

READBEAST

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Layla waived her smart-watch at the door knob of her one-bedroom apartment. She turned the handle after hearing the lock unlatch. The smart lights turned on automatically. She walked into her apartment closing the door behind her. It locked automatically when it latched shut. She was home however humble it was. It was a place of refuge but after the day she had, it would not be enough. Layla stood five foot six inches in her bare feet. She had light blue eyes, long blonde haired, delicate facial features, and an athletic toned body. All these features came together to make a beautiful woman. Her boss at her office job was up her ass all day but only figuratively, not literally. She did not have to service her boss sexually. He was strictly gay.

Once again, he had fucked-up, and she had to bust her ass all day to redo a task for which he had given her wrong instructions yesterday. Still, she was thankful for the job. There were many people who did not have one these days. Several of her friends from university had not found work yet and it was nearly a year since they'd graduated. But that reality only increased her stress since she would have trouble finding another job. She was stuck for the time being.

She definitely needed a distraction. A quiet evening at home would only keep her mentally at the office and immersed in the stress. No, she needed an escape. She needed to visit The Kennels. The Kennels was a sex club where women could have sex with dogs. Sex with dogs had become a god send to Layla. There was no emotional attachment, no lies, no STIs, and no risk of pregnancy. She was in no position to even think about a relationship yet; unless the other person was rich. And sadly for Layla her circle did not overlap with the upper class. But dogs certainly scratched that itch for sexual release every healthy woman has. Even better, The Kennels offered members the chance to make some money on the side. Viewers from all over the world could watch women get fucked by dogs live on a per minute basis. The Kennel of course took a large cut. Layla, as a very attractive woman in her early twenties, was popular. She had a large number of fans. The young blonde always made sure to wear a mask to The Kennels though. She did not want word to get out that she was a dog-fucker.

She nuked a frozen dinner and drank a little box wine to wash it down. By 7 pm she had eaten, changed clothes, responded to her messages and quickly skimmed her social media accounts to make sure none of her in real life friends needed her. None did. She was free to head to The Kennels.

Within seconds, she was out the door. The kennel was a short self-driving car ride-share away. She wore nothing but an over-coat, smart-watch, high-heels, dog-collar, scarf, and dark sun-glasses. She thought about getting warmed up during the ride over but always suspected that there were cameras in the self-driving cars for insurance purposes. The night was still young. No reason to rush. She could wait the ten minutes to get to The Kennels before she scratched that itch.

When the car was about a block short of The Kennels the ride-share stopped at a busy club which she had given as her destination. Layla was always cautious. She saw no reason to have the car drop her off at an alley that was the location of the entrance to The Kennels. Stepping out of the car Layla pulled the scarf further over her face. She walked down the street towards the alley containing the entrance for the club's women only section. When she got close to the door she stepped up to the wall so that her nose was only a few inches from the bricks. Layla reached up and removed her large sunglasses. While at the same time reaching under her scarf and pulled her mask down over the top half of her face. She pocketed the sun-glasses. She walked up to the entrance door and placed the QR code tattoo on her wrist over the laser reader. The door opened.

Layla entered The Kennels to the sound of loud thumping music. Layla walked up to the coat check counter and removed her scarf. She shook out her long blond hair. After pocketing the scarf in the coat pocket, she removed her coat and heels. She then handed everything but her smart-watch over

to the skimpily dressed clerk working the counter. Layla stood there nude. The attractive slim clerk wearing The Kennels branded booty shorts and mid-riff tank-top took Layla's clothes. The branding included The Kennels tag-line. "The Kennels! Fuck On The Wild-side!"

"Wow, that is a great tattoo! I love it." Said a nude middle-aged woman with a Southern accent behind Layla.

"Thanks, I just got it. I'm a graphic artist. I designed it myself..... I'm Layla." Layla said as she turned to look at the woman.

"That bushy doggy tail really suits you. It makes you look like a true bitch. And of course you have a pair of cute paw prints of your fronts. Where are my manners. I'm Sue." Said the woman as she stuck out her hand.

They shook hands and each sized up the other. Each could see a kindred lust for dogs in the other.

"Nice to meet you Sue. I prefer to think of myself more of a dog-slut than a bitch. But to be honest I can be a bitch sometimes." Layla said with a laugh to show she took no offense.

"Can't we all Layla. Can't we all. It was nice meeting you Layla. But I'd better get going. My friends are expecting me." It was then that Sue waived to some nude women sitting at a corner table near the dance floor. "Maybe I'll see you again sometime." Sue said as she handed over her own clothes to the coat check girl.

"It was nice to meet you Sue. Should you want to get some tattoo work done, keep me in mind. I specialize in doggy tattoos. Just ask one of the bartenders. They know me here." Layla offered.

"I definitely will. Have fun Layla. I know I will." Said Sue with a laugh as she started working her way towards her party.

Layla walked towards one of the tables two rows back from the dance floor. She did not intend to dance tonight. She intended to have one drink to relax, and then head for the kennels. The young blonde graphic artist turned her attention away from the dance floor towards the drink kiosk on the table. Before ordering, she checked her available credits. The shows she put on for people watching the stream brought in a nice little chunk of change. It brought in more than enough to cover her membership fees, room fees, dog fees, and drinks. Layla preferred to visit The Kennels during the week to avoid the crowds and the competition for viewers. She saw that she had plenty of credits. It had been a few weeks since she cashed out. She decided that she would cash out most of the credits she had in her account the following week.

She scrolled through the drink kiosk and selected a mojito and held the QR code up to the scanner to pay for the drink and a tip. Layla enjoyed the smooth taste of that drink. She never drank to get drunk but only to relax. She loved dog fucking after a drink but truth be told she loved dog fucking at any time. Some members and guests needed alcohol to have sex with a dog but Layla was long past any such inhibitions.

While she waited on the waitress to bring her drink, Layla scrolled through the selection of dogs available. She had narrowed it down to either a Doberman or a Pitt Bull. It was then that the waitress brought her drink.

"Hey Layla, nice to have you back. I have your mojito. The bartender made it just the way you like. Just a touch less rum than most people want it." The waitress said as she placed the drink on the table. The waitress wore the same uniform as the clothes check girl; The Kennels emblazoned booty-

shorts and mid-riff tank-top.

"Thanks Traci." Layla responded. She had not lied earlier when she told the woman about them knowing her. Layla was a long time member of The Kennels.

"I'm crazy about the fluffy doggy-tail tattoo on your back. I wouldn't mind having one of those myself. What would you charge for something similar?" The waitress Traci asked.

"Let me get your contact info and I'll send you some designs. I normally charge fifty for a tattoo of that size but for the staff, the charge is thirty credits." Layla said as she held out her smart-watch. Traci held out her own smart-watch within a couple inches as they exchanged contact info.

"Thanks Layla. I'd better get back to work. Enjoy your evening." Traci said cheerfully.

"You're welcome. I plan on it. That's why I'm here." Layla responded with a relaxed cheerfulness and returned to the kiosk to look again at her dog choices for the evening as Traci headed towards another table.

Layla sat there enjoying the ambiance and watching nude and nearly nude women dancing on the dance floor. It was a weeknight so The Kennels wasn't too crowded. That was the way she liked it. She pondered her choices for the evening. By the time she had drunk half of her drink she had decided that this would be a two dog night. First she'd have the Doberman, and then she'd have the Pitt Bull. She'd have another drink between each doggy fuck. She returned to the kiosk and reserved both dogs, a room for each session, and the time for each.

With that done she returned to her drink and watching women on the dance floor. She had about fifteen minutes before she had to be in the reserved room to start with the Doberman. By that time any of her fans watching the live streams tonight would see the notification of the first session start time. She always tried to give them a good show to keep them coming back. She would be a member even if she had to pay to play but getting paid to play was an easy decision as far as she was concerned.

About three minutes before start-time her smart-watch beeped. It was time to head to the room, the Doberman, her waiting fans, and curious viewers. Or potential new fans as Layla liked to think of them. She left the club floor and started down the long hall to her reserved room. She checked her mask to ensure that it was in place. Then the door automatically unlatched, and she walked into the windowless well lit room. There was the black and tan Doberman. He had a docked tail and cropped ears. He was muscular yet graceful. He was laying on the bed on his side but with his neck and head up watching her. The Dobbie was already showing some cock. She expected no less. Dogs at The Kennels were always ready to perform. Layla walked into the room and closed the door behind her. She was aware that there was at least half a dozen recording devices in the room if not more. The recording devices covered every angle and were sensitive enough to pick up every whisper. She leaned against the closed door to savor the moment. She was ready.

"Aren't you handsome?" She began rhetorically.

Layla could already feel her arousal build. Her nipples were beginning to harden into little nubs. Her areole darkened. Her labia began to engorge and darken. She could detect a hint of wetness beginning to seep from her slit. Her breathing became shallow. Her cheeks, neck, and upper chest became flush and took on a pinkish tone as her arousal drove blood to the surface of her skin. For the thousandth time she was in awe that a dog would turn her on so much. But it was genuine. She wasn't acting for the audience. She was not attempting to manipulate her fans to gain tips. Layla was not one to check her smart-watch to watch for credits to roll in. No, she wanted him. She

needed this Doberman. The audience was almost an afterthought once she started. The world fell away when she had sex with a dog. There was only the moment and the pleasures shared between two partners.

She made the few steps and joined her first lover of the evening on the bed. As he reclined on the bed she stroked him behind his left ear with her right-hand while her left-hand fell onto his side. She could feel his short yet slick fur tickle her palm. She noticed a wetness on her thighs as she knelt there on her knees on the bedding. It was her cunt juices. This powerful male creature was making her drip by his animalistic masculinity, his scent, the feel of his fur under her hands, and the desire she saw in his eyes. Layla reached down with her right-hand and lifted his tag. His name was Bruno.

"Hello Bruno. I'm Layla." She said as she released his name-tag and held up the name-tag from her own collar for his inspection. "You and I are going to make sexy memories together. My scent will stay with you a long time." She whispered to him huskily.

Bruno laid over fully onto his side and laid his head onto the bedding. Layla stroked his neck and his side for a few moments. She relished the sensual feel of his muscles and sleek fur under her hands.

"Fuck Bruno! You turn me on so much. I'm going to suck your cock." She said in total lust for the dog. "Roll over Bruno." She commanded.

He instantly complied as she knew he would. The Kennels perfectly trained all its dogs.

Layla looked down at the couple of inches of the dog-cock which had already extended from his sheath. She salivated in anticipation of taking that scarlet hunk of flesh into her mouth and if possible into her throat. The young athletic stunningly beautiful blonde woman laid down on her right side onto the soft bedding. She pulled her hair out of the way. Fortunately for Bruno she was ambidextrous. She reached for his sheath with her left-hand and lightly squeezed his cock through his sheath. This elicited a whine from Bruno. She lightly stroked his cock a couple of times through his sheath and then moved to his large leathery fuzz covered balls. She very lightly caressed them. Layla knew how sensitive they were. They felt very full and heavy to her. They would easily be good for two full loads. The young blonde knew just where she wanted them. The first in her belly. The second in her pussy and womb.

She started working on getting that first load. It would go well with the mojito she had earlier. Dog cum went well with everything as far as Layla was concerned. She went back to gently stroking his cock through his sheath. She leaned in to inhale the scent of his cock and the pre-cum that had started spurting out. Layla wanted to remember the scent of his cock before it was combined with her spit. She reached out with her tongue and licked the tapered tip of the Doberman's dark pink cock. A shot of pre-cum shot into her mouth. She loved the taste of a dog's fuck juices. It was salty, a bit metallic, and a touch bitter. It was also much warmer and thinner than that of a man. She preferred that of a dog.

Layla took Bruno's growing reddish pink cock into her mouth as she continued pushing the sheath back towards his balls. She raised up which caused his growing cock to fall to his belly. Layla wanted to get his knot out of his sheath before it swelled too large to come out. The bulbus glandis was out of the sheath after a few strokes. She kept his sheath below his swelling knot with her left-hand. Layla could then focus on giving Bruno a blowjob. Raising his cock, the young blonde leaned back down and took the reddish dog-cock back into her mouth. The spurts of his pre-cum were stronger than before. After flicking the tip of her tongue into his hole several times which caused Bruno to whine and raise his head; she pushed forward taking more of his cock into her mouth. His length of his shaft to the knot was about seven inches. Layla intended to take every inch. She

swallowed the pre-cum that had pooled in her mouth.

She paused to focus and relax her throat. Layla firmly sealed around the smooth red dog-cock. She took a deep breath through her nose and pushed forward keeping all of her tongue in contact with Bruno's cock. The tip of his cock was at the top of throat. She felt the Doberman's hot pre-cum spurt out of his equally hot cock into her throat. Layla once again focused on relaxing her throat. She drew a deep breath through her nose and pushed forward. The tip of Bruno's cock entered her throat about an inch. She could hear Bruno's whines over the pounding in her ears. She pulled back until she could taste his pre-cum. The young blonde swallowed and took another deep breath through her nose. Layla pushed forward again. His cock entered her throat and she kept pushing forward. The blonde graphic artist continued to push forward until the nearly fully swollen knot touched her lips. Layla groaned in satisfaction when she felt Bruno's cock throb in her throat. Her years of experience told her that the Dobermann was cumming down her throat. She closed her eyes and pulled back. Layla wanted to feel his cum shoot into her mouth. But more than that, she wanted to taste his hot cum and savor every drop as she swallowed it down.

As Layla continued to piston and suck Bruno's cock into her mouth and throat she swallowed down the Dobermann's hot cum. Her arousal caused her to reflexively rub her thighs together which feed her passion for Bruno's red rocket. She struggled to swallow his cum as quickly as it pulsed into her mouth. Layla closed her eyes, and relished the salty metallic taste of Bruno's watery cum. Initially the flow was too great for her and some escaped her lips. But as Bruno's orgasm continued, the pulses of cum while continuing at the same regular interval, had smaller pulses.

Eventually Layla was able to keep up with the volume of dog cum shooting into her mouth. She opened her eyes and looked over the large pussy stretching knot and focused on the black velvety fuzz covered balls. They created a hypnotic rhythm. Balls contract. Pulse of cum. Swallow cum. Balls contract. Pulse of cum. Swallow cum. Over and over. Layla felt the warmth of his cum in her stomach. His musk filled her nostrils. She rubbed her slick thighs together which pushed her over the edge into a light orgasm. Layla took Bruno's cock out of her mouth for her orgasm to keep from choking on his cum.

"Fuck Bruno! I'm cumming!" Layla gasped out as a pulse of cum hit her arousal flushed neck and a shudder went through her body from the light orgasm. Enjoying the moment, she noticed her panting was nearly as loud as Bruno's.

After a few seconds, Layla returned to sucking the Dobermann's cock and swallowing his cum. She noticed Bruno's whines as the contractions of his balls lessened. The volume of each pulse began to quickly diminish. Bruno's orgasm was nearly over. Layla doubled her efforts. She was intent on getting every drop. Bruno was spent after a few minutes. Layla lifted off the dog's cock and rolled over onto her back. The bed they laid on was firm but comfortable.

"Hehehehehe!" Layla giggled as she luxuriated in the debauchery of the moment.

For the first time in minutes, she remembered that there were possibly many sets eyes watching her. She raised her hands and began rubbing Bruno's cum into her neck and breasts. She tweaked her nipples as she did so. Bruno licked his cock back into his sheath.

"Good boy Bruno. Good boy." She said for the benefit of Bruno and her audience.

She brought her dog cum coated fingers to her mouth and sucked each finger and her palms until all were covered in her saliva instead of Bruno's cum. Layla moved her spit slick fingers to her pussy. She wanted to get fucked and need to build her arousal to get Bruno interested after she had

drained his balls with her mouth and throat. The young blonde repositioned herself on the bed to where she could watch Bruno and where he could look directly into her snatch as she pleased herself. She placed a pillow under her head. Again she remembered her audience and how much they enjoyed dirty talk.

“Bruno, your red dog-cock tasted and felt so good in my mouth and throat. But it would feel so much better fucking in and out of my wet pussy.” Layla whispered huskily as she stroked her slit.

“Come on Bruno. Mama needs your cock. Nothing makes me cum harder than getting fucked and knotted by a handsome doggy! Come on Bruno. Don’t you want to play any more?” Layla begged.

“Fuck!!! I’m so ready! I need your dog-cock in me Bruno. My pussy is so wet!” Layla half moaned in desperation.

Layla looked towards Bruno’s sheath. The pointed tip of his cock was poking out. He was laser-focused on her sex and his nostrils were obviously sucking in the scent of her arousal.

Layla wanted something different. She was definitely a fan of kneeling over on her knees and elbows for a hard pounding, but she decided she’d rather watch the handsome Dobermann as he fucked her. She wanted to feel his soft velvety under-belly fur on her belly and clit instead of her ass and back.

“Off the bed Bruno!” Layla commanded.

Instantly Bruno jumped from the bed but not without a whine of disappointment. His disappointment would be short-lived. After Bruno jumped down to the floor, Layla maneuvered herself so that she was laying on her back with her ass hanging over the edge of the bed. She placed several pillows under her head and upper-back. Beds at The Kennels were always just the right height for a member or guest to take a dog missionary.

Layla spread her knees wide apart. The beautiful young blonde graphic artist offered her body to Bruno the Dobermann Pincher. Bruno walked gracefully between the spread thighs of the woman. She was merely the present woman among many whose body he had enjoyed during his time at The Kennels. With practiced self-assured ease he tasted her offered sex to confirm her readiness for mating. After a few licks, he pulled back and crouched down. He pounced on his current mate after a momentary pause. His front paws straddled her mid-section. His back-legs shuffled forward bringing his cock toward her opening. Layla felt his hot pre-cum hit her labia.

“Come on Bruno! Fuck mama good. Make me your bitch!” Layla said encouragingly without thought about the audience. Those watching had faded from her consciousness again. The world was her and Bruno.

Bruno’s front paws moved to Layla’s hips. Eager to get into the bitch he already had begun a slight humping motion. Using her body for leverage Bruno brought the tip of his cock to her slit. Layla reached down to ensure a smooth entrance into her cunny. She had learned the hard way that a hard poke from a bony dog-cock could be painful. With the help Layla’s guiding hand the tip of Bruno’s cock quickly entered her lubricated slit. It took Bruno a moment to realize that the tip of his cock had entered his bitch. Layla held her breath.

Suddenly and without warning Bruno thrust forward half of his cock into the dog-slut beneath him. Layla locked her heels behind Bruno’s rump. She did not want his dog-cock to leave her until he had deposited a full load of his cum in her.

“That’s it fucker! Fuck your bitch!” Layla shouted out.

Bruno did not need the encouragement even if could understand it. He had a ready and wet bitch beneath him. He wasn't going anywhere until he was certain he had given her a belly full of his pups.

Bruno began pounding Layla hard. As he thrust his cock into her time and again. His cock began engorging. The slickness of his pre-cum and her pussy juice eased his passage into her depths. Each thrust deeper into the dog-slut's cunt pushed his sheath a bit further back on his cock until it was pushed past his slowly growing knot. He was driven to bury his knot into the bitch and impregnate her.

Layla's arousal was building. She could feel his growing cock stretching her pussy walls. This Doberman's cock was made for fucking dog-sluts like Layla. Unlike many dogs, the end of his cock had a pronounced point that eased penetration and poked into a woman's cervix the way submissive bitches like Layla wanted. The shaft was naturally cylindrical but bulged slightly about halfway to the knot. The bulge gave it a slight barrel shape. His cock stretched her pussy walls wonderfully. Bruno was well on the way of giving her a massive orgasm.

"That's it Bruno!.....Give me that knot!" Layla managed to gasp out as she became short of breath from the vigorous fucking she was receiving.

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" Layla grunted as she felt the dog-cock enter further into her depths and his growing knot pass in and out of her labia. She reached up and wrapped her arms around Bruno's back, bringing his body fully in contact with her own.

Layla pulled Bruno into her with her legs to get his knot seated into her before it became too large to easily enter. She could feel the pointed tip of Bruno's cock pressing into her cervix. His knot began swelling and stretching the lower walls of her cunt the way she liked it. Layla was approaching the edge of orgasm. The pointed tip of his cock was pushing against her cervix. His barrel shaped cock stretched her pussy walls. His large knot had them tied and was pressed against her g-spot. The short hairs on his sheath rubbed against her labia. His hot soft underbelly rubbed her clit. His chest laid on top of her smooth flat stomach. And he began licking his dried cum from her breasts, focusing particularly on her nipples.

"OH FUCK! OH FUCK! BRUNO, I'M SO CLOSE YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE ME CUM!" Layla exclaimed with bated breath.

Just then Bruno began his own orgasm as pulse after pulse of his hot dog-cum blasted against her cervix with most of it going into her womb. His cock and knot throbbed and twitched inside her with each blast of cum. All of which was too much for a dog-slut already on the verge of orgasm.

"AAAAHHHHH! AAAAAHHHHHH!!! I'M CUMMMIINNNGGG! FFFUUUCCCKKKK!!!! I'M CCCCUUUMMMMIIIIINNNNNGGGG!!!!" Layla managed to shout before convulsions hit her body, and she lost the ability to verbally articulate thoughts.

Her arms and legs gripped tightly onto Bruno for dear life. She fell into her orgasm only to be lifted once again, by the powerful sexual sensations racking her cunt and body, to a height from which she fell into another orgasm. Bruno's masculine virility drove her from one orgasm to another. Her mind blank of anything other than her orgasms and the dog on top of her and in her. The troubles at work and the other mundane problems were on the ground while she soared among the clouds.

As wave after wave of her orgasm washed over her Layla held onto Bruno as if he were a flying beast upon which she clung to keep from falling. The Doberman whined as he shot pulse after pulse of his hot cum into the dog-slut. Gradually both Layla's and Bruno's orgasms began to diminish. The

mating pair of female and male slowly came down the earth once again.

The lovers embraced one another as both fought to regain their breaths. Bruno's orgasm ended and his cock began its inevitable retreat out of the sheath of Layla's body and into his own sheath. Layla relaxed the grip of her arms around his body. She began lightly stroking his sides and softly whispering sweet things to her darling Bruno.

"Oh Bruno, you fucked me so good. You're such a good boy! Such a good boy!" Bruno whined his appreciation and softly licked her neck.

Layla opened her mouth. Bruno's long tongue entered. She closed her eyes reveling in the sensation of their tongues dancing in her mouth. She lightly sucked on his tongue which caused him to draw it out again. Layla rubbed his ears and looked affectionately into his dark chocolate brown eyes.

"Such a good boy! Such a good boy!" She whispered again in all sincerity.

Layla felt that his knot had shrunk enough to withdraw comfortably. She unhooked her ankles but kept her legs against his sides. The young blonde wanted to feel his sleek fur against her calves for a moment longer so that this encounter could be better burned into her memory. She dropped her legs so that her feet feel once again to the floor. Bruno raised up on his front paws and backed away from her. Her dog-cock craving cunt made a sucking sound as his knot and cocked were pulled out of her. A gush of his and her cum and fuck juices flowed out of her.

Bruno once again stood on all fours between her knees. He softly licked her thighs and still sensitive sex from her combined juices. Layla laid there enjoying the sensations. Twitching occasionally when he licked her too sensitive clit. Bruno then tended to his cock. He cleaned his cock and licked it back into his sheath.

Bruno leaped onto the bed and laid down. Bruno spent the last few minutes the pair had left in the room cuddled in Layla's arms as they spooned on the bed. Too quickly there was a light rapping at the door. Their time was up. The door opened about ten inches. Bruno gave Layla a last lick across her lips and leaped off the bed and was taken back to the kennels by a staff member. Layla stretched, got off of the bed, then quickly showered her body in the small attached bathroom. She dried herself with a provided towel and quickly made her way back to the bar humming a tune to herself as she walked down the hall. Like always after a dog-fuck, she had a smile that just would not go away. She looked forward to whatever further adventures this night would bring.

Layla strode into "The Kennels" women's area containing the dance floor and bar. The way she walked towards the bar made it appear that the fluffy dog tail tattoo on her back slightly move back and forth in a slight wagging motion. Which was entirely appropriate. Layla was in a wonderful mood. The Dobermann Bruno and she just had a wonderful suck and fuck session. Layla checked her smart-watch to review the take from her audience of fans. The smart-watch projected a small hologram display which she quickly scrolled through and read her credit balance and comments. It had been a great session and the crowd size was a bit larger than expected for a week-night. Her share of the take would be quite respectable. The tips from her audience were all hers through. Her fans had been even more generous than usual. Several were large enough to require a personal response. She motioned to close the display and the hologram collapsed back into her watch. The blonde graphic artist stepped up to the bar and ordered a red wine to wait the hour to her next session.

While Layla ordered her wine, Miranda nervously stepped away from the clothes check-in. She had

spotted the athletic masked blonde with the doggy tail tattoo stride confidently toward the bar. Miranda double-checked her own mask. It was firmly in place. The thirty-year-old petite long-haired brunette needed both a drink to calm her nerves and a bit of advice on getting started. She thought the athletic blonde looked like just the woman who knew the score. She had no idea how right she was.

Miranda moved towards the bar and sat on the stool next to Layla and ordered a gin and tonic from the bartender. She held out the guest wristband to pay for the drink. The guest wristband caught Layla's eye.

"Hi! Welcome to 'The Kennels.' First time?" Layla half shouted while leaning towards the equally nude woman who had just sat next to her at the sparsely populated bar.

"Hi. Yes. First time to 'The Kennels' or any club like it. I'm Miranda," the sexy brunette answered and introduced herself while sticking out her hand.

"I'm Layla," the blonde graphic artist responded as she took Miranda's well manicured hand and squeezed it slightly while they shook hands.

"Nice to meet you Layla. How did you know I've never been here before?" the petite Miranda asked.

"Well I've never seen you before, and I would have noticed you," Layla said as she scanned Miranda's tight sexy body. "And the guest wristband is a dead give-away. All the members have a wrist-tat," Layla said as she held up her wrist showing the tattoo QR code on her wrist.

"You must know how this place works then. Would you mind telling me how to get started?" she asked as Layla took a sip of wine.

"No, I don't mind Miranda. Members pay a small fee every month for membership. We don't have to pay a door fee. As a member I have to add credits to my account for drinks, reserving a room, and for time with the dogs. The fee for a room and dog is on a per-hour basis," Layla answered while Miranda nursed her gin and tonic.

"So the only benefit to membership is not paying a door fee? The door fee I just paid wasn't much. It isn't more than the door fee for a normal club," Miranda asked in puzzlement.

Layla laughed loudly. "Not at all. Most of the money the club makes isn't from dues, the door fee, drinks, room rental, or for its dogs. Most of the money comes from selling access to the live-streams," Layla explained.

"Do you mean people are watching us now?" Miranda asked while looking around nervously and once again touching her mask to check it was still there.

"No, no, no. Only the rooms where women who choose to live-stream their sessions are viewable to subscribers. Members that choose to live-stream their sessions get a cut of the stream access fees and all of whatever the viewers tip during the shows. That is the real benefit to membership. Members can choose to share in the profits. Guests can't do that. Also, private rooms without an audience have a higher fee," Layla elaborated and then took a sip of her wine.

"How much can a member make?" she asked. The informational tidbit had stoked Miranda's curiosity. But she, like nearly everyone, was always interested in money.

"Naturally it depends on the member. Most subscribers prefer attractive younger women who are

enthusiastic dog-lovers. Most of my fans like dirty talk. They want to know what I'm feeling and thinking," Layla volunteered.

"Ooo, I love dirty talk," Miranda interjected.

Layla continued, "I make more than enough to cover my membership dues as well as drinks, room rentals, and dogs. I cash out most of my credits about once a month. It really helps pay the bills," Layla answered. She then took another look up and down the fit, petite, and tanned brunette with perfectly proportioned breasts with dark pink areola. "You for instance could do well. It wouldn't take you much time to develop a following. Still, it's not for everyone. Some people are just not comfortable with sex-work," Layla said starting to feel her sexual arousal build.

"Hah! That isn't me," Miranda said with a laugh. "I've been a sex-worker for close to ten years. I started stripping to help pay tuition at university. After graduating and not being able to find a job I became an escort. I've been fucking men and women for a living for about eight years. That's part of why I'm here," Miranda said.

"How's that?" Layla asked.

"I don't want to move again just to keep my same level of business. I guess you don't know how it is. Clients want someone new after a while. Variety is the spice of life and all that," Miranda paused and took another sip of her drink. "Because of that most sex-workers have to move every so often, and I've done that but don't want to do it again. Well, we have to move or constantly tour. I've toured quite a bit, and I'm tired of travelling too. A referral partner suggested expanding into dogs. She said there is good money in it, and it would give me a whole new set of clients. People pay you to fuck a dog. She suggested I visit 'The Kennels' to see if I like it. I didn't even know this place existed before she mentioned it. She's never steered me wrong yet and after watching a lot of pet-girl porn here I am," Layla answered.

Layla leaned in a little closer to Miranda.

"Miranda, I'll make you a deal. I'll help show you the ropes about dog fucking if you allow our session to be live-streamed. I'll even split the credits with you. Sessions with two women and two dogs always draw a big crowd. Splitting a take with a non-member isn't really permitted, but that rule isn't strictly enforced. We can settle up after leaving if you don't mind accepting crypto. The Club will never even know," Layla said conspiratorially into Miranda's ear.

Miranda looked into Layla's eyes and gave her a naughty grin nodded her head in agreement.

"So where do we start?" Miranda asked.

"First, I announce our show, so word gets out. We want a good turnout," Layla said as she pulled up the holographic display on her smart-watch.

She tapped several times on the display to get word out to her fans and ask them to get the word out on the two girl show, and that one of the girls is a doggy virgin. She also changed her public notice that she was no longer giving a girl-dog show. It was now going to be a girl-girl-dog-dog show.

"Now what? Do I get a random dog or do I get to choose?" Miranda asked.

"You get to choose a specific dog or if you're feeling especially adventurous you can choose to get a random dog. Because it's your first time, I think it's better that we choose the dog to take your dog cherry," Layla reached out for the nearest kiosk and navigated to the selection of available dogs.

"These are the dogs available for the time I have a room reserved. I suggest you choose a medium-sized dog for your first time. Hold the QR code in your wristband up to the lens," Layla said as she pushed the kiosk in front of Miranda.

The sexy brunette escort and aspiring dog-fucker held her wristband up to the lens. The kiosk scanned her wristband. Miranda then scrolled through the list of available dogs. She took Layla's advice and looked through the medium-sized dogs. She stopped swiping when a German Shepherd came up on the screen.

"What do you think of Max? I've always liked German Shepherds," Miranda asked.

"He's a good choice. He has five stars. He is about as large a dog that you can handle. Don't get me wrong. All the dogs are trained very well. It's just that you're kind of petite. If you want to get knotted then you can't have a dog with too large of a cock and knot. What is especially nice on this dog is that his fur is so thick and looks so soft. It's going to feel amazing on your skin," Layla answered.

"He is handsome," Miranda said impulsively. "I'll take Max before someone else snaps him up," she said as she tapped the button to reserve him on the kiosk. Then the option to reserve a room came up.

"Tap the button down at the bottom that says you're with another member or guest. Since we're sharing a room we'll have ninety minutes instead of just sixty," Layla told her.

Miranda did as she was told. Layla then placed her QR code tattoo over the lens to authorize sharing the room she had already reserved.

"There. We're all set. Let's take a look at the chatter about our upcoming session in thirty minutes," Layla said as she tapped her watch and brought up the pre-session chat. She then expanded the holographic display enough for Miranda to see it. "Wow, there is a lot of chatter going on. There is going to be a huge audience tonight. Everyone loves to watch a doggy virgin lose her doggy cherry. Don't let it worry you. You're going to do great. The audience has to be much less intrusive than stripping. Just forget about the audience. The audience won't even cross your mind once we start," Layla said reassuringly.

"That's not a problem. I get off on being watched. You can't strip very long without developing an exhibitionist streak. Here's to losing my doggy cherry with an audience," Miranda said as she held up the half full glass of gin and tonic.

"Here's to losing your dog cherry with an audience," Layla replied and clinking her half finished wine glass to Miranda's glass.

"Now tell me about your doggy tail tattoo?" Miranda asked. "That's how you first caught my attention. Oh, I see you also have dog paw tats on your hips too," Miranda explained.

"I'm a graphic artist. I designed the fluffy tail myself. Quite a few of the women here wear tattoos I've designed. I specialize in doggy tats," Layla offered. "Which reminds me. I have to send some designs to one of the waitresses here who is a friend of mine," Layla said as she tapped her watch and sent the designs to Traci through the projected display.

The two nude women, one blonde the other brunette but both beautiful, continued to chat about this and that. They scrolled through the audience chat until Layla's smart-watch and Miranda's wristband simultaneously vibrated to give a three-minute warning of the start time.

"It's time Miranda. Are you nervous? Ready to lose that cherry?" Layla asked after tossing back the last sip of her wine.

"Maybe a little nervous. I definitely want that doggy cherry gone." Miranda answered with a little grin and then followed suit and bolstered her courage with the rest of her gin and tonic.

"Don't worry about it. You'll do great! You're going to love it," Layla responded as she stood stepped down from the bar-stool and took Miranda's hand indicating that she should follow.

Miranda quickly slid down from her own bar-stool. She felt the slick wetness that had seeped from her slit smear across her ass-check when she slid off the stool. Miranda walked behind Layla watching the dog-tail tattoo twist slightly. She could not help but be further aroused by the sight of the lovely heart shaped ass which appeared to sprout a dog-tail. Miranda thought the tail suited Layla. They walked through a black drapery that separated the bar and club area from the area containing the rooms.

They proceeded down a long corridor having closed doors on each side about every fifteen feet. Moans, rumbling throaty growls, and other sounds of passion could be heard coming from behind some of them. The women continued down the hall until Layla stopped in front of a door like all the others except for the door number. Layla waived her QR code tattoo in front of a lens by the locking mechanism. Miranda did the same with her wristband. The women waited only a few seconds until the appointed time arrived. The door lock unlatched and opened. Layla took hold of Miranda's hand and lead her into the room. They shut the door behind them.

The room was softly lit. There was a king-size bed on one side of the room and an inclined padded bench on the other side. Two dogs were on the bed watching the two women. Max, a mostly black German Shepherd, raised up on his haunches when the women entered. He whined in anticipation. Toro, a large white Pitbull, watched the women from his reclined position on the bed.

Layla leaned into Miranda from behind, pressing her breasts into the brunette's back. She slipped her arms around Miranda stomach and held her tightly. She could feel the heat coming from the petite woman and even the goose-bumps on Miranda's flesh. Miranda reached behind her and pulled Layla into her. Both dogs began showing a bit of cock.

"What do you think? Sexy aren't they?" asked Layla with a seductive purr into Miranda's right ear.

"Yes!" hissed Miranda. "I never thought I'd think a dog was sexy, but they're sexy as fuck. It must be all the dog porn I've been watching and the fantasies I've been having. I can't remember the last time I was this turned on," she explained.

Layla caressed the petite woman's stomach with her left hand. Her right-hand then slid over the silky smooth mound to her dripping sex of the doggy virgin. They watched and listened as Max and Toro began to fidget and whine in fuck lust.

"Mmmmm," Layla purred. "You are as wet as I am. Even I can smell pussy in the room. We must be driving the dogs crazy," Layla said as she raised the fingers of her right-hand and tasted Miranda's sweet wetness.

"Then we shouldn't keep them waiting," replied Miranda after turning her face towards Layla's.

The two aroused women released one another and moved towards their dog lovers for the next ninety minutes. Layla snuggled up behind the white Pitbull Toro. She stroked his side as she felt his short prickly fur tickle her nipples and stomach. Miranda knelt on her knees in front of the German

Shepherd Max. She caressed the fur of his neck, paying particular attention to behind his ears. Her gaze alternated between his brown intelligent and the exposed tip of Max's pink dog-cock.

"Who goes first?" Miranda asked Layla without taking her eyes off Max.

"You go first. I've already had a doggy fuck tonight," Layla answered. "Just lie down with your head towards the edge of the bed. Give Max plenty of room. Then raise and part your knees. Offer your pussy to Max. He'll know what to do. I'll tell you the commands you'll need to give him. You've never had your pussy licked until you've been licked by a dog," instructed Layla encouragingly.

Miranda did as she was told. The bed was large enough to provide plenty of room for the foursome. Her long brunette hair hung over the edge. Miranda raised up on her elbows. She raised then parted her thighs, knees, and ankles until she was spread-eagle. She offered her wet, engorged, and pink tinged sex to the German Shepherd. As Miranda was getting into position Max stood on the bed and moved so that his muzzle was between the dog-virgin's ankles. Layla waited a moment allowing Miranda's and Max's anticipation and lust build. Miranda growing impatient, began lightly stroking her clit with the fingers on her right-hand. Max whined eagerly. His training not allowing him to start without the command.

"Nnnhhh. Why isn't he doing anything? I need his tongue on my pussy," begged Miranda.

Layla decided the two had waited long enough. "You have to give him the command. They're trained. The command is L-I-C-K ... M-E," Layla spelled out to not confuse Max or Toro.

"LICK ME MAX! Lick my pussy!" shouted Miranda wantonly almost as soon as Layla had gotten the instruction out.

Instantly Max's tongue was on Miranda's pussy and lapping up her wetness. Miranda laid back and closed her eyes.

"Oh! Oh! Wow!" exclaimed the petite brunette. "Good boy. Good boy. So good. So good," huskily whispered Miranda.

Layla watched the doggy virgin escort delve into the world of dog-sex with satisfaction. She was a zealous evangelist of woman taking dogs as lovers. Helping another woman, especially one like Miranda who would herself spread doggy-sex, was immensely gratifying.

"Soon Toro. Be patient. You'll get your chance to breed me soon," whispered Layla into Toro's ear as she continued to stroke his side and inhale his musk. She watched the German Shepherd enthusiastically lick Miranda's hairless smooth sex.

Max whined as he continued to lap her labia. Miranda tilted her pelvis up to give his tongue access to her asshole. He did not disappoint. Max quickly focused his lingual attention to Miranda's back-door in pursuit of her juices that gravity had pulled there.

"Oh fuck! Oh, fuck! Tongue my ass Max! Good boy!" she begged encouragingly.

Max tongued her asshole until he lapped up all her juices. He then shifted back to her slit. Miranda began involuntarily gyrating her hips. She released the bed-comforter and brought the fingers of each hand in turn to her mouth. As the fingers of each hand were covered in her spittle she moved them to her breasts and began squeezing her breasts and tweaking her very sensitive nipples.

Max, as an experienced stud, had learned that tonguing a woman's clit was the surest way to get

more of a woman's cunt juices. He moved his attention and tongue to this new bitch's clit. He could scent that she had not been mated to another dog.

"Fuck Max! That's it. Keep licking my clit! You're going to make me cum!" she whispered excitedly.

Layla watched her new friend climb toward orgasm. She had known the pleasures of a dog's tongue many times and would know that pleasure many more times if she had her way. She thought of her first time five years prior. Layla hoped that Miranda would come to love dog-sex as much as she. It's a wonderful thing to make someone's life better. Miranda's moans of ecstasy brought Layla back to the present.

"Nnnnhhhhh! Nnnnhhhhh!" the brunette moaned. "Almost there! I'm going to cum!" Miranda shouted.

"CUM ON HIS TONGUE SLUT!" Layla, remembering that her new friend liked dirty talk, shouted out in encouragement and for the benefit of Miranda and their audience.

Like a damn bursting Miranda's orgasm crested her inhibitions and broke her composure. Her toes curled under as she gripped the duvet in her fists. Convulsions rocked her petite body.

"OH FUCK! I'M CUMMING! A FUCKING DOG IS MAKING ME FUCKING CUUMMM!" Miranda shouted unnecessarily.

Layla watched Miranda orgasm. She observed the ecstasy etched onto the brunette's face. How her eyes were squeezed shut. Their tightness squeezing out the tears of joy rolling down her cheeks. Layla noted how Miranda's darkened nipples were so erect as if begging for a set of lips to suck on them. She watched awestruck as the convulsions rocking Miranda's body subsided into shuddering tremors. During all of which Max lapped up all the crème Miranda could give.

"Stop Max. Stop!" Miranda ordered as the pleasurable sensations of Max's powerful and rough tongue on her too sensitive clit became unbearable.

Max whined earnestly but kept true to his training by stopping instantly. His tongue immediately went to work lapping up all the woman's juices that had gathered on his muzzle. Miranda closed her knees and rolled over onto her side facing Layla. Max quickly got out of the way as she did so. She lay there on her side panting almost as hard and fast as Max was panting. After about a minute, her breathing returned to a normal level.

"What do you think? You look like you enjoyed it," Layla asked as she stroked Toro's side.

"That was without a doubt the best tongue job I've ever gotten," Miranda answered without hesitation. "He was relentless. He couldn't get enough of my pussy. I wish I'd taken up dogs years ago. Fuck! That was amazing," Miranda gushed excitedly.

"He would have kept licking you all night if you haven't stopped him. Once a dog gets a taste for pussy he can't get enough," Layla responded. "But if you think a dog's tongue is something then you're going to flip when you get his cock in you. Max's cock is about halfway out of his sheath. He wants to fuck you. Are you ready?" Layla asked.

"Oh, I'm ready!" Miranda said with a chortle.

"Okay. Get down on all fours in the middle of the bed but be sure to face the padded bench there," ordered Layla as she pointed towards the bench.

Miranda eagerly did as she was told by getting on all fours in the middle of the bed. "Now what?" Miranda asked.

"Not on your hands and knees," Layla instructed. "Get on your elbows and knees. Then curve your back down while tilting your pussy up. Trust me. You don't want his knot in your ass if you're not ready for it. Offer your dog cherry to your lover Max," instructed Layla encouragingly. "Release your inner dog-slut."

Miranda cooed in arousal while obeying the voice of her dog-slut mentor. Her long brunette hair pooled between her forearms. Max began to whine in anticipation of fucking this new bitch.

"What do I do now?" Miranda asked.

"When you give the command to Max, smack your ass, and he'll start. The command for him to fuck you is M-O-U-N-T," Layla instructed.

Miranda shouted, "Max MOUNT!" while she reached back with her right hand and smacked her ass.

Max instantly moved. He leaped onto Miranda's back and shuffled his back legs forward. The exposed tip of his red cock approached her receptive open sex. Miranda bit her lower lip and suppressed a giggle as the tips of the Shepherd's fur first tickled the back of her thighs. She felt his forelegs wrap around her waist and his soft belly fur on her back.

About the time Max's chin nestled over her right shoulder so that his nose and muzzle became visible in her peripheral vision, Miranda felt the hot gush of pre-cum coating her already wet labia. She felt his grip tighten around her waist as the thickening tip of Max's cock touched her slit. Layla watched entranced by the eroticism and magic of the scene. Miranda gasped at the heat on her labia.

"I'm going to get fucked by a dog!" Miranda exclaimed to herself, no-one, and everyone.

No sooner had she gotten the words out than Max's hot red cock entered her arousal slick slit about an inch. Layla watched Max thrust his pelvis forward driving half the length of his red-rocket into the former doggy-virgin's pussy. Miranda gasped in shock at the heat of Max's cock.

"Fuck her Max! Turn her out! Make her a doggy fuck toy," Layla encouraged.

"Yeeessss!" Miranda hissed. "Fuck me Max! Make me your bitch! Just a dog cock-sleeve," The petite escort huskily begged.

Max pushed further into the sex of the eager brunette beneath him. His cock swelling and extending further out of his sheath and into the new bitch beneath him as he had done to so many women before.

Layla watched as Max began pounding his human bitch. His rapid fire thrusts driving his continually swelling red cock further and further into the former doggy virgin. The young blonde enjoyed watching a woman get dog fucked almost as much as getting dog fucked herself. The sight fed her own arousal despite the powerful orgasms given to her by the Dobermann less than an hour prior. She stroked the short fur of the Pitbull and inhaled his musk. She started to feel eager to feel Toro on her back and his dog-cock in her.

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" Grunted Miranda in time to Max's pounding. "Oh fuck! His cock is getting big," Miranda gasped.

“Wait until he gets his knot in you. That will really stretch that pussy out. You only think you’ve been fucked before,” Layla responded.

Max continued to fuck her. He repeatedly pushed his pelvis into her shapely upturned ass and the back of her thighs to get his knot seated before it became too large to enter. Miranda gasped at the fucking she was getting from the German Shepherd.

“Oh god! His knot’s getting bigger. Oh, FUCK!” Miranda shouted with a tinge of panic in her voice.

“You can take it,” Layla said reassuringly.

Miranda could only moan out in acceptance. Max gave one last deep thrust and his knot was seated in her. She felt the expanding knot stretch out the walls of her sex and the tapered tip of his cock push against her cervix. About that time that the German Shepherd’s knot and cock twitched within her. That twitch pulled the knot against Miranda’s g-spot, and she felt the liquid heat of her mate’s essence as Max began to cum.

“Oh fuck! He’s cumming in me,” Miranda gasped in astonishment. “His cum is so HOT!”

“That’s because a dog’s body temperature is about ten degrees hotter than ours,” Layla offered by way of explanation. “How are you doing?”

“Unh!” Miranda grunted. “I’m close. Please help me,” Miranda implored her new friend and mentor.

Layla raised up from the bed and crawled behind Miranda. The new position put her ass a few inches from the Pit Bull’s muzzle. Layla’s eyes were filled with the beautiful sight of the petite brunette’s upturned ass covered by the haunches of the German Shepherd Max. Layla watched Max’s arousal engorged black leathery balls rise and fall in sync with what she knew to be the pulses of his cum. The blonde reached out with her right hand and lightly ran her fingertips to the spot where the red dog-cock entered the brunette’s hairless slit. She stroked the exposed portion of Max’s cock between the root covered by his sheath and that part sheathed in Miranda’s pussy. Layla leaned forward and lightly kissed the point of their joining thereby blessing their union. She luxuriated in the taste of their combined juices.

“What are you doing back there?” asked Miranda.

“I couldn’t help myself. You two are so beautifully mated I simply had to have a taste,” Layla answered.

The young blonde graphic artist quickly slipped her fingers down the fuck juice slick sex to the brunette’s erect clit. Layla lightly began to stroke her friend’s clit while she watched Max pump more and more of his puppy batter into the newly initiated bitch. It was then that Layla felt Toro take the first lick of her pussy. The sight before her; the sounds of Miranda’s building arousal; the taste of their juices on her tongue; and Toro’s licking were quickly driving her towards orgasm. Layla changed position to deny Toro access to her slit for the moment. She had a job to do. She increased the pace on Miranda’s clit.

“OH FUCK! I’M GOING TO CUM!” Miranda exclaimed.

“That’s it you slut! Cum on that dog-cock! Use those cunt muscles to milk him dry!” Layla shouted back encouragingly.

“UUUNNNN!!!! I’M CUMMING!!! I’M CUMMING!!!!” Miranda shouted and her body convulsed

under the German Shepherd.

Layla watched as Miranda's arms gave way and her shoulders fell to the mattress. Layla stopped stroking Miranda's clit. To prevent Max from turning the tie she placed a hand on the haunches of the German Shepherd. Layla did not want to move from her position which she would have to do if the pair went ass to ass. The young blonde continued to watch as Miranda's orgasming cunt pulled on Max's cock and knot while the virile dog continued to pump her full of his cum.

"Cuuummmiiiiinnngg.....cuming," Miranda huskily whispered as a powerful string of orgasms rocked her body, mind, and soul.

Her consciousness was on another plain of existence from the experience of her first dog fuck. Gradually Max's vitality lessened and his cock and knot began to diminish along with the intensity of Miranda's orgasms. Max became restless. He had been on his bitch's back for nearly thirty minutes as he pumped her pussy and womb full of his cum. He began fidgeting and testing their tie.

Layla moved aside to give Max room to dismount. The German Shepherd suddenly leaped off the back of the petite brunette. His greatly shrunken cock and knot slipped out of the former doggy virgin followed by a gush of dog cum. The German Shepherd jumped off the bed and curled up on the floor to lick his tender cock back into his sheath. An exhausted but happy Miranda fell over onto her side and rolled onto her back with her knees up and parted. After having her pussy so full and stretched now more than ever before she felt an emptiness in her sex. An emptiness which she knew only a dog could fill. Dog cum trickled out of her slit. Layla looked on the gaping cunt of the escort. She hungrily licked her lips then looked up into Miranda's eyes.

"Do you mind if I have another taste?" Layla asked.

"No, but be gentle. Max left me a little tender, and I'm sensitive from all the orgasms," Miranda answered with a smile as she spread her legs wider.

Layla crawled between Miranda's parted knees. The young blonde leaned forward onto her elbows; grasped the other woman's hips from underneath; and raised her own ass into the air. The offered sex did not go unnoticed by Toro. Within seconds of Layla's lips and tongue making contact with the freshly dog fucked pussy, she felt Toro take up position behind her and heard him whine in arousal.

"Lick me Toro," Layla commanded.

"Umm...Watching you lick me while Toro licks you is so fucking hot," Miranda said. "You're tonguing me almost as well as Max," she said encouragingly.

"Sorry to stop short, but I'm ready to get fucked," Layla responded as she looked up into Miranda's eyes. She then spread her knees a bit further apart for the white Pitbull. Layla looked back towards Toro, then reached back with her right hand and smacked her ass. "Mount Toro! Fuck your bitch!" Layla commanded eagerly.

Toro, with a low throaty growl, took one step backwards, crouched, then jumped onto Layla's back. His forelegs grabbed her hips. His front paws fell onto her thighs. By this time Layla was no longer eating Miranda's dripping pussy. She was too intent on getting fucked. Miranda slipped out from underneath her blonde playmate and moved behind the pair to watch Layla get dog fucked.

The tip of Toro's pinkish red cock was no more than an inch from Layla's hairless slit. Pre-cum from the highly aroused dog was spurting onto the blonde's mound to lube the already juicy pussy. Miranda watched as Toro began slightly thrusting. Ever willing to lend a hand the petite brunette

grabbed Toro by his haunches and sheathed cock to align the pair for mating.

As soon as Toro felt Layla's labia kiss the tip of his cock he thrust forward driving his cock into the bitch's tight cunt.

"FUCK! He's in," Layla shouted as Toro began fucking her. "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!... Good boy Toro! Good boy! I love the way you fuck me," Layla exclaimed enthusiastically.

Miranda watched as the powerfully built Pitbull fucked her new friend. His back arched over his bitch. He panted heavily as he fucked the blonde dog-slut. Miranda watched as more and more of the Pitbull's cock left his sheath for the sheath of Layla's cunt. She thought to herself that she must have looked much the same when the German Shepherd had fucked her just minutes ago. That she had known the pleasures of being a sheath for a dog's cock like Layla was now. She saw Toro's cock swelling and knew from recent experience how Layla's cunt walls were being stretched and pushed out by that swelling red shaft.

"FUCK! Fuck me Toro!" Layla shouted as she felt her pussy walls being stretched by the large dog cock and the lump that would become his knot when fully engorged as it passed in and out her nether lips. She felt the end of his cock strike her cervix at the end of each in-stroke. "Give me your knot! I want all of it!" Layla begged as she pushed back against the Pitbull.

Toro whined as he pushed his enlarged knot against the dog-slut's sex. Miranda's jaw dropped in astonishment as it entered the blonde's snatch.

"Oh FUUUCCKKKK! He's in," Layla shouted in relief as the pain of her opening being stretched passed.

"WOW! I didn't think it would go in," Miranda said in surprise.

Layla turned toward the brunette with a dreamy look on her face, smiled, then looked back down between her forearms. The experienced dog-slut focused on the sensations that were on the verge of pushing her into orgasmic sensory overload. She felt the Pitbull's drool between her shoulder-blades. She heard his panting, and smelt his musk. His short fur alternated between caressing and tickling the back of her thighs and ass. The pads and claws of his front paws lightly scratched the front of her thighs. The short bristle like fur on his retracted sheath rubbed against her labia and clit. But beyond all that she felt his hot cock and knot rubbing against the walls of her cunt; against her g-spot; and the tapered tip of his cock rubbing against her cervix. Just as she was on the verge of orgasm, Toro's cock started twitching inside her as pulses of hot dog-cum flowed against the door of her womb. The last thought that went through Layla's mind before her orgasm started was the thought of millions of dog sperm swimming for her egg.

The blonde graphic artist convulsed as her orgasm tore through her athletic body. Her brunette companion watched as if spellbound as wave after wave rolled over her.

"Aaahhhh! I'm cumming," Layla shouted unnecessarily.

Layla was in a world of her own. It was a world of sensation and pleasure that for her could only be found in the embrace of a dog lover. She was no longer aware of Miranda or the fact that numerous unknown men and women were watching this act of forbidden sex. Layla's arms collapsed, leaving the right side of her face pushed into the mattress. Her eyes were closed. Her mouth was agape. She was oblivious to her drool soaking into the mattress under her cheek.

Miranda watched the body of her new friend shutter and tremble over and over as orgasm after

orgasm rolled over the goose-pimpled flesh. She then turned her attention to Toro and watched the eternal mating dance find fulfilment as the star of his anus flexed in and out in time to the rise and fall of his leathery ball-sack. Both indicating that Toro's bitch was being well seeded with his sperm. She sat in awe at the well-matched pairing of male and female.

After a few minutes, Toro became anxious to separate from his mate. First he pulled his front right leg up and over the blonde's back so that both his forelegs were on Layla's left side. Miranda suspecting what he was attempted backed away to give him room. Toro then did the same with his right back leg over Layla's ass; giving her a light love scratch as he did so. Layla moaned loudly in pleasure as she felt the knot rotate in her when Toro turned the tie. Toro's haunches were tightly pressed back against Layla's ass. His back was arched high into the air. The white Pitbull lightly whined as he continued to shoot spurt after spurt of his potent seed into the womb of the fertile young bitch.

A perfectly turned tie was a sight that Miranda didn't expect to see. But such things were routine in "The Kennels."

Miranda watched as Layla's and Toro's orgasms gradually diminished. Layla's tireless sex continued to pull and milk the dog's cock and knot in a vain effort to keep him hard, fully engorged, and embedded within her. But Toro's flesh, as all flesh, eventually succumbed. Despite Layla's best efforts and insatiable lust, his cock and knot shrunk until at last with one last pull and a gush of their combined fluids he was free from her. Toro quickly joined the resting German Shepherd on the floor and began to lick his well exercised cock back into its sheath.

Layla rolled over onto her back. Her eyes were closed. She had a dreamy look on her masked face. She reached down with her right hand and stroked her sex. She brought that hand up to her mouth and licked and sucked the fuck juices off her fingers. She tasted the familiar taste of dog cum combined with her own.

"Do you mind if I have a taste?" Miranda asked sexily.

"Not so long as I get to taste you and Max while you're tasting me and Toro," Layla answered.

Miranda moved towards Layla and threw her left leg over the blonde's head as Layla raised and spread her knees in a welcoming gesture to the brunette. Layla was feasting on Miranda's wet pussy a second before Miranda began feasting on Layla's. Both lightly sucked, licked and tongued the sex of the other. Each bringing the other to a light orgasm.

They laid together facing each other on the bed lightly stroking the other purring and mewling. Max and Toro were snoring in restful slumber on the floor. After a few minutes, Layla quickly slapped Miranda's ass.

"Time to get a quick shower you sexy bitch. Our time is almost up," Layla said urging her bedmate to action.

"Really? Can't we stay a little longer?" Miranda begged.

"No, I'm afraid not. Time is almost up," Layla responded.

Layla got out of bed. She grabbed Miranda's hand and pulled her toward the shower. The two tied up their hair and showered together. The shower washed the dog hair, drool, and fuck juices from their bodies. Leaving only the dog spunk left in their pussies and wombs. They did take the time to quickly grope each other as they washed. After the shower, they quickly dried each other with the

fresh clean towels.

Just after they entered the main room of the suite their allotted time ended and the door unlocked then opened. The well-trained German Shepherd Max and the equally well-trained Pitbull Toro both stood, stretched, and went through the door toward the kennels.

“Looks like we wore them out Layla,” the petite brunette offered.

“I’d say so. I’m rather worn out myself. I’m looking forward to climbing into my own bed,” responded Layla as they walked out the door and shut it behind them.

Layla and Miranda exited the love nest where they had spent the last ninety minutes with Max and Toro hand in hand as if they were old friends or lovers instead of strangers who had met only hours before.

A short distance down the hall Miranda released Layla’s hand and asked, “how did we do?”

“Let me check,” Layla responded as she raised her smartwatch and opened the hologram interface with a tap. “Oooo! We did very well. We must have had most of ‘The Kennels’ subscribers in our audience. There is a little over twelve hundred credits from our show tonight. Like I said everyone loves to watch a doggy virgin lose her cherry. Congratulations by the way,” Miranda said as she scrolled through the chat. “A lot of people want you to join ‘The Kennels.’ You’ve made some fans tonight,” Layla elaborated.

Miranda squealed and hugged her new friend. “I definitely want to become a member. I’m also looking forward to my first date as a K9 call-girl. But first let me get your contact info.”

Layla tapped a few times on her smart-watch and held it up to Miranda’s smart-watch. The devices automatically found a mutually used encrypted chat app and exchanged the alpha-numeric IDs for each woman.

Layla leaned into Miranda’s ear and whispered, “once I get home I’ll call you on the app, and we’ll settle up in crypto. But first let’s head for the bar for a nightcap.”

Miranda nodded and once again took Layla’s hand. The gorgeous ladies once again walked down the long hallway towards the bar. Just as they pushed aside and stepped through the black curtain that separated the bar area from the hallway Layla spotted a friend sitting at the bar.

“Joyce!” Layla shouted out as she waived her non-occupied hand towards the middle-aged woman. “Come on I want to introduce you to another friend of mine,” she said to Miranda as she pulled the brunette towards the bar.

Within seconds the two nude women were standing beside a sitting nude middle-aged brunette woman. Miranda leaned in and hugged her obviously pregnant friend. As the two women hugged one another, Miranda took the opportunity for a better look at the woman. She appeared close to forty in age, although it was difficult to say since she wore a mask. She had large milk-laden breasts. Miranda could tell that she would be slim if she were not pregnant. Her hair was darker than Miranda’s with only a few streaks of grey. It was short though. It did not even reach her shoulders. It was then that Miranda noticed there was a tattoo of a milk-bone on the woman’s neck. She gasped in shock when she realized that it was an invitation for a dog lover to bite down on the back of her neck when he was mounted on her back. Miranda was pulled back into the moment when Layla spoke.

"Joyce, this is a new friend of mine, Miranda. Miranda this is Joyce," Layla said joyfully.

Miranda turned away from her bottled water. The two women shook hands. It was then that Miranda noticed the large tattoos on Joyce's pregnant stomach. The first tattoo was "Breeding Bitch" in a fancy cursive script while underneath it was a tattoo of a jumble of six puppies that extended over the protruding pregnant belly of the woman. Miranda's mouth dropped open in surprise.

"Hahaha, Miranda you looked like you've never seen a pregnant woman before," Miranda joked laughingly.

Miranda found her voice, "I've just never met a woman pregnant with puppies. I didn't know it was possible."

"I had to get some work done. It's only recently become available. Don't worry. You won't get a belly full of puppies from anything you did tonight," Joyce said restraining her own laughter.

"Joyce, tonight was Miranda's first time. She lost her doggy cherry," Layla offered.

"That wonderful Miranda. How did you like it?" Joyce asked effusively.

"Joyce, I loved it. I'm going to become a member if Layla will sponsor me," she answered.

"Of course I'll sponsor you babe," Layla responded while giving Miranda a one-armed hug and a nipple tweak.

Joyce gave a knowing smile then said, "that's wonderful. I look forward to seeing more of you around here then."

"Not only that, but Miranda will soon enjoy dogs outside of 'The Kennels,'" Layla countered but not including the part about doing it professionally.

"Oooo! Sounds exciting. But I don't think I could do that. I'm strictly a one dog woman and my mate is here. I don't want any other dog except my Rottie Diesel. I'm carrying our first litter of pups. Not that I'm judging anyone. It's just that I feel that he and I are soul-mates. I'm only really happy when I'm with him; especially when he and I are intimate," Joyce explained.

"How's Jenn?" Layla asked.

"She's good. She will graduate from high school this year. She'll be eighteen soon, and I want to introduce her to 'The Kennels.' This place means so much to me and I don't want her to have the sexual hang-ups that prior generations had. Layla, do you think you could show her the in and outs of this place so to speak?" Joyce asked.

"Layla, is a wonderful teacher," Miranda said praisingly.

Joyce nodded in agreement, "well, what do you say? You up for it?" Joyce reiterated.

"Sure, I'd be happy to teach Jenn the pleasure of dogs," Layla answered.

Just then Joyce's smart-watch vibrated. It was time for her to join her lover Diesel.

"It's time for me to go. Thank you so much Layla," Joyce said as she once again hugged her friend, this time in appreciation. "Miranda, it was nice to meet you. I hope to see you again real soon."

"It was nice to meet you Joyce. I'm sure you'll see me again," Miranda responded.

Joyce smiled at both ladies, then turned and headed for the curtained entrance to the long hallway where Diesel was waiting.

Layla watched her friend leave. Once Joyce disappeared behind the black curtain she turned to Miranda and asked, "Can I get a rain-check on that drink? It's late for me and I have to work tomorrow."

"Sure, it's rather late for me as well. Let's just get dressed and head out," Miranda answered.

The two new friends returned to the clothing check-in counter and retrieved their clothing. They quickly dressed back into what little they wore into the club. Layla pointed towards to red curtain opposite the clothes check-in counter. The beautiful blonde and brunette passed through the curtain and stood in front of a large door with a flashing exit sign above it. Layla opened the door and stepped into a bright light knowing Miranda would follow.

Immediately Layla opened her eyes. She was laying nude on her bed in her modest apartment. She turned her head and reached up behind her right ear. The blonde grasped the oval shaped computer brain interface that allowed her to access the fully immersive virtual world where "The Kennels" was located. She returned the interface to its protective charging case beside her bed.

She swung her legs off her bed and stood up. After a trip to the bathroom, she covered her unblemished body in a robe. There was not a dog-tail tattoo on her back, paw print tattoos on her hips, nor a QR tattoo on her wrist. They only adorned her virtual reality avatar. She sat down at her desktop computer and launched the encrypted chat app after syncing her contacts list from her smart-watch. She wanted to settle up with Miranda, and she wanted to answer her curiosity whether Miranda looked like she did while in "The Kennels." Layla put on the mask that sat on her desk for just these sorts of situations. She initiated the video call.

It chimed twice before the call was answered. It was obviously Miranda. She looked almost exactly the same as she did in "The Kennels." She was even wearing the same style of mask.

"Hi Miranda. You look the same. Where are you located?" the blonde graphic artist asked.

"Hi Layla. Thanks. You look the same too. Different mask, but otherwise the same. I'm in Boston, so it's a bit after 2 am here," Miranda answered. "Where are you?"

"Seattle, so it's just after 11 pm here. I look the same except no tattoos IRL. They are strictly a VR thing," Layla answered. "Go ahead and send your crypto wallet, so we can settle up," she requested.

"Sure, there you are. Just posting it in the chat now," Miranda replied as she copied and pasted the long alpha-numeric sequence into the text chat.

"Did you enjoy your first time? Are you planning on see dogs as clients professionally IRL?" Layla asked as she opened her crypto wallet and sent half the earnings from the second session.

"Oh yes! It was a blast. I couldn't tell you the last time I came that hard and for so long. Thank you for the help. I'm looking forward to going back as soon as we get my membership completed. And I will definitely start seeing dogs professionally. I'm looking forward to getting a real doggy crème pie. It's something that you can't do with men who are clients because of the risks. I've missed getting a crème pie and a one with a dog sounds so kinky," Miranda answered and extrapolated.

"Have you ever had sex with a dog outside of VR?" Miranda inquired.

"No, I've never had a dog outside of VR. I've thought about it often, but I haven't really had an opportunity. Of course since I have "The Kennels" to get the satisfaction I need there isn't much incentive," Layla responded.

"There's money. I'm sure I can put you in touch with someone who could set you up as a doggy escort if you're interested," Miranda offered.

"I don't know. Just what sort of money are we talking about?" the blonde asked.

"I couldn't tell you if the same applies in Seattle but with a man or woman I'm currently getting five hundred dollars an hour, but doggy dates will be twelve hundred dollars an hour. I've been told that I can get as many doggy dates as I want," Miranda answered.

"Wow, so an hour doggy date a month would almost pay my rent. I'm definitely going to have to think about it. The computer brain interface of VR is so real that I've been all but fucking dogs for five years and making money on it. It's not really any different is it?" Layla responded.

"Not really. While you're thinking about it, I will find out who runs the doggy escort business there. I will then vouch for you if you decide to give it a try," Miranda offered then involuntarily yawned loudly. "Layla, thank you so much for everything, but it's really late. I have to get some sleep," the brunette escort said sleepily.

"You're very welcome. It was fun and we both made a bit of change. Nothing like what you'll soon make. Maybe what we'll soon both be making. We'll talk soon either here in the app or at 'The Kennels.' Good night Miranda," Layla said.

"Good night Layla. Think about it. Sweet dreams," Miranda responded and yawned again.

Layla ended the chat and looked around her modest apartment. She kept it clean and tidy. She was a clean and tidy person. But Layla wanted more than a clean and tidy apartment. She wanted a life beyond what her meager income as a graphic artist could provide.

Layla removed her robe and climbed nude into bed. She thought about how "The Kennels" allowed her to escape the drudgery of her hum drum life for a few precious hours at a time. But now a new opportunity had opened before her. An opportunity that would allow her to forever escape her hum drum life. She thought long and hard about it until she finally fell asleep in the early hours of the morning with a smile on her beautiful face.