nipple in his mouth. As he began to suck the flow of milk was almost instantaneous. Linda looked up and saw the Sheik suckling at Pretty Lips’ breast. She smiled and moved her head onto the man’s hips and began to lick his shaft. Soon it was stiffening and she sucked the head into her mouth. When the man had emptied Pretty Lips’ left breast and pulled her right pap to his eager mouth Linda’s ministrations had brought him near to erection. The blonde felt her need and raised her body releasing his tool with her mouth. She quickly shifted her position to take his shaft into her sex.

Ben Banoka smiled with joy as he felt the girl engulf him. It had been too long since his tool had tasted the pleasure of penetration. Gently Linda rode him using her well-trained dancer’s muscles to raise the man toward his peak. Soon she shuddered with her wanton orgasm as his spray coating her insides. Later they lay in a warm bundle together. When Pretty Lips breasts were empty the Sheik pulled Linda’s to him and eagerly drank.

Ben Banoka delighted in caressing and stroking the girl’s flesh as he nursed. He talked to them telling them of the house and having them tell him their stories. Observing the brands on their charmingly curvaceous hips he marveled remembering that one was once an American Policeman and the other a soldier turned whore.

Later he showed them to his private bath and instructed them to freshen themselves. While the girls bathed and played with each other he ordered food to be brought to his rooms. The Sheik informing the household staff that he had two new female slaves. The house’s slave quarters were to be reopened. The girls were to be fed whenever they required food, but with food that promoted healthy lactation. The household’s male staff was forbidden the girls use. He would keep them to himself.

Thinking about the full sensation in his stomach he smiled. He told the kitchen staff that he no longer required them to bring special foods for him. He had been pleased to learn that Pretty Lips and Linda needed to have their breasts milked at least three times each day and that four times was better. After the girls emerged from their bath they talked and giggled with him for the rest of the day. When the afternoon’s light began to fade he had a servant take them to the slave quarters.

“Prepare yourselves, my beauties. Tonight I will watch you dance and see if you are as good as the glimpse I had last night promised. You will find slave silks and cosmetics awaiting you. If you require anything ask one of my servants, and it will be provided.”

When the girls returned Ben Banoka first drank from their full breasts, then put on the music and instructed them to dance. Linda and Pretty Lips were prepared. They had planned their dance to

show-off their skill to their new master. They danced for three hours before the entranced man. Each movement sent it's messaged of passion and submission to him. He was amazed that they could hold his attention for so long.

After all, he thought. I have seen slave girls dance many times.

To his delight the girls dancing alone was enough to stiffen his manhood. He called them to him and embraced their smooth sweaty forms. Pulling Linda's hips toward him he spread her skirt and slide his hardness into her cleft. Later he watched with satisfied amusement as Linda used her mouth to pleasure Pretty Lips. Later, still he watched as the blonde was lying on his thighs gently licking his tool as Pretty Lips pleased her.

When his slave's passion was spent he had the girls strip and placing one to each side of him the Sheik settled down for a comfortable night's sleep.

Their first complete day became the pattern for the weeks that followed. Each day the Sheik drank from Pretty Lips' and Linda's bosoms many times. As the days passed the Sheik grew stronger and began to take a more active role in sex with his slaves. Pretty Lips and Linda was producing more milk than ever before. The chestnut haired former police officer felt wonderful knowing her body was nourishing this man back to health and vigor. His lean form was filling out and he began taking walks in the garden and around the house. In the afternoon his dancing slaves would go to the slave quarters and prepare themselves.

They practiced dancing there and worked together to create innovations that might please their master. In the evening they danced before the Sheik. Some mornings he would have his slave girls join him in his bath and have them bath him. As he became stronger he stopped being embarrassed by his withered form. The girls massaged his skin and muscles with soft oils, an activity that seemed to wipe the years from his flesh and mind.

Ben Banoka did not see the growing distress in Pretty Lips' eyes.

His new strength allowed him to take pleasure nearly every day from one or the other of e slaves. When his shaft was ready he would pull Linda or Pretty Lips to him and drive his manhood into them. While his shaft had initially been barely stiff enough for penetration, with each passing day his arousal was firmer, longer, and thicker.

Linda noticed that Pretty Lips was increasing filled with longing. She almost fought with Linda to be the one that their master filled, but even after hours of loving, by the master and aided by Linda's well tutored fingers and tongue, she remained unsatisfied.

At the end of the girls ninth week with him Ben Banoka awoke to the delightful feeling of a soft sucking on his erect tool. Looking down he saw that it was Pretty Lips. Linda was still sleeping softly beside him. He began to move toward the girl, eager to feel her insides.

The Sheik found himself restrained by Pretty Lips' soft thin arms. "Master, I crave your touch, but I need more. I fear that the bitch heat that I've been told would be mine, has arrived, for your tender touch, even Linda's delicate probing tongue leave me desiring more. It is a growing need I feel that I fear only one of your dogs can relieve.

Ben Banoka was amused. "So you reject my desire and wish me to send for a stud from my kennel?"

Pretty Lips looked horror struck, "No, my Sheik, I desire to feel you pulsing within me. My body longs for the gift of your seed. But you have been generous in pleasuring your slave, and Linda too

has strived to ease my need, but each day I want more. It's as if an army of ready males could not quench my lust.

"I feel my own need, Pretty Lips. You have done well. Now I wish to feel my manhood sink into Linda's slave flesh," he rebuked her.

"Yes, Master! Oh, my dear sweet, Master! A slave begs that you take your pleasure from her," Pretty Lips said, tears flowing down her cheeks. "I can pleasure you and my poor body needs to feel you within it.

"But, later, if you wish me to be bred to a dog from your kennel, I believe I'm ripe and ready to become pregnant with puppies."

Ben Banoka noticed that Linda was awake and smiling at him.

"My slave, Linda, do you need a stud from my kennel to impregnate you?"

"No, my Sheik, but I think someday soon I will. It is part of our nature. I fear, as I know Pretty Lips does, being pregnant with puppies, we fear whelping them and nursing them. For never in the time we grew up, was such a thing thought possible. But, I have seen Pretty Lips growing need reach levels it does not reach in women. We have been made part bitch, and our bitch nature is beyond our control."

As Linda had spoken Pretty Lips had wormed her way under the Sheik's robes and was delicately licking the object of desire she found there. Ben Banoka felt the insistence of her need. He thought for a minute, absent-mindedly petting Pretty Lips hair. Then a look of decision covered his face.

He gently pushed Pretty Lips away from his groin and pulled Linda to him.

"Slaves, this is my decision. Today I will send for a doctor, one experienced in the treatment of bitch slaves. He will treat Linda with a contraceptive that will last two months; for I would not have you both nursing puppies at the same time. For today, I will withhold satisfaction from Pretty Lips, but tonight you shall dance for myself, and my finest male Great Dane stud, Muhunnad. His bloodlines are impeccable and he is very lusty, though not experienced with human bitches.

"Pretty Lips, you will dance your need and the depth of your heat to him, and when your dance is done you will give yourself to Muhunnad. His name mean sword, and I look forward to seeing you writhe as he sheathes himself in you.

"Tonight when you dance for Muhunnad it will be my pleasure to watch as you instruct him in how to breed a human, and as Pretty Lips succeeds in capturing Muhunnad's seed, and feeling your womb quicken with his young. If you fail to teach him how to breed a woman, you will be whipped, if Pretty Lips does not entice Muhunnad to mate with her as vigorously as I have seen him breed a bitch of his own kind, she will be whipped.

"Be warned, I have seen Muhunnad mate a bitch, he can mate over and over, going without rest for hours.

As he spoke again he pushed Linda to her back and filled her.

Pretty Lips whimpered in her need, "Master, your slave begs to be used. I'm yielding and ready. I hoped all night for your touch!"

Ben Banoka shook his head. "Do not anger me. I wish to see the full effect of your heat take you. I wish to see it as my dog breeds you. It is a pleasure I desire. To deny me this pleasure will be to earn the fate of a disobedient slave."

Pretty Lips shrank back with a whimper of fear mixed with need. The fate of a disobedient slave was torment and pain. Jessica had taught her well, and she understood that her punishments had been gentle under her former Mistress. The Sheik was a man who delighted in having her as his slave, but he would punish disobedience harshly. She remembered Jessica's story of the displeasing girl who had been roasted alive. Tears filled her eyes as she shook in frustration.

Pretty Lips huddled at the end of the bed as her Master took his pleasure from Linda. When he was satisfied he first nursed at Linda's bosom. Only when the blonde's breasts were empty did he motion for Pretty Lips to come to him. She rushed to him, eager to feel his lips on her. As he nursed she cuddled him and tried in every way she could think of to show him that she was his slave girl, committed to his pleasure, and eager to serve.

When he had drained Pretty Lips breasts he smiled at her and petted her head and naked shoulders. "I am not displeased with me slave girls. But it does a man good to see his bitch bred by a lusty dog. I will enjoy watching you being bred, and will treasure the fruit of your breeding as much as the puppies of one of my other bitches. It will amuse me to see the depth of your bitch heat.

"When your heat is passed, and your womb is alive with puppies, I will take you again, never fear.

"Now, both of you go, wash, eat, and plan. Return to me when the sun is high for my mid-day meal."

Pretty Lips and Linda went to the slave quarters and carefully bathed. After bathing they gave each other a massaged and rubbed scented oils into each others' skin. Food was brought to them and they ate being careful to focus on the foods that would enhance their milk production. The kitchen had been instructed to be sure that the Sheik's dancing slaves had ample dairy products, eggs, lean meat, both fresh and dried fruits and water at meals five times a day.

Throughout the morning Linda had to remind Pretty Lips, over and over, that she was not to relieve her sexual need. Still the chestnut hired dancing girl's hand kept moving to her vulva.

Dressing in shear skirts and bra like tops they returned to Ben Banoka at noon and enjoyed feeding him.

In the afternoon, while Pretty Lips and Linda practiced their dance a man came to them. Two of the Master's servants brought him and watched as he administered an injection to Linda's right hip. They had instructions to be sure than man took no liberties with the Sheik's dancing slaves, for there use was reserved for the Sheik and when he chose, his dogs.

When the doctor left Pretty Lips and Linda returned to the dance they'd planned. They had no idea what kind of slave girl dance might please a dog, even a very lusty dog. They decided the dance should create opportunities for the dog to scent Pretty Lips ripe sex. To that end they added elements, intended for the Master as well, that depicted a slave girls desire to be pregnant with Muhunnad's puppies.

"Can you do it, dear?" Linda asked. "You know, let the dog make you pregnant."

Pretty lips nodded, "Yes, I'm scared to death of being pregnant, and more frightened of being pregnant with puppies, but damn those who did this to me, I'm in heat. But its worse than that, I've had sex twice with dogs. I liked it. In same ways more than I like it with men."

“Better?”

“Yes, better. It lasts a lot longer, it feels better, you know, inside, and there are no head-trips. I mean, it’s just breeding. The dog does his thing, and I’ve been rebuilt to make that work well inside of me. So my body does it’s thing, and, well, there’s really no other way to put it, I come real good.

“So, I don’t want to be pregnant, and I don’t want to birth a litter of puppies, but right now, inside, I feel like a dog’s cock is just what I need.”

“Oh.

“Pretty Lips, did you really like it?”

Pretty lips smiled shyly and nodded. “I don’t have that much experience with men. Heck you’ve seen every man I ever made it with, as we did it. You saw both times I was taken by a dog too. I mean, I don’t have all that much experience, but so far, I like dogs better.”

“Well, I guess I might too, if you do. I’ve lost track of the number of men I’ve been with. Some, like our master the Sheik, were fun. Some hurt me, and most were done long before I felt much of anything.”

Pretty Lips hugged her, “Poor girl, I’d like to get my hands on the beasts that hurt you. When I got done they’d never be able to have a woman again.”

Linda hugged her back. “It’s OK, love.

“My point was, I’m curious to know what being bred by a dog is like. Not the having puppies part, but the mating part. I’m pretty sure there will be lots of parts of being pregnant, and with puppies, that I won’t like, but I found watching you with Abbas exciting, I think I might like it.

“He was in you a long time. You seemed to like that, but it didn’t look like much was happening.”

“Oh, a lot was happening!” Pretty Lips giggled. She started to mover her right hand toward her sex, but stopped herself.

All the time we were tied, his male thing was jerking around inside, the big round bulge at the base was pressing, over and over against the most sensitive part of my inside, and he was filling me with his seed.

“Linda, his seed felt hot. I mean, I was really able to feel it as he poured his seaman into me. The warmth was wonderful.

“Then the pointy end was trying to slip through my cervix. At first that felt uncomfortable, but after a while I wanted it too. I pressed my cervix to his shaft trying to help Abass get into my womb. He never made it, but somehow I feel that today, because I’m in heat, Muhunnad will be able to push into my womb and fill it with his sperm.

“That will make you pregnant, for sure!” Linda cried.

Pretty Lips nodded. “When you go into heat, you’ll understand. I’m terrified of becoming pregnant, terrified of having puppies. But if Muhunnad was here right now, I’d try to get pregnant with his puppies.

“God, Linda, I want to be filled so bad I can hardly stand it.

“Well then, let’s practice the dance we came up with. That should distract you. It won’t be long until its time to nurse the Sheik, and then you can dance your need to Muhunnad and the Sheik, and get on with the business of getting pregnant.

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CHAPTER XXVI

The Business of Getting Pregnant

When Sheik Ben Banoka sent for his dancing girls it was dusk. The sky was darkening, but the afternoon’s warmth lingered. The light was soft and colors had taken on the rich depth of jewels. At the same time a servant went to summon his brace of female slaves, another went to fetch his Great Dane, Muhunnad, still a third went to escort musicians to the Ben Banoka’s private rooms, for the Sheik had decided that he wanted to watch Pretty Lips dance her heat, to live music.

As Pretty Lips and Linda approached the Sheik’s chamber the sound of dancing music filled their ears. Automatically, their hips began to sway and the belt of hanging coins each wore began to jingle. They entered the chamber dancing, moving their arms, chiming their finger cymbals, and swaying their hips in a manner designed to raise the passion of any male who observed them. Their step were even, and their movements smooth. Their Master smiled, seeing a brief look of fear crossed the girls’ faces as they saw Muhunnad sitting beside him.

The room was lighted with oil lamps spaced every five feet along the walls and between the doors and windows. The light was a soft yellow and cast a glow throughout the room. There was also an oil lamp chandelier in the middle of the chamber that held a dozen lights. It created a spotlight effect in the middle of the room, the area where the girls usually danced. The electric lights that usually illuminated the chamber at night were turned off.

Pretty Lips fought to control her fear. The Great Dane was black as coal and the largest dog she had ever seen. He seemed much larger than Blood and Guts, who had first taught her of the lust for a woman a dog could have. Yet, her fear was tempered by a burst of warmth and desire that blossomed in her sex, as her body spied the creature it craved to answer the heat burning within her.

The night air had pleasantly cooled the room and its slight chill invigorated the slave girls. Their gauzy tops and skirts, slit to the waist on both sides, concealed none of their charms as the two added extra complexity to the steps of their feet and the movements of their hips and arms. Their finger cymbals easily joined in the musician’s music. The musicians increased the pace of their tune and the dancing girls followed, perfectly in time, as if they knew in advance the changes being made in the music.

Pretty Lips found her eyes returning to Muhunnad, over and over. He is magnificent! She thought as she began to dance her need to the big dog. With the thought she felt her sex moisten and her thighs becoming damp with the evidence of her desire. As she danced, Pretty Lips focused on the creature that was to mate her, and moved closer to him. Her hips flashed and her skirt swayed exposing her sex to the room and perfuming the air with the scent of her heat.

Muhunnad’s eyes followed Pretty Lips form, as the girl danced. He focus was on the source of the maddening and desirable sent that she seemed to taunt him with. The Sheik held him in place and softly whispered, “Soon, Muhunnad, soon you shall have your fill of her, and make her heavy with your young!”

As the great black eyes of the dog were focused on her sex, Pretty Lips own vision was fixed on the

big dog's noble head. She danced toward Muhunnad, moving her hips to suggest the pleasures of being within her sex. She shifted to move in ways that caused her skirt to fan her scent toward the beast.

In the background Linda was dancing as a smooth graceful counterpoint to Pretty Lips' lusty steps. She could smell Pretty Lips arousal and watched fascinated as Muhunnad's eyes followed her lover's steps. She knew what she must do, when Pretty Lips and the big Dane were ready. But, helping the dog find his way into pretty Lips tender sex was a task she would rather have avoided, if there had been a choice. But there was no choice. Her owner had decreed that if Pretty Lips and Muhunnad did not successfully mate, many times, they would be whipped. Linda knew what she must do, but shuddered as she danced, knowing that she must aid her lover in her Master's plans to breed her. In her mind was fear of her future. In a very few months it would be her turn to dance her heat to a dog, enticing him to impregnate her.

Linda saw a gleam of interest in the Sheik's eyes that revealed the how deeply he was looking forward in seeing his bitch dancing slaves bred by the dogs of his kennel. As she watched she saw that Pretty Lips dancing had become more wonton. The chestnut haired beauty was knelling before the dog, ten feet out from his head, bent over moving her arms alluringly as she swept the filmy silk of her skirt away from her sex and swayed her hips in ways that suggested her longing to be filled. Her thighs were spread wide and Linda knew the deep valley in her vulva was fully displayed to Muhunnad, and the Sheik.

The Sheik's hand moved under his robe and Linda could clearly see the hardness that had formed there. She suddenly felt wetness in her own secret valley, and hoped that the Sheik would call her to him and fill her as he watched Muhunnad breed Pretty Lips.

Pretty Lips was not looking at the giant dog, or the Sheik. She swayed and moved her hips and breathed in the male dog scent surrounded her. She could feel her body's readiness and knew she wanted the mating. She no longer cared if the dog gave her one or a thousand puppies, she wanted him to quench her bodies thirst.

As she continued to dance, Pretty Lips softly called, "My Sheik, your bitch slave is ready to be bred, and I can scent Muhunnad's readiness to have me as well."

The sheik laughed and released the dog, which dog leaped across the space landing between Pretty Lips' thighs and began licking the exposed secret valley. His tongue was wide, long, and hot as it caressed the slave girl's flesh. The tongue moved with passion. Seeking to taste all the folds and openings in the female's sex. Pretty Lips moaned and thrust her hips to the probing softness that was hinting at the relief the big animal was to bring her to the relentless need she felt deep in her abdomen.

Pretty Lips was on a large soft rug that she had told Linda looked like a good place to breed. Linda changed her dance to one Jessica had taught, "The Love Slave Made Happy With Her Masters Child."

Muhunnad's tongue rushed Pretty Lips toward the crest of feelings, and over. As she climaxed Pretty Lips felt her body coat the dog's muzzle with her lubricants, ejected in a stream from her vagina as the organ contracted in release. Undeterred the dog continued licking and forced his tongue deep into the writhing girl's sex. The feel of the long-hot organ pressing deep into her caressing her cervix brought pretty lips to climax again.

For a minute all pretty Lips could do was try to regain her breath, then she slowly straitened and

leaning forward cuddled the big head in her soft hands and caressing the soft fur on his ears and brow as the beast continued to savor the flavor of her need. Pretty Lips could see the wet red tip of the dog's penis sneaking in and out of his sheath. Joyfully she laughed and then whispered to the dog. "Muhunnad, I see you are ready to breed me and I, for my part, am more than willing to be bred."

Her voice was soft, but was heard through the music by Linda and the Sheik.

Ben Banoka clapped, then and called out, "Yes, Pretty Lips! Give yourself over to your bitch nature, and breed me a litter of fine puppies!"

Pretty Lips laughed, her voice filled with lust and sweeping her skirt away from her hips she turned onto hands and knees, then spreading her thighs wide apart raised her hips until she was on her feet, but with her head resting on her folded arms on the soft rug. It was a dancing position called "Submission to A Master," Jessica had taught them. At the time Pretty Lips and Linda had giggled at the naughty name.

Taunting Muhunnad, Pretty Lips swayed her hips and softly whispered, "Here Muhunnad, breed your bitch. I'm her for you. Come fill me." Her voice was clearly heard by the Sheik and Linda, as well as the dog. Muhunnad seemed to understand, but was uncertain about how to proceed with a human bitch. He circled her, sniffing and licking her sex and thighs. His penis was darting in and out of its sheath. The female's scent was filling him with desire to breed.

The dog reared up coming down on Pretty Lips his weight on Pretty Lips soft bottom. She struggled for a moment but her dancer's strong legs did not fail her. She held him in the air, and giggled with delight as she felt the beast's hot pre-come shooting onto her vulva. She tried to move her hips into a position that could captured the teasing probing in her opening, but the dogs movements kept missing the spot they sought to fill.

Linda moved over beside them, and fearfully, and for the first time in her life, reached out and lightly took hold of the dog's sheath. She moved it, manipulating the exposed tip until she brought it to Pretty Lips opening. Then it was done!

Muhunnad feeling the opening, surged forward drove his shaft to the hilt into the bitch. His strokes followed, they were rapid and twice Linda had to help him find the entrance again. Each time the male part had grown longer and thicker.

Linda was amazed as she watched the shaft. Her first reaction had been that it didn't look all that big, but she clearly saw it grow that with ever stroke. She listened to pretty Lips moans and realized the chestnut haired girl was becoming more excited as the penetrating shaft increased in size.

She saw Pretty Lips vaginal entrance contracting around the shaft, but didn't realizing what was happening until the shaft had reached a truly grand size, and she could see the bulb of the knot starting to form just in front of Muhunnad's massive scrotal sack. Linda leaned back and watched, fascinated as the bulb grew and grew, while at the same time the shaft continued to thicken.

Over and over, the growing knot diapered inside Pretty Lips, only to reemerge larger a moment later. It was bigger than a tennis ball in moments, then bigger than a baseball, and then bigger than an orange. After it reached that size of an orange Pretty Lips body captured the knot inside of her and achieved the tie it had been seeking that binding the girl's body to the huge dog as he filled her with his seed.

Sitting close, Linda could see that the dogs thrusting continued although the trapped knot limited

the depth of the strokes to less than two inches. The steady moans Pretty Lips was making convinced the blonde that Muhunnad was pleasuring her as they mated. She wondered, when it was her turn, if she would be able to submit to such breeding, and even if she did, if the pleasure of the mating could overcome the horror of having become part bitch. Her thoughts were interrupted by Sheik Ben Banoka, who called, "My slave, Linda, come to me."

Instantly she was on her feet and the next moment kneeling and bowing before her Master."

"Master, how may your slave girl serve."

The Sheik pulled her to him and positioned her on his lap. Linda found that he was aroused and his tool was ready. She repositioned herself, and quickly lowered her hips engulfing the man in her sex. A look of deep pleasure crossed the man's face as he felt her exquisite tightness envelop his tool. Linda began to gently raise and lower her hips taking more of him within her at each downward stroke. Ben Banoka felt his passion rise and grasping Pretty Lips around the waist pulled her breast to his mouth. He began to drink as she continued to rhythmically exchange of pleasure with his slave.

"Master! I long to please you; to serve as your love slave. May a girl dare to hope her master will bless her with the taste of his seed." Linda gasped when she felt her milk begin to flow into the man's mouth.

Her warm breath and hot words were too much for the man. Without realizing when it began to climax within her as he nursed. Linda laughed with joy, like bells ringing the air. Ben Banoka decided that 'she' was a rare delight. He was pleased she was his slave.

Linda used the new bitch muscle and the entrance of her to hold the man's shaft within her as the Sheik nursed. Linda and the Sheik again allowed their eyes to wander back to Pretty Lips, still well mounted by Muhunnad. They were clearly united in the act of puppy making. The huge dog lay across pretty Lips hips and back, drooling, and the human bitch was smiling from ear to ear and rhythmically pressing her hips back to meet Muhunnad's shallow thrusts.

Linda worked her vaginal muscles to keep her Sheik's shaft excited enough to remain within her as her Master, having emptied her left breast shifted to her right. When he had emptied her breasts he let her go. Only then did Linda allow his manhood to slip from her.

As they separated their eyes turned to see Muhunnad dismounted Pretty Lips, first turning, and then pulling his still impressively large maleness out of her. As he did so, a gush of whitish liquids flowed from Pretty Lips sex and covered her thighs. Pretty Lips sighed and smiling lowered herself to her knees, but continued to keep her sex high in the air. Muhunnad turned back to her and began to lick her sex and thighs clean. Pretty Lips giggled, and the giggle was that of a contented and well-used dancing slave.

The sheik gently pushed Linda's body into a new position, bringing her mouth to his male tool. It glistened in the light with a coating of her lubricants and his seed.

"You have done well, slave. Now, clean my manhood, and have the taste of my seed you craved, then go and give the same service to Muhunnad. With luck you will arouse him again, and he will then breed Pretty Lips once more."

Linda was too well trained to hesitate, but as she licked her Master's shaft her heart was unsure that she could bring herself to take a dog's penis into her mouth. All too soon the Sheik announced he was clean and directed her to Muhunnad.

Trying not to let her fears or revulsion control her actions, Linda arose and approached the dog, who was still lapping at the in flow the continued to pour from Pretty Lips vagina. Linda feared a whipping, and tried to stay calm as she approached the dog.

Speaking soft words that praised the dog and staying in a subservient position Linda first stroked the dogs legs, then his back, and finally, after hesitating a moment she managed to lick the glistening shaft that before her. The taste was strongly that of Pretty Lips, but also something else. She let the taste linger in her mouth, and decided its earthy quality and sharp flavor were no worse than the taste of a man's seaman, and mixed with Pretty Lips flavor, which she loved, it was quite good.

While Linda ministered to Muhunnad, the Sheik lifted Pretty Lips from the floor and led her back to his cushions. He laid her across is lap and then began to drink deeply from her breasts. Pretty Lips smiled at him, caressed his head, and murmured encouragements, wanting him to drain her bosom relieving the pressure she'd felt as Muhunnad took her.

Well, I did it, and no doubt, I'm pregnant with puppies now. Somehow, now that it's happened, I sort of look forward to having puppies. I wonder how many I will have, and how many will be dogs and bitches.

As if reading Pretty Lips mind the Sheik stopped nursing and said, "You have pleased me slave. But, the evening is young and I wish Muhunnad to fill you many times while you are in heat. It is said, that the bitch that is covered many times will have more puppies than the one who receives the seed of new life only once, or twice.

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## **CHAPTER XXVII**

### **Different Positions**

After a moment of fear, Pretty Lips smiled. "My Sheik, might I have a low table and pillows brought, so that I might be bred in other positions?"

Sheik Ben Banoka laughed and nodded. "It shall be so, at least this night, for I I have not tired of the sight of you impaled on Muhunnad's shaft." He clapped his hands and ordered her servants to bring several low tables of varying heights and many soft cushions.

When the tables and cushions were brought Pretty Lips moved out to them, trying to find combinations she liked.

Linda and Muhunnad approached her. The big dog followed Pretty Lips every motion, his eyes intent on her groin or lush bottom, which ever was turned toward him. He was never more than a yard from his bitch.

"Pretty Lips, what does he want?" Linda whispered.

Pretty Lips glanced at Muhunnad, and smiled, as if she wasn't aware of exactly where he was. "He wants me. He knows I'm in heat, and senses that I'll soon offer myself to him again. He's right. I feel the need to mate rising in me, like a spring welling up. I want to give into him now, but while I enjoyed our mating a few minutes ago, the position was not as comfortable as I'd like."

"So, what are you looking for with these tables and all the cushions?"

"I want to create a comfy spot for him to take me, doggy fashion. But, I also want to create a spot where I can try tech him to take me in the missionary position."

"Like the one you had when Abbas mated you?"

"Exactly. That was very comfortable, and also allowed me to control a little of what was happening inside. It seems strange, but while it was happening, I saw Abbas as my mate. The sight of him smiling as he enjoyed sex with me made the experience hot."

"Oh, sort of like when you give a guy oral sex. Nothing is happening that stimulates your sex. Or even your breasts, but the sight of the guys face as you take him to paradise is a rush?"

"Sort of, but better; lots of things are happening that make your sex feel real good inside, and I found rubbing my breasts into the fur on my mates chest to be an extra kick."

"Your mate?"

Pretty Lips nodded. "Yes, while he's breeding me, I feel mated to him. With Abbas it was a strong sensation, but nothing like with Muhunnad. The knowledge that we are making new life together, added to the sense of need that being in heat gives me, makes the whole experience one of feeling close to Muhunnad."

"But, the new life will be puppies?"

Pretty Lips mouth formed a very soft and warm smile. "I know. You'll understand some day. When your heat is on you and you meet the dog that will breed you. At first your repulsion at the idea of being pregnant with puppies melts. The smell of your breeding partner becomes strong in your mind and you feel drawn to him. Then, as you mate, you fall in love with the dog who is doing such wonderful things to you. I know it won't last, at least I don't think it will, but right now, if I could, I'd marry Muhunnad and promise to be only his forever. Once you want him to breed you, and he does, the idea of having his young becomes exciting, and then blossoms into a crazy happy feeling where the more puppies you think of having, the happier you get.

"Linda, will you help me train Muhunnad, to take me face to face?"

Linda looked at Pretty Lips with wonder in her eyes. "Of course, what do you want me to do?"

"Pretty much what you did the first time. He knows what he wants, and I'm willing now and soon will be eager. But once I'm in position I won't be able to line him up without help. Once we've mated a few times he should get the idea and be able to find his way in without help."

Linda hesitated a moment, then nodded. "I had a little trouble, you know, touching it the first time. It was so strange, and my fear of what will happen when it's my tern, started to get in the way. But, I think I'm over that."

Pretty Lips hugged her. "Dear, sweet girl," she whispered. "If we ever get a chance to be revenged on the beasts that made us part dog, as well as slaves, I'll make them suffer in ways they never imagined. But, at least we're together, and I assure you, the mating part of being bred is pretty good. I think even if I never went into heat again, I'd want the feel of a powerful dog between my thighs from time to time."

Linda smiled at her. "I hope I'll like it as much as you seem to."

"Now, what do we do?"

The two examined the five tables that had been brought to the room. They were all different heights ranging from a foot high to three feet. Pretty Lips decided the tallest was too tall. Her feet were off the floor when he tried laying on it. Also the wood surface of the table needed padding. The lowest table was too wide.

"I could build this one up with cushions and get to the right height, but Muhunnad's feet would be on the table and he'd be too far above me for me to hug him as we mate." Pretty Lips commented to Linda. "Still it might work fine for the doggy position."

Another table was narrow and thirty inches high. Pretty Lips covered it with cushions and decided that it should work for the missionary position. The fifth table was rejected because it had only three legs and Pretty Lips doubted whether it would be stable once Muhunnad was vigorously thrusting.

As Pretty Lips and Linda had arranged the tables and cushions Muhunnad continued to follow Pretty Lips around the room. His nose always focused on her sex.

"So the wide table next?" Linda asked.

Pretty Lips nodded and turned to face the Sheik. She approached him, removed the rest of her scant clothing and bowed, "Master, your bitch is still in heat and in need of being bred. May I offer myself to Muhunnad, in the hope that by mating more I will present you with more puppies."

The Sheik smiled and nodded. "I look forward to the site.

"My slave, Linda, come warm me as I watch my bitch be bred by Muhunnad again."

Linda rushed to him and bowed, kissing his feet as she did. "My Lord, I'm needed to help Muhunnad mount Pretty Lips. May I ensure that they are well joined before returning to your side?"

The Sheik nodded, "But be quick, for the night air grows cool."

Pretty Lips giggled and went to the tall wide table she had prepared. Linda Kissed the Sheik's feet again and then went to Pretty Lips' side. Muhunnad was right before the bitch in heat. Pretty Lips eased her bottom into the cushions at the edge of the table and then spread her thighs wide, offering the dog her sex and letting the full power of her scent stimulate the beast.

Muhunnad stepped forward, and began to eagerly lick the vulva that had been presented to him. Pretty Lips leaned forward and spread the outer lips of her sex wide, exposing her clitoris and vagina to the probing tongue. Linda watched from beside the two.

"Tell me of what you see, my slave, Linda." The Sheik commanded.

Never thinking that she might decline, the blonde began to describe the scene. "Master, Muhunnad's tongue is huge, and he is using it to taste every part of Pretty Lips' sex.

Pretty Lips moaned and Linda said, "Oh my! He just probed her anus with his tongue. It went in a long way. He's probing it over and over. It's like he's trying to taste her whole insides with his long tongue."

As Linda talked Pretty Lips leaned back and looked up at the ceiling as she breathed deeply in time with the dog's tongue pressing into her depths.

Then the dog's tongue slipped out, but the next moment it plunged deep into Pretty Lips vagina.

"My Sheik, his tongue is huge. He must have had teen inches inside her rear, and now he has more, I think deep in her sex." Linda's words came fast and her own breath was rapid.

The Sheik laughed and then asked, "My slave, Linda, do you wish it was you Muhunnad was treating so?"

Linda took her breath in then answered, "No, my Sheik, but seeing the use Muhunnad is making of Pretty Lips my fear of my being bred by one of your dogs is lessoned."

"I grow cold." The Sheik commented. "Pretty Lips, allow Muhunnad to sheath his lance in your loins so that Linda may warm my old bones."

Breathless, Pretty Lips moaned, "Yes, my Sheik."

With a little difficulty she pushed the dogs beg head and then rolled onto her tummy. Her hips were high but the cushions her chest and head rested on were lower. Pretty Lips again spread her thighs and the dog returned to savoring her taste.

Feeling the top hot wet tongue caressing her clitoris as it end pressed deep into her, Pretty Lips moaned and climaxed. At the same time a squirt of her vaginal lubricants, mixed with Muhunnad's saliva seeped out of her sex and into the dogs mouth. The taste of her heat was strong in the dog's mouth and her scent stronger in his nose.

Muhunnad barked and then reared up placing his feet on the cushions beside Pretty Lips shoulders and walked his hips forward. His penis was going in and out of its sheath as he sought the pleasure of feeling the woman-bitches sex envelop his maleness.

As he tried to close on the woman's opening his shaft was spaying her bottom with his lubricant.

Pretty Lips giggled, "That so warm, but it kind of tickles."

"God! I want him!"

"Linda, guide him in, please!"

Linda, with less hesitation reached between the two striving to become one, and grasping the sheath aimed to toward the target it sought. Muhunnad continued to lunging forward, and aided by Linda's help in aiming, on the next try found the opening. The dog had learned the human bitch, and managed to stay within her as he continued to stroke his growing shaft through the opening and into the wonderfully soft, warm, and welcoming body of the bitch he had claimed.

Pretty lips moaned as Muhunnad thrust, "He's growing Linda! Oh, you are going to love it when your being bred and your mate gets bigger and bigger inside you as he prepares to give you his seed."

Linda smiled at her friend. She was curious, but not eager to be trapped by her body into a sexual heat that had her moaning to be bred for puppies. She returned to the Sheik and drawing the blankets about them pressed her naked flesh to her Master, trying to give him the warmth her body offered.

The Sheik said nothing but cuddled to Linda's curves as he watched, fascinated as Muhunnad bred Pretty Lips who moaned and cried out her pleasure over and over. His eyes only moved off the

breeding pair once, when he sought and captured Linda's left nipple in his mouth and nursed for a few minutes letting the warmth of her milk help fortify him against the night's growing cold.

When the mating pair appeared to stop moving the Sheik observed, "He has tied with his bitch. Now while he is deep within her as he can reach he will give her his seed. It has been a good mating and should produce several puppies."

"My Sheik, will Pretty Lips conceive more puppies each time that Muhunnad fills her?"

The Sheik softly laughed, "Perhaps, but I think her body will only yield up its eggs if my bitch, Pretty Lips is well bred, as she is now. If she were tired, or her sex felt over used and the breeding were somewhat painful, then I think her body might hold onto its eggs until another breeding, one that brought her pleasure."

"My a slave ask a question?"

The sheik nodded.

"Will Pretty Lips be bred so much that she is 'over used'?"

The Sheik nodded. "Not by my doing, but her own body and its need to breed will drive her to offer herself to Muhunnad, or any dog, as long as she is heat. Even when sleeping, if she smells the male, she may awake craving his shaft. I will limit her contact with males to just Muhunnad, and his own need for rest should limit their coupling to a pace that the bitch can enjoy."

Ben Banoka motioned to the musicians to go and then returned to nursing.

Linda cuddling his head to her bosom as she watched Pretty Lips shuddered in climax after climax. Her own passion was raised, and she wished her master hard, so that she might mount his shaft as he nursed. But Ben Banoka was, while stronger than he had been, still too old to fill a woman more than once, or at most twice, a day.

Linda thought Pretty Lips and Muhunnad were joined for a very long time. Every few minutes she saw them quiver as if trying to work more of the big dog into the dancing girl's sex. Muhunnad occasionally barked, a happy bark that made it clear there was much pleasure for him in the mating. For her part, Pretty Lips was smiling and giggling, when her body wasn't shaking with a climax. After they appeared to be well tied by Muhunnad's knot, the big dog surprised Linda by twisting off Pretty Lips, and turning until he was rear to rear with his breeding partner. It seemed hours to the blonde, but had been less than one when Muhunnad the two stayed joined. The sounds that Pretty Lips and Muhunnad continued making assured the Blonde that there was still pleasure for the two in their new and odd-looking position.

They separated suddenly when Muhunnad pulled himself free of the bitch that had captured his shaft within her. A soft 'plopping' sound that attracted the blonde's attention. Amazed she watched as Pretty Lips inner thighs were covered with a brief torrent of liquids that poured out of her sex. Muhunnad turned and began to lick the mess of the woman's sex and thighs. The sound of Muhunnad's licking roused Ben Banoka who let Linda's left nipple slip from his mouth as he turned his head to observe the dog licking the woman-bitch's sex.

Linda saw that Pretty Lips cleft was very red and the entrance to her vagina seemed distended and almost glowed with the heavy flow of blood there that the breeding fostered.

"Poor, girl! Her overused sex must hurt!" Linda said.

Ben Banoka laughed. "Perhaps, my slaver girl Linda, she does hurt. But if Muhunnad were ready o breed her again now, she would be eager for him to cover her."

"The heat?" Linda asked.

The old man nodded. "I have seen it many times with bitches that are dogs. My son assured me you and Pretty Lips would be taken with the same need to breed that the bitches of my kennel are filled with.

"Now go to Muhunnad and clean is shaft. Be very gentle for he has much work yet to do.

"Pretty Lips, come her, for I hunger and my slave Linda's breasts are dry."

Hesitantly Linda arose and walked toward Muhunnad. As she did, Pretty Lips, gingerly, as if her muscles hurt came over to the Sheik. Linda reached Muhunnad who had lain down. She dropped to the carpet and, after hesitating a moment, began licking the big dogs shaft clean. It was amazing how large the shaft remained, even the knot was visible and retained enough size to frighten Linda as she considered how the huge mass would feel inside her.

As Linda lightly licked the shaft and knot she watched as pretty Lips lowered herself to the bedding and pillows around the Sheik, and positioned herself above him, resting on her hands and knees. Her right breast was just above his mouth and then she giggled as she lowered her nipple to his lips. She sighed when her Master latched onto her nipple and began to nurse.

When Muhunnad's penis and knot were as clean as her tongue could get them, she pulled back and watched amaze the massive organ shrank until it had entirely disappeared into the dog's sheath. The dog had fallen into a sleep and Lind arose and returned to her Master. Pretty Lips was still resting above him. Her breasts hanging freely looked larger than Linda remembered them. The Sheik had shifted to her left breast and was caressing Pretty Lips cleft as he nursed.

Linda cuddled down next to him offering the man her body's warmth.

A few minutes later Ben Banoka allowed Pretty Lips left nipple to escape his mouth and then pressed her down and against in the bedding. He was tired and knew he needed sleep if he was to plunge himself again into either of his young slave girls. But Pretty Lips kept softly moaning and glancing toward Muhunnad who was also softly moaning while inching slowly across the room toward the bitch giving off all the wonderful smells.

Ben Benoka roused himself and clapped his hands, which brought three of his household guards into the room. He gestured toward Pretty Lips and Muhunnad.

"Leash these two dogs and take them to the breeding cage in my kennel. Show the bitch how to mount the breeding frame, but do not strap her in. She is in heat, and once she understands the device she will offer herself to Muhunnad. Lock them I, and leave them for the night, but bring them back to me in the morning, when I awake."

Pretty Lips was weeping, but submissive as she was collared and leashed, rgen led away with Muhunnad. The dog's attention was again focused in Pretty Lips sex, and he was happy to follow her to whatever spot for breeding her was next.

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CHAPTER XXVIII

The Breeding Cage

Pretty Lips was submissive but weeping as she was collared and leashed, then led away with Muhunnad. The dog's attention was focused in Pretty Lips sex, and he was happy to follow her to whatever spot for breeding her was to be next.

Forlornly Linda moved to go to her lover, but with a slight touch Sheik Ben Banoka restrained her. "My slave, Linda, Pretty Lips will be busy breeding with Muhunnad all night. I need you with me to protect my old bones from the night's chill.

"Do not pine for your friend, for she will be returned in the morning so that she might contribute, with you, to my morning meal."

Tears covered Linda's cheeks as she sat back down by her Master, but fearing his anger she leaned over and softly kissed his hand. "I'm your slave, my Master, content to be beside you at all times.

"Yet, it is hard, for these many months Pretty Lips and I have been constant companions."

The Sheik patted her hand and his soft smile showed he was not displeased.

The guards were about to lead Pretty Lips from the room, the Sheik clapped his hands and the guards were about to take Pretty Lips was led away.

"Remember, I reserve the slave Pretty Lips' body for my use, except when I choose to breed her to a dog of my Kennel." The Sheik reminded his men.

The head guard bowed from the waste and then said. "It shall be as you direct, oh my Sheik. I will stay outside the breeding cage to ensure that no other than Muhunnad touches her.

"But, my Sheik, the night is long and entertainment is always welcome. May those of your household that wish, watch the female slave as she is bred for puppies. It is a sight that many will take pleasure in.

The sheik laughed, "My good, Saqr, yes, you and those others that may take delight in watching the bitch being bred, may do so.

"But, take care to bring her back to me when I break my overnight fast, Saqr. For her milk, I find, with my other slave girl's, has restored me to manhood."

"I will not fail you, my Sheik."

Pretty Lips brew Linda a kiss, as she was led from the Sheik's chamber by Saqr. Her whole body blushed at the realization that at least Saqr, the Falcon, honest Amin, and Kareef who was born in autumn would watch her breeding, and perhaps others.

Holding her leash Saqr led the bitch-woman along a long hall, then down three flights of stone steps, outside and through a courtyard and then into another building that smelled strongly of dogs. As the dogs in the kennel scented Pretty Lips there were many loud and plaintiff barks as the males tried to climb from their cages to reach the bitch in heat.

Saqr guided Pretty Lips to an empty cage and, opened it, motioned for her to enter. The cage was a cube roughly ten feet on each side. The sides and tops were of galvanized chain link steel stretched over a steel frame, while the floor was sand. The cage's gate was of the same chain link materials.

Muhunnad followed her into the cage and barked his excitement. He was a prized animal and many times had been brought to the same cage to breed a bitch.

Saqr showed Pretty Lips how to mount the breeding rack. It was obvious to the dancing slave that the rack had been modified to accommodate a human. The rack was made of a dark wood and bronze. There was a padded wooden surface that slanted toward the floor. It could be raised or lowered by turning a metal crank. On either side were two lower, but still padded, areas that human legs, spread wide apart, might rest in. There were dark leather straps that could be used to secure a woman's legs and thighs in position for breeding. The lower end of the inclined platform ended in a large pillow that a human bitch's head might rest on with spaces on either side where the woman's forearms might be secured by more straps. Other large leather strap were there also that could be used to secure a woman's back and waist to the platform.

"You understand how to mount the breeding rack?" Saqr asked Pretty Lips.

She nodded and glanced at Muhunnad. She was blushing with shame, yet knew her need would drive her to mount the platform, offering her sex to the big dog, even if a score of people watched.

"Muhunnad has bred bitches here before, although on a different rack. The sheik directed that this rack be placed in the breeding cage for your use. The height has already been set to meet Muhunnad's needs," the man concluded, then turned to leave the cage, but Pretty Lips stopped him with a question.

"Master, Saqr, was this rack built for me? It looks old, yet our master has said Linda and I are his first human bitches.

Saqr grinned as he answered. "It is true, you are the first women to use the rack to be bred for puppies, but in the past, as a punishment for being displeasing, women slaves have been strapped into the rack for the pleasure of the Master's dogs."

"Oh," Pretty Lips whispered, she felt both better and worse. Better because she was not the first to use the rack for the entertainment of the household, but worse, knowing that other women, women without a bitches heat to aid them, had been mated by dogs on the rack.

Saqr turned and left the cage, closing and locking it behind him. He, Amin and Kareef were grinning and eagerly watching her. Pretty Lips shrank away from their eyes until her back was pressed to the chain link on the far side of the cage. She felt the heat of her blushes on her cheeks and naked bosom and cast her eyes down to the cages sandy floor.

Muhunnad came to her rescue, placing his body between Pretty Lips and the eyes of the men. Gratefully the young woman sank to her knees, hiding her sex and breasts and thankfully hugging the dog's huge head. She petted his head and heard the dog growl at the men.

Amin laughed, and said; "Muhunnad seeks to protect his right to breed the bitch, keeping her even from our eyes!"

The other men laughed with him.

Pretty Lips felt the truth of his statement. Muhunnad had claimed her, and in return she had welcomed his seed within her womb, knowing that he would make her body grow big with his puppies. Her hands on the big animal transmitted his warmth to her skin. She accepted it eagerly as the night air was growing colder. Too cold for a naked girl, she told herself.

As Pretty Lips petted and hugged the dog she was kneeling on the sand. Her position spread the lips of her sex, slightly, but enough to fill the cage with the scent of her heat. She felt her Muhunnad responding to it, his body stiffened and his nose drank in the perfume. Glancing down Pretty Lips saw that his male part was extending from its sheath. The sight made her draw in her breath quickly, as her need rose to fill her being. The human bitch had wanted to resist. She'd fantasized that she could avoid mating all night by hanging onto the knowledge that in the morning, in the safety of the Sheik's rooms, and with her Linda nearby, she would surrender her body to the dog.

Tears caressed her cheeks as she realized that her own need had risen to meet the dogs, and that it soon would drive her to mount the rack. All to well, she understood that once in place Muhunnad would breed her, hoping to add to the new lives already started in her womb.

She looked up at the three men. Saqr said something, she did not catch, Kareef left the room and for a moment Pretty Lips was grateful. The man wants to give me more privacy, she gratefully thought. But, a moment later Kareef returned with five other men and to her shame three women. The women wore the full veil, but the eyes burnt into her nudity and would have caused Pretty Lips to break down if it hadn't been for Muhunnad, leaning against her, his scent strong in her nose and the warmth in her center building into a fire that only his seed could quench.

Her mind shifted away from the watchers, although she heard their conversation, the men were betting on how long she could resist climbing onto the breeding rack, and the women were calling her names, mainly 'dog', 'bitch', 'animal' and 'whore'.

It did not matter to the naked woman. What was suddenly the only thing of importance was Muhunnad, beside her, and their joint need to create life. She looked with indifference at her watchers. She stood, allowing them to see her pert breasts, her narrow waist and even the moisture at her groin. Looking away she stepped, toward the breeding rack, then she filled her movement with dance as she led Muhunnad.

She knew her body, trained for months in the dance, was a dream to the watching men, and having guessed the shapes of the women from the bulges under their clothes, she knew her figure and grace were beyond their ability, perhaps even their imaginations.

The space was small but she turned to Muhunnad and danced; the confined love slave greeting her lover. As she moved her feet and hips she felt the heat within her building, and made it part of the dance. Muhunnad watched mesmerized by the woman's movement and her growing scent. Outside the breeding pen the watchers fell silent, enthralled by the dance.

Pretty Lips kept her eyes on Muhunnad as she danced and saw his desire rise to near the boiling point. His little moans and his shaking body moved her, and suddenly she could not stand the thought of denying her mate.

Pretty Lips whirled to the breeding rack and let the dance take her into the position the racks frame prescribed. She was pleased to find it comfortable, but more please to feel Muhunnad's tongue caressing her sex the next moment, which she was presenting to the dog. He licked her well and her body quivered in climax before he reared up and pressed his chest to her naked back.

Pretty Lips lowered her back further cradling his weight in her spine and pressed her sex back to his probing puppy maker. Short bursts of warm liquid were hitting her sex and bottom and helped her to position her sex to meet the dog's thrusts. Then he was in. Pretty Lips laughed for joy as she felt his shaft claim her.

She no longer cared for the watchers or bothered to try to hear what they said Muhunnad tool thrust

and grew within her. She cried out in pleasure when she felt the knot lock within her, knowing that the breeding was sure to succeed.

Muhunnad was joined to Pretty Lips for what seemed a long time. While the watchers saw little happening, within her body Pretty Lips felt the shaft grow larger until its tip wiggled into her womb and then in burst of heat filled her with his seed.

When Muhunnad slipped from her Pretty Lips sighed. She rested a moment as her kind mate cleaned up the wealth of his seed that had gushed from her and covered her inner thighs. For a short while the huge hot tongue caressing her sex kept her warm, but slowly the chill of the night sank into her naked skin.

When Muhunnad moved away to rest, and clean himself, she arose to follow. Looking around she was surprised to the group of watchers had dispersed. Board by the lack of action as she and her mate had been tied.

The lone figure remaining was Saqr. He smiled and slightly bowed to the naked dancing girl. Silently he gestured. Following his arm Pretty Lips saw that the just inside the gate of her breeding cage was a large basin of clean water and a folded wool blanket.

Pretty Lips returned his bow and said, "Thank you, Master Saqr, for we are both thirsty and cold."

The man smiled, but seemed tired himself and sat down with his back to the gate and seemed to fall sleep instantly.

Pretty Lips softly smiled. He means to grant me a little privacy while positioning himself in a way that ensures that no one may enter the breeding cage. Tomorrow, I must thank him for this kindness.

Pretty Lips Stepped over to the blanket and taking it, laid down next to Muhunnad wrapping the blanket around them both. In the cold air his shaft had retreated into its sheath. She cuddled next to the dog and soon his warm filled the blanket and warmed her skin. Pretty lips slipped into sleep cuddling the dog's huge head to her bosom.

In the dark of night she awoke, suddenly chilled again. She reached out for Muhunnad but found him standing beside her. In the moonlight that entered the kennel she saw that his shaft was extended from its home and his body was shaking with desire. Her own heat rose to meet Muhunnad's, but she fought it off for a moment and lead the dog to the basin of water. They both slacked their thirst by lapping the cold water up with their tongues for five minutes.

Looking up Pretty Lips saw that Saqr was still leaning against her cages gate. His deep snoring attested to the depth of his sleep. Pretty Lips arose and moved to the breeding rack and climbed into its embrace. There was no need for any preliminaries. Her sex was lubricating and the Muhunnad was already aroused. The dog mounted her and on his third thrust his shaft sank into the dancing girl.

As they joined pretty Lips laughed aloud. But the sound was soft, like little bells, and did not disturb her guard's sleep.

In silence the human bitch and Great Dane worked their bodies together trying to unit their flesh. As before the male shaft breached the bitch's cervix, and then as bliss surrounded the breeding couple as Pretty Lips felt her core being filled anew by Muhunnad's hot seed.

Again the cold awoke Pretty Lips. She looked around and found Muhunnad sleeping beside the breeding rack. Saqr's snores told her the guard still slept. Her sex and thighs felt cold but touching them she found Muhunnad had cleaned her. She smiled at him, thankful to have such a considerate lover. She climbed off the rack, retrieved the blanket and laid down next to the big dog wrapping it around them both. Sleep came to her as soon as the chill of night left her skin.

It was almost dawn when she next awoke. Again Muhunnad was standing beside her, again quivering with desire for her. She smiled at him. The two went to the basin to lap at the water. Then Pretty Lips arose she caressed his cheek and whispered, "Dear, Lover, I'll try, but my poor body is a little sore; try to be more gentle!" She softly chided as she arose and climbed onto the rack.

A moment later the cold air was gone and Muhunnad's warmth was against her back. Perhaps the dog was tired, but Pretty Lips smiled, assuming he had understood her need. Muhunnad was almost delicate as he moved his tool into position and pressed it deep into his bitch. This time they moved slowly and gently made puppies.

Pretty Lips smiled and giggled through the process as waves of pleasure lapped at her awareness. They seemed to be joined for a very long time, but after the thrusting was over, Pretty Lips remained awake enjoying the slow shrinking of Muhunnad's shaft and knot.

When it slipped from her the dog stepped away from the rack and licked her clean. She'd felt a stream of hot liquid pour from her sex, and her lover's soft tongue soothing her sex as he cleaned her. She giggled as she enjoyed the warm of the washing.

When Muhunnad was done she dismounted and was about to curl the blanket around her lover and her self when she heard a sound by the corner of the cage farthest from the gate.

In the time that she and Muhunnad had been tied, the dawn had come and a soft light filled the kennel. At the corner of the breeding cage she saw a young woman, perhaps, as young as 18, motioning to her.

Pretty Lips wrapped the blanket around her and stepped over to the beckoning figure. The young woman pressed her finger to her lips then whispered. "Please speak softly. If Saqr awakes, he will take me away and I wish to speak with you."

Pretty Lips nodded, but was tired and felt no desire to satisfy the girl's curiosity. "We must be quick, for soon it will be time for Saqr to return me to Sheik Ben Benoka. I know the time is near because my breasts are full and he needs my milk."

"So it is true, you and the other human bitch nourish my father with your breast milk?"

Pretty Lips nodded. "It seems to have done him much good, and we have been trained to take pleasure from his growing strength."

"I wish to ask so much. For never before have I seen a woman mated, not by a man or dog. I heard three of my father's wives talking of watching you, and secretly came to see for myself."

"Well, you have seen. I hope you found it interesting." Pretty Lips said a little coldly.

"Oh, it was. But what I wanted to ask was did you like it, you know, being bred by the Muhunnad?"

Pretty Lips smiled, remembering how many questions she had about sex when she was a young woman, and still a virgin. "Yes, it was so pleasurable that I can't really describe it."

"Do you now what a climax is?"

The girl blushed and nodded. "I have seen my father's wives pleasure each other and themselves, and given myself the pleasure of the hand. Is it that good, you know, to me mated."

Pretty Lips giggled and nodded, "It is better, for there is pleasure that comes from deep inside as well as from the lips of your sex."

"Does it hurt, I mean when he pushes himself into you."

Pretty Lips smiled and shook her head. "Muhunnad is a good lover, he makes sure I am ready to receive him before we join. If a woman is properly aroused, there is little but pleasure in mating, if she finds her partner appealing."

"You find Muhunnad appealing?"

Pretty Lips nodded. "Perhaps you don't know. After I was captured and enslaved, they made me part Great Dane. I lost the ability to have a child when they did that, but I gained the ability to have puppies. Now, like a Great Dane female, when it is my time to breed I'm eager for the mating."

"You were not born a slave?"

Pretty Lips shook her head. "No, slavers kidnapped me, surgically altered me, trained me to dance, and then sold me."

"Oh that is terrible. So you have never been in love?"

Pretty Lips decided she would not mention her lover for Linda, and answered. "No, but before I was given to Sheik Ben Benoka, I was taken by the master who purchased me. I believe he is your father's oldest son."

The girl nodded, "Yes, the women of the harem talk of it. They are pleased that your milk is renewing my father. His wives hope one day he may call them back to his bed, although they are now too old to give children."

"May I ask, when it was your first time, did it hurt?"

Pretty Lips smiled and nodded. "A little, but the man was very gentle and washed the slight pain away in much pleasure as we coupled."

"The pain was really nothing, especially compared with other pain, like when I was branded, and when I have been whipped."

"You were branded!"

Pretty Lips nodded and opened the blanket showing the young woman the deep brand in her hip.

"Did they do it, like they do an animal, with a hot iron?"

Pretty Lips nodded. "To them I am an animal. I was even told of a market where if I was less than pleasing, I might be sold as meat."

"To be eaten?"

"That's what I was told, and I believe it. I have been branded and bred like an animal. Why would a master feel he was forbidden my meat for his table? That could be much worse than my branding."

"Worse?"

"Yes, some Master's like to roast a slave girl alive before carving and eating her." Pretty Lips shuddered. "I was told so that I would understand the fate of an uncooperative slave girl."

"I think it was good I was told, it probably saved me several whippings."

"They whipped you too?"

"Of course. They wanted me to quickly accept my slavery. I learned that in the end, I will do what ever I'm told. But, if I try to please my Master, I will be rewarded with much pleasure. It's a great alternative to being whipped."

"What of the first time. The rending of your maidenhead didn't hurt a great deal?"

Pretty Lips shook her head. "Your brother took my maidenhead. As I said, he was very gentle, and made up for the slight pain, by giving me great pleasure."

The girl smiled, "That is a relief. You see, I'm to be given in marriage soon, and the stories they tell in the harem are intended to tease and frighten me. They all talk about losing their virginity as if it was almost a crippling pain."

Pretty Lips softly said, "Tell your husband that you want him, but fear the pain. Promise to love him well, if he will be slow and gentle. As he takes you, tell him what you like and what hurts."

"If he takes care to reduce your pain, and gives you pleasure you will know he is a good man and worthy of your love. Once it is over, and you have rested a little, beg him to show you what it is to be loved as his woman."

There was a sound as Saqr awoke and began to awake. The girl quickly thanked her hurried away, unseen by Saqr. Pretty Lips laid down next to Muhunnad again drew the blanket over them.

Saqr let her sleep a while, and then aroused her and Muhunnad. He, Amin, and Kareef escorted the woman bitch and her mate back to their master. For he knew the sheik was hungry for the bitches milk.

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## **CHAPTER XXIX**

### **A Love Slave is Punished**

When she entered the Sheik's chamber ran to the dais the Sheik and Linda were on and prostrated herself on the floor before her owner. Muhunnad followed her and laid down next to his mate while they waited for their master's instructions. Sheik Ben Benoka was nursing from Linda's left breast and waited a moment before acknowledging his slaves presence. When he paused and looked up he smiled.

"My slave, Pretty Lips, have you been well bred during your hours in the breeding cage?"

Pretty Lips looked up and smiled at the Sheik who motioned her to sit. She moved into a sitting position and reached out caressing the big dog at her side.

"Master," Pretty Lips began inclining her head and smiled, "Muhunnad bred me well, three times during the night."

"Were you cold, in the breeding cage, slave?"

"A little, Master, but Saqr brought us a blanket, and I had Muhunnad to warm me under it."

"That is good!" The Sheik said. He motioned Saqr forward and instructed him to walk, feed, and water Muhunnad. "Have him bathed and then return him to this Chamber where he may mount the bitch again, for the my entertainment, and I hope a nice profit in puppies."

As Saqr smiled and took the dog, Pretty Lips looked longingly at the retreating beast, her lover and mate. A tear crossed her left cheek, and was seen by Ben Benoka.

"Do not fret my slave, Pretty Lips, by the time I have drained your breasts Muhunnad will return and be ready to continue your breeding."

Pretty Lips smiled and bowed, "I look forward to nursing my Sheik, more than to feeling Muhunnad's maleness filling me."

The Sheik laughed and motioned the nude slave to him.

Pretty Lips stepped onto the Dias and sat with her back supported on a cushion. She smiled and gently grasping her left breasts pressed it toward her master. Little drops of her milk appeared on her nipple.

Smiling Sheik Ben Benoka leaned over and capturing his slave's ripe nipple between his lips began to nurse. Pretty Lips smelled strongly of sex and bitch on heat. It didn't offend the man, who found he relished her strong scent and its kinship with the inhabitants of his kennel. To his surprise the Sheik found the odor arousing.

As he nursed the sheik smiled and Linda noticed that within his robe his male lance was growing. She gently raised the robe and lowering her head began to lick the shaft.

Linda looked up and catching the Sheik's eyes said, "May a girl seek to pleasure her Master?"

The man nodded, then returned to nursing from Pretty Lips as Linda sought to dine on his seed. She timed her worship to extend his arousal and gave him the final pleasure when she sensed that Pretty Lips' breasts had been emptied.

For a few minutes the three basked in the contentment of being together. But the return of Muhunnad changed that. The Great Dane pulled Saqr forward by his leash until his tongue was pressed to Pretty Lips' vulva.

Pretty Lips spread her thighs, opening the flower of her sex to the dog's explorations, and Muhunnad rewarded her by caressing her every fold with his hot wet tongue.

"Oh, my master, the moment Muhunnad's scent came to me my heat grew again from a hot coal to a raging fire. May I teach him now, how to take me as a woman rather than a bitch?"

The Sheik smiled and nodded.

"May Linda assist me briefly, Master?" Pretty Lips begged with a coy smile.

Ben Benoka nodded and smiled.

Rising, Pretty Lips gasped Linda's hand and pulled her lover to her feet.

The blonde looked at her, an unspoken question on her face.

"I need you to help guide him into me, and once we are coupled, to help me hold him in until we are tied. Last night he became adept at taking me like a bitch. That was easy, but teaching him to take me like a woman will take a little work."

"What must I do?" Linda asked.

"Just follow my instructions. He wants me, like only a dog can want a bitch in heat. It will not be hard once he gets the idea."

Leading Linda by the hand, Pretty Lips returned to the platform she had prepared the previous night. Muhunnad followed the two, all the time keeping his nose as close to Pretty lips vulva, as the slave girl's motions allowed.

When she reached the platform Pretty lips dropped Linda's hand, considered the pile of pillows she had left, adjusted them and climbed onto the make-shift structure, her back to the cushions, her his slightly elevated and her sex exposed between her wide spread thighs. The dog moved so fast that Linda barely saw, but the in the blink of an eye his tongue was probing deep into waiting bitch.

Pretty Lips giggled and then reached down and stroked Muhunnad's head saying, "Good boy!"

"Good Muhunnad, lick momma real good!"

"Yes that's the way! Good doggy."

The dog's movements were becoming frantic and he was starting to shake.

Pretty Lips said, "Linda, he's more than ready, after I get into position help him mount me by lifting his forelegs over my hips."

Linda nodded Pretty Lips laid back down and spread her thighs wider apart.

Muhunnad responded by stepping back and looking at the female clearly offering herself, but wondered how he was to breed her in her odd position.

Pretty Lips called to him and motioned him to her.

"Muhunnad, I'm ready for you. Come, boy! Fill me with your puppy juice so I can have a really big litter!"

Linda heard the Sheik laughing, but tried to figure out how to help; the big dog kept sort of raising himself to jump, but then backed off. The shaking in his body had continued and Linda saw the tip of his male part repeatedly appearing and then disappearing back into its sheath.

"Here boy!" Pretty Lips called to Muhunnad again and then told Linda, "When he start to jump help guide his legs over my hips!"

Linda nodded her understanding. When Muhunnad lunged forward again she reached around his chest and lifted and pulled him forward until his long legs were straddling Pretty Lips waste. The



slave girl in heat laughed and reached out cuddling the dog's huge head in her hands and made little encouraging sounds.

Muhunnad held still a moment, as if trying to figure out what his bitch wanted, Pretty Lips lowered her hands to his front legs and lightly pulled him forward. The Dog hunched forward, once, twice, and then seemed to realize that his maleness had almost reached the target. He lunged forward again and began to hump his hips, trying to find the bitch's magic spot.

"Linda," Pretty lips said, her voice full of passion, "Help him get in me, please! God! I need him so!"

A terrified look on her face Linda grasped the dog's sheath and guided it as he continued to lurch. The Tip was out and the shaft seemed to be growing. When Linda brought it to Pretty Lips vaginal entrance the dog lunged again and was in the girl, in her dear lover, the woman she loved.

Linda stared in shock as the dog drove into Pretty Lips sex over and over, her mouth open and shock on her face.

"Linda! Please hold him in place for a few moments more, up by his shoulders." Pretty Lips begged.

Nodding Linda did as asked. At the same time, Pretty Lips raised her legs and crossed them over the dog's hips. It raised her hips and the dog seemed to Linda to have gone deep into Pretty Lips.

"Hold him in place, Linda, we're almost there now!"

The girl wiggled her hips around and repositioned her legs three times, until she was satisfied. All the time Muhunnad's hips were driving his shaft deep and deep into the bitch he was breeding

Pretty Lips wrapped her arms around the dog's neck, holding him to her with her arms and legs as they merged their beings into one. "Linda, that's fine, he's well in me now, and I can hold him there until we're tied. You can go back to our Master now!"

Linda saw the passion in Pretty Lips face, the flush in her bosom and heard the need in her soft voice. She stepped back and was about to turn when the dog gave a powerful thrust and Pretty Lips cried out.

"His knot is in! We're tied now!" Her voice was happy. Linda watched. Spellbound as the pair pressed their hips into each other, over and over.

After a time they appeared to be still, but looking at their hips she could see they were still striving to join. The look on Pretty Lips face had gone from passionate to entranced. Then Muhunnad lowered his muzzle and opening his mighty jaws grasped Pretty Lips shoulder in his mouth as he thrust again.

Linda was shocked by her lover's reaction. Pretty Lips laughed in delight and brushed her hair away to allow the dog to move his jaw to her neck.

"Oh, my Sheik! Muhunnad is filling my womb with his seed. I can almost feel the puppies being made inside me!"

Linda looked on with horror. Then slowly fainted. She landed on a thick cushion. The Sheik motioned to Saqr.

"Carry that one to me," he ordered.

A moment later Linda was on the dais nest to him. He cuddled her to his aged form. Pressing her bosom to his chest and pulling her limp form into his lap. For Sheik Ben Benoka was aroused by the sight of his dog breeding his slave. When Linda came around she found her head on her Sheik's shoulder, her thighs around his waste and his hardness deep within her, thrusting.

Tears filled her eyes. She felt so owned and so used. Even when I'm out cold he rapes me! She fumed to herself.

"Do not feel shocked at Pretty Lips abandon, my slave Linda, reserve judgment on her animal behavior until you have been in heat and felt a strong dog fill making you big with his young as you squirm in delight.

To herself Linda swore, never! But, she pressed her nipples deep into Ben Benoka's chest and whispered, "As always, I will be guided by you, my master."

Having learned to fake excitement, passion, and orgasm in bed with many Johns, Linda proceeded to the Sheik, thrusting into her to the best sex money could buy. Her moans and cries filled the space. When he had finished, and his seed was well buried in the woman the Sheik pushed her back and then slapped her hard with the back of his hand across her face.

Linda looked at him shocked, not knowing how she had deserved the burning pain in he cheek.

"Slave, you have behaved like a harlot trying to tease a fat tip out one had has paid for her one time use. Such acting is for free women, if they choose. But you are my slave. Your passion is owned by and to me! I will not accept its imitation!"

He slapped her again and then called for his guards.

"Saqr, Amin, come take this slave and whip her. She has forgot that she is my property and what duty a love slave owes her master. Whip her well, so well that she shall never again forget that she is owned and must give me her honest passion when I desire it. No whore's fakery!

"Whip her long and well, but do not mark her in ways that will scare her pretty skin. For I take pleasure in the silky feel of her skin. Bring her back to me, when her breasts are painfully full and she begs to be presented to me as my slave, my complete slave, again. If she does not beg it, whip her gain, and again, until she learns that although I can be an easy master, I will own what I own, and that is all of her!"

Pretty Lips didn't notice the guards drag Linda out of the chamber. She was weeping but silent, barely glancing at her lover, whose body embraced the big dog as only a lover could.

Pretty Lips and Muhunnad were joined for more than a half-hour before the girl opened her arms and thighs and allowed the dog to dismount. The dog pulled away but returned his mouth to her sex the next moment to lap up the sweet thick flow of nectar pouring out of her sex. The girl laughed and giggled as the long tongue reached deep into her to empty the insides of her vagina of its horded treasure.

When the dog withdrew Pretty Lips knew she was clean and gingerly dismounted from the little platform. Her thighs were sore and her vulva was hurt even more from the use she and Muhunnad had made of it. She stepped toward the dog, which had laid down, but then remembered herself and turned to Sheik Ben Benoka,

"My Sheik, may a girl help to clean Muhunnad's shaft, and prepare him for yet more puppy

making?"

The Sheik smiled and nodded.

Later he called Pretty Lips to him and nursed from her. Still later when Muhunnad was ready Pretty Lips was bred again on the little platform. The big dog had learned how to have the woman in face to face and seemed to enjoy the feel of her body tightly wrapped around his as he filled her.

When they separated and had cleaned each other Pretty Lips returned to the Sheik where she found Linda cured in a fetal position sobbing, and between sobs kissing the man's feet. Pretty Lips looked down, not understanding. Linda's back, bottom and thighs were covered with welts each of which burnt bright red.

She heard Linda whispering, over and over. "My, Sheik, my Master. I surrender myself and recognize I'm your property. Use me as you will; I will always endeavor to give you all that my mind and body has to offer!"

The Sheik looked at her sternly. "You sound like you mean it, slave! See that you do. You stink of fear and pain and pretty lips smells so strongly now of sex that it offends.

"Go now, to the slave quarters and bath each other and prepare to feed and entertain me further this evening. I will send creams that will calm the pain and sting of the whip, Pretty Lips will apply them; as she does so, you will tell her how you have deserved this punishment.

"I send the salves, because you have confessed your fault and begged forgiveness. You are forgiven. This is not because I'm a soft master. It is because I have punished you and you have recognized your fault and promised to not repeat it. Act like a common whore dealing with one of many customers again, and your whipping will be severe, not gentle like it was today, and you will receive a second brand; a brand that proclaims you a stubborn and insolent slave.

Linda cried and begged to be forgiven, lavishing kiss after his on her owner's feet.

"Enough!" Ben Benoka cried. "I have forgiven you, now go clean yourselves and prepare to feed and pleasure me further this day."

The two young women arose and backed out of the room, always facing the Sheik and bowing many times. When they were through the door they hugged each other tightly. Pretty Lips felt Linda shaking in her arms and taking the blonde's hand led her to the slave quarters. The salve was waiting for them and Pretty Lips had Linda lay down on the bed they never used to sleep and carefully rubbed the salve into the slave girl's bright red and welt-covered skin.

At first Linda just cried, but the salve worked and the pain lessened enough so that she could bare it. As she applied the salve to her lover's tortured flesh, Pretty Lips felt her heat rising again and couldn't help but wish that Muhunnad were there to breed her.

Linda slowly told Pretty Lips how she had offended their master.

"Sweetheart," Linda said between her tears, "I fainted when I saw how Muhunnad was mating you. It was horror at how animal it all seemed coupled with knowing it will be my turn to go into heat soon. When I came around I realized I was on our Master's lap and he was thrusting into me. I guess that I decided, since he was treating my unconscious body like a piece of meat, it was only right that I treat him like a John. Or, perhaps I was still out of it, and fell back into my old way of dealing with the men I'd sold sex to.

Pretty Lips cuddled her and petted her hair and neck. When Linda stopped crying and hugged Pretty Lips to her the chestnut haired girl said, "Lover, we both stink, let's bath and then make ourselves as beautiful as we can for our master. When we return to him let us treat him to the 'Dance of the Submissive Slave Begging to be Used'."

Linda smiled and Pretty Lips led her to the bath, which she filled with scented moisturizers and bath salts. The tube was huge, and Linda was able to rest her body against Pretty lips and avoid pressing her burning skin to the tubes sides or bottom. Although Pretty Lips had filled the tub with warm water, rather than hot, the touch of the water still caused Linda pain. After their bath Pretty lips again caressed the salve into Linda's back and rump until the Blonde's skin would absorb no more. Linda said she felt better and rubbed skin softening oils into Pretty Lips body until she had covered it all and her skin was saturated.

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CHAPTER XXX

A Bitch Whelps Her Puppies

For a total of five day Pretty Lip's life centered on her breeding; she spent each night in the breeding cage, although she longed to cuddle with Linda, in their couch with their Sheik. But she also knew that her need for Muhunnad's seed would make her a poor bedfellow. Each time the Great Dane made her his bitch, she liked her breeding better. By the time her heat began to dissipate she found the idea that her womb was alive with the big dog's puppies more than pleasing.

Her days were filled with nursing Ben Benoka and letting Muhunnad feed her womb's desire. The big dog had become adept at mounting her on the little platform she and Linda had created to allow her to mate with him face to face. Pretty Lips had come to love the feel of the Muhunnad's strong but soft mouth holding her still as he pressed the tip of his shaft beyond the bottom of her vagina and into her womb.

Linda strove each day to show Sheik Ben Benoka that she was completely devoted to him as his committed love slave. At the same time she longed for the girl-to-girl closeness she had with Pretty Lips. Yet, when she saw Muhunnad envelop Pretty Lips shoulder in his giant mouth, she shuddered. More from her own terror, knowing that soon she'd be bred herself, than from fear for her lover.

As Pretty Lips heat passed, Muhunnad lost his urgent need to breed the bitch. Pretty Lips, for her part wanted to continue mating with the sire of her litter. Each time she thought of her womb, filled with new life, she smiled at the Great Dane. Although her heat was passed, to the Sheik's pleasure, she found that she could coax her mate into breeding her once every day or so. She encouraged his lust by keeping her vulva moist, with Linda's help, and presenting herself to the dog for breeding. She was disappointed to find that without the scent of her heat to spur Muhunnad on, he was no longer interested in the missionary position. Still, the two became adept enough at mating doggie fashion to allow the dog to grasp her shoulder in his mouth when they tied and he strove to press deeper into her. Her cervix however had lost its elasticity when she came out of heat, denying her the feeling of Muhunnad's seed flowing into her womb.

Three days after her heat ended, Pretty Lips began feeling sick in the morning and was unable to keep food down before afternoon. Each day she rushed to the toilet to void her stomach and then begrudged the time it took to cleaning herself up as it kept her away from Ben Benoka and Linda.

Concerned about the health of his bitch, Ben Benoka summoned a veterinarian to examine her. The old Sheik was pleased when the vet reported that Pretty Lips was pregnant, and her malady was

morning sickness. Pretty Lips as well was pleased by the vet's diagnoses, that the sickness would pass as soon as her body adjusted to her pregnancy.

By the start of the third week of her pregnancy Pretty Lips belly was starting to show like an inverted shallow bowl and her tummy had become quite firm. Linda looked at it in wonder. One day, as they were bathing, she reached out and felt it. Pretty Lips smiled when she did.

"You don't mind," the blonde asked.

Pretty Lips shook her head, "The warmth of your hand is always comforting."

"Tell me," Linda hesitantly asked. "Aren't you frightened?"

"No very." She said shaking her hair and smiling softly. "You'll understand when you are bred. You see, Linda, I want to have Muhunnad's puppies. It felt so good when we made them that I want to birth them, nurse them, and see them grow into dogs and bitches that are as strong and beautiful as their father."

"But what about giving birth? Aren't you afraid of the pain?"

"A little, but not enough to make me not want to be pregnant."

"I always wanted to have children. I feared the pain, but the fear wasn't enough to make me not want to give birth. The vet explained to me that, my puppies will each be much smaller than a baby. Of course, there will be several, but he said it would tire me out rather than hurt me as much as having a baby would."

"A small price to pay, for being able to participate directly in the miracle of life."

"But, Pretty Lips, you won't be having children, you'll be having puppies. They won't be human, they aren't even part you, the ovaries in you that made the eggs, are from a dog!"

Pretty Lips frowned for a minute then smiled again at her lover. "Linda, they were conceived in my womb, and as they grow they are being nourished by my body. When they are whelped they will pass through my birth canal, then they will grow strong nursing at my breast. It's true, Linda, I owe their creation to a nameless bitch. I pity her, and wonder at the taste of men, that would make them want to see a woman bred for puppies that their bitch could have with much less cost and trouble."

Linda, my puppies will be mine. During my breeding, as their father filled me with life, I found I wanted them and welcomed my pregnancy. Muhunnad gave me as much pleasure as any man could have in my breeding, and more than I thought was possible.

"The pleasure we give each other, my sweet, Linda, is wonderful. I couldn't imagine more, not until I was well tied with Muhunnad, my legs and arms wrapped around him, his soft mouth gently holding my shoulder, his puppy maker pressed through my cervix and filling me with magic, that I found a greater pleasure. It was contentment, happiness, release, and orgasm all at once, made sublime by the knowledge that we were making life."

"But, Pretty Lips, it's all so, so, animal!"

"Yes, but so is having a human baby. There will be pain, and blood when I whelp my puppies. Yet, I feel it will be the happiest moment of my life when I see them alive and nursing at my breasts."

"I think it likely that you will understand what I'm feeling, my great happiness, when you are pregnant."

Linda shook her head. "I don't know. It's so impersonal. It's not like you had a chance to pick the father. You were bred, like an animal; with no regard for your choice, consent, or desire."

Pretty lips nodded. "That's so true. But I don't mind. Our Master chose well for me. He found me a dog and mate, who's beautiful, powerful, vigorous, and has wonderful bloodlines. I could not have found such a fine breeding partner on my own."

Linda, I remember girls who, carefully, picked a man to get them pregnant and the man turned out to have few outstanding traits."

"But, Pretty Lips, you talk of 'whelping your puppies' as if it's natural. You're a human!" Linda insisted angrily.

"Yes, I am part human. Mostly human, but I'm also part bitch. Both parts are pleased to be part of creating life. Since I can't have a child, I see nothing wrong with taking pleasure in the part of me that can whelp puppies."

Linda saw tears on Pretty Lips cheeks and suddenly her anger left her. She hugged her and apologized. "I'm sorry, sweet heart, I'm very afraid of being bred for puppies. Will you help me, when it's my time?"

"Of course," Pretty Lips whispered as she held her lover in her arms.

Pretty Lips pregnancy progressed so fast that Linda thought she actually could see the woman's pregnant belly expanding. At five weeks Pretty Lips looked as pregnant as woman at the end of her second trimester. Apologetically Pretty Lips asked the Sheik Ben Benoka to permit her to stop dancing during the duration of her pregnancy. He nodded his consent when she placed his hand on her belly and she felt the puppies within her moving. Pretty Lips also begged that she be permitted to stop mating with Muhunnad.

Looking at her huge belly the Sheik smiled and nodded, then called her to him so he could nurse. As he drank Pretty Lips milk he kept a hand on the slave girl's tummy, enjoying the feel of the puppies wiggling inside her.

Linda had been feeling the puppies move inside her lover before Pretty Lips first placed the Sheik's hand on her pregnancy. The feeling frightened her, but it also drew her to often touch Pretty Lips, seeking to connect with the miracle within her.

At eight weeks Linda thought Pretty Lips looked so big she might explode. Up until then Pretty Lips had been laughing and smiling whenever she was awake. But as she entered the final days of her pregnancy she was miserable. She still tried to smile, but she wanted nothing more than to be delivered from the agony her pregnancy had become.

Linda asked her, "Pretty Lips, you're so miserable now; are you still happy that you are pregnant?"

Pretty Lips groaned, but managed a smile for her friend. "Linda, right now I want nothing more than for it to be over. Yet, part of wanting it to be over is also to feel my puppies at my breasts."

"So you'll be eager, the next time you go into heat to get preggers again?"

Pretty Lips nodded. "I think so. By then my puppies will be gone and I'll want more of Muhunnad's seed."

"But what if our Master chooses to breed you with a different dog?"

Pretty Lips looked serious for a moment, then she smiled, "I must trust my Master. If he wants me bred by a different dog, I'll do it willingly, for I know whichever dog he breeds me with, it will be to make the best puppies."

"So you want to have more puppies, even given how miserable you now feel?"

"Sure, I guess I might change my mind after I've whelped my litter and nursed them, but except for this last week it's been great. I know I hurt, now, but it's also like waiting for Christmas. I mean, in a few days I'll be blessed with several beautiful, cuddly, little puppies, that will be all mine to nurse, cherish and raise up to be big and strong".

Linda nodded, but couldn't believe her lovers passion for the coming delivery. Still, she knew it was real, if incomprehensible.

Sixty-three days after she came out of heat Pretty Lips went into labor. Sheik Ben Benoka sent for the vet and tried to be patient. Over the decades of his long life many of his bitches had whelped litters. Still he found Pretty Lips coming delivery of special interest; almost a sexual interest that he satisfied with Linda's charms, while the vet attended to the bitch, Pretty Lips.

He dallied with Linda, alternating between feeding her his seed and nursing at her breasts. One of the adjacent anti-rooms had been prepared for the whelping. It was closed off and equipped with a heater to make sure the new puppies would be protected from chills and draft. The Sheik watched Linda's breasts move provocatively before his eyes as she impaled herself slowly but with passion, over and over, on his manhood, and moaned her pleasure at feeling him within her. Yet he heard Pretty Lips in the next room moaning and crying out as the whelping process occurred.

The next morning Linda still in his arms and her left nipple between his lips the Sheik was awakened by the vet, "My Lord, the bitch, Pretty Lips, has whelped a fine litter; seven healthy puppies in all, three bitches and four dogs. It was a long labor, but not unusually so for her first litter."

"And the bitch? How does she?"

The vet smiled. "The bitch is fine and is nursing the puppies as we speak. I believe she has bonded with her young and hardly seems to not remember the trial that birthing them was for her."

"That is as it should be. For, after she has labored to create and whelp them it is good that she should find happiness in them.

"Tell me, for she is the first human bitch I have bred, how long before she is again able to perform her role as my dancing slave; and to please me in other ways."

Knowing his meaning the vet smiled. "She will be busy nursing for the next month. I will visit every week to check on the bitch and puppies health. Within six weeks the puppies will be on dry food. She may start to prepare her body for the dance in four, but do not let her exhaust herself. Wait two months before asking her to dance at length and maybe three more before expecting her to dance as she did before you bred her. By the time her puppies are completely on dry food she should be ready to offer you the pleasures of her flesh.

"She will probably go into heat again in six or seven months. Bred her again if you like, for she is young and healthy. But after her second litter I recommend breeding her only once a year. That will protect her health, and you need not hurry to breed her, since she is a human bitch, you may breed her for twenty or more years, give you many more puppies than a K9 bitch could. Remember her first litter is seven healthy pups, a large litter for her first. It's normal for a Great Dane bitch's later litters to be larger, some will perhaps be more than twice as large."

Ben Benoka smiled, "Many more, I hadn't thought of that. That is good news. A good breeding bitch will be bred out in a decade. But I think my human bitches, Linda, here, and Pretty Lips may be worth their extra cost paid for them if I can breed them for twice or more puppies.

"That is all profit on profit on top of their milk, which nourishes me, and their dancing and flesh, which make my old bones feel young again. "

The vet smiled and nodded.

Both the vet and Sheik Ben Benoka didn't see Linda shudder, or the look of horror on her face. She almost collapsed in terror, as she contemplated decades ahead of her in which she was endlessly bred for puppies.

Later, when the Sheik slept, after the rigors of taking his pleasure and his nourishment from his bitch, Linda arose and went into the birthing room. Its intense heat stopped her for a minute, but then she spied Pretty Lips, curled in a nest of blankets with her back to the door. Linda's heart went out to her lover and closing the door she swiftly crossed the room and sat down next to the new mother. Pretty Lips was curled around a sea of black fur and many little mouths. Two were latched to nipples and the other five appeared to be as close as they could get to the womb they had so recently departed. The girl's big belly was nearly flat, although its loose flesh attested to its recent occupation.

Linda reached out and gently pushed Pretty Lips damp hair out of the young woman's eyes.

The new mother looked up, her face covered with happiness.

"Oh, Linda, aren't they beautiful!"

Linda nodded and leaned over kissing the new mothers cheek. "Yes, sweetie, they are, and the vet said you were doing fine too."

"How could I not, with seven such darlings to my credit."

"But, are there too many, Pretty Lips. I mean seven seems like a very large number."

"No, I wish there were more. The vet was right; the birthing was a lot more about work than pain. I'm exhausted, but I'd gladly have worked harder for more.

"At first I was worried about having so many to feed. But he assured me that my body would make all the milk that was needed Even as they grow. He said by the time they want more than I can provide, it will be time to start moving them to solid food.

"Right now I want to nurse them forever, but they will be ready to leave all to soon. Three months, he said, and I will be separated from them."

A tear crossed her cheek when she said it, but ten her face brightened. "But the vet also said I could

be breed again a few months later. I'll have that to look forward to."

Linda looked at pretty lips, shocked. "Your eager to bred again, for puppies?"

"Sure; I loved it when Muhunnad and I made our puppies. I found the first eight weeks of being pregnant, except for a little morning sickness, a delight; and now I have my little darlings.

"I think I could enjoy doing this over and over!"

Linda gapped at Pretty Lives, shocked at her acceptance of her life as a bitch. "I guess that good, Pretty Lips," she said sarcastically, " I just overheard the vet and our Master talking. The vet assured our Sheik that you could have a litter every year for him for decades."

"Only one?"

Linda's exasperation showed on her face. "Yes, the vet said that after the first two litters, one a year was a limit that would protect your health, or our health, I guess."

Linda made an excuse about needing to get back to nurse Ben Benoka and left. As she left tears were in her eyes, Tears Pretty lips did not see. Once outside the door, and out of the heat of the birthing room, she collapsed on the stone floor, shaking in fear and crying.

"I don't want it! She softly said to herself, repeatedly, but knew what she wanted, what she thought was fare, had nothing to do with it.

Whether I want to have puppies or not, the birth control they gave me will wear off in the next few weeks, perhaps the next few days, and then, and them! Oh Hell! Then our Master, the sex Mad Sheik, will force me to mate with the dog of his choosing, no mater what I say. And poor me, I'll do it, knowing that a refusal will lead only to a whipping and a second refusal perhaps to worse, another branding. What ever I say, or want or however much I resist I'll end up either pregnant with puppies, or dead!

I remember the devices for torture I saw when they took me to the basement to be whipped; they were unspeakable horrors that I couldn't imagine anyone enough cruelty to inflict on another living being. Yet, they were stained with blood. I'm so damn week, not just with a woman's lesser strength, but I know my character is week. That's what got me into whoring. I'll give in, and then there will be no escaping the fact they made me a bitch dog!

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## **CHAPTER XXXI**

### **Sanura, the Kitten**

When Linda had composed her emotions, and could smile again, for to frown at the Sheik was to invite a whipping, she returned to her Master. Ben Benoka observed that her spirits were low and asked what was wrong.

"My Sheik, it is only that I miss my companion, Pretty lips, and, having seen her with her puppies know that it will be weeks until we two can dance again, as a pair, to please you."

"I find there is great pleasure in dancing, especially with Pretty Lips, as two we strive with each other to improve each day."

Her answer pleased the Sheik, who called her to him and had her impale herself on his shaft, gently moving in his lap to keep the Sheik's maleness excited while he nursed. As the milk flowed to him Ben Benoka wondered how many days it would be before the bitch's heat took her. He hoped it would be long enough so that Pretty Lips would have returned to warm his bed by the time Linda was so lost in her lust to breed that she would be spending her nights in the breeding kennel.

Linda enjoyed teasing her Master's male part as he nursed, and managed to set her fears aside while they shared their tender union. But later, when the Sheik was sleeping peacefully beside her, her fears returned. She spent much of the night, and many subsequent nights, quietly crying, terrified of the destiny she knew was to be hers, that she desperately wanted to escape.

Each day she visited Pretty Lips and the puppies. They seemed to grow larger every day. When their eyes were open and the seven were playing madly together she admitted to herself that they were cute. But each time she saw one latch onto one of her lover's nipples she cringed in horror.

She thought she was learning to cope, without offending Pretty Lips with knowledge of her distaste, or the Sheik, but all that ended when it was time for Pretty Lips to move the puppies to solid food.

"Linda," Pretty Lips began, "The vet said I was to wet down my puppies dry food with my milk, but they don't have a breast pump for me to use and I find I can't really milk myself and aim the streams of milk at the puppies food dish.

"Please, would you milk me?"

"If you like I'll return the favor when it's your turn."

"Sure, Pretty Lips, but you'll have to show me how."

Pretty Lips demonstrated how to gently but firmly massage her breast from her chest to the nipple producing several streams of milk that came out at different angles.

"I see your problem, Pretty Lips, I guess Mother Nature designed our nipples to feed our young while they suckled at our breasts, and not for us to be used as milk animals."

The two laughed, and Linda massaged milk out of Pretty Lips breasts until the large bowl of puppy chow was well soaked in milk. All the time she milked her lover the phrase 'milk animal,' ran over and over through her mind and her spirits fell.

When Pretty Lips said she could stop, Linda fell to the floor crying and gasping, "I'm not a milk animal!" She said it over and over, until Pretty Lips realized Linda was frightening herself into hysterics. She felt she could not bear the future and began to have thoughts of how she might end her torment and life when Pretty Lips stocked her hair and spoke.

"Dear, please stop crying and think. We no longer belong to ourselves. We are slaves that may be used in any way our master wishes. The nourishment we already give the sheik, our master, already makes up milk animals. For we produce for one who is not our young. It is nice for us that our master enjoys nursing to get our milk. Imagine how you would feel if he had us pinned in a barn and we were forced to a milking machine several times each day. But our kind Master drinks from our breasts and spares us the humiliation of the milking machine."

Linda was still crying, but managed to retort. "But will he still desire our milk from the breast after we have been bread a dozen times and our youth is faded after a dozen tears?" She softly cried.

Pretty Lips hugged her, "We must have faith in our Master's goodness. He strives to treat us well, by his lights, and in many ways we re happy."

"Happy! How are we happy, Pretty Lips?"

"We are happy in that we were purchased, already as slaves who were part bitch, by a man who wished to give us as a gift.

"We are happy that we had our Mistress Jessica, to teach us the skills of language, dance, dress, make-up, and pleasing men, that can make our slavery soft.

"We are happy that we were given to Sheik Ben Benoka, who delights in our dancing for him, in our milk and the skills at pleasing a man that Mistress Jessica taught us. A master who takes no pleasure in inflicting pain on us.

"We are happy that our master is breeding us, since the joys of motherhood are otherwise denied to us.

"We are happy in that what a dog does while breeding us can give great danger. What if we had been given a mares nature and each breeding a pregnancy had the potential for a painful death?" Pretty Lips asked rhetorically.

"Finally we are fortunate in our Master's kindness, and can trust that what happens to us in our future will be guided by his kindly nature reinforced by the pleasures, large and small we give him.

"Linda, over and over we are happy, it only will make you sad to dwell on what might be in the future, instead of taking the goodness and pleasure of the life we have now."

"But, Pretty Lips, our master can have us killed or tortured, or bred, at any time! How can there be happiness in knowing that?"

Pretty Lips frowned, "We can be happy, knowing that none of the things you feet are likely to happen. Sure they could, but we have had two masters, as well as Mistress Jessica. All were kind, only treating us harshly as a means of helping us learn or slavery."

"It is nor reasonable to fear what may happen, when you have reason to fear that it may."

"But, Pretty Lips, I fear what will happen. I know that, as happened to you, I will g into heat and be bred for puppies!"

Pretty Lips tried to understand, but for her having puppies and the breeding that led to them were a delight. Then she decided how to help her lover.

"Linda, I know you enjoy sex."

"Of course," the blonde responded.

"So, sometime soon, you will have sex with a big male dog. You might like it. I did, and then all this worry about how it might be terrible, will seem so silly. Wait until you know if you like it or not, to fear it. I was a virgin when enslaved. I feared, and did not desire the touch of a man, but when it happened I enjoyed it."

"So you fear being pregnant with puppies. You might like it. I did, and I look forward to it happening again. Again, it's silly to fear it without knowing if you like it or not."

"Still, you may not like being bred for puppies, even in that case, it is over in a few days. Then you will be pregnant with puppies. That made me happy, why shouldn't do the same for you? Why fear being bred if it turns out your happy to pregnant once the breeding is over?"

"I think you will, Mother Nature, the old panderer I think has us females programmed to like being bred and to like being pregnant. If we weren't we wouldn't breed and the race would die out."

"But say that you don't enjoy the breeding or the being pregnant. You still might find your puppies a great source of happiness. Then it would have been silly to fear the breeding or the pregnancy if you like the result. The birth of your puppies, who will be yours to nurture and prepare them for their lives as pets, working, and therapy animals."

"But say you don't like your puppies. Making them and caring for them will make our master, the Sheik, pleased with you. It will be over in a few months, and you will glow in our master's eyes as his faithful and pleasing slave. So why fear that it all may seem unpleasant, when at the end, is the reward of having pleased our master. He is inclined to be good to us, out of his good nature, and when we please him buy presenting him with beautiful puppies he will be kind and seek ways to ensure our future happiness.

"So again, it is silly to fear it all, since your fears of being mistreated are best made groundless by pleasing our Master."

Linda couldn't help but laugh. "So, I guess I have been silly, and I should look forward to the new world I will soon enter, the life of being a bred bitch?"

Pretty Lips smiled at her. "If not look forward to it, accept it as an experience that may bring you much pleasure, and that will help our master to feel love for you, and want to care for you."

"As one of his bitches?"

"Sure, our master, and our likely future master when our master dies, are men who take pride in the good care of their dogs, bitches included. In fact, this is a culture where cruelty to animals I frowned on, much more so than cruelty to female slaves. As bitches in this culture we will be given greater care and concern than we would if we were just female slaves."

"But I don't want to be a slave, Pretty Lips."

"Well, neither did I. But, think what would happen to us if we were suddenly free. We are branded slaves. Our main skill as dancing love slaves. We can't have children, but our bodies will drive us, even if free, to become pregnant with puppies. If we were free we would need to find someone to manage our breeding, to care for us while we're pregnant and nursing our puppies. Someone who can help us find good homes for puppies, or risk having mongrels that no one wants.

"But as our Master's bitches and dancing slaves we know that our skills as dancers are appreciated, that will be well fed and receive the best in medical care, that our master will select fine animals to breed is with, and will take sure that our puppies are well cared for after they leave us.

"I for one, I wish that we hadn't been taken and made into what we are, but if were suddenly free, I can't imagine finding a better place to be a dancing love slave who has puppies than as the property of Sheik Ben Benoka."

Linda smiled, "You forgot one thing, dear. If we'd never been taken as love slaves, we'd never have become friends and lovers."

The next moment they were in each other's arms kissing each other tenderly. When she paused Pretty Lips whispered, "Oh, I haven't forgotten that. No matter what happens we have each other. We'd never have become friends, let alone lovers, while I was a cop and you were a streetwalker. And, Linda, dearest, I don't think I could bare being separated from you now."

Linda kissed her again. After a few minutes she whispered, "Dear girl, I don't think I could get through this without you. I feel much better now. I'm not happy about my fait, but I think it might be OK, as long as I'm with you."

Later, while Linda was nursing him Sheik ben Benoka felt that she was more at peace than she had been before. Her dancing earlier had been arousing, She had sjown great pleasure in his use of her after tat, and now, as he nursed from her ample breasts she cuddled his head to her bosom with great tenderness. When her breasts were empty he laid down next to her, absentmindedly petting her well shaped bottom,

"My slave, Linda, I see that Pretty Lips does well with her puppies."

Linda caressed his brow and smiled. "Yes, she seems to enjoy all aspect of her breeding."

"But I sense you fear your coming breeding?"

"A little, my Sheik, for it will be very new and strange to me. But Pretty lips has shown me the way and I hope that I may enjoy it as much as she has."

"That is good. But still you fear?"

"Yes, but only because it is different from what I expected. Still I long to please you, my Sheik, and knowing that I look forward to the event."

"That too is good. Your vet tells me that your time to be bred draws near. Perhaps as early as few days."

"That soon, my lord?"

"Yes, although it may be a week or more.

"Would it please you if I were to have the dog I have selected to breed you spend time with us, that you might get to know him, before the your heat envelops you?"

"Yes, my Master, I think it would be easier for me if he were not a stranger, when it is time to make puppies with me. Have you selected the dog who will breed me?"

"Yes, he as great favorite of the house. His name is Sanura, which means Kitten in Swahili. He was named that by one of my daughters because his play as a puppy was kitten like. He is still gentle, but not much about him will remind you of a kitten.

"A slave is grateful that her master has taken care to see her well bred."

"The Sheik caressed her bottom more firmly. Sanurta's blood lines are impressive. He is very large and I feared that he might be too big for you. Also remembering the difficulty our pretty Lips had with Muhunnad learning how to breed her I have hired a slave from the vet who has trained Sanura in how to breed a human bitch. I observed them yesterday and the female slave had no difficulty with Sanura's great size and he showed tenderness in the act of filling her with his seed."

Linda's mind imagined a giant dog, with a giant male part. A chill of fear ran through her, but she managed to say, "Master, your slave is thankful that you have taken care to ensure that she may safely be bred."

Sheik Ben Benoka caressed her hair and smiled, "My slave Linda, I value you, as my nurse, my bed fellow, my love slave, as a skilled dancer and as a bitch who will give me puppies of great value."

Linda cuddled close to the Sheik and kissed his neck while pressing her breasts to his chest.

"It has been a month since Pretty Lips whelped her litter, and she has progressed well enough in weaning them that she will join us in the evenings. Starting tomorrow she will join you as you practice dancing for an hour, in the morning and the afternoon as she grows in strength, she will spend more practicing the dance with you, but I must trust you to make her stop when she tires. At night and during the day when she is not practicing with you, she will return to her puppies, for she has much to teach them in the coming weeks.

"You have helped Pretty Lips with weaning her puppies?"

"Yes, my Lord, for the food they are given is best received by them when covered with Pretty Lips milk. Pretty Lips has difficulty milking herself and directing her milk to the dish the puppies eat from."

"That is good, for it will help you understand how to care for your own young after you whelp them.

"Tonight Sanura will also join us to watch you dance for me. Fear not his advances, for the slave who trained him used a gel on her sex to give her the scent of a bitch in heat. He is friendly, likes women, and will make withhold his amorous actions until your body tells him you are ripe."

Softly crying, Linda kissed the Sheik's chest, "When that time comes, my Master. I hope you take pleasure in watching me being bred."

The Sheik laughed, "Never doubt that, my slave Linda, for the sight of Sanura making you big with his puppies is one I have looked forward to."

That evening Pretty Lips joined them again. Her figure was nearly returned to normal, for she had exercised each morning and afternoon to retune her muscles. When she entered the Sheik's chamber she and Linda ran together, hugging and kissing and laughing. Linda led Pretty Lips to the Sheik where she was quick to recline next to the man offering him access to her charms. The Sheik, to show his approval of her, nursed from Pretty Lips breasts for a few minutes, although he supped on Linda's milk already. While he nursed Linda sat before him, bowing her head to the floor in respect.

When the Sheik was done nursing he gestured to Linda, who arose and, after turning on the room's sound system, danced her welcome to Pretty Lips after her absence and her devotion to her kind master. Her dance pleased the Sheik who beckoned her to his side when her final bow was completed.

Ben Benoka glanced with a broad grin on his face at the pretty girls that lay on either side of him. "Pretty Lips, it is good to have you back at my side, for my old bones have missed your soft warmth. However, the fine puppies you have given me more than compensates for your brief absence. But now it is Linda's turn to begin to explore her bitch nature."

The Sheik clapped his hands. A moment later Kareef entered with the largest dog the Linda or pretty

Lips had ever seen, following, off-leash, but in perfect heel position. Kareef walked forward and when he was standing before the sheik and his two love slaves he bowed.

“My lord, as you instructed I have brought Sanura, who is the finest mastiff in your kennel.”

“Good Kareef, has Sanura learned well the ways of making a human bitch big with his puppies?”

Kareef grinned and nodded. “My, Lord, he has learned of the differences a human bitch offer and, I believe, appreciates them. The human bitch who trained him, Sandy her name was, by the final lesions was enjoying her couplings with him greatly and often sought to rouse Sanura’s interest sooner that the dog would have been ready otherwise.

The Sheik held out his hands and called, “Sanura.” The big dog stepped over to him and extended his head. The Sheik patted the head and the dog let out a happy bark and curled up at the sheiks feet.

Ben Benoka returned his gaze to Kareef and said. “Return in two hours to walk Sanura, but afterword return him here. For soon he will breed the my human bitch Linda.”

The man, smiling, bowed and left the chamber.

“Well, Linda, what do you think of the dog I have chosen to bred you?”

Apprehension mixed with terror was on the girls face as she starred at the , “My, Sheik, he is very large!”

“The Sheik laughed, “That he is, at the shoulders he stands 34 inches tall and, although you can see he is lean, he weighs 235 pounds. He is very strong, vigorous, and I think you will find him an affectionate and attentive breeding partner.

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CHAPTER XXXII

Linda’s Breeding

Sheik Ben Benoka kept Sanura in his chamber for the next several days. He had always been fond of the huge mastiff, and he was eager to watch him breed his bitch, Linda, as soon as her heat should take him. Pretty Lips spent part of each day with them. Now that her puppies were weaned, she returned to helping Linda provide the nourishment the Sheik had come to relish. Yet she began to fidget when she was away from her puppies for more than an hour, and in pity of her maternal desire the Sheik would send her back to care with her puppies. Although they no longer needed her milk, she had much to teach them still.

Ben Benoka was pleased with Pretty Lips, not only had she whelped a fine litter for him, but the process of nursing them had increased her milk production. Her daily activities of playing with her puppies as well as dancing with Linda were rapidly returning her figure to taught perfection. Saqr, who was master of Ben Benoka’s kennel observed Pretty lips with her puppies daily and reported that all seven were house broken and would soon be ready for their new homes.

Kareef came to the chamber when it was time for the Sheik to Nurse, and took Sanura for his exercise. But otherwise the dog was always there. He lay near the Sheik, who often petted him and showed a friendly interest in Linda, but the blonde dancing slave seemed shy of the breast to the Sheik, perhaps even afraid of him. When Pretty Lips joined them she played with Sanura, chasing

him, and in turn letting him chase her and using the pull toys in the room to delight the big guy. From these activities Linda also shied away, smiling at them, but avoiding becoming part of the games, although Pretty Lips urged her to join in.

One afternoon when they were alone and the Sheik had just refreshed his manhood by probing the blonde's sex; he placed his hands on her, affectionately, and spoke. "My Slave Linda, You please me well in yielding to me what a love slave owes her master. You please further, by diligently dancing to delight my eyes and other senses. But Sanura has yet to stir you mate with him, although I long to watch him fill you with his seed.

Linda lowered her head, tears on her cheeks in the fear that she had angered the Sheik. "Master?" She replied.

"Your vet tells me that your heat should be upon you now, and I think it may be so, for since two past, Sanura's eyes are always up on you. Do you not feel the need to be bred?"

Linda, prostrated herself before him, softly weeping and said, "Only by you my Lard. I feel the need for your seed in my growing very strong."

"But, my slave Linda, I can not give you young, at it is a good thing, for if I did, my wives, jealous for the inheritance of their children would plot against you with their children. Fate is seldom kind to a love slave who is made with child by her Master. I know of some who have been poisoned, and others who found themselves being sold anew in the slave market by loving Masters disparate to get them away from the dangers of his household. But you will please me well, without creating a threat within my household by letting Sanura fill your belly with his puppies. Such puppies will please me greatly, as Pretty Lips' puppies have.

Linda raised her tear-stained cheek to him and then brazenly moved forward to kiss his hand. "It is true my, Master. I feel a new heat in my core that my poor body wants to quench. Yet, I tremble in fear before Sanura, and at my fate with him.

"You are unwilling to please me in this!"

"No, never sweet, Master. I tremble with need to please you. But my fear of the mating is great."

"Ah, so that is." The Sheik reached out and thoughtfully petted her. He always seemed to love gliding his fingers through her long thick blonde hair.

"I have seen it before with bitches facing their first breeding.

"Linda, if I have a breeding rack brought to the chamber. Will you submit to being bound into it so that your fear will no longer be an impediment to your being bred?"

Nearly sobbing Linda nodded. "Yes my, Sheik." She whispered.

"I could have you whipped. Would a good whipping enhance your desire to be bred by Sanura?"

Desperate Linda looked at Ben Benoka pleadingly. "No my, Master. For I desire to please you in all things, but perhaps the rack will help me overcome my fear."

Ben Benoka teased her, not really enjoying her tears, but knowing that he was taking her to a level of slavery she had not imagined. "Perhaps a whipping, in any case, to help you get in the mood?"

Linda kissed his wrist and begged, "Please, kind Master! Spare me the whip, for I already long to please you, by being bred for puppies, even now."

Ben Benoka let the matter rest until after his evening meal had been taken from Linda and Pretty Lips breasts. During the meal Saqr had taken Sanura from the Chamber to be exercised, fed and watered. When they returned the Sheik halted Saqr before he departed.

"Bring to this chamber, Saqr, a breeding rack of a size that will well fit my bitch Linda. For her body is in heat, yet she fears Sanura so much that she can't bring herself to offer the treasure of her sex to the dog without some compulsion.

"It shall be done, Master. The bitch Sandy, who trained good Sanura in the ways of breeding women bitches, used a breeding rack. When she did so she was not bound to the rack, since she only wished to assure that her body was properly positioned. Still, the rack she used is of a size that should fit your slave well, and Sanura, is used to its use in breeding a human bitch."

"Excellent!" Ben Benoka commented.

"My Lord, shall I bring the bindings necessary to secure Linda in the rack for her breeding?"

"Yes, Saqr. For she swears she is willing, but shakes in terror at the prospect of her breeding.

Saqr bowed and left. As he did so, Sanura came to the Sheik and lay down next to him and Linda.

Pretty Lips looked around, worried for her friend. "My, Sheik. May you slave stay and help her fellow dancer learn to accept her breeding?"

The Sheik laughed, "Yes, Pretty Lips, of course. After you have seen to your puppies, return and between the rack, and your efforts we will see if a fire can be started to Linda's reluctant womb.

Pretty Lips squeezed Linda's hand and whispered, "I'll be back soon dear. Try to not be afraid."

When Pretty Lips returned Linda was cowering beside the Sheik, near, but as far as she could get from Sanura. She looked terrified and was caressing the Sheik with her hands in an attempt to rouse his passion and delay her planned impregnation. One look at the Sheik and Pretty lips knew there would be no delay for Linda. If she raised the Sheik's passion, he would spill it into me while he watched Linda's breeding.

In the room, about a dozen feet from the raised platform the Sheik relined on, was what Pretty Lips knew to be a breeding rack. It was like the one she had used in the breeding cage, but smaller and was equipped with many restraints.

Sheik Ben Benoka smiled at Pretty Lips and motioned her to his side. He enfolded her in his arm and causally engulfed her nipple in his mouth, nursing for a few moments, seeming unaffected by Linda's efforts to raise his passion. But a growing mound under his robe indicated that the blonde was having some success.

Laughing the Sheik opened his robe and drew Pretty Lips mouth to his harness. As the bitch slave began to caress his most sensitive flesh with her tongue he turned to Linda, who was looking disappointed as she saw Pretty Lips ministering to the Sheik's manhood.

"My slave, Linda, you see I have Pretty lips here, ready and eager to answer my need. I require only the site of you being bred by Sanura to complete our little circle of desire. I know, what ever your

emotions may be, your body desires his seed, and I desire the fine puppies I'm sure you and Sanura will breed for me.

"Go now to the breeding rack, set out before you. If you doubt your ability to hold to my purpose, beg Saqr to bind you firmly but gently to the rack, so that you may, overcome your fear and provide me the sight I desire, Sanura filling your body with new life. It is a sight an old man much likes, and you have the evidence of having watched Pretty Lips breeding. As you will remember, she took much pleasure in mating with Muhannad. It is my hope, that when the experience is familiar to you, you will find as much pleasure, for it is good that the female being made full when she is fertile is a great good, and she should be blessed with the enjoyment of the mating, as well as with a large litter.

Hears on her cheek, Linda arose and bowed to Ben Benoka and said, "I fear, my Lord, but I must do your will, were it to toss myself into a fire, I must." She said softly and bowed to him.

The Sheik was much pleased with her, and smiling said, "Give me fine puppies, my slave Linda, and you need never fear the fire." He gestured toward the reach, but seeing fresh tears on her cheek he reached out and held Sanura, lightly; he was so much the Master, that his slight touch was enough to control the giant dog.

When Linda reached the rack, she was divided between wondering how it might work, and fear of her fate. Saqr, watching her fearful steps was reminded of a condemned man he'd watched as he walked the short distance to the block where his head was, a few moments later removed.

Turning to Saqr, Linda bowed and said, "For the pleasure of our Lord, that he might watch me being bred for puppies, kind Saqr, will you bind me in place, for I know not how to present myself for breeding.

The man nodded and said, softly, "Slave, get onto your knees in front of the rack, then lean forward over the padded raised part, which will support you, and lower your forearms onto the lower platform on the other side, which is also padded.

Crying softly Linda slowly took the position. As She leaned over the padded high part she saw that the place where her arms were to go also was equipped with padded leather cuffs that were bolted to the rack. Saqr then attached other padded leather straps and tightened them down binding her elbows to the rack and forcing her head low.

Linda whimpered, "This feels so submissive," but was fortunate that only Saqr heard her.

Saqr came around the rack and taking her arms, gently, moved them into position and locked the cuffs around Linda's wrists, tightening them until her hands were secured in place. Then he returned to the rear and lifted her legs, one at a time onto a low, padded step and secured them with padded staves that went behind her knees and across the backs of her ankles.

Linda tried to move and found that other than a slight ability to move her hips forward and back, she was still crying but a kind of peace settled on her, now that she was secured in place and her breeding was inevitable.

Docile she allowed Saqr to move parts of her body around as he placed straps over her back that held her head low and pressed her breasts securely to the padded part of the rack. She felt a little milk escape from her nipples and whimpered again, this time, loud enough so the sheik could hear her.

"How does your bitch, good Saqr?" Ben Benoka asked.

Saqr looked up and smiled, "She is so ready for her breeding that her breasts squirt their welcome to this moment in her life." Te man joked.

He laughed and Pretty Lips hart ached, seeing Linda cry as she was prepared for the dog's pleasure. She wanted to go t her friend, to protect her, but just then the Sheik rolled her onto his lap and plunged his shaft deep into her. A pretty lip cried out in pleasure, and was glade she could no longer se Linda, for she must focus on using her charms well to please the Master, while the urge to take her was powerful within him.

Satisfied with how well Linda was secured Saqr walked to the front of the rack and knelt beside the forlorn girl. "My Lord's slave Linda, all is ready for you breeding. I know you fear this, as any woman might, even one such as you in the lust of K9 heat. Remember that our Sanura is well schooled in the ways of a human female's body. Your sent will tell him you are ripe, and he will breed you, but he will do it well, having been taught how.

Tears still crossed the blonde's cheek, but she nodded her understanding and said, tank you kind Saqr."

The man turned to the Sheik and bowing said, "My Lord, the bitch s secured and ready. She seems resigned to her fait, and awaits her breeding."

The Sheik released Sanura and said, "Breed."

Before the word was completely said the Linda felt the huge dogs breath, hot and animal, on her exposed sex. She softly whimpered, knowing what was to happen. Sanura nose was filled with the aroma of a bitch ready for breeding and he knew the bitch was before him. She was a human bitch, but he not his first. But this one smelled right, while her previous human mates, while smelling interesting, had not smelled near as enticing. He extended his tongue and swept it from the human bitch's naked mound down the valley of her sex, from her little bud of pleasure, passed her urethra across the wonderful deep opening he understood was where he must press into her and then savored her tight anus and its lingering sent.

Linda gasped at the heat and the intimacy of the probing tongue. Her cheeks were still crossed her tears, but the wet heat of Sanura's tongue had awakened the part of her that wanted to breed deep within her. As the tongue continued to caress her valley, from its top to the depth of her bottom, she feared what was coming, wanted to escape, yet pressed her sex back to meet the probing animals heat.

Sanura lapping increased in pace and as the human bitch's valley became well lubricated he pressed his huge tongue deep into her sex, tasting the essence of her heat and seeking to touch and taste every part of her vagina from the tight entrance to the tighter cervix at its bottom. Linda mound and gasped, and hating herself for her weakness found her willful hips pressing back to meet the tongue that was exploring her sex. The tongue moved more rapidly and the bitch's sounds grew in frequency, as did the motions of breeding enticement that her hips made, welcoming the maleness exploring her.

Watching while he slowly enjoyed Pretty Lips charms, the Sheik smiled as he saw Sanura's penis began to slide in and out of its sheath, each time growing a little larger and staying in the air longer.

Linda felt her excitement building, having never imagined what a tongue of the dogs dimensions could do to her she was amazed to feel her passion being raised to a climax. Feelings of excitement contracted with those of shame and humiliation, her sex was flooded with her lubricants and eyes still rained tears on the pad her arms were bound to. Linda had been given oral sex, by many men,

who wanted to try it with a whore, and by a few women, who knew a little of what it took to make it good, but nothing in her life as a whore had prepared her for torrent of emotion and lust that was building within her loins.

As her excitement crested she cried out in mixed physical pleasure and mental torment. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Sanura, sensing that she was ready backed off while the bitch regained her breath, then stepped forward and bound onto her back, wrapping his four legs tight around her chest and walking his hips forward with his hind legs as he ready tool sought the breeding entrance.

Linda gasped at the Animal's weight. She knew he weighed more than twice what she did, and many big men had taken her in her days whoring on the wharfs. Quietly she murmured, for she didn't want the sheik to hear, "Well the worst is over now. I've been humiliated by climaxing with a best, now I only need to get through the fucking!"

Sanura was humping frantically trying to couple, but he was missing the mark. Linda was than full his penis felt so small as it bumped and pressed against her rounded bottom. Although he was far from inside her she felt his tool squirting her valley and the orbs of her ass with a hot slippery liquid. His pre-come, she reminded herself. She felt an arm slide between her hips and the thrusting dog's and remembered she had asked Saqr to help the dog find her entrance. She steeled herself for the mating, confident that the many times she had sex for pay, would prepare her to bear the experience.

Then she felt the shaft enter her, it was thin and not very long, but very hot. Its heat allowed her to sense its continued squirting inside of her. She started to move her hips intent of convincing the Sheik, that she was a happy little breeding bitch, and quickly bringing the male filling her sex complete his rush to climax and the inevitable blast of seaman she knew she was destined to receive.

The Sheik was enjoying the show, and had Pretty Lips hold still so that he could extend the time of their coupling as long as possible. He moved his tool ever so slightly within her; working to maintain it's rigidly, while holding the coming explosion as bay.

As the dog thrust into her, Linda was shocked to realize the animal's tool was growing bigger within her, both longer and thicker with each rapid thrust. She remembered Pretty Lips saying that was happening, but had discounted it to the girl's lack of experience with men. What shocked her more was feeling the lips of her vaginal entrance trying to close tight on the shaft to hold it within her.

I have a dog's vagina now! She remembered, but wondered that the feelings she was having had never been there when the Sheik filled her. Still Sanura's male presence grew within her, when it was larger than any man she had ever experienced before she gasped in surprise as she sensed her passion again climbing toward climax. Then she felt the knot growing at the base of the dog's penis. It slide in and out of her, each time her body, with a will of its own trying to close on it and hold it in. Each thrust seemed to be making it bigger and still the depth of the penetration also increased.

Linda cried and whimpered when she felt the knot grow to larger and finally become trapped within her, based on its expanding size and her willful vaginal lips tight embrace on the shaft. The dog was thrusting slower now, but still growing in thickness, and length. Her hips, seemingly, on their own, thrust back to meet the probing and Linda realized with each jolt of pleasure that the secret sweet spot inside her, the place that sometimes felt pleasure in penetration was alive and being massaged but the pressing of the knot with each of the beast's thrusts.

Completely unexpected another orgasm welled up from her groin and possessed her whole body

shaking her to her core. It was followed by another, and another, and another in a seemingly endless cascade of bursting pleasure within her. Her hips were moving back to meet the Dog's surge forward and the pleasure mounted. The hot male thing within her felt completely right, but so large she feared her abdomen would burst.

She pressed back and the shaft pressed still deeper, over and over, her pleasure building and cresting in a sea of waves until there was a blinding point of pain, then bliss as she felt her something deep within her that had never been breached during sex before open admitting the business end of the shaft to her inner sanctuary, her womb. She climaxed as she had never done before as she felt her core expand with heat as Sanura, poured his seed into her. In her mind she thought she could sense little points of light in her womb exploding when her eggs were brought to life by the hot seed felling her. With each little burst, her body rocked in orgasm. In the distance she heard the Sheik and Pretty Lips cry out in their own moment of ecstasy, but she cared not. All that mattered were the wonder and miracle of the conception that her body was hosting, and the hot seed of the dog filling her that was fueling the start of the new life she would bring forth.

Sanura became still, but his knot and her vaginal lips held them tight together. Linda desperately wanted to touch and feel the male that had given her body the life she sensed had stated within her, but she was bound to the rack and fixed in position. She cried in frustration as the sense of heat in her middle grew. Sanura was moving only a little, gently rocking the tip of his shaft back and forth inside the entrance to her womb as he slowly emptied himself into her

Linda pressed her hips into his flanks, feeling how exquisitely not human they were and relishing his scent which was all around her. Her climaxes had slowed and merged into a great light of pleasure that filled her and lasted and lasted. She had no idea how long her lips ere able to hold the knot within her. She cried again when she felt the tip of the shaft slip from her cervix, which she thought she could feel close tight, trapping the seed inside where it might find still more eggs to kindle with life. Pretty lips later told her that she and Sanura had been tied for most of an hour.

When Sanura pulled his deflated shaft from her body and dismounted she cried at the parting. But as Saqr released her from the rack her sense of shame flamed up and she was abashed that she had mated with a beast, and more so when she realized that all who had seen the event and also seen her take pleasure in the mating.

Her shame grew and a few hours later when the Sheik said Sanura was ready to breed her gain, Linda begged the rack again, since she feared without the bindings she would try to run from the breeding and displease the Sheik.

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## **CHAPTER XXXIII**

### **Linda's Puppies**

For the next three days, Linda relied on the rack to hold her in place, and tried to hide her terror at becoming pregnant with puppies from the Sheik. By day and evening she was bred before the Sheik in his chamber, with her Master, Pretty Lips and her master's attendants watching. At night she went with Saqr to the breeding cage, where the man would bind her to the rack there, whenever he saw the Sanura was ready to fill her.

Each time she regretted the binding more. She remembered the tender embrace Pretty lips welcomed Muhunnad into her, where they were face to face and in which she could caress her lover with hands as well as feel her breasts press into his wide chest.

On the morning of the fourth day she begged the Sheik to allow her to be bred unbound, and in the missionary position. Sensing the female was close to accepting her body's bitch character the man agreed with a smile.

Pretty Lips asked if she could her fellow dancing slave and having emptied her breasts already the Sheik consented. The table that Pretty Lips had used and the two slave girls quickly assembled cushions and pillows that would be comfortable for Linda to recline on, and would place her sex at the right height for Sanura to enter her.

When she was in position Linda whispered to Pretty Lips, "Please, help me get into position and when he is guide is shaft into me."

"Of course," said Pretty Lips, kissing her cheek. "You no longer fear Sanura?"

"No, not him. He has been in me to many times. Always he has been careful not to hurt me; and either while we mated or after, with his tongue or shaft, he has given me the ultimate pleasure. This time I want to see him as we couple, to be able to respond to his thrusting with my whole body, rather than just pressing my hips to his groin. But I still fear the outcome. I fear being pregnant and more still I fear to birth puppies from my loins. I fear what it will mean."

"What do you think it will mean, my sweet Linda," Pretty Lips whispered.

"It will mean that I must admit that I'm no longer human. That I am in fact the dog they have made me. Feeding my milk to the sheik, as we both have, has not stripped my humanity from me as having puppies will. My whole life I have known that my breasts can, and probably would give milk. I never thought to nurse a grown man, and it was very embarrassing to be reduced to the status of an adult's we nurse. But the knowledge that I was human was not threatened, although I had to admit, in the end, that I was a slave. But when I see the puppies birthed from my body, it will be inescapable. I'm at least a dog, and all my young I might ever have will be puppies. I'm no longer a human that can birth a raise a child. Now, they have made me, just a bitch, to be bred for puppies when my owner chooses.

"But Pretty Lips, I know I must be pregnant by now, for I have lost track of the number of times Sanura and I have mated. Having puppies is no longer a fate I can avoid. But I have affection for Sanura, for he, in a dog's way, has been kind and gentle with his reluctant mate. I want to recapture a taste of my former humanity, by facing the creature whose seed is kindling life within me. To thank him and welcome his next filling of my womb, in the only way I can do that which sets me apart from other bitches he has bred, and in the future will breed again."

"So, you are ready?" Pretty Lips asked.

Linda nodded and called to the dog, who was only a few feet away, as he had always been, since she came into heat. "Sanura," Linda called softly and spread the lips of her vulva, "come and fill me again, for I would welcome you this time as never before.

Sanura followed her scent with his nose until his tongue was once more tasting the excitement of her heat. His own body responded as he licked her valley and he moved to mount the bitch. The position was different than his last mating with this bitch, but on he had been taught how to do by the fair human bitch who had taught him the secrets of a woman's body.

Sanura stepped over Linda's hips placing his giant paws on the floor on other side of his prey. His head was above her breasts and he lowered his head to lick her nipples, which were fully extended. His hot wet tongue on her nipples caused Linda to gasp as each movement of Sanura's tongue sent

streaks of pleasure into her body that moved throughout her until they nested together in her sex, where the ignited her heat into a raging fire of need.

The dog tasted her milk as he lingered over Linda's breasts, the taste was an old friend and he lingered there sucking on her nipples and once more enjoyed the most comforting of tastes. Linda felt his sharp teeth against her delicate flesh and gasped as the huge beast sucked milk from her with more force than the Sheik, or Pretty Lips ever had. The sensation was stronger, and so much more stimulating than the machine that had been used to help bring her breasts to lactation. It was mixed rapture and pain and she cuddled the huge head to her bosom and softly spoke, "Yes, drink, my mate. Taste the nurturing milk that I will feed our young."

But she wanted more. After allowing the Sanura to nurse for a few moments, she wanted the joining their bodies as once again he gave her womb his seed. Linda placed her hands on the huge head and urged Sanura forward. The dog's hips were already moving, in vain seeking the paradise he sensed was at hand, but was beyond his shafts reach. Linda pulled his head gently forward and he stepped bringing his head above hers and his male part nearly within reach of the bitch's sex. Pretty Lips reached under the dog and lightly grasped the penis, being careful not to injure the delicate flesh and as the dog lunged forward, seeking the opening, guided it home.

Linda's sex had been coated with the pre-come that Sanura's penis had been shooting since he stepped over her hips and tasted her milk. Her vagina was filled with her own lubricants, waiting to welcome the male invader. Linda hunched her hips back and Pretty Lips was able to feed the dog's slender shaft into her.

Sanura sensed he was within the female and began to thrust. His shaft grew, but slipped out of Linda three times. Each time Pretty Lips guided it back and the thrusting continued, and the shaft grew. Linda moved her hips and pulled the huge head forward drawing the base of his thrusting tool closer to her entrance and trapping it deeply enough within her to assure the completion of the mating. The huge dog felt the human bitch's entrance massaging his growing maleness as it tried to grasp and hold him within her.

Sanura's thrusting became more rapidly, and Linda moaned as she felt the invader swelling so delightfully within her. It grew and her legs went up and wrapped around the dog's back, pulling him deeper into her. She moaned loudly as she shaft filled her, and smiled happily knowing that although she felt filled from her cervix to her vaginal lips, the swelling that was coming would surpass the pleasure she was feeling as exploding dynamite surpasses a Chinese new-year firecracker.

The knot was well within her and her lips had grasped the base, assuring her that she could hold the fount of life within her until it had filled her again with the dog's sperm. As the knot grew and the shaft pressed at the entrance of her womb, Linda rocked her hips in time with Sanura's thrusting which had slowed once her lips had captured him within her. Her nipples were against the dog's chest and friction felt delightful as the two moved as one. Sanura bathed her face with his tongue and Linda giggled and opened her mouth allowing her own tongue to meet his mate's. His taste was wild. Unlike any man's and full of longings for hunting under a moonlight sky and mating in the open air. The dog seemed to like her taste as much as she liked his, and they licked at each other's faces and mouths as their hips worked to press the tip of his shaft through the tight entrance of her womb.

There was pain as the cervix was breached, but it was pale by comparison with the delights her body was receiving from the shaft's knot pressing the most sensitive spot within her, and the short length of the shaft beyond her body caressed, over and over her the sensitive little nub within her little hood. The two worked together to trigger orgasm after orgasm in the mating bitch. Linda's inside

felt a familiar burst of heat as Sanura's hotter than human seaman poured into her. She screamed her delight and hugged his chest to hers as her hips tried to pull more of him in.

Linda felt the pleasure coursing through her and whispered to the giant dog, "My love, I am yours. Fill me with enough of your seed to give me a hundred of your puppies!"

Pretty Lips had returned to the Sheik, who was enjoying the spectacle before him. He pushed her head, gently, but firmly enough so she understood, to his groin. Once the cent of his arousal was in her nose Pretty Lips burrowed through his robs until she captured his manhood in her mouth. She proceeded to strive her best to fill her master so full of pleasure that he would no longer be able to focus his eyes on Linda and Sanura.

Eight weeks later, after finishing nursing the Sheik, and after in turn had him treat her sex to all the seed he had to give. Pretty Lips crept away from the sleeping man. It was a warm afternoon, and from experience she knew he would not awaken again for at least an hour. She would need to be by his side by then, for he would awaken hungry, now that Linda could not help her with the task of nourishing the delicate old man. She crossed the chamber and entered the breeding room, where she found Linda, reclining nude in the middle of a nest of blankets. A puppy was latched to each of her nipples, and eight more were nestled between her breasts and thighs, eager for her warmth as well as food.

Pretty Lips smiled at them enjoying the sight. The puppy's eyes had been open for two days, and they were so cute it almost hurt. Pretty lips crossed to Linda and bending low kissed her lovers cheek.

Linda looked up and smiled. "I head you enter, but knew you would enjoy the sight of me and my brood."

"I certainly did. You and they together are lovely. You make me want to hurry my own heat so that I can have my own litter to play with and cuddle."

"Yes, Pretty Lips, I understand now. I never knew they would be so adorable, or that I would take such delight in nursing and caring for them."

"So you no longer regret being made a mastiff bitch?" Pretty Lips teased.

"Well no. But if I'd had a chose, I wouldn't have said, 'Yes, make me bitch and use me to breed puppies.' I would have been happy to remain human, and some day, if I was a very lucky and good girl, hope that some nice man would take me off the street and give me his child."

"Well," Pretty Lips teased, "in way that's what you have. The slave traders took you off the street. The Sheiks son took you from them, and me thank goodness, and the Sheik has given us a loving home bred us with strong beautiful males, and gotten us each a litter of beautiful babies."

Linda played along, "You mean beautiful puppies."

Pretty Lips giggled and caressed her lover's cheek. "Babies, puppies, from the standpoint of their being beautiful, there isn't much difference."

"Linda," began Pretty Lips, "I think I am in love with our master. He is so kind and gentle to us. I find myself longing for his touch. It has been hard for me to accept, but now I can't imagine not being his slave and enjoying his use of my body. If I think about being away from him I become frightened. I love you too, so much I can't express it properly, but my love for you seems more



feminine.

"I admit that I love what Muhannad can do to me as we make puppies together. I love my life, now. When I think back to my life as a very unhappy lesbian want-to-be and cop in Astoria, I realize how unhappy I was, and how happy I am.

Linda hugged Pretty Lips' arm, "I know dear. It is the same with me. I love you dearly and you take a place in my heart I did not know I had. A place reserved for a woman.

"Yes, and it is true, I liked being bred by Sanura, and can only accept the fact that my puppies will be taken from me in ten weeks, because I know that soon after they are gone I will be bred again, By Sanura or another wonderful mastiff that our master selects for me to mate with.

"Sheik Banoka has been kind to us since we were given to him. I am so pleased that our milk has improved his health. He is so much better that even his wives have stopped resenting our presence." Linda added.

The two hugged and kissed quietly for a moment remembering the strain in the household when the Sheik's four wives discovered he was keeping two love slaves in his chamber. For a while they had taunted the girls when they saw them and threatened to have them whipped. One had promised them that when the Sheik died they would be sold to the cheapest brothel in the city. When they learned that the two dancing love slaves were also bitches that the Sheik breed for puppies, and who could never have a child their taunts became bitterer and the threat that they would be sold to the worst puppy mill in the land.

When the Sheik grew stronger, with much of his vigor returning, the old women softened. One had asked Linda what they did that restored the old man's health. The old woman had giggled with amusement on learning that the Sheik now lived solely on the two love slave's milk. Thereafter the Sheik's four wives had been more tolerant of the girls and the first wife had reassured them.

"When the Sheik is no more my son, your first master, will again own you. I shall tell him how well you have cared for his father. Fear not, Ben Banoka's death. Do what you can to lengthen his days and please him. You will find yourself well rewarded for the strength and pleasure you give him," she had assured the two.

From that moment on the wives changed their attitude for the two dancing love slaves. Every day one or two had come by to see, and play with, Linda's puppies. They seemed to accept them as part of the household and comments about their bitch nature became few and always were made as jests, although once or twice Linda and Pretty Lips thought they detected envy in the wives' voices as they joked and played with Linda's puppies.

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CHAPTER XXXIV

Visitors

Linda was able to return to dancing with Pretty Lips for the Sheik when she began to wean her puppies. Every night Linda and Pretty Lips danced for their Master. At first, Linda tired quickly and left Pretty Lips to finish solo. The blonde dancing slave also found that she longed to return to her beloved little ones. But her strength grew as her dancer's figure returned. Each night Linda improved and she was able to continue with Pretty Lips longer than the night before. At the end of a week the two were able to treat the Sheik to a version of 'The Dance of the Wonton Slave Girls' that lasted a full hour.

Sheik Ben Benoka was pleased to have his brace of love slaves again dancing for him and feeding him their nourishing milk. Before the two were bred they had provided him with enough of their milk to make him strong. But after their litters both produced more milk. To avoid becoming fat, he began to exercise, as he had done when he was young. His palace contained a workout room that he had cleaned and had its equipment repaired. He took Pretty Lips there with him while Linda was spending time with her puppies, but planned to bring both his love slaves as soon as Linda's puppies had gone to their new homes. The Sheik found pleasure in watching his pretty nude slave work and tone her muscles. He instructed her in which apparatus and exercises she should incorporate into her regime, with a plan to keep her lithe, but stronger.

While his own frame gained muscle as he worked out, Pretty lips became slender and her body firmer. The girl was stronger, and her steps in the dance began to reveal her growing strength and improved balance. The elderly man began to find her dancing even more stimulating than it had been before, and when he took her, his dancing slave's strength offered him greater delights.

A week after Linda had regained her full strength, and two since she weaned her puppies, the Sheik, when he had finished draining their pretty breasts of milk, stopped them before their dance to share some news.

"My slaves, Linda and Pretty Lips, in five days my son will pay a visit. I want him to see the fine litter Linda has bred for me, and also observe how your skills in dance have grown in the months you have been my slaves.

"You are to prepare something special that will show your former master how much you have improved."

The two slave girls bowed and Pretty Lips said, "My Sheik, we will be well pleased to entertain our former lord."

Linda added, "Thank you, for telling us before he arrives, for we will have time to develop a special dance to welcome him and show him that we have continued to improve."

Sheik Ben Benoka grinned, "That is well. My son will also bring with him his new young wife Jessica, who I think you know. She has just given him a pretty daughter and will bring the baby with her, that the child's grandmother, as well as I, may know it, and recognize it as a member of my family."

Pretty Lips and Linda were too excited to contain themselves. They squealed and giggled and clapped their hands together in joy at the prospect of seeing their friend and former teacher, Jessica, again.

The Sheik nodded and indulged his slaves, using the time to consider whether Linda had recovered enough from whelping her puppies to return to servicing his manhood. Pretty Lips had met his needs well since two weeks before the puppies were birthed, but he longed to taste again the pleasures of his other dancing slave flesh.

When the girls had calmed some the Sheik added, "Also, prepare yourselves to serve my son's manly needs, if he desires it. For I would offer him your use, with the hope that you could allow him to savor the great pleasure his gift has bestowed on me.

The girls were suddenly confused. They had grown fond of their Master and his white beard and hair. "Fear not, my dancing doves, if he takes your use it will be but for a night, and I will welcome you back to me bed the next.

"Besides, he is much taken with his new wife, Jessica, who I long to see, for it is a special wench that

will beg to be branded a second time to show her husband a slave's, as well as a wife's, devotion.

"It is perhaps more likely that he will want to watch as Pretty Lips is mated by Muhannad, and enjoy the pleasures of his new wife's body as he is entertained by the sight.

"I will consult the vet, and learn whether, Linda, you are recovered enough to face the rigors of again mating with Sanura.

"It seems my son is very interested in how you have worked out as breeding bitches in my kennel. A reason for his coming at this time is he wishes to inspect Linda's litter, and in a few weeks they will all be sold."

Linda's lip quivered at the thought of her wonderful puppies being taken, but she knew it must be so. Pretty Lips had told her how heartbroken she was when her puppies were gone, but that the loss transitioned quickly into a desire to be bred again. Linda had found only a slight comfort in that, since although she loved her puppies, the idea of being a breeding bitch in her master's kennel continued to trouble her.

Reluctantly Linda began leaving her puppies for the longer periods of time, for she needed to work with Pretty Lips to practice the dance they would do for the Sheik each night, and well as plan the dance to show off their skills to their former master and Jessica.

Pretty Lips was nursing the Sheik, providing him his mid-day meal, and Linda was playing with her puppies when they both heard a helicopter land on the terrace where they had arrived the night they were given to the Sheik.

Pretty Lips moved to run and greet them, but the Sheik pulled her back and recaptured her plump nipple in his mouth. After he had reestablished his pattern of nursing, he paused.

"My slave, Pretty Lips, I wish to finish my meal and my guests will be busy for some time. It is my son's duty to first take his new wife and daughter to meet his mother and seek that she, and my other wives, recognize her as my grandchild. It is important to the child's future, for if she is not accepted, the child will grow up a slave in my son's house.

"Linda has been locked in with her puppies, by my servant Saqr, who has informed her that she must wait to greet her former master and his new wife until this evening."

He returned to nursing until he emptied Pretty Lips' breasts, then Ben Benoka instructed her, "Go to the slave quarters. Linda will be brought there also. This afternoon you must polish the dance you are to greet my son with. You must surpass yourselves tonight. If my son is not well pleased by the improvement in your dancing you will be whipped."

There was a laugh in his voice, and he lightly slapped Pretty Lips' bottom as she arose to follow his instructions.

The slave turned and bowed to her lord, "My Sheik, we will do our best to please, and have improved much. I do not wish to feel your whip, but if it will please you to have me whipped I will receive the lash with joy, knowing that it is your pleasure."

As she left, dancing her departure to entertain the Sheik with the sight of her flashing thighs and bouncing breasts, Pretty Lips heard the Sheik laughing. She knew her chances of being whipped were slim, and Linda's yet slimmer, for their skill at dance had greatly improved with hours of daily practice.

Besides, she reassured herself, we both pleased our Sheik with fine litters of puppies.

When Linda joined her in the slave quarters Saqr was with her. Before leaving the man turned and said, "Tonight, for your dancing, Sheik Ben Benoka has hired musicians whose music he hopes will inspire your steps, as well as better entertain his guests. The musicians' rhythms will be those you are used to, but you must respond in your dance to their changes and melodies. Here is a disk of the musicians' last performance that you may familiarize yourselves with their music."

The dancing Slaves bowed to Saqr as he left and then rushed to play the disc and hear the music. All afternoon they worked, adjusting the dance they planned and adding steps and flourishes they could include if particular changes in musical riffs or melodies occurred.

They were sweating heavily when it was time for the dancing slaves to prepare themselves. They bathed very carefully and then dressed, if the few shreds of slave silk they wore could be called clothing. As they rested, they dined on a light meal the cooks had brought them. They would have preferred to wait to eat until after the performance, but knew the Sheik would want their milk for his evening meal before they danced, and the food was essential to their being sure their breasts would be full for him.

After they had eaten and refreshed their makeup they rested, but not for long for Saqr came to take them to the Sheik within an hour. When they entered the Sheik's chamber they saw, sitting on the dais' cushions with Sheik Ben Benoka, were their former master, and Jessica, who was nursing an infant.

With difficulty the two love slaves remained calm and approached the Sheik and his son and bowed low. The Sheik motioned them to him and pulled Linda to his lap and began to nurse.

"My, Son, if you would taste the richness of her milk, please take Pretty Lips, for her breasts are full, and I see that Jessica's breasts are taken by the needs of my granddaughter."

The man laughed, and pulled Pretty Lips to his lap. He bent her over across his lap, her head resting on a pillow and grinning lower his mouth to her right breast. Pretty Lips gasped as her former owner began to nurse, for his nursing was more powerful than was that of her Sheik. Her Body remembered the pleasure the man had given her when he had taken her virginity, and her chest flushed with desire. Sensing her excitement the man moved aside the silken skirt covering her sex, and began to massage her cleft as he nursed.

He was expert at enjoying the pleasures of a woman's flesh and brought her to a climax as he drained her breasts. When she was dry he released her and called to Jessica.

"My forth Wife, Jessica, your former student has fed me well, but left my manhood enraged with desire. Give Pretty Lip our child, for a time, and come minister to my need, for it's your right and responsibility to harvest my seed."

Jessica laughed and after carefully placing her daughter in Pretty Lips arms swept her skirt aside and mounted her husband's lap, giggling as she lowered her hips and captured his male stiffness within her. The redhead lifted her breasts to his mouth and he nursed from her lightly as she rode him, teasing his shaft to near climax over and over, but then slacking her pace to prolong their mutual bliss.

After a time, laughing, the man rolled Jessica to her back and began thrusting into her with great force. Pretty Lips cuddled the infant who cooed in her arms and smiling watched. Glancing to the Sheik she saw that he had finished nursing, and like his son, was now relieving the pressure of his

arousal with Linda.

To Pretty Lips eye, Jessica, looked as she had when last they'd been together. Her red hair was longer, but the weight of her pregnancy was gone, and her figure was graceful and youthful. As her Lord took her, Pretty Lips could see the second brand on her hip and shuddered at the memory of the iron marking her own flesh, and the passion it took for Jessica beg its kiss a second time.

When both the Sheik and his son had spent their lust, and before Jessica had been able to pull her child back to her breast, Sheik Ben Benoka spoke, "My Son, before my dancing slaves, your much appreciated gift, present the dance of welcome they have devised for your arrival, let Pretty Lips and Linda show your Jessica the slaves quarters and more to the point, Linda's puppies, for they are at that happy age, full of playfulness, grown strong, yet not yet old enough to go to their new homes.

"Let me hold my granddaughter while they are gone, now that she is well fed, and you, my son, and I may talk of the pleasures of dancing slaves."

Uncertain what was meant by sending them away with Jessica, Linda and Pretty lips knew better than to ask questions. Linda felt the Sheik's seed wetting her inner thighs as they walked.

Pretty Lips noticed, and giggling said, "I see you pleased our Master, well, Linda."

Linda grinned, "And was rewarded richly."

All three giggled at Linda's answer and Jessica stopped and spread her skirt, displaying the glistening coating of man seed covering her vulva and inner thighs.

"Poor me!" Said Pretty Lips mockingly, "I've given my milk to feed our Master and his son, and still not been rewarded with and any nice warm sperm."

The three laughed, and a moment later arrived at the slave quarters. Opening the door they heard the yipping sounds of happy puppies. A moment later Linda was on the floor, cuddling two, being licked by three and surrounded by five more, all snuggling her and eager for her voice and touch.

Jessica looked on, a curious expression on her face, "Ten," she said, "Linda gave birth to ten puppies?"

Pretty lops nodded and softly said, "I only had nine, but I hope for more after my next breeding."

"You hope for more?" Jessica asked, disbelief in her voice.

Pretty Lips nodded, and grinning said, "Each one is a joy, and after the pain of whelping them, it is good to have many happy bundles to wash away the memory of the pain that accompanied their birth. I loved my puppies, and the Sheik praised me highly for them. It would have pleased him more had there been more, although I mated with Mahannad, their father at every opportunity.

"When my vet, assure Sheik Ben Benoka, that in the future my litters would be larger, he was very pleased. How could I not want bigger litters, if it would please my kindly Master?"

"Is that not how you taught us to be?"

Jessica giggled, "Yes, it is. I'm pleased to see that not only do you remember what I taught you, but that you live a life committed to your Master's pleasure. I'm sure pleasing him will be a fount of happiness for you."

Jessica stepped over to Linda, delicately wading through the puppies and asked, "May I play with them?"

Linda nodded a moment later Jessica was sitting petting a puppy with her right hand while letting two others have a tug-of-war with her left, which held a length of thick rope. A few moments later, Pretty Lips joined the two sitting on the floor. The three played with the puppies until all ten were exhausted and were sleeping in a contented pile around Linda.

Speaking softly Jessica asked, "So you are happy to be breeding bitches in your Master's kennel?"

Linda nodded and said, "It is not what I would have wished. I will always wish I could have had a child before I was made so much the bitch that I could only have puppies. But my slavery is easy; I love our Master, and my puppies. I feared the breeding, in a way I still do, the whelping and the nursing, but it was all pleasure. My fear faded in the middle of my happy litter and the pleasure of my Lord smiling on me, pleased with the puppies I'd bred for him.

"Surely, Jessica, you are not considering becoming a breeding bitch like Pretty Lips and I?" Linda asked with a laugh.

Looking down at the sleeping puppies, and softly smiling, "She nodded. I fear it must be. My Master's other wives hate and fear me. They hate that he prefers me in his bed to them, they hate the affection he treats me with, and they fear that he will make a boy child from my body that will take place over their own sons."

Linda and Pretty Lips hugged her and the three softly cried, until one of the puppies moved into Jessica's lap, licked her hand and made them all laugh.

"Last month, someone put poison in my tea, and the number one wife, watches me like a hawk, eager to find any excuse to have me beaten.

"My master fears that if I stay his wife, they will soon succeed in killing me, then what would happen to my beautiful daughter? She would have no one to protect her, and my Master; my husband, can't always be there to rain in the anger of his first three wives.

"He is also loath to have them punished, for they are each a mother to one or more of his children, as am I.

"We are here to discuss with Sheik Ben Benoka, and my own Lord's mother, whether, if I became a breeding bitch in your Master's kennel, will my daughters grandparents would raise her, but in my sight, while breeding me to one of the Sheik's studs when I go into heat, and reserving my sex for only my husband's use at other times."

Jessica was in tears when she had explained why she was there; Pretty lips and Linda hugged her and assured her that she would be most welcome in Ben Benoka's house, for he was kind. Loving to his kin, and very gently with his dogs and bitches.

Pretty Lips hesitantly asked, "Would that mean that you were a slave again? Is that one of your fears?"

Jessica tried to smile and shook her head. "No, I was and will always be more Lord's property, not matter what he wants of me. I have given him myself, my body and my sole, I proudly wear the brand of my former slavery and his brand to show that I have no other master, but my heart cries when I'm away from him.

"What tares at me is fearing his passion for me may fade when he again sees me being bred by a dog, and then later sees my belly grow large with fruit that is not his.

"My good lord assures me that he will keep me as his fourth wife, even as I am bred by a dog. He says he wishes me safe, and if that means in his father's kennel, his other wives will be amazed with how little he is at home.

"If you were here, could we again dance together?" Pretty Lips asked.

"Of course, for if I'm within Ben Benoka's household, why should I not seek to thank him with my skill."

Pretty Lips smiled and hugged Jessica, "I feared that, since we're slaves, it wouldn't be allowed. I miss our dancing together, and long to show you what Linda and I have learned, as well as learn from you those steps you have devised since you last taught us."

As the dancing girls chatted Sheik Ben Benoka and his son talked. The child had needed changing, and the mother of the Sheik's first son had been summoned and was tending to the little angle.

"I've been thinking of making a few minor changes in my will," the Sheik informed his son. "My slaves, your much appreciated gift, Pretty Lips and Linda are to be set free when I die. At my death the girls are to be given western clothes and a diplomatic passport. They will be moved to my country house in England where they may stay as long as they continue to breed puppies for my kennel. While they are in my English home, they will each receive an allowance of ten thousand pounds a year. My estate shall maintain the house, and provide for their comfort, food, and welfare."

"My father, I approve.

"It gives me joy to see that my gift has restored your health, and as I observed just now, your manhood; although, if it is acceptable to you, I would keep them here in your house, for a time, to help keep my Jessica happy.

"She is a very good wife, and a wonderful slave. I treasure her, and know it will be a hardship to be here while I'm at my home."

"But could you not move to my house? You will be Sheik here then!"

"Yes, but I will still have three wives who each have, in the past, pleased me well and given my fine children. I can't be cruel enough to leave them alone, and I fear the evil that may enter their minds if I'm long away from home. Of course, if I brought them here, they may renew their plans to murder my sweet Jessica."

The Sheik thought for a moment, then spoke, "You would be content to see your pretty young wife, lost in a K9 heat, being willingly bred by a dog?"

"I think I could bear it the first time, and with repetition, learn to remember how seeing a mighty best filling her womb with animal seed once raised my passion. If she was willing, and I think she might be eager, I would temper my jealousy by exploring her body with my manhood while the passion of her heat fills her."

Sheik Ben Benoka laughed. "That is a good plan. I think I should try that when next Pretty Lips goes into heat."

The two men smiled at each other.

“And,” added Sheik Ben Benoka, “If you tire of her, you might send her to England with Linda and Pretty Lips to improve the bloodlines of what will then be your kennel there.”

Later, the musicians played, the room was lighted only by torch light, and three graceful dancing girls twirled onto the floor and dances for the Sheik and his son until the men were raised to such passion that pulled the girls to the cushions and filled them. The Sheik took Pretty Lips, but his passion was so raised that after he had filled her he was able to do the same for Linda.

The End