

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Part 1

I had always been curious about sex, like any teenage girl. When a secret class pass around of a Nancy Friday book 'Men In Love' my curiosity ventured slightly away from the usual cut and thrust of adolescent fumbling. There was the idea of an older man teaching me lessons in love and as the book continued there was also a brief section of bestiality. While others shrieked and laughed I admit that I read every word and felt all sorts of strange emotions. When I got to university and getting books about the study of sex from the library could be written off as proper academic study I got the rest of Friday's books. It was more than emotions that stirred then.

Many years later I had to house and dog sit for a couple of friends. While they were overseas I was in charge of their lovely Weimaraner, Sheba. She was a beautiful dog, full of energy and going running with her was a lot of fun. She had a real weakness for soap and cosmetics and I had been warned that if I put moisturiser on she would try and lick it off. At first I thought it was just a huge joke, something that would make me giggle and push her away but when she pushed in while I was in the shower and licked the sensitive back of my legs things changed.

I was not that experienced and so when a sudden warm, raspy tongue made contact with the sensitive skin behind my knees I was a little overwhelmed. I was tired, a little drunk and there was a warm, insistent tongue drying my skin. All the memories of those stories came flooding back and before I knew it I was sitting on the edge of the bath, nivea in my hand. I spread a blob on my thigh and gently worked the white fluid into my skin. Sheba moved from the water to the cream and began to lick it off. I spread some on my hip and she followed, her tongue soft and velvety. Next it was up onto my stomach and then across my left breast. Her tongue traced wide, sweeping strokes, rasping gently over my ever hardening nipple and then delving under my breast, seeking out the shower water still trapped there.

Groaning quietly, I stood up, my senses dulled by the unexpected arousal I was feeling. I turned and was surprised by the cold, sharpness of her snout as it burrowed between my cheeks and her tongue swiped across my moist arse. I almost sprinted to the bed, lying down with my legs spread open, inviting her to lick off the liquid I was now spreading over my upper thighs and then my pussy, the lips, swollen with lust.

Sheba was on the bed in a flash, her tongue over my thighs and then it happened. Her tongue made contact and by all accounts she found a liquid she liked better than the night and day cream. She dug in, teeth nibbled at my clit, her tongue dove deep into my pussy as the juices flowed out. She put a possessive paw on my right thigh and before I knew it I was flushed and gasping as an orgasm ripped through my body.

Five minutes later I had recovered and allowed my thighs to part again, this time hooking my arms under my knees and pulling myself fully open I allowed Sheba to lash her tongue from clit to arse. For a week I spent my time jogging, showering or cumming at the tip of a dogs tongue. If it had been a male dog who knows what would've happened. Who am I kidding? We all know what would've happened.

It took another couple of years and a little bit of promiscuity on my part for my fantasy to come true. It was not the sort of thing that I could advertise, the fact I wanted to fuck a dog so badly I could masturbate myself to climax in less than 5 minutes if that was my chosen fantasy scenario. I found useful websites and from a few contacts online I found myself in a situation that was not everything that I wanted but certainly everything that I needed.

When I first met Ted I didn't actually follow through with the arrangement. We had been due to meet in a city park, to have a chat and a cup of coffee but as I sat on the park bench, dressed in my sensible clothes, I lost nerve. He was about 40, dressed in smart casual clothes, solid, okay looking and walking a friendly, well built rottie. I sat listening to my ipod and when Luther-the rottie- pulled away to say hello to me I reached out and patted him. Pulling out the earphones I pretended I was just resting on the way home from the gym and not waiting for anyone.

I guess I didn't want this guy to know just how perverted my urges were. I apologised to Ted on line, saying something had come up and I had to be elsewhere. The next weekend I was back in the park at the same time. Ted was there again walking Luther. This time Luther wrenched away and ran over to see me. Ted jogged after him and collapsed on the bench beside me, saying his dog was in love with me and who could blame him. We introduced ourselves, I had used an anonymous on line name so recognising me was not a problem, and we kept talking while Luther tried to put his head between my legs. I pushed him away, giggling nervously, until Ted, told Luther to sit down. He was a very obedient dog, "You'll be surprised what I have taught him to do" Ted told me.

The charming flirtation worked and even though Ted was almost twice my age he kept me awake that night eating me and fucking me. It was when he had me standing, leaning over the bed, fucking me doggy style that I noticed Luther creeping in the room. Ted continued to fuck me hard, massaging my breasts and slowly parting my legs wider. With a hand on my breast and another on my stomach I was surprised to hear him say 'lick' all of a sudden.

Luther was suddenly between our legs, his nose and tongue pressing up against my clit, his tongue lashing out, catching my juices on Ted's hard cock as it sawed in and out of me, delving in, out and over me. I was being held in place by Ted's hands and just shuddered from one climax to another until he slammed into me, coming hard. He pulled out and pushed me onto the bed, holding my legs open so Luther could eat the cream pie that had been left for him. Ted covered my mouth with his, kissing me, consuming my lips, telling me I was a filthy girl, a slut, a dog slut, that all I wanted was a hard cock in my cunt, that I wanted to feel Luther's swollen knot inside me. I moaned, my eyes fluttering open, darting over Ted's face, trying to beg him to force me to fuck his dog, removing the choice. He thrust his tongue into my mouth again as I came on his dogs tongue.

He pulled me fully on to the bed and flipped me on to my stomach. The bed sagged as Luther leapt up and then without Ted having to do anything I got up onto my hands and knees. I had all been planned, when Ted patted my arse and commanded 'mount' I noticed that the large, heavy dog had socks on his front paws, taped on. I looked up at Ted, his cock swollen with the lust of seeing a woman he had met two hours before, wet from his fucking and about to take the marbled cock of his dog.

My back itched with the coarseness of Luther's fur as he struggled to find the right position. A slick finger like member slid over my pubis, darting briefly into the opening of my arse before pulling out and sliding down the crevice of my cunt. Ted knelt down and reached under my stomach finding the slimy dog prick and deftly positioning it so it slid into me.

The weight of the dog was replaced by the sudden sharp thrusts of his penis. I hadn't seen it unsheathed and was initially disappointed by the slim shape darting in and out, the soft balls slapping against my spread labia. I looked up at Ted again, my mouth open, moaning, half in disappointment, half in lust that I was finally getting what I wanted. He was watching the rapid hammering of his pet into the pussy he had just fucked. Looking at me he smiled and asked if I was feeling good.

The swelling took me by surprise. I had read about it but feeling this cock grow from a two finger

width to three, then four then begin to balloon out was like nothing I had experienced before. My moans got deeper and were mixed with whimpering as Luther drove his now massive cock in and out of me. Ted moved around in front of me, stroking my face and asking how I liked being his dog slut. Before I could answer sensibly, I was now crying, moaning, coming and whimpering, he rubbed his rapidly hardening cock over my lips. He forced it into my mouth and down my throat, holding on to my head as he rammed himself in. He spurted his come down my throat after two minutes and then wiped the tears and mucus from my face as he sat back watching his dog spasm into me.

Luther was so heavy as he began to squirm around. I clenched around him as he turned arse to arse with me. I was now semi collapsed, my head on the bed, Ted's come dribbling from my lips. The constant pressure began to hurt until there was a disturbing sucking sound and Luther's huge cock popped from me. I fully collapsed on the bed, liquid leaking from every part of my body.

Ted looked at me and called me a slut again. I blinked slowly, not able to deny what he had said. He told me to get up again. Glancing over at Luther who was now sprawled on the pillows at the head of the bed he seemed busy cleaning the rather alien cock that had just ripped my insides out. I staggered back to my hands and knees and wondered what was going to happen. Ted slid off the bed and went to the door.

"Ace! Here boy!" I looked over my shoulder to the open door and saw a solid, robust german shepherd bound into the room. Ted caught my eye and smiled. He told me to look around the room and pointed out the five cameras and then repeated that I was now his dog slut. Moving to the laptop on the dressing table he clicked on the screen and then looked back at me.

"Ace, up, we have a very pleased audience."

The bed sagged as Ace jumped up and his pointy snout immediately sought out the dribbling seed of his kennel mate.

"Ready slut?"

"Yes," I murmured.

"Yes? Yes what, slut?"

I was confused, unable to think clearly through the oddly gently lapping of the young shepherd.

"Yes," I looked at Ted for a hint and saw it in his eyes, "master."

~~~~~

## **Part 2**

The weekend could not come quickly enough for me. The Sunday of the week before had been one of revelation and revulsion. I could not believe I could so easily become the opposite of what I appeared. As I sat in meetings, talking to clients, handing over documents to admin staff I searched their faces, looking for signs that they knew. But there were no signs, only the fading bruises on my hips and sides from the bony grip of two of my lovers.

Ted had returned the dogs to the front room where they settled down on bean bags in front of the fire then had led me to his bedroom. He watched as I showered thoroughly, handing me a towel as I turned the water off. He had then spread anica cream on the red marks explaining it would help the bruising heal faster. I was still a little bewildered when he lay me back on the bed and spread my

legs.

I relaxed, assuming that he was going to see if I needed cream to stop bruising there but instead he peeled my lips back and began to suck and lick at my clitoris. I didn't know what to do as the sensations completely overwhelmed me. This man had somehow forced me to call him 'master' and now he was running his tongue all over my cunt, burying his face into the soft flesh. I moved my hands to his head, the unfamiliar head of a man met seven hours before. I intended to push him away but instead I ended up running my fingers through his short greying hair, moaning, begging him to continue.

The next morning I had almost fled, returning to my home and to my normal life.

The week had seemed normal until Thursday when a middle aged man in a courier company jacket arrived at my desk with an anonymous package. There was a simple envelop, unsealed, inside.

"Gareth, 7pm" was the simple message.

At 7 there was a knock on my door and the same middle aged man who had delivered the note stood before me. He was no longer in a courier jacket, instead he was in a rather well cut suit.

"Gareth?"

"Slut." He handed me a photo. I was naked, a dog on my back and a hard cock in my mouth. He shut the door behind him and unzipped his trousers. I was instantly on my knees, cupping his balls in one hand while I fed his soft cock into my mouth with the other. He hardened slowly, holding the back of my head as he jerked his hips forward rhythmically. As soon as I began to choke he pulled out and told me to go to the bedroom. I stripped off my shirt and skirt as I went, unhooking my bra, fully aware that I had no idea who this man was or who had seen that photo. He grabbed my sensible knickers and pulled me back, pushing me against the wall, crushing my breasts against his chest while his left hand snaked between my firm and his soft belly into the front of my knickers. His hand burrowed in and he commented that I was wet.

His cock was rigid against my bare skin as he turned me around, bent me over and with little fuss drove forward. I looked at the wall as he grunted behind me, pinching my nipples and fumbling with the hardened bud of my clit. "Just you wait, slut. You will get to meet Peri, my pit-bull, soon. There's nothing he likes better than a new, wet cunt to fuck. His knot will tear you up, you'll be crying out for more, slut." His rather ordinary fucking suddenly took on new meaning and before I could stop it the thoughts had me bucking back against him, crying out as he turned my head, thrusting his tongue into my mouth.

I had no idea whether Ted or Gareth were healthy although it was apparent both were wealthy. I had been systematic in my birth control and sexual health for my four years of activity but I didn't care. As Gareth roared and spurted his seed in me he released me. I slid down the wall in a heap as he zipped up. He helped me up and then walked into my room. Grabbing a robe from behind my door he wrapped it around my shoulders before starting to kiss and fondle me. Finger fucking me he began to tell me exactly what his dog was going to do to me and how many men would be masturbating as they watched on line. Coming again he stepped back, kissed me deeply and left the house. I staggered to the bathroom and washed myself only to be overwhelmed by what had happened. I reached for my hairbrush and began to fuck myself with the handle, coming twice as I lay on the cold tiled floor.

I didn't know what was going to happen or when it was going to happen but I knew the weekend was going to be slut time. I cancelled my brunch with friends and bought some new lingerie, a black

push up bra and matching French knickers. I spent some time trawling through some familiar websites, looking for familiar photos or stories, but there was nothing. Ted was only sharing me with close friends it would seem. He knew where I worked and where I lived so I assumed he knew more about me than I knew about him, which was his first name and his address. Of course neither could be correct. He held all the cards, as a master must. I shuddered at the thought. He was my master, but he was not the sort I had read about. Surely a real master wouldn't spend that much time eating my cunt, making me come, telling his friend to make me come.

A taxi arrived at 4pm, one I had not ordered. I obediently went to it and sat in the back. There were advertising logos over the windows obscuring the view but that did not disturb me too much. I was committed to this, the dampness between my legs was only one indication of my commitment. The taxi dropped me at the end of a long, rural drive where a black jeep was waiting. The taxi drove off, obviously prepaid and the passenger door opened. Gareth got out and invited me in. I sat between him and Ted, both of them taking time to kiss me deeply while pulling at my clothes.

The house was isolated, overlooking the sea with a spectacular view and an infinity pool making the sea appear to lap at the balcony. The men removed my wrap dress, taking time to compliment my new underwear. Ted suggested I go for a swim and even though it was winter and the pool was not heated I removed my clothes and dove in. One lap later I was climbing out, shivering, needing a towel and something to heat me up. I did not get a towel but I did get two middle aged men worshipping my body.

The new experience for the early evening was not one I enjoyed a great deal. The two men spent a lot of time arousing me, getting me wet, fucking me slowly but as I straddled Ted, my hands held behind my back by one of them it was Gareth's activities that got me nervous. I didn't want to ask where the dogs were, I had heard barking but strangely I felt it would be rude to remove one of the cocks from my lips and ask when a dog was going to shove his big cock into me. Gareth was insistently playing with my arse, licking it, tongue fucking and finger fucking it. He told Ted to get me ready and I was pulled forward as Ted withdrew his cock from my now relaxed pussy.

Something bigger than a finger forced its way into my arse, widening it slightly and painfully. I tried to turn my head but Ted held my head, kissing me suddenly. With a loud grunt and unexpected force I had Gareth's cock in my unprepared arse. As if the pain was not enough Ted then pushed his way back into me. I didn't scream but I did arch away, my mouth wide open, no sound emerging through the tears. The men grunted, talking about how it felt with their cocks almost rubbing together in my body. They experimented thrusting in together and then alternately with one in as the other pulled out. If they noticed I was in pain they didn't seem to care, too concerned with their own orgasms which followed one after the other.

Gareth pulled out, rubbing his cock on the towel that could've dried me. He stood up and while Ted continued to give me little spasmy thrusts he went to a door and opened it, allowing three dogs into the room. Ted pulled out and pushed me off, onto the large Persian rug. I sprawled out, waiting for the dogs to go to work on me. I was not disappointed.

Luther and Ace homed in on my pussy, their tongues dancing over the skin, alternately disappearing into my cunt and arse. The softness of their tongues helped soothe the pain of having a good sized cock shoved into my arse over and over. I planted my feet wide and thrust my hips up so the dogs had full access to me. The brindle pit bull circled round and round, unsure what to do. He licked my breasts, nipping at my swollen nipples before he saw my open mouth and began to French kiss me. I groaned into his mouth as Gareth gave an instruction I didn't understand. Peri moved, dragging his sock dressed feet over my shoulders until his sheath was over my face, the tip of his cock peeping out. I paused for a second before depravity overwhelmed me and I licked at it with the tip of my

tongue. I relaxed my legs, allowing the men to take one foot each, spreading me wide for Ted's dogs to continue their increasingly frenzied work. I reached up with a hand and exposed more of Peri's cock, sucking the funky tasting member into my mouth. Moaning loudly the tried to squirm away from the rotties insistent tongue but the men held me, commenting on how my body was reacting to tonight's action. Gasping for breath I pulled the deep pink cock from my mouth, looking up at the two men and then down at the dogs as they drained all the semen from me and tried to lick up all of my juices.

"Please, please let him fuck me, I want his cock in me." I kicked away the hands and struggled up onto my hands and knees.

The dogs began to circle until Ted barked a short order to Luther and Ace who reluctantly sat down. Peri reached my bum, sniffing and nipping at it.

"You need to be lower, he's not as tall as your other lovers." I spread my knees wider until Peri mounted me, his back legs thrusting wildly, his hot, sharp cock dancing over my cheeks. "Please, help him, I need his cock, please master," I begged, aware of the pathetic nature of my request.

"You want him to fuck you do you. You want him to knot in you, don't you, slut?"

I was almost sobbing with need. The men looked at each other and Gareth moved to help his dog. He pressed Peri's thrusting hips against my back. Reaching around under his dog I felt the tip dart into my arse briefly before it was suddenly driven deep into my bowels. I screamed out that he was in the wrong place but was silenced by Ted pushing his now swollen cock into my open throat. Gareth held his dog in place as the pit-bull pounded my aching arse relentlessly, the knot bulging out before the thrusting hammered it in, sealing me tight. Gagging on human cock the tears flowed freely as the men took turns with me. Gareth joked that I wouldn't complain about his cock ever again as Peri occasionally twitched his cock into me, his cum dribbling out, trickling and tickling my insides. The cocks withdrew from my mouth as the men watched me struggle with the pain and the pleasure. They commentated the action in front of them, their words continuing to arouse me as Peri began to move around, straining to get out of my tight cavity. He began to buck and thrust, his knot moving around in the now well lubricated channel. I looked at the two men, pleading through my sobs but they just watched, eager to capture the knot pull out on a hand held camera. It took almost five minutes of straining, pulling and moving until Peri popped out with a loud farting noise and a gush of fluid.

Ace was at my arse within a second and bathed the sore orifice with his velvety tongue. He began to dance around, ready to mount when Ted knelt down and showed me a strange piece of latex. It had a flat bottom and a rounded diamond shape. I had no idea what it was until he moved Ace and in one movement shoved it deep into my arse. I screamed and was promptly slapped. It was a butt plug, in there to stop his dogs from fucking my arse. They were cunt dogs, just like he was a cunt man.

Ace was on my back and needed no assistance to find the hole he wanted. He thrust hard, his hot cock swelling almost instantly meaning that I didn't have the beautiful friction of his growing prick shafting in and out of my pussy. He was merely interested in depositing his seed in me. I had to wait for Luther and his huge marble prick to get the pleasure of a hard, two minute machine gun fuck. I came twice as the black and tan beast made me his bitch and the men found relief in my mouth.

I lay on the rug bathed in dog saliva as the three of them cleaned me thoroughly, returning time and time again to my pussy as their tongues drew out yet another tired, shuddering orgasm. The men looked down at me and smiled through the cigar smoke that surrounded them.



"Try and get some sleep," Ted told me as the men headed towards the bedroom doors. "There's a blanket on the couch, but the dogs should keep you warm." They headed to their separate doors, leaving me to the dogs.

I crawled over the rug and knelt to get the blanket from the back of the couch. Sudden heat and soft fur on my back indicated that Ace was not through with me yet and his powerful fucking caused Ted to emerge from his room to watch his slut servicing the three dogs once again. He joked that they didn't need a little blue pill as I was encouraged to take Ace's still spurting cock in my mouth while Peri jack-hammered his hard cock into my loose cunt, his knot finally finding purchase and allowing his jerks to really rock through me. He talked about what a little slut I had become, about how he knew he had found a good cunt for his kennel club. He would always take care of me as long as I played along. He would even make sure I would get my fantasy of having a Great Dane knot with me, just like a had told him on line. This revelation, this truth, meant he had known who I was right from the start. I was alarmed but the taste of dog cum and the swollen prick rotating on my g spot meant that I could not react in any other way than a moan of sexual satisfaction.

There was little sleep that night as the dogs all seemed to want to outdo each other, recovering in less than two hours to set about servicing me again. I even pushed out the red butt plug and let Peri have another go with my arse just as the sun was coming up. As I lay on my side, his cock still pulsating cum in to me I thought about what Ted had said to me. He would take care of me, there was a kennel club, which meant more men turning up on my doorstep to fuck me without warning, and somewhere out there was a Great Dane who would make me scream as he knotted my cunt.

~~~~~

### **Part 3**

Gareth left the house the next morning. He patted me on the head and told me it had been a memorable day, holding up a flash drive as an indication of how those memories would play out in more than his mind. Ted watched him leave and then told me to go and shower while he took the dogs for a walk, joking that they probably didn't need much exercise after fucking me all night.

His casual words thrilled and revolted me as I tried not to think about what I had done and was now becoming. In the shadowy light of evening it had all seemed exciting and sexually charged but in full day light, standing in a white tiled bathroom it was not. As I cleaned myself thoroughly, almost shoving the detachable shower head into myself I felt the first wash of shame.

Dressed in a mushroom coloured robe I walked into the bedroom and sat at the dressing table. The laptop was open and the screen seemed to be a flurry of activity. Photos of the dogs taking me were accompanied by the most depraved comments and even reply photos of mens' swollen cocks as they watched and came over their screens.

"She has such a tight snatch, I love the way Peri has to dig his claws in to push through her lips."

"Big knot, small cunt, love it."

"Can't wait to see her scream when Ossie takes her. That bitch will be able to take your fist after he pulls out."

I bit my lip and tried to look away but my body was already beginning to betray me. The comments were all about how the dogs fat cocks looked as they were driving in and out of me, how my face reacted as Ace knotted with me and then tried to move, dragging me for several metres, how Peri had loved shafting his hot red dick in and out of the arse his owner had violated merely minutes



before.

I pushed the robe aside and gently stroked my hardening nipples, pulling on them and flicking them. Looking around I saw the butt plug thrown on top of a blue nylon gym bag. I went over, almost possessed by the need to fuck something. The bag was open and I reached in, pulling out a realistic mould dog penis, complete with knot. Moaning I sat on the bed, positioning myself so I could keep scrolling through the comments about my new role as a dog slut. It took several minutes to get my juices flowing enough to work the knot into my now spasming pussy. The messages were now flying in as the audience could not believe I was now trying to fuck myself with a dog dildo. The webcam was obviously firing these images out live to the kennel club but I didn't care. I rammed the pink, red and white 8 inch sex toy in and out of my cunt, twisting and turning it until it rasped over my g spot and sent me into pleasure heaven.

Luther found me first, while Ace seemed interested in the now discarded dildo. I welcomed the cold, blunt nose of the rottie as he licked me inside and out. Ted was by his side, positioning him for a missionary mount moments later, the hot, slick cock sliding in and out of my wet pussy as Luther tired not to stand on me with his front paws. Ted applied downward pressure ensuring that his dogs fattening cock would knot up and stay in me while Ace jumped on the bed and licked my face. Ted told him to sit then dragged him over so I could suck his jerking doggy prick into my mouth and run my tongue all over the glands.

Semen poured from both dogs, jerking down my throat and into my vagina as the dogs took their pleasure with me.

An hour later I was lying on my own bed, legs held high in the air as Ted feasted on my sweet juices. He mumbled about what a slut I was and how my cunt was so tight he could barely get his tongue in. I was tied to the head board, writhing and moaning as he described what had been done to me and what would be done to me. The man had unlocked my secrets. He knew that my sexuality was in my head and in my pussy and he could control me using his tongue for words or for delving for my sensitive little clitty. In the end I was begging him to stop, to fuck me, to give me his cock because his tongue was driving me insane. He shoved the lubed butt plug into me and then fucked me like a demon with the dig dildo until I was almost levitating from the bed. God only knows what the neighbours thought if they heard me or saw me, naked, my lovers fingers buried inside me as he gave me a farewell kiss on the doorstep. I was his slave. At least until he didn't want me anymore.

I didn't hear form Ted or Gareth for the next week. I went to work, busied myself about the office, jumped every time a courier man appeared and then would return home to sit and wait. Trying to maintain some semblance of normality I went to the movies with my friends and lied about my weekend as we sat eating a thai curry. I had stayed in, mostly, and had a disturbed sleep on Saturday but was okay now. It was a half lie as I did not think a group of 22 year old university friends would want to hear that I had orgasmed over 15 times as two middle aged me forced their cocks into my tight, moist holes and their dogs had filled me with hot, clear cum over and over. My disturbed sleep reminded me of the pleasure of Peri's rapidly swelling knot as he hammered my cunt over and over or the ecstasy I felt when Luther's huge knot slid from my gaping hole only to be immediately replaced by Ace's exploring snout and tongue trying to lick up all his kennel mates cum from inside me.

Saturday and Sunday were spent going through my favourite websites looking for places to buy a dog cock, just in case the silence I was experiencing continued. With still no word by late Sunday afternoon I found myself driving into the seedier part of town and visiting a money machine before entering a side street sex shop. My hair brush was not going to be enough if this continued. The range was extensive in the dimly lit store. Huge black dildos rested beside strange looking pink and

powder blue contraptions with spike heads and little rabbits or dolphins sticking out mid-way down.

"You look like you need some help." A pierced, goth man, far too young to be running this place I thought, approached, lollipop stick poking out of his mouth. "Are you buying for yourself or is it for a hen's night." He obviously heard the excuse a lot so offered it as a way of lessening my embarrassment.

"No," I replied boldly, "it's for me. I want something specific."

He pulled out the lollipop and looked at me, eyebrows arched. He then smiled and told me to come with him. I followed thought the beaded curtain behind the counter and he paused before opening a wall cabinet.

"We have some very specific things here." He swept his arm around the room and I saw the classic arrangement of dungeon and s & m equipment. While Ted had tied me up the last time it had not been very bondage. I was his slave but he was a very kind master. My depravity came in the form of a swollen dog cock, not a whip and leather. I looked at the young man, unmoved. He shrugged and unlocked the cabinet. Swinging the door open I almost came there and then. The range of dog cocks was extensive. I was almost salivating as I reached out and took a mottled pink, red and white model from the shelf. It was bigger than the one I had found in Ted's bag but I knew it was the one for me. The price tag of over \$400 did not disturb me as I handed over the cash. The goth boy found my specific needs very arousing himself and was sporting a pronounced bulge. He moved his skinny jeans down, exposing his hard cock. He gripped it tightly, running his hand up and down as he looked at me holding on to my toy.

"I knew it was you, I knew it was the 'accutant'," he groaned as he began to pump his fist up and down. The Accutant? Ted knew everything about me and I knew nothing about him. Fear mixed with excitement as the young man began to whimper. "When you took that pit bull up your arse the look on your face was magic, and when you were fucking yourself in front of the camera, before that big dog slammed you I came twice." I found myself kneeling in front of the man as his cum began to spurt out, spraying my face and hair. Without saying anything else I stood up and left, the slivery trails of cum dribbling across my skin.

Spread wide and slick form lube and juices I drove that fat cock into my cunt over and over again, going faster than any of the dogs and crying out from the half pleasure that the dildo was giving me. I pumped and thrust the toy into me, hitting the limits of my cervix time and time again. If Ted was going to ignore me I could do this for myself.

I woke up late the next morning, disturbed by the sound of the tv and the kettle boiling. The dildo was lying on my pillow, a ribbon wrapped around the base. I stumbled out, my legs sore from being stretched wide to help my climax, and saw Ted sitting on a dining chair.

"You need to phone in sick, slut. You have a big day ahead of you and you won't need that bit of rubber to make you scream."

~~~~~

## **Part 4**

The two times I had traveled to a destination with Ted had been very different from this trip. We headed out of the city into a rapidly growing semi rural community. I had no idea if he owned these properties but he seemed very much at home here. I shifted nervously, slightly uncomfortable in the lacy underwear he had given me to wear. The thin crotch sawed back and forth as I squirmed until I

stopped, too busy taking in the large property we were entering.

There were several outbuildings surrounding a large farm house. Stepping on to the cobble stones I could hear dogs barking in the distance. He whistled and moments later Ace and Luther appeared, butts wagging in happiness. The dogs approached me, jumping up for my attention and loving the patting and scratching I gave them. They were just ordinary dogs in this setting, not the harbingers of my perverted needs. Ted ushered me into one of the outbuildings and told me to make myself comfortable.

I looked around the simple room. It was windowless, a storage facility of some sort originally, but had been lined and painted. There were some comfortable chairs, a bar and a large flat screen. On the bar the lap top was open with my performances running and comments scrolling down. The ordinary feel of the setting began to drift away as I put my bag on the bar and read what these men wanted to do to me and what they wanted to see me do. I sagged on to a bar stool and read exactly how one man wanted to gnaw on my puffy nipples, working his fingers into my arse as his dog bucked his sperm into me, his knot trapping me.

The door opened and a large charcoal colored dog bounced into the room. He paused, looking back at the door before seeing me and rushing towards me. I stood up and the dog came up to my breast. He hauled himself up, his feet on my shoulders in a second. He licked my face and waited. I checked his collar tag and swallowed. Osric. Ozzie. He just stayed there as I stroked his head and neck, moving my hands down over his flank, to his broad chest and narrow stomach. Gradually my soft hands found his large sheath and the sharp tip of his scarlet cock. I moved my head, looking at the penis I had fantasized about for 6 years.

Ozzie jumped away and pushed me back against the bar. He sniffed at my crotch then an un-socked paw came up, trying to get my dress out of the way. I sat up on a bar stool, my pussy at perfect nice height for him, and spread my legs. He sniffed and licked at the panties, nipping with sharp teeth to get the material out of the way. I pulled the lace to one side and lifted my bum. His soft, broad nose and wide tongue bathed me, coating me with saliva. He lacked the darting sharpness of Luther and the insistent burrowing of Ace and his sharp snout but it was still pleasurable. He whimpered and licked me from arsehole to clit over and over as my juices began to flow.

"Osric!" a loud unfamiliar voice called out for the dog, who suddenly pulled away. I closed my legs as the door opened and a tall, slender man entered.

"He was just..."

"So I see." The dog's cock had unsheathed and was swinging around underneath him. My lips parted and my tongue darted out, coating my lips. I slid from the chair and walked over to the dog, running my hand over his back then around to the large, distended, dangling tool. I sank to my knees and leaned forward, taking the hot tip between my lips. The dog bounced away then slowly walked back, edging the cock back towards my hands. I could not close my fist around the shaft as I guided it back to my lips. The tiny, sharp tip seemed to tickle at my tonsils as I shoved it deep into my throat, gagging myself for a time. I consumed the huge dog cock as if it was the most delicious thing in the world and as if I didn't have a stranger watching.

Moving slightly I made eye contact with the laptop and ensured that I could see the web camera. I swallowed Ozzie's huge tool, gulping the almost gushing fluid that spurted from the pulsating tip. There was no knot, just a jerking cock dribbling cum. I collapsed on the floor as the man suddenly dragged the dog from me. The cock was still huge, ready for the tightness of my cunt, for my submissive, elastic arse, but it and Ozzie were being dragged from the building.

"You'll have to wait for your audience, slut. He is going to make you come so hard you won't be able to walk for days."

I stood up, a little embarrassed about how willing I was to throw away my decorum and fall to the ground to suck to cock of a large dog. I had been moments away from getting on my hands and knees begging to be mated with this huge beast. The comments marvelled at my descent into this taboo world. I read them feeling a sense of pride and a need to have something pumping in and out of my now dripping pussy.

Reaching into my bag I pulled out the model dog cock and moved to the arm chairs. Before I could get into a comfortable position Ted came in and shut the lap top. Without speaking he came to me and pulled my clothes from me. He sat on the large leather armchair and moved me so my knees were on each arm. Taking the dildo from me he slumped down, drawing my pussy down on to his lips. He moaned as his tongue darted over my already aroused flesh. His tongue felt so good, so knowing, so light, then rough, flat then pointed. My palms clawed at the walls as I cried out, grinding my cunt against his face. He grunted and began to work to dildo into me, twisting the tip around and around as the bulb forced its way onto me. Gnawing on my clit, sucking it and rubbing his tongue across it he pistoned the dildo into me, letting my copious juices dribble over his face. I bucked and gyrated uncontrollably as he took me to a soaring orgasm. I fell back, sliding down his body until I was level with his flushed and slick face. Smiling I began to lick off my juices as my pussy continued to spasm around the dog cock still lodged firmly in my cunt. Kissing and duelling with our tongues he reached down and continued his work with the dildo until I cried out into his open mouth and he pulled out the toy with a loud sucking sound.

"You are so ready for this, aren't you? You have been waiting such a long time for this huge cock." He struggled up and called out that I was ready.

Gareth, the tall stranger and the four dogs entered the room. The men were carrying what looked like an oversized saw horse. It was padded and broader than a saw horse but the shape was basically the same. Ted escorted me over and lay me down facing forward. Turning my head to one side I saw Luther moving in to sniff and lick me but Ted told him to wait. Osric approached the splayed buttocks and began his snuffling licking of my now dripping gash.

Gareth moved in front of me, using both hands to turn and lift my head as he fed his cock into me, face fucking me with unexpected vigor. The tall man patted my back to get Ozzie up into breeding position. I started to gag as Gareth called me a fucking slut, a dripping cunt hole, a cum bucket. He slammed his hips forward until my face was buried in the softness of his belly. He coughed and cried out as his semen pumped into my throat then staggered back. Tears leaked from my eyes and my nose was running as I tried to recover from this brutal assault.

I looked at Ted who frowned briefly. Gareth wanted to tie my hands to the frame, he had felt resistance as he throat fucked me. I wanted to know what my fate was going to be but the sudden pressure of Oz's rib cage as he stood over me forced air from my lungs. Unlike the other dogs the Great Dame was not well trained and had not fucked many people or dogs. The tall man worked the soft cock tip in to my vagina and began to gently rock his dog back and forward, encouraging the dog to mimic the action.

I moaned loudly as there was a noticeable growth in the dogs girth and length. Osric began to get the hint and the cock that was inside me began to take on the dimensions of the one I had so recently licked and worshipped with my lips and tongue. I began to moan and whimper as he began to hunch and fuck, his hard cock filling every inch of me. When he began to swell the moaning turned to groaning.

For the last six years I had wanted a huge dog to drive his swollen cock into my willing cunt, to fill me with his cum, to breed me. The g spot in my pussy was on full alert, constantly under pressure as the bulge grew and grew with Osric constantly trying to shift position and drive even further into me. The g spot in me brain was also swamped as my years of fantasy came into reality.

My back arched up as my cunt reached capacity but the cock kept growing. Opening my mouth to cry out the tall man took the opportunity to slap me around the mouth with his thin, long cock. I gasped and gulped it down, taking it deeper than Gareth's as he held my nose, choking me as he throat fucked me. I tried to claw him away but more hands held me down. Fully focused on the sexual overload I was suffering from I heard but didn't understand the raised voices. The new man pulled out suddenly, his cum pumping onto my face and into my mouth.

Osric moved suddenly, trying to step over me, dragging me off the saw horse. For a brief moment I was dangling from the monster cock wedged inside of me, screaming in agony as Osric tried to shake me off. The frenzied movement settled as the men moved me back and I was tied to the enormous dog, his cum squirting out of my full cunt, dribbling down my legs. This was not quite my fantasy.

I was tied to the Great Dane for almost an hour. He attempted to pull his semi deflated knot from me five times but my cunt had snapped shut around him and wasn't prepared to let go. Ted eventually called Ace over and let the dog go to town on the juices on and around my pussy. It seemed to arouse Os once more, causing him to swell slightly, but it was my orgasm that got things going. The tongue worried my clit just enough and as I came loudly Osric pulled his enormous cock from me with a loud sloshing sound and an explosion of liquid. Ace could not believe his luck and after a quick taste he was hammering his swelling dogs cock into my gaping cunt.

I almost cried out at the new, fast pumping but the size of Osric's knot took my voice from me. While the tennis ball sized knot that Ace was sporting was pumping in and out of my lips with ease the now shrinking knot to the Great Dame was the reason. I had read that knots could be compared to grapefruit I had assumed it was artistic license but here was one in front of me. It was smaller now but the knot on the dane was easily the size of a grapefruit. That huge crimson organ had ripped orgasm from orgasm from me until it had become so big it hurt. I began to shudder into another mind numbing cum, my pussy clenching around Ace's knot and his vigorous pumping.

Ted approached, his hard cock in his hand. He did not hold my head of mash my face into his belly, instead he allowed me to suck and lick him, to control the pace and depth as I ran my tongue all over his sweet tasting organ.

"Who do you want next?"

I reached up and pulled his cock from my mouth. I didn't care as long as it wasn't Peri, he would try for my arse again.

"Does the slut want more dog cock or does she want to be meat in a dog and master sandwich."

My eyes widened at Gareth's suggestion. He wanted to fuck my arse again while Peri drove his organ into my pussy. I was unsure if I wanted that, in fact I wasn't sure that I wanted any of this any more.

"We have all day." Ted said, moaning as my tongue circled the tip of his penis. "There is no need to rush our choices." He put a reassuring hand on my head and with a loud groan I felt his cock swell and his semen fill my mouth. "She won't know whether to beg for us to stop or to beg for more by the end of the day."

~~~~~

## **Part 5 - As one door closes, another one opens**

I was not on top of my game on Tuesday. Having used a non-specific 'stomach bug' as an excuse for my day off my slow walk and rather dazed expression it was to dismiss it as the result of throwing up all of Monday. I did not want to correct anyone or encourage idle chit chat. I just wanted to sit quietly and work through the accounts I managed.

The early morning drive home had been one of silence, there was no traffic on the road at 3am, no one to witness the slut and her master. I had got my wish, my fantasy, and then I had to partake in the fantasy of Gareth and Tall man, the stranger who had not been introduced. They had enjoyed the idea of a depraved slave more than I enjoyed being that slave but it was the price I had to pay. Ted had sat observing, smoking a cigar and occasionally walking to the computer to read the screen. He did not seem interested in whether I could take the dane again - I couldn't - but I could take his huge cock in my mouth, smearing his come all over my body for Peri to devour.

I was thoroughly disillusioned and Ted knew it. I was not going to be his dog slut or slave for very much longer if the feeling persisted.

"How was his cock?" Ted stood in the middle of my lounge, looking at me strangely.

"It was," I could feel it pulsing in me, ballooning, stretching and straining against my vaginal walls. I did not want to be aroused but even though it had destroyed a fantasy it had replaced it with a memory. "He was so big. It was right up in me, right up even without him pushing." Ted shifted from foot to foot. "It hurt in the end, if it hadn't been for your eating my cunt so well before I don't know what I would've done. He wouldn't have tied with me but you got me so wet." I glanced up at him.

"You've got the sweetest pussy I've ever tasted. I could eat you for hours."

"We have hours until I have to be at work. As long as you don't fuck me, it'll be wonderful."

Now as I sat at work I was feeling that disillusionment again. I had taken the wrong turn, ventured into the arena of the taboo and had been seen. If a sleazy little porn shop assistant could bring me to my knees then who else would know about me? When I had told Ted about my trip to get the dildo and the reaction of the young guy he had been surprised and a little excited. I assumed he was thrilled that his work was getting a wider audience.

"Kelly?"

I looked up from my computer screen and smiled at my assistant. He smiled back and handed me a glass of ginger-ale to help settle my stomach. She also informed me that my 4pm appointment had been pushed back to 5 as something had come up. I nodded and glanced at my diary. Biomax, the newest branch of one of our biggest clients, had a new business plan I was to look over, to check the accounting details. As a new company the chairman had suggested a new set of eyes she was suddenly the one with those eyes.

Sitting in the small meeting room I shifted around nervously. All day I had felt as if dog cum was leaking out of my loose pussy and every time I stood up I expected to see a pool of liquid on my chair. I knew it was not that case, that I was as tight as I had been for Osric hammered into me, Ted had said so as he was tongue fucking me. A thrill raced through me as I thought about that first experience, Luther's tongue on our genitals as Ted bent me over the bed.

There was a knock on the door and I stood up, quickly checking the chair. Shaking my head I grabbed the files I had glanced over earlier. The company specialised in, of all things, animal sperm. In particular it specialised in livestock breeding. The irony had not escaped her. The new company was concerned with the exotic animal market, alpaca, llama and the more boutique cattle and sheep breeds.

A well-dressed man was ushered in with her boss saying "we didn't expect the boss to come down, I would've sent Kelly to you if I'd known." I took the hint and grabbed the file, looking for a name but the men appeared too quickly.

"Kelly, this is Edward Leis-" I didn't know what to say or do. I couldn't hear a thing as Ted stood beside my boss. My life was about to come crashing down around me, my young, 22 year old life was about to end and with the insidious nature of the internet I would never get that life back.

"She's been unwell, was off yesterday," Mr Winters apologised for my slack jawed expression.

"Well I hope you have that beast off your back now." Ted smiled and shook my bosses hand then encouraged him to leave. He stood opposite me and smiled.

"I..."

"have the sweetest cunt I have ever drunk from. I don't want to share you with anyone else. I hope you have your dane cock fantasy out of the way because Luther and I can't compete with that big prick."

"But there is film, you recorded me with those dogs fucking me and me sucking them," my voice was barely above a whisper. I couldn't believe I was standing opposite the man who had led me down this path of depravity, the man who had made me cum and then bred me with his dogs. He was in my head and because of that he was also in control of my arousal levels.

"I can deal with that, it's not as if what we are doing is above the board. I have a way of getting to those people who have watched you. They might recognise you but they won't have any record beyond their memory." He glanced down at my breasts and smiled as my nipples hardened under his gaze. "I think you should come and work for me," he licked his lips and I groaned quietly, remembering where those lips had been so recently. "I have a side business that needs someone like you. Which dog did you enjoy most, Luther or Peri or Osric?"

I blinked slowly and looked at the door. Ted went over and locked the door then subtly closed the two sets of blinds. He moved me back to the table and stood between my knees. Licking his right hand fingers he thrust his hand under my skirt and burrowed under my sensible cotton pants. Two fingers immediately plunged into my wet cunt and he asked the question again.

"Luther, his cock felt so good and his tongue," I lurched forward onto his chest as he twisted his fingers around dragging knuckles over my hyper sensitive clit. "He took his time and he waited until his knot was going down before he pulled out." I muffled my cries in the woollen fabric of his jacket. "Peri just wanted to ram it in, like Gareth, and Osric-" the fantasy dane pushed me over the edge and I bucked against his hand, my hands pulling on his lapels as he told me to cum over his fingers. Ted stepped back, pulling his fingers out and taking his time to lick each digit. "Do you want an accountant?"

"No, my dear. I need someone to train my dogs. I don't want women out there having to deal with Peri's and Osric's when they could have a dog like Luther fucking them every night."



"You want me to fuck dogs for a living?"

"You can be my personal accountant during the day and my little dog slut during the night. I have 23 requests for fuck dogs so you could be busy over the next few months. It'll take a month of work for each dog. How many cocks can you take a night?" He told her they would be shepherds or labs, nothing like the massive tool on the great dane, he had several breeders who kept him informed about special needs clients. Ace was about to graduate and go to south to be with a recently divorced 34 year old teacher. His time with her just proved that the dog was ready to take on the job of servicing his new mistress.

"How many do you want me to take?"

Ted smiled and moved to me, kissing me wetly. "Good answer, my little dog cum slut."

I was about to start my life again but it was now my choice. Ted was going to make sure the fantasy of the past three weeks remained a personal thing, something only a select few would know about. There were more women like me out there, more women who longed for the companionship of a dog during the day. Who screamed for the driving passion of a dog cock parting the wet lips of their pussies, spitting out copious amounts of dog cum in their cunts or as their dogs pounded then knotted with them. I would be the cunt who would train those dogs, the lips and tongue who caress the cocks of those special animals. As the dogs mounted and bred with those women it would be my tight passage they would remember.

I looked at Ted and nodded.

"When do I start?"

~~~~~

## **Part 6 - A lesson well and truly learned**

Living in a small country and operating a lifestyle that was best described as alternative and most definitely underground when things do not go to plan there is little that can be done.

I had only been living my dual life for a month when I was reminded about how careful I had to be. I had been unwell, a virus or stomach bug had laid me flat and Ted had to go to a training session at the lake house without me. He was disappointed as he had started to develop a real passion for watching me take on new dogs while describing the action to the slack jawed dog owner. There was nothing he like more than reaching around to spread the lips of a dog virgins cunt while Luther went to work. He would whisper into her ear about the fast fucking or deep licking I was getting from this new dog recruit as Luther's tongue curled around her clit.

Instead he would have to show the short film of his ex-wife being hammered by the untrained Spenser and try to work her up from there. I, meanwhile, would be cock-less for a weekend and as I was starting to feel better this could be an issue. He had taken all the toys with him and so it would be my fingers and the big screen of some action if I needed to come. After 4 days of not eating I admit that sex was not at the forefront of my mind as much as a cup of tea and some toast.

Ted was a fairly useless shopper. Working long hours and then travelling on weekends the cupboards were not well stocked, unless I wanted dog treats and dried dog biscuits. I got into a simple shift dress, no underwear for that extra thrill, and drove to the local 24 hour service station to get milk and bread so I could eat something. And that is when I ran into two men I had hoped not to encounter.

Gareth and Gary (the tall man with the Great Dane) were in a green Range Rover outside the store. I walked past, back to my car, hoping to be invisible, but it was a vain hope. Gareth leapt out and followed me to the car, hugging me suddenly and whispering that I should hug him back for the security cameras. I put my arms around him and he darted his tongue into my ear. "I'm so happy we've run in to each other." I could feel the swelling of his penis as he pulled me closer. "If you want this to stay nice you should follow us."

I didn't really feel I had a choice. This man had film of me fucking dogs. He had shot his sperm into my virginal arse and throat fucked me while a Great Dane tied, his giant knot swelling in me. I followed, driving in the opposite direction of home, until we reached a large lifestyle park. I followed the Range Rover along a winding road, passing large ugly houses until we reached a two storey sprawling mansion with a large 'for sale' sign bearing Gareth's full name and photo.

The tall man came and got me from the car, taking my bag and pulling my dress over my head as I was walked naked to the front door. Once inside I was presented with two stiffening cocks dangling from sensible woollen pants. Dropping to my knees I began to worship those organs, licking and sucking on them, trying to convince them that I was still the slut I had been on my fantasy night. Gary grabbed my head with both hands and began to ram his 6 inch cock into me, my handbag bashing into the back of my hair. He was slamming my face into his hairy pot and holding it there as I choked down his spurting semen. Gareth did the same, lightly slapping my cheeks to make me react more as he came and then told me to get up.

I was taken into a lift, a pointless addition for a two storey property. Surprisingly, however, it went down. The doors opened and I was ushered into a padded cellar, bottles lining two of the walls. Going through a door there was another room, dark and musty with pulleys and chains hanging from the ceiling.

"Imagine my delight when I found this." Gary went over to the bar area, dumped my bag and set about doing something as Gareth led me to a strange contraption that seemed to be half operating table half butcher's bench. "You've moved houses, I see. I didn't think we were ever going to have a chance for you to show us your skills again. Imagine when I saw you, my little dog cunt. I can still get stiff thinking about how you took Peri's hard cock into your little pussy while I fucked your arse."

I didn't think I wanted this to happen but his words were starting to drift into my body, my nipples puckering slightly and my pussy beginning to moisten. My body had made the decision for me, it was getting ready for a monumental fucking session. He put cuffs on my wrists and ankles and a collar around my neck. They were made of softened leather and had metal rings dangling from them. I could guess at their use but having not seen much domination porn it was only a guess. Gareth pulled out his phone and rapidly sent a text. "Cum addict Cunt ready for any and all cocks, available in 60" he hit send and pushed me back on the table.

Fastening me to the thing he began to move the parts until my arms were above my head and my legs were spread as my arse half hung from the end. Gary approached with a strange plastic bowl and some gloves. Gareth began to play with my nipples, pulling and sucking while Gary ran a long, probing tongue deep into my pussy. Without warning hotness covered my pubic mound and two things like small bulldog clips clamped onto my sensitive nipples. I tried to look up but my neck was fastened to the table. I was being waxed. The sensation of the hairs being ripped out of my vulva and pubis was heightened by the clamps being ripped from my nipples and then quickly replaced time and time again. I was barely handling the pain but watching him closely I could see that it was the pain thing that was getting him hard. It would not take much for him to pull out a cane or something and start to beat me. I had to try and do whatever he wanted if I was to avoid this sort of punishment.

The familiar sound of claws on slate told me that a dog had entered the room and as my eyes opened to see a large screen of me fucking Ace and Peri pumping his tool into my mouth I felt a skilled, probing tongue explore my newly bald and burning pussy. The clamps were replaced by warm, flickering tongues and suckling lips as the men rode through my first orgasm with me.

My mouth was opened as a large gag with a metal ring was forced into it. I could flick my tongue around but could not annunciate words, grunting and whimpering instead of doing what I wanted, which was to beg. Gareth thrust a greased thumb into my arse and then what felt like a long narrow butt plug. I screeched as the plug began to gush water and was told that he wanted me to be clean for all the cocks that were going to fill me tonight. He wanted the cum dripping out to be untainted by any other matter. As he pulled the enema out I instinctively clenched until his hand on my stomach pressed down sharply and I lost control of my bowels. He seemed impressed that I was already clean - the result of not eating for days - and moments later gave a satisfied groan as he buried his hard cock into my unclenched arse. Gary lifted Peri up until he lay on my stomach and the dog's owner fondled the dog until his cock slid up into my dripping cunt. The clamps were returned and Peri managed to knock and drag them around as he tried to bury himself deeper in me.

Gareth came loudly and as he pulled out the half swollen dog cock slipped out of my pussy. I needed to be on my hands and knees for him to really get to work and knot with me. More contraptions were dragged over and when the men left me to sort out the guests I had a mechanical cock slowly pumping into me. The steady pace of the greased cock became almost annoying, I like to be slammed then stroked, pummelled hard and fast then held at the threshold of orgasm. This was not doing it for me. I managed to twitch my hips and the long, insistent dildo slid out of me, rhythmically sliding through the crevice to my butt instead and slowing me some relief. I was a sex slave for these two, there was no doubt. I had no idea how big my audience was going to be but I was sure there was going to be a wall to wall depravity. I could not stop this, when I had first allowed Gareth to have me, and I had allowed it, this was a potential outcome. With Ted, the slave thing had been played out and shelved, but with Gareth and Gary I needed to be this cum dump, a slut who was up for anything ever since she had bent over for an 11 inch Great Dane penis. Looking at the film of Osric's knot and cock sliding from my juice filled cunt had me moving my arse around trying to get the dildo back into myself.

Gary came in and slid a black zorro mask over my face and moved the cock back into me, with me grunting, thanking him for his subtle clit flick. When Gareth came in next he was accompanied by three shorter men, possibly Asian, all with masks on as well. Each man had a dog by his side and each dog looked mean with their brindle short hair, small erect ears and beady eyes. I was slid back and released from my binding. Staggering from having my legs held apart for nearly an hour I walked towards them and the cocks that hung from their trousers. Kneeling I took each in my mouth through the ring gag until they were hard. Small, but hard.

Kneeling was the perfect position and a loud barked order from one had his dog released and on my back. I sagged down under the extreme weight of the solid beast and moved my level until the hard hot cock found a hole. He began to nervously thrust until he lengthened, driving his cock into my wet cunt further and further. I looked up at the other dogs, trying to gauge how big it was going to get and moaned loudly as the knot began to form. It felt so good to have this new dogs cock moving in me, swelling and twitching. I was already on the cusp of coming when his owner shoved his short dick into my mouth, coughing angrily as he spunked into my throat. More orders were barked as the two G's helped the dog in my cunt to turn arse to arse with me, something that happened only rarely with Luther. The weight off my back was a relief, but a short lived one as another dog leapt on and was guided into my pliant and greased arse. It was too much, too much width, too much stretching. Peri dove underneath to lick up the fluids and the third strange dog was moved to face fuck me. I was completely overloaded with sensation as the men all stood around jerking off, calling me a

fucking slut, a juicy dog cunt, a whore. The dog in my mouth began to swell and with the knot through the ring I was suddenly choking on the penis as it shot cum down my throat. He couldn't pull back, assuming that he was locked in through the metal ring, and his come fired down my full throat in massive spurt after spurt. I couldn't do anything, I couldn't breathe and I started to claw at the gag and buck into one orgasm after another. Gary unbuckled the gag and the cock spilled from my mouth. With the two cocks in me and the several others shooting semen on me the dogs not fucking me had lots to lick up. After the dogs had both wrenched the swollen knots of flesh from me it was my mouth fucker who seemed to relish the taste of the juices as he cleaned me up in front of an appreciative audience.

Gareth seemed annoyed that the gag had taken off and put it back on as he bolted me to the weird table. More men were ushered in and while the Japanese masked men took turns arse fucking me - pointless with their small dicks after the size and girth of the dogs - the new entrants allowed me to caress their tools with my tongue. The audience aspect of the incident is still something I find thrilling and if it had been Ted controlling it I think I would've been all climaxed out after two hours. Gareth, however, was a prick and I still maintain he wanted me to choke on that dog cock. I tried to ignore him as the strangers played with me body and masturbated wildly as Osric pumped his huge dick into me. I squeezed my pussy as tightly as I could so he couldn't knot, something that disappointed the guests but they got off when my mouth fucker buried himself balls deep in my arse. I had no safety word, no way out unless I came up with it myself. Ted was not there to look after me so I had to do it myself.

I was weak with my illness and the four hours of almost continual fucking by men and dogs but I was over being a submissive slave. Resistance would result in some of the tools bolted to the wall being used and no-one knew where I was. While I don't think Gary would've put up with me actually being hurt I still needed to exit with style and dignity. Released and allowed to move around I sat on the table and moaning sexually removed the collar and cuffs, pulling the leather through the dripping juices running down my legs. Approaching each man I kissed them through a wet cuff, darting my tongue into their mouth and sliding the masks from their faces. I stood naked in front of the unmasked men and went over to the bar where my bag sat amongst dildoes, waxes and lubricants. Ted had given me a flash drive to give to Gareth if I ever saw him again and I handed it over, with my compliments.

Turning I began to walk out. Gareth followed me and asked where I thought I was going. If it was words getting into my head that made me thoughtless and easy to manipulate then I would use words to numb them, to get the blood rushing to their cocks, not their brains. My sexuality and well used 22 year old body was an effective weapon and I had to use it well.

"My cunt is so full of cum it can't take anymore and my arse is squelching every time one of you rams your stiff prick in," I lightly touched my pussy," so I am just going to have a clean-up. When I come back we can watch what's on the flash drive and you can see me take that fat dog cock Osric has got in my arse. I'll even let him knot. That'll get you hard, watching how much pain I can take from his swollen penis deep in my tight butt." They watched me leave the room and I heard them start to plan exactly what they were going to do with me next. I walked out of the lift doors, picked up and put on my dress, put the plastic bag that had held the groceries on my car seat and drove back to my new home, locking the doors before I got into the shower.

I had no idea what was on the flash drive or who the men other than Gary and Gareth were but I had taken a photo of their cars and number plates. I had been a reluctant but willing participant in the debauchery but it was the last time I would ever deal with Gareth. I had been a slave to his treatment and I had allowed myself to get into the situation because I was worried about what people might think. I am not excusing his poor behaviour I am just saying it helped clarify the

difference between what I wanted and what I deserved. I wanted to be a dog slut, to have the illusion of helplessness but I did not deserve to be helpless. If Ted ever decides he wants me to service a group of men and their dogs I am sure I would consider it but after my dungeon experience I am not going down that track of being dominated again. Even now I get pissy if Ted smacks me on the arse during sex. Dog cock, yes, God yes, and audience, maybe, I mean after all, writing about it is getting an audience, but cuffs and whips? No. And Gareth? Fuck, no.

I was covered in bruises and my nipples were swollen for ages from the repeated clamping, sucking and biting. My bald pussy was aching from the pounding and from the waxing and I felt like I was oozing cum from every orifice. I slept fitfully after covering myself with arnica and using a turkey baster to wash out my pussy and arse over and over again. The next morning Ted rang to tell me that the training induction was going well and he was bringing a Doberman home with him later. I didn't tell him what had happened, instead I found myself reaching down to touch my tender flesh, begging him to promise to eat me for at least an hour.

Ted was furious when I explained the bruises all over my body, and not just with Gareth and Gary. He was angry that I had gone along with it and that I had let myself cum over all those throbbing dicks, men and canine. I was worse than a young dog and would have to learn to control my urges or it would get me in deep trouble. Coming into my room and bed he held my legs apart and stabbed his tongue into my wet pussy over and over occasionally pausing to look up and with a juice slick face and lecture me on control.

He was sensible enough to know revenge had to be subtle or non-existent but he did buy the spray paint so I could decorate a couple of Gareth's large suburban real estate signs with angry "Gareth XXX watches his dog fuck young women". There was something rather nasty on the flash drive, a virus that was fairly destructive and more effective than pepper spray for seeing off pests. As I said, living outside the norms of the law means you have to protect yourself other ways, whether it be masks or keeping keys to others skeleton closets. To live my dream I have to risk a few things and learn a few lessons the hard way. Not all of us are into the full spectrum of sexual acts deemed 'extreme', (just remember that, Gareth).

The really annoying thing is now all I can think about is having an appreciative audience as I get gang banged by a pack of rotties, dobemans and german shepherds.

~~~~~

## **Part 7 - Birthday Surprise**

I was a slave to my desires, I admit that now. I could not go a day without an orgasm and if I didn't have to do it myself I was happy. I had always had hard core porn literature to keep me occupied, to keep those fingers strumming over my wet clit as I read about other peoples' experiences. The films that kept me hot were either of older men eating pussy or of dogs taking control of a woman. When I worked in the city I had a recurring fantasy about my boss, a tall, slim, distinguished gentleman with silver, thinning hair and a long, sharp nose. He was not good looking but his confidence and carriage as well as his dress sense always made him seem handsome to me. I had, on more than one occasion, finger fucked myself dreaming of him sucking up my cunt juices, flicking his tongue over my clit and then driving an unexpectedly huge member into my pink, moist pussy while my legs were being held apart by two other senior members of the team. I knew he had a big cock because three weeks after I got the job there (beating out the other 4 top graduates from my class) it had been the christmas party. He had been a very social boss, talking in an enthusiastic way, supportive and encouraging about the year to come and everyone's holidays. He maintained this aloof but concerned presence so everyone wanted to be with him but feared him at the same time. I guess he was like a father figure.

I had been singled out for a 'chat' about his expectations and my professionalism and the expression on many faces was 'here we go, she's going to be read the riot act about how she is not at uni anymore'. I had already had to apologise to one senior manager about my dress, a tee shirt was being worn under my one suit, but I hadn't bought a washing machine yet and I'd had to pay a huge bond on my new flat. I assumed the worst when I went into his very private corner office. He sat on the corner of his desk while I perched on a tall backed leather chair.

"You are wearing clothes that suggest you haven't got much disposable income." He told me that was to be expected as I was fresh from college. "And I notice that you are catching the eye of many of the older men in the office with your tight skirt."

I immediately began to apologise, sensing that I could be accused of sexual inappropriate behaviour. He took my hand and placed it on the swelling mound in his trousers.

"I am more interesting in your tight shirt and that lacy bra you have on underneath." My hand stayed on his crotch while he pulled up my tee shirt. "I would like to take this time to encourage you to try and sleep your way to the top."

He stood me up and moved me closer, pulling down my bra and suckling on my breasts. I, meanwhile, took the opportunity to unzip him and take his warm flesh in my hands, pumping the rapidly swelling cock faster and faster. I pulled it from his pants and used my exposed tummy to press up against him. He moved his right hand over my arse and deftly began to finger my tight pussy from the back. Moving from my breasts he began to tongue fuck my mouth, groaning into it suddenly as his semen exploded onto my flesh.

The buss of the intercom interrupted us and he leaned back, sucking on his fingers, his large, still swollen dick hanging from his pants, eyeing me up for round two.

"Your wife has arrived and wants to know where to bring the parcel." He stood up, scooped his cock back into his pants and indicated that I should straighten myself up. "Tell her I'm in here."

He took time to clean around his fingers, removing my taste from them, before he took a swig of champagne, washing it around his mouth. "I can't have her tasting your pussy when I kiss her, she'll have to find that out herself."

His wife was a nice looking, older woman who was slim and toned, obviously keen on keeping her husband happy. She looked like an older version of me, but taller. Kissing him she accused him of being an old lush and then squealed as he patted her on the bum.

"Now, Kelly, Derek and I are aware of how much it costs to set up straight after you have graduated so I want you to have this. It's not charity, it's me trying to help a young me. I was in your situation, and I know while men get to wear the same suit and just change their tie, we have to have a bigger range."

The parcel was a suit bag with three designer suits and a selection of shirts and blouses. She warned that they were all last seasons and a little matronly but with my lovely figure I could dress them up or down.

It was lovely of her and Derek and while I was truly appreciative the thing that lingers more about that day is the size of his cock and the complete disregard for anything other than sex. I spent hours focusing on what it would feel like to have his sharp nose rubbing over my engorged clit while his tongue scrapped off the juices lining my cunt. The fact that he acted as if nothing had happened and that he only ever met my eyes when talking to me (while others spoke almost exclusively to my

breasts) drove me insane.

As I panted, tied to Frank, a Doberman with a short cock and huge knot, I kept thinking about Derek watching what I had become. Would he be disturbed and revolted or was he as perverted as I hoped. When Ted sat me over his face with my cunt grinding into his probing, exploring tongue I had a flash of Derek's face and immediately gushed cum. Ted pushed me off and asked about this sudden orgasm, driving several more out of me with his fingers and cock as I, reluctantly, told him this recurring fantasy. Ever since the rather brutal fuck session with Gareth I had been obsessed with having an audience watching and then taking me. Unlike the masked Asian men with their small cocks and their mean, talented dogs, I wanted specific men. I wanted these men to be willing to fuck me hard, to eat me, to come on me, to help their dogs knot with me while they stood around beating their dicks and I wanted them to all be like Ted, classy. Perverted and classy.

I could sense that Ted was thinking about it because it annoyed him and so he was annoyed with me. It wasn't enough that I had been ushered into this world, now I wanted more. Luckily for him I began my cycle and he was a little old fashioned about that. Luther, on the other hand, was always badly behaved for my four or five days and if he could've backed me into his kennel and fucked me into a pulp he would've. Between the constant attention of Luther, the training of Frank and Ted ignoring me I had a rather trying week.

The next Saturday Ted decided to take me out. It was 10pm and I was about to retire to my room with the dogs when he told me to put on a jacket, we were going into town. I didn't need to change, my wrap-around dress was fine, but I should grab my long puffer jacket. Frank was fed and put in his kennel and Luther sprawled on the rug spread in the back of the car.

We headed towards town but pulled off, heading for the large council wilderness park that covered over 30 hectares of land. The park gates were shut but Ted got out, unlocked the metal arm and drove through then locked it again. Turning off the lights he drove slowly to near the middle of the park and pulled over. Holding my hand we walked through some trees silently, Luther sniffing at the new surroundings as we imitated a couple out walking our dog. I heard the grunting first and pulled him towards where a car was parked. There was a woman being fucked hard by a man as she lay across the bonnet of a car. Two other men were jerking off, there was another in her mouth and one in her left hand, pumping his hips forward. The woman was virtually naked while the men had just pulled their cocks out of their pants. I watched, fascinated as another man appeared and took the place of the guy who had just come in her. Teddy pulled me back and we walked another hundred metres to see a guy eating out a fat, middle aged woman while she sucked off two men. Luther sat on my foot, sniffing the air and wondering what was going on.

Walking to the picnic area Luther was told to sit and be quiet while Ted got me to sit on one of the tables. He set about kissing me gently then pushed me back, undoing my dress and unclasping my bra so my breasts were exposed. Licking his way down my body I sighed as he began to nip and nibble at my panties. Pulling the crotch to one side he buried his talented tongue in me and within 30 seconds the air around us was filled with moaning and slurping noises. I heard approaching footsteps and tried to make out the shapes and faces in the dark but Ted had chosen a very sheltered table that hid us. Lips began to suck on my nipples. Ted's tongue lanced forward and I arched up into the mouths of the two strangers. There was some shifting and I could taste myself on Ted's lips as he began to kiss me. Another skilled tongue had taken over, darting in and out of my cunt while some long fingers dug into the flesh of my pubis. Ted moved away and a long, thick tube of flesh rocked into my mouth. I was being finger fucked, eaten, suckled and throat fucked at the same time.

"Oh Derek, she tastes divine," a female voice moaned. He wanted to taste and there was another shift. Ted began to pump his cock into my mouth, squeezing on my nipples as my old boss and his



wife feasted on my open cunt. When Derek slid his big cock in to me I cried out, eager for him to fuck me hard. He pressed down on my hips as he slammed his dick into me over and over. The table seemed the perfect height for him to just saw that tool back and forwards, pulling and pushing the puffy lips of my pussy as he surged in over and over.

"What a cunt, what a tight cunt, god, she's taking my cock no problem. You need to eat her, you need to taste her, eat her again." His wife's lips closed around my clit and immediately I contracted around the thrusting cock. Another shift and Ted was driving his fat prick into me, driving upwards so the head grazed hard along the tender walls of my vagina and across that spot that forced me to cry out. Lips still suckled on my little pearl, driving another orgasm from me as Derek grunted and thrust his cock into my mouth, coming deep in my throat. Ted pulled me down from the table and turned me so I was lying on my stomach on the seat. He knelt down and began to hammer his cock into me doggy style then came the order.

Luther was up on my back in less than five seconds. He had watched all the sex quietly but now it was his turn. Three sharp jabs with his half exposed cock and the dog pushed deep into my wet cunt. I cried out, the swelling filled me and his knot began to form as he was still thrusting. Derek pulled out a torch and he and his wife crouched at my rear watching the big rottweiler pump his veiny cock into my moist cavity. Ted pulled my head up gently and fed me his still hard cock, his smiling face visible in the diluted torch light.

"That is so fucking hot. Look how big he is, look how her cunt closes over that fat cock every time it sinks in."

"Is he knotting you? Is my dog's big cock knotting with your slut cunt? Are you being bred by my dog? Is he pumping cum into your pussy?" I moaned around Ted's pulsing erection as I felt tongues darting out, tasting the cum leaking from my pussy. Luther did not get a chance to clean me up after he pulled out his marbled cock and knot. The married couple fell on my dripping gash like it was the fountain of youth and almost licked me dry. I lay on the picnic table completely overwhelmed by the combination of fucking and fantasy and even the fact that I had pushed through one of my taboos. I hadn't eaten her cunt but when Derek's wife had sucked on my clit she had brought me to several orgasms.

Ted took Luther back to the car, leaving me with the couple and exposed on the picnic table. They came dogging quite often but it was the first time they had ever seen someone actually fucking a dog. She could not keep her tongue from my cunt and when two other men appeared they had to almost pry her off so they could bury their dicks in me. With Derek sporting his third erection of the night he had me straddle him, bouncing up and down on his fat joint while his wife sat between our legs servicing both of us with her inquisitive, darting little tongue. Derek tugged and pinched my nipples as I pumped my pussy up and down his cock until she pulled him out and gulped his cum down.

They walked me back to the car only to pause and watch as Ted held the head of a woman, pumping his dick into her as another man speared her arse over and over. The couple pulled my dress open and each took a breast between their lips while they thrust one then two fingers each into my welcoming hole. Ted looked at me as he fucked her mouth and I watched him as tongues and fingers danced me into another climax.

Pulling into the garage at home he let Luther out then, like a gentleman, opened the door for me. Taking my hand he then turned and kissed me, dragging me onto the hard concrete and ripping my panties from me. There was no gentle foreplay, he needed to take me, make me his again. Lying beneath him I moaned as he pumped his cum into me, holding his cock into me as he spurted over and over. He covered my open mouth with his, flicking his tongue all around. He did not pull out of

me as he usually did, to allow me to clean myself or to get the dogs in to eat my abundant fluids. Instead he held his penis in me until it shrunk, pulling out while watching my aroused face soften.

Pulling out he struggled up, his pants around his ankles. Stepping out of them he helped me up.

“Frank will want to give you a quick fuck before you go to sleep. And we have guests coming for dinner, for your birthday.”

“Guests? Who?”

“Derek and Sherry. I think they deserve to do this all again in a well lit room, and I’m sure Sherry will want to try Luther herself. We deviants need to stick together.” He wished me a happy birthday and gave me a kiss on the top of my head before taking his ‘old bones to bed’.

I went out to get Frank and bring him inside. His dick was half out as he had been busy licking himself, a habit I could fully appreciate but one he would have to grow out of. He was happy to see me and after being told to ‘pause’ twice he was resting calmly on the bed. I put his socks on and checked out his cock which was starting to grow. Positioning myself I told him to pause again, waited two minutes then patted my bum as I commanded ‘mount’. He was on me and in me instantly, hammering his short cock and huge knot in me so fast it looked like I was having a seizure. I looked up and saw Ted watching me before he closed the door to my bedroom.

He was my fantasy man, supplying me with my fantasies.

~~~~~

## **Part 8 - Fantasy Land**

So this should probably be in the fantasy section as it hasn’t happened, yet. I do have faith in Ted’s ability to arrange things and if I give him some specifics then my God, what a time I could have. He is a man who knows a lot of people and a lot of those people are as unrepressed as he is. I do realise that there are elements of what I have experienced in the fantasy but I figure if I repeat things then I could get better at them.

Here goes.

There is a desk, I am sitting on it, waiting. Three distinguished looking men in their 40’s, or 50’s enter. They are in well-cut suits. They smell like musk and crushed lime leaves. Their hair is short, silver grey, they have the trappings of wealth and power in their dress and their demeanour. They approach me, circling until one is sitting in the high backed chair. He turns me around, pushing my dress up my thighs. The others tug off the top of the dress and immediately two warm mouths are covering my breasts, consuming the flesh as the fingers squeeze and pinch. Tongues flick across the painfully hard nipples as sounds of suction fill the office. They take a leg each, pulling me wide open for the man in the chair the thrust two fingers deep inside me. I gasp, pushing my tits into the gnawing mouths as a tongue begins to flick across my clitoris and into my cunt. Juices flow and the two tit men move to dig their fingers into my pussy until there are four fingers pistoning in and out. They begin to feed me my juices, pushing their fingers deep into my pussy then deep into my mouth. All the time tongues are dancing over my skin. I look down and see these distinguished older men feasting on my body, slurping and moaning as they push me towards a monumental orgasm.

They change places and the pace changes. Suddenly the wet fingers are in my arse and cunt and mouth. The tongues are in the same places as I buck against them, dripping juice over their expensive merino suits. A huge dildo is produced and fastened to the thin coffee table. I move over,

straddling the table and crouching begin to lower myself, spreading my dripping pussy lips over the obscene shape. I gasp as the ten inch dog dick forces its way into my gaping cunt, slick from the fingers that have been fucking it. The men bite their lips, nervous that I won't be able to accommodate the model cock. I wince and strain, pulling on my nipples as I inch the knot through my tightness. Bucking and pumping I ride the cock hard, moaning out how I want them to fuck me after, how I need their cum in me.

One of the men pushes me forward and lubing his fat cock with my juices rams a cock as big as the dildo in my arse. He cries out and begins to fuck me hard and fast, slamming his balls into my already stretched cunt. His trousers scratch my tender flesh as he grabs my hair, pumping my hips up and down on the plastic cock as I take his ten inches into my arse. I am suddenly pulled off the dildo and he holds me up, balanced on his stiff dick. Another suited man approaches and hunching slightly, feeds his hard penis into my cunt. I am being held up on two cocks as they strain and thrust, filling me with their hot cum. I fall to the floor only to be picked up by the third man who carries me to the desk and rides me like a racehorse fucking his long, stiff prick into my arse then cunt then back again until he discharges his load into my uterus.

I am led out, dripping and weak from orgasm, to the board room where I am cuffed and secured to the wide table. A sponge washes me inside and out and I am lightly oiled all over. Suction cups are secured to my breasts and a large mechanical vibrator is positioned at the mouth of my now spread pussy lips. The sucking begins, pulling at my breasts as the cock begins to slowly pump in and out, the head rotating, spreading a fiery substance that irritates and burns my swelling cunt walls. It increases in speed as the suction alternates, pulling on one tit then the other. My hips are held securely by strapping as the vibrator begins to pound into me relentlessly and another suction cup is applied to my clit. I am screaming in pleasurable pain as one by one the young members of the office come in, surrounding the table, watching my degradation while beating their hard cocks until semen is dripping from my face like icing from a warm cake.

A young Tongan lad, just 18 and muscular, straining in his store bought suit, takes the place of the machine. He is called tree trunk because when he is in a scrum he takes root and cannot be moved. At least that is the polite version of his story. The cups are ripped from me leaving distended, tender flesh exposed to the quick, darting tongues of the secretarial staff. One very determined older woman takes the stalk of my clit into her mouth, giving it the equivalent of a blowjob until she is told to move. My three distinguished gentlemen tell me to look up and I sob as the dark, tattooed young man hefts his pulsing cock from his boxers. That is the tree trunk, solid like a kauri, no tapering, just one thick solid tube of flesh. Nine inches long and at least the same around he butts the rounded head against my abused cunt and grunts as he forces it through the relaxed muscles of my opening. It feels like the Great Dane's knot when he pulled out of me but that was just a bulb of flesh. This is a solid, pulsating tube that is bulldozing into me, scraping over my g spot again and again as he begins to drive that shaft in and out. Moving onto the table proper he follows the instructions of his religion and services me missionary style. My legs are held apart as he pounds his huge fleshy cock into me over and over, thrusting his tool deeper and deeper. I cry out, the pain from his weight slamming into me drives the air from my lungs. He is young, I think, this will be over soon but 15 minutes later he isn't even starting to tire. My cunt is aching and the hard dick is so big it is scraping all the moisture from my giving flesh. I grab my acting breasts and encourage him to suck on them, like he did his mama. That image seems to work and with sudden haste he jackhammers into me, shooting his thick cum into my cunt and then over my splayed pussy lips. He staggers off and I feel my hosts move in. Tongues flicker over my lips and breasts as a knowing hand explores my spread cavity, cleaning off the Tongan cum and massaging the moisture back into it before a fist is driving deep into my womb. I lift my head and see the two nipple suckers head turned away, watching as their companion sucks on my aching, sensitive clit while pummeling his clenched fist in and out of me.

My juices as flowing, staining the cuff of his expensive shirt as I buck into my next orgasm, begging to left alone for just a moment or two.

I get my wish. The men pull away and I hear a moist sucking noise as the fist slides from my inviting orifice. They turn and leave me. My eager little tongue fucker returns and undoes the straps holding me down and tells me to leave. Naked and aching I stumble from the room into the brightness of an inner city working office. People barely glance up, acting as if they don't notice I am naked or that I have just spent the last hour crying out as I am taken from one wrenching orgasm to another by a series of men. Cum coats my hair and I can feel my loose cunt releasing the cum and juices from it, rolling down my thighs.

I ride the elevator alone to the car park, stepping out into the grey concrete area, knowing I have to go to the service office to get my keys. I knock on the door and hear a chair being scrapped over the uncarpeted floor then an overweight man in a grubby security uniform opens the door. He smiles when he sees me, calls me a cum slut and tells me to come in, cupping my breast and pressing me against the door to thrust his tongue in my mouth before sucking on my tongue and stabbing a nicotine stained digit into my still gaping pussy. He pushes me into their musty smelling lounge area and three other men look at me while five dogs immediately stand. I groan and fall to my hands and knees, begging for a dog cock, crying out that I need to be fucked, hammered and knotted by one of their well-trained beasts. The fat man laughs, unzipping himself and kneeling begins feeding me his flaccid, small dick.

"Bring over Thor," he tells them "She just had that fat Tongan snake in her, she'll handle him now, no problem." A large, drooling mastiff was brought to my flanks. One of the men began to slap my exposed arse and pussy lips, shocking the flesh and encouraging the dog to spread his spit around it. He reached into his belt and took out a short, fat torch. Plunging it in and out of my cunt he then transferred it into the clenched muscles of my arse, to 'protect me from Thor's hard dick'.

"The boy likes to make women scream, and there's nothing like an arse begin fucked by a hard twelve inch dog cock to get a bitch crying out like a virgin at rape party."

I cried out when he slammed his hard dick into me, spitting the cock in my mouth out so I could tell them what I was feeling.

"Oh God, he's in, he's so deep, God he's fucking me so hard, so... fast." I tell them I can feel his dick getting bigger, that his knot was being shoved in and out I was so loose. When the knot swelled fully it felt bigger than the trunk and the fist. He tried to turn but the pressure was too much and he pulled out and it felt like he had turned my cunt inside out. I expected blood, I expected internal organs but all I saw was a puddle of cum and the back paws of a german shepherd who hammered me for two minutes, unable to knot effectively but still able to cum lavishly.

Lying on the coffee table the two female Dobermans feasted on the abundant juices dripping from my vagina while the men hunched over me. Balls rested on my chin as they skull fucked me over and over. My cunt began to recover as the dogs ate me out. Semen coated my chin as the men pulled out to come over my dishevelled face. My last act of depravity in the grimy offices was to be spit roasted. The huge Tongan boy's uncle was one of the security staff and as he fed his sizeable tool into my open and willing mouth the mastiff moved in again. This time I could feel every inch of his veiny grey cock as he forced it into my tightening cunt. His insistent thrusts pushed against my vaginal walls and the knot strained to force its way into my accommodating pussy. My moans were deep and guttural as the hammer like pounding calmed to an occasional spasm and cum began to shoot deep into me. At the other end the fat Tongan cock continued to be thrust into my throat, lasting the same amount of time as his nephew and the dog in my cunt. He held me against his hairy belly as he cried

out and ejaculated six times, depositing his cum straight into my stomach.

I stood up and asked for my keys. Walking to my car I was stopped by one of the guards who told me I had something of his. Spread eagle on the bonnet of my car I allowed him to clumsily remove the flashlight from my arse before he quickly fucked his own cock into me, cumming after only 30 seconds. I drove out of the city, naked, cum and cunt juice pooling on the seat under me. I almost made it home but as I pulled off the motorway and onto the quiet, secluded tree lined road to home a police car noticed my state and pulled me over.

He leaned in and saw my cum splattered face and hair and smelt the aroma of sex drifting from my slut pussy. Asking if I was alright he did not expect me to grab his night stick and suck it down my throat. I slid it from his belt and pushed my seat back, spreading my legs and began to drive the black, slick truncheon into my needy cunt.

"Fuck me, please give me your dick, please give me your big cop cock." I pumped the stick into my open cunt over and over again until I bucked up into an orgasm. He opened my door and I tumbled out, walking to the cop car where I met the eyes of a surprised young me as I leaned over and spread my arse cheeks. He watched as his partner began to hammer his hard dick into my arse, pulling hard on my tits and forcing me to taste my used cunt as he fed me his fingers after fucking my pussy rapidly. Stepping out of the utility car he walked around, pulling his dick from his trousers and then letting his pants fall to the ground.

"Turn her around, we should double fuck her, give her a pork sandwich." I had two fat cocks sawing in and out of me as we lay on the front of the police car. I was so wet, so open to anything that when they got their dogs from the back I soon had two large german shepherd cocks knotting in my arse and cunt, pumping their thin doggy cum into my moist human cavities while the men tried to shove both their hard dicks into my mouth, choking me with their thick spunk.

When I crawled home I cleaned myself up thoroughly, washing away all the evidence of my debauchery. Dressing in a light silk gown I walked through to the office where I waited. A large flat screen television flickers on and I begin to squirm as I witness the depravity of my actions. The antique captains' chair behind the desk has been fitted with a large brown cock, reminiscent of the tree trunk which filled me so completely. Parting my moist petals I lower myself gently onto the device and wait as it begins to move almost out then back in with a solid upward thrust. I watched as I beg for hard cocks to fill my cunt, for my cunt and arse to be stretched by huge thrusting rods of pliant flesh, for the dogs to pound into my welcoming flesh, knotting their bestial tools into my needy pussy. I cum time and time again as female tongues dart over my skin, their knowledgeable mouths causing me to buck and groan as my juices flow over their faces. I dangle, suspended between the dark flesh of a 45 year old Tongan penis and the grey swollen mass of a brindled dog's hard cock as spunk explodes into my waiting orifices. I watch as two uniformed officers ram their stiff dicks into me on the side of the road before leading their trained dogs over to service my arse and cunt with their marbled pricks and bulging knots. The sounds of my groaning, whimpering need fill the room as the cock drives in and out of me, it's motor working overtime to fill the need of my slutty cunt.

Ten minutes later I am back sitting on the desk, my silk dress stained with the abundance of my sweet juices. Three distinguished, well dressed men entered and while two sucked on my bruised and swollen nipples the other occasionally looks up from where he is feasting on my sweet cunt juices. "Ready to go again?" he asked, flicking his tongue rapidly over my clit. A gasp and a gush of cum into his waiting mouth suggested that I am.

(Sorry, I change tense as the fantasy builds, I admit I got a little carried away and had to take a couple of short breaks for... personal reasons. I was going to go through and fix it but the Ted said

something that meant I had to take an even longer break. His one comment? "I don't know anyone with a mastiff" but he certainly knows a couple of distinguished gentlemen with talented tongues.)

~~~~~

## **Part 9 - How I got it together**

I was an idiot, really. I was young and selfish and did not know what I direction my life was going to take. More importantly I had no idea how spoilt I was. I was able to come and go as I please, I had a job three days a week doing enough accounting to make me still feel like a useful, and paid, member of society. I also had the freedom of being able to express my sexuality in as many ways as possible. Now I was being cut off. Ted was sick of me demanding fantasy scenarios that did not really live up to my expectations. I suppose what went on my head and what I could actually put up with were two different things. I also became aware of Ted's discontent about my demands on him taking a dominant role. He was an old fashioned gentleman. He didn't want to force me to eat pussy or shove his cock into my arse knowing it hurt me. While he was capable of being rough and assertive my fantasies demanded brutal and domineering. I guess I wanted to be treated the way Gareth had treated me, but without Gareth. I don't know much about BDSM but I didn't think many slaves had the ability to call time out and then demand their cunts eaten into orgasm.

I was sent down to the lake to take the not fully trained Doberman, Frank, to his owner. I had managed to train him sufficiently but would've liked another fortnight to get him more socialised in public. His owner was a shop owner and Frank would have to deal with public on a day to day basis. He wasn't going to try and mount anyone but he was still a little protective and aggressive with strangers. I had two days at the lake before I was meeting the lucky woman and then a week after.

Ted loaded my bag into my car and then Frank then went to his study without a goodbye or safe trip. He had been distant since the rather robust fucking I had received from my old boss and his wife. I had wanted the whole older man forcing me to do depraved things and taking me the way he wanted with no regard for my needs. Instead I got thoroughly screwed by two people who just wanted sex, in any form. Even when my face was pushed into Sherry's cum filled cunt and her husband speared his Viagra swollen dick in and out of my tender arse I had only just reached climax when I watched Ted jerking his hard cock.

He had then cut me off. I had not touched him or been touched by him for a week and oddly enough I could feel my libido shrinking. Taking the dog to the lake I ran with him, fed him and did some basic obedience as we went to town, me sitting on a street table with a coffee and him quietly sitting at my side. He gained a lot of attention as he was a beautiful dog and there was a dog show in town that weekend. I smiled when a couple of older women talked about his potential as a stud and asked if he kept me happy. Nodding I replied that he was a superb companion and better than most men when it came to how he treated a woman.

We met to hand over Frank at the small, rural cottage she had rented for the weekend. He was very excited to see him again and I just smiled as she hugged and kissed him. It all seemed innocent and I walked back to my car, waving and wishing them well. Driving a minute down the road curiosity got the better of me and I pulled over. Sneaking back to the cottage I saw that they had gone inside. I crept closer and tried not to look too suspicious in case I got caught out. Looking in the window there was no chance of that.

The woman was already naked with Frank's eager, pointy snout buried deep between her legs. She was moaning for him to lick her 'deeper, deeper', to get his tongue right inside her. She cried out as he munched on her juicy cunt then pranced around eagerly, his covered paws sliding on the polished

wooden floors, as she turned over, presenting her soft, round rump to her new fuck mate. A simple command and he used his new found skill to mount her, jabbing his rapidly lengthening penis towards her. She dropped down a bit, a piece of useful advice she had picked up in her research. He hit home and she looked up, keening as he began that first fuck of his bitch. She kept crying out as his cock pumped into her, forepaws gripping her tightly as his rear paws lifted from the ground driving the knot deeper and deeper into her. It had been less than ten minutes from hand over to first knotting. That had to be a record.

Ted did not answer his phone and I thought it would be a bad idea to leave a message saying that Frank had fucked his cock, knot deep, into his new bitch and the breeding had taken less than 600 seconds.

Driving back to the lake house I tried to figure out what I was going to do that night. I had discovered that my bag of toys had been left behind so for the next two days I found myself humping the powerful jets of the spa trying to get some relief. I had ventured into town and to the dog show but I kept having small fantasies about the judges leading dog after dog to me, to service me as they inspected how deep the knot was, how hard the shafting, how copious the semen.

Wednesday rolled around and I decided that I should go into the small lakeside town and have a drink to relieve my boredom. Pissed off and horny I was a magnet for young men who were skiing and out to sleep with as many women as they could get. I allowed one to chat me up and tell me about himself. He was here skiing, taking a break from his mother who had insisted on taking him for a holiday before he left home. They had run into one of her old friends who was a judge at the dog show and then was going skiing. Dave, the young man, had leapt at an invitation to accompany his mother's friend and so here he was, with an attractive woman, buying her another gin and tonic.

He was relatively skilled in his chat and I enjoyed the attention. I allowed him to buy me a drink and allowed the warm feeling of alcohol that flowed through after my first sip. When his phone rang and he excused himself I reached for my drink only to find it gone. I frowned at the barman and questioned his motives.

"I thought I saw him put something in it. I'll get you a fresh one."

I laughed and claimed that he had been seeing things. Dave was an attractive young guy, he wouldn't need to drug anyone to get sex. When he returned he told me to drink up so we could go to grab something to eat down the road. I threw back the fresh drink and taking his arm, allowed him to escort me out of the bar. Laughing loudly we walked down the road, interrupted only by his phone ringing again.

"We're just going for a meal; yes, sure, I'll bring you some home; I'll ask," he asked if I wanted to get a take out and go back to their nice little place. I nodded and moments later we were ordering curry. I felt far more drunk than one g & t should get me, but I hadn't been drinking for a while. He helped me to his car, telling me that I shouldn't be drinking and driving then calling me a light weight. I laughed and fell into the car, holding the steaming meal on my lap.

The meal was dumped on the bench and he took me by the hand, leading me straight to the bedroom. His friend was nowhere to be seen and so Dave wanted to take his chances with me. He was a good kisser. His tongue darted in and out of my mouth as I groaned around it, rubbing up against him and allowing him to grope at my breasts. Pulling back I told him that I was not really this kind of a girl.

"Maybe you shouldn't drink so quickly," he pulled up my top and told me I had great tits. Massaging



them he commented that my nipples were getting erect then asked if I was getting wet. Blinking slowly I stumbled back to the bed, falling back on it. Drunk or not Dave had a great tongue and was not afraid of oral sex. He wasn't as light or fast with his tongue as Ted but he knew how to tongue fuck deeply and strongly. Holding my legs wide he used his tongue stud to worry my clit until I told him I was coming. He flicked into my tight opening, riding through the orgasm. I moaned that he was good, that he should keep going.

Moments later I had his firm, stout cock in my mouth as he held my head and thrust into me as he lay by my head. Telling me that his dad had always told him that if he wanted to get his prick into a woman's cunt then he had to go there first with his tongue he told me to give as good as I got.

"Take it, take my cock, suck it." I began to suck his fat rod, taking it further and further into mouth, relishing the feel of it as it filled my mouth. Hands separated my legs and I got ready for a 69 but he didn't move. Lips began to suck on me and a tongue flattened onto my clit, pressing down on it. I tried to look up but Dave held me in place, his hips beginning to pump into my throat.

"That's just my friend Gary. I told him I'd bring home something delicious for him to eat." He pulled his prick from my mouth and I looked up to see a familiar face buried in my pussy. The dog show judge was breeder Gary, Gareth's friend and Great Dane owner. He looked up at me and smiled lecherously, digging his tongue into me as I began to buck into an unexpected climax, Dave sucking and squeezing my breasts as I came loudly.

Gary was the first to fuck me, lying fully on me and sliding hard into my as he pressed down onto me. He thrust his tongue into my mouth, which I attempted to avoid but could not. He remarked that I was still putting up some resistance and asked if I had drunk all of my drink.

"You drugged me?" I slurred.

Gary rose up, pulling my legs wide apart so he could see his skilled cock in and out of my cunt.

"If I knew it was you I would've just told you Osric was here and watched you crawl here to fuck him." He exploded in me, his cum spurting out as he groaned in a pained way. "This one is just like your mum, Dave, can't get enough cock and if a man's not there then she'll bend over for a big" thrust "fat" thrust "cock" thrust "knotting in her tight little pussy."

The men rested for a while, running their hands over my body, discussing the fact that I could still offer a bit of resistance and participate in the fucking more than if I was fully drugged. Gary flicked his fingers over my nipples, telling me that if I was lucky Dave would show me the film he had of his mother fucking a dog. The young man moved around, turning me on my side and sliding his cock into me. He wasn't long, like Gary but his cock had width and he had to put some effort into entering me. Balls slapping against my thighs he fucked me powerfully, causing me to wince as he stretched me. With my face screwed up I felt Gary use his dick to caress my face.

"Does she really fuck dogs too? Have you got any of her movies?"

The men continued to pound their cocks into me as their conversation about me carried on. He had no film, in fact he had no proof that he knew me. Dave had made a sizeable amount of money at university, selling copies of his mother's movie. He had little love for her and so felt no real taboo about seeing her knotted to a hard, red, canine penis. He even had a couple of shorter films he had made by setting up camera's when she had a new dog but they were grainy and shaky and not a money spinner. Gary grabbed my head and buried himself up to his balls, ignoring my gagging as he hosed my throat with his thick juice. He told Dave to come in my cunt, that I wouldn't be reporting this incident, not after I had already cum on both guy's tongues.

I had gone into town to find someone to relieve my horniness and so I did feel a slight responsibility about my position. I had also ignored the helpful barman who had warned me. I rolled over when told and straddled Dave, taking his miraculously hardening cock in my hand. I followed instructions and sank down on his penis, feeling it push my vaginal walls wider and wider. Gary stood on the bed and told me to suck him, to get him wet. I knew what was coming next.

He moved behind me, reaching around to massage my breasts, using them to pull me down to Dave's chest. Telling Dave to spread his legs a bit more me knelt behind me and told Dave to pull me down until his cock was completely in me. I groaned in a satisfied way as the shaft grazed across my g spot. Wet from my spit, Gary's cock bunted against my clenched asshole.

"Relax," he forced two fingers into my mouth and then in one forceful movement shoved them into me. Dave groaned loudly and said he could feel the fingers. "Just wait, stay deep in her pussy. Relax your arse, bitch, I'm going to fuck you so hard." He was deep in me suddenly. Dave and I both reacted, me screaming loudly as I was filled and Dave as he felt Gary's long cock driving up my arse. They began to saw their pricks in an out of me alternately with the young man losing control after two minutes.

I began to lose focus more and more with the room blurring around me, aware on the pressure from their cocks and their thrusting. I felt my arse being stretched as Dave pushed his way in for his first arse fuck while Gary skull fucked me again.

Waking up in my car I looked around and saw that dawn was just breaking. I ached all over, obviously well used in both my cunt and arse but I was fully dressed, and in my locked car with the keys down my bra. My mouth was dry and when I got back to the lake house I grabbed a bottle of water and stripped, dumping my clothes and climbing in the warm water of the spa. I allowed the water to massage my skin and muscles before having a brief weep.

Ringling Ted I got a message that told me he was in the southern offices but he did not pick up. I really wanted to talk to him, to tell him I was over this need to be dominated, this reckless streak had been fucked out of me by a man I feared and a stranger.

I left the lake house early and drove back via the artificial breeding offices. Dressed casually, but still looking smart, I walked confidently, ignoring the ache emanating from my bruised pubic area. He was not in his office but the office manager told he would be back, he was out having coffee. I looked at her and smiled politely, wondering if he had fucked her today. He usually got her to blow him as she knelt between his legs while he sat in his office chair. I knew that only because I had walked in on them, well, him, with a pathetically telling 'my cock is in a soft, warm mouth' look on his face. I felt a spark of jealousy thinking about it and was about to walk out when she told me he had just pulled up.

I walked out to the car park and saw Ted and Dave, father and son, get out of the car. This country was just far too small. The expression on Dave's face told me one thing. If Ted was ever going to find out about this, I would be the one telling him.

~~~~~

## Part 10

I was introduced to David and he did his best to act as if we had never met. Ted suggested that I give David a ride back to the house as he would be hanging around, bored, in the meantime. We both nodded, and I handed him the keys while following Ted into the office.

“Are you okay?”

My eyes widened and I nodded. I really didn't want to tell him about my last sexual misadventure. It only took him 3 minutes to get it out of me. I didn't tell him the details of who but I did say after a bit of self-imposed sexual exile I had gone into town, drunk a spike gin and tonic and ended up having sex with Gary and some young guy. Ted had asked if I was okay, asked where my clothes were and then sent me to the lab where I had one of the staff, an ex-nurse, take a blood sample. Ted wanted to hang on to these things as a bit of a bargaining chip with Gary. The breeder might know my background but drugging a woman and having sex with her was more likely to land him in jail. If he brought up that I liked fucking dogs then Ted suggested that I could say he forced me.

When I asked about Luther, Ted rolled his eyes. The dog had dragged himself around, sitting outside her room and whining. He hated Ted's running, it was too slow, barely ate his food and kept looking accusingly at his master.

“And how were you?”

“Oh, I had someone to relieve my needs too, but I'll be glad to have you back.” He smiled. He didn't say that he missed me but I told him that I missed him and he seemed to like that. I left the office a little unsure what to do. If he did the whole DNA thing with my underwear he would find evidence of his son.

I went to the car and got in.

“Did you tell him?”

I looked at David. I hadn't but I would, eventually, and it would be good if he was present.

“I can't believe that dad has had two women who fuck dogs. Does he know you fuck dogs?”

“What do you think?” I bluffed, “Does he know you drug women?”

I told him that Gary had been involved with a guy who had chained me up and forced me to do things I did not want to do, and I had been trying to get over it when I went down to the lake. David looked terrible, he apologised over and over. He looked sorry and as I drove he actually took my hand and kissed it.

“I would've slept with you, you know.”

“Aren't you dad's... I just assumed from the way he talks about you that you're sleeping with him. Really?” He explained that Gary had made it sound kind of exciting, illicit and guilt free on their part at least. I just looked at him and remembered his fat cock stretching me and pumping into me with relentless speed. And Ted had been the one to give him the advice about cunnilingus.

“I am sleeping with him, but I can sleep with other men, if they ask.” He was less than subtle as he pressed my hand into his crotch. He asked if I'd fuck him and his cock lurched in his pants. He reminded me that I had cum with him. I bit my bottom lip and focused on the road. He started talking about what he wanted to do to me, how my cunt had felt around his dick and how I had bucked under him as he flicked his tongue stud over my little clit.

The young man drove his thick dick into me as a bent over the bonnet of the car. I grunted and moaned as my breasts were dragged backwards and forwards over the cold metal. He hammered into me telling me how wet my cunt was, how it was gripping his cock, how I was making him come. For almost ten minutes he rode me before he gave four slamming thrusts and emptied his balls into

my stretched pussy. He pressed up against me, leaning his weight on me, occasionally jerking his hips as his tool shrank. The bruising on my poor pussy began to ache and I asked him to help me stand.

Pulling up my knickers and rearranging my tits back into my bra, I watched as he folded himself back into his jeans. He told me that this had been the best fuck he had ever had. While he knew we would never do it again and would never speak of it again he told her he would bank the memory for those late nights alone. He would also be more confident in his ability to pull women. He was pleased that his father could score a hottie like me and I told him he should listen to his father's advice. A man's tongue was his secret weapon although Dave's girth was a thing of glory.

I took him home where he picked up his rental car and drove off into the city to meet his mum. I dumped my bag and went out to Luther's run. He was beside himself with joy and his little butt wiggled around as I hugged him and scratched his head and chest. He had missed me a lot. As I made myself a cup of tea he sat on my feet, making sure I could not leave him again. He sat with his head on my lap, sighing with contentment, as I drank my hot drink. I had missed both men in my life.

Lifting my hips I slid my panties off and moved so one leg hung over the back of the couch while the other rested on the floor. Luther snuffled in and as I rested my hand on his head he began to press his muzzle into my tender pussy, noisily lapping up the juices leaking from me. I moaned as his broad, flat tongue began to probe insistently, the length pushing deeper into my cunt and drawing out the cum that had recently been shot deep into my womb.

"Oh, Luther, your tongue feels so good." He licked around my upper thighs before returning to my little clit, nibbling on it before the juices he drank down turned his licking into slurping and a moist 'clack'ing sound. I came loudly, grinding my arse into the cushions to try and escape his probing tongue.

Luther whined and jumped off the couch. I swivelled around until both feet were on the floor and looked around for something to put on his feet. He nosed in between my thighs and I was suddenly riding his twisting tongue. I searched under cushions but found nothing. Luther began to paw at me to turn, to present for him and I did what he wanted. The heavy rottie clambered onto me, his forepaws gripping my waist as he began to wind up into his breeding rhythm. His slick cock slid over my arse cheeks as he bounced around until he homed in on the wet passage he needed. The entry of his long, thin cock drew a long moan from me and as it thickened I began to grunt in time to his rapid thrusts. The knot began to swell, popping in and out of my cunt until he finally forced the slimy ball of flesh into me and stopped. I could feel his balls contracting as he pumped his watery cum into me. His panting breath touched my skin as he began to lap at my face and into my mouth as I cried out in passion. He shifted slightly and dragged himself to one side and we were tied. I felt the pulling pressure of his knot as the pulsing continued and the semen continued to shoot into my cunt, filling it and slowly leaking down my labial lips and onto the floor. Luther whimpered and whined as I cried out, begging him not to move.

Resting my head on the couch cushions I took to moaning instead of breathing. He began to pull on the connection as the knot shrank slightly and I was dragged from the couch, suspended momentarily before he barked and the knot pulled out with a loud sucking noise and the splash of fluids hitting the floor. He turned and gave me a few deep licks then went to lie on the rug and clean himself. I rolled over and lay with my legs spread, dog cum dribbling down from my gapping pussy. It felt so good, and oddly enough it was the difference between a hard, anonymous fuck and being screwed by someone or something you are emotionally connected to.

I heard Luther's claws as he walked back to me and nuzzled into the gaping hole again, cleaning me

up and sending me over the edge with his talented tongue.

"Oh, Luther, oh baby, eat it up, eat up our cum, eat my cunt with your doggie tongue." I abandoned myself to the sensation of his tongue as he gently cleaned me. I rolled over, preparing to get up and find something to wipe down the floor but Luther was on my back again, pumping his rear at me before the marbled dog cock was deep in me and after barely a minute locked in me, filling me again. He had missed me and had saved but his cum for just this type of afternoon delight.

I was almost incoherent, telling him to fill me with his hard cock and big knot, to fill me with his cum, to give me puppies, to empty his balls into me. I was lost in the feeling and began to pump my hips back up at him, moving his knot around until it was grinding across my sensitive flesh. He did not like that and for the first time he did something I had only read about. He moved his head and opened his jaws and biting down on me. He was making sure his bitch knelt quietly as he bred her. Moments later he backed off, sucking his cock out and moved around to stand by my head. I turned and saw his fat pink and white penis dangling between his legs, cum still spurting from the pointy tip. I moved underneath him and took the tip of his prick between my lips, tasting both our juices. Moaning like the deranged slut I had become I gripped his pulsing tool and began to pump my mouth up and down, licking all around his slowly swelling cock. I gagged myself as he began to hammer his tool into the new hot, moist orifice but he had to settle for me sucking and licking around his knot before I drank down his semen, directing the streams of cum over my face and tits.

It was a juicy, oral reunion.

I cleaned up the mess we had made and then took Luther into my room and to my shower where I planned to clean him up. It took longer than usual due to his vigorous attentions and remarkable recovery rate. He bred me three times before Ted arrived home to see us asleep on the bean bags in front of the fire.

"You two look happy to be back together." He commented that Luther had been mooching around without his main squeeze. I stretched out and told him I was happy to see my boy. I scratched his back and he gave a throaty sigh and turned so I could pat his soft belly.

I glanced at Ted and decided it was now or never.

"If you hang on to my panties for DNA or whatever, you'll find David's on them too."

"He was the one who slipped you the drugged drink, I know. He drove back and told me. I guess he needed it get it off his chest, or conscience." He seemed disappointed in his son more than in me.

"I guess. I feel bad too, I am just so stupid at times."

"You're young, you still think everyone is like you, trusting and trustworthy. It's only crusty old guys like me who regard the world suspiciously. I just need the panties as a piece of blackmailable evidence. You know, just in case. I didn't realise my ex knew Gary."

"Or that David financed his university social life by selling copies of the film you made of her with Spenser." That made Ted pause for a moment before he shook his head.

"The little shit." He shook his head and then shrugged. "I don't know why I'm shocked by his experimentation then, he was raised by a couple of people with interesting tastes." I reached up and he took my hands, helping me up.

"He listened to your advice about how to please a woman. I think he won't be doing to Gary thing

again though, I kind of told him he didn't need a drug to get a girl into bed." Ted paused and asked if I had lied to make David feel better.

"He's good, he had some skills but he's not you, he might be in the future but you are the master," I reached out and stroked his jacket lapels. "I have wanted to," I reached up and touched his lips, expecting him to pull away but he leaned down and accepted my kiss, "say thank you for letting me find out how dumb my fantasies are when they become reality."

He reassured me that as a fantasy most things were fine but sometimes things needed to stay in your head, locked up and waiting for special alone time to be released. I also thanked him for being patient.

"I'm just glad you came back."

"Where would I go?" I unbuttoned his shirt and snaked a hand in, exploring his warm skin. I pulled the shirt out and undid his belt before unzipping him.

"You don't have to do-" he didn't have a chance to finish as I engulfed his soft penis in my mouth. It felt so good to take his cock between my lips again. Pulling it back and wrapping a hand around the shaft I began to coat the head with my spit, moaning and whimpering as I worked on him, encouraging the swelling by lifting his cock and licking in between his shaft and balls before taking on ball then the other into my mouth. He took my hair in his hands, guiding my lips back to the thickening shaft and began to gently push my mouth up and down. I opened my mouth and tried to take his entire length into my throat then focused on just darting my tongue around his cock head

"Yeah, baby, take it, God, I've missed your tongue on my cock, you do that so well, come on," he grunted and began to thrust his hips forward as I grabbed his hips and drove my head towards him, forcing the shaft into my throat over and over. I felt his cock twitch and pulled it out, opening my robe and holding his cock against my breasts as he came over them. Smearing the fluid over the soft flesh I moved to Luther and sighed as the dog's tongue cleaned off his master's semen from my breasts, rasping his tongue over my nipples. They hardened half from the licking and half from Ted's lecherous gaze. I pushed Luther's head down until he was back at the place he loved so well. Hiding my legs apart I kept my eyes on Ted as his dog eat me out. I kept watching as I turned and presented myself for my fourth mounting of the day.

With my mouth open and my eyes half closed I whimpered as Ted's dog sank his fat cock into me, cum shooting deep into me as he took my hair into his mouth, pulling my head back, controlling me as the knot pulled in and out, threatening to get too big outside of me. I begged for Ted to help Luther push his knot in me, yelling as the almost fully swollen bulge was forced into me. I finally closed my eyes as the pleasure washed over me. It was the fact that Ted was watching that was making me so wet. I had found it, my place in the world, filled with dog cock with a well-dressed older man looking over me, his cock outside his trousers, erect, throbbing and waiting to fuck me as soon as I had stopped being bred by his well-endowed, talented stud dog.