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There is a wonderful story that was posted to another site, it is called 'The Dog Bar' and was written by a very gifted writer by the name of Sarah Rose. It is About a girl who discovers a private bar and you really ought to ignore my scribbling and go read it.

I am by no means a writer, but I did enjoy the story and sadly for reasons unknown the author stopped posting so it was never finished. A part of the story concerned a red door. Whilst I would not presume to continue the story or 'steal' the characters that Sarah Rose created, one comment did catch my eye, it questioned how the dogs behind the red door got trained. So, I've stolen that red door for this story.

Please note that unlike my usual offerings, this story is pure fiction.

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## **Chapter One**

The public entrance was at the end of a corridor where a red metal door had a stark warning sign attached to it "Enter at your own risk!" Underneath was a notice saying "Do not enter without informing a member of staff. Do not enter before your sponsor has described what lies beyond."

The Dog Bar attracted a certain type of customer, women who enjoyed sex with dogs and men who were happy to pay a lot of money to become members and thus get to watch them, even fuck them, if invited. The Dog Bar's owner kept a number of very well trained dogs who were allowed the run of the bar and who would happily lick or fuck any woman who wanted them. The dogs in the rooms behind that red steel door were also very well trained, but their training was very different. Which is why the warning sign was needed.

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I'm a dog girl. I like dogs, I've always liked dogs, more recently I learned to really love them, to fuck them, now I was to learn how to train them to fuck other dog girls.

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Finding the bar was a pure accident. I had been helping out at the shelter for almost six months before I got caught kissing a beautiful german shepherd, the woman who caught me was just visiting, apparently she was one of the shelters supporters, a donor who liked to see what her money was being used for. Finding me swapping spit with a dog didn't seem to phase her at all. In fact she never mentioned it, even when she glanced around before joining me inside the kennel that was Rusty's current home. I was still blushing when she finished asking me questions, fishing a card out of her purse she pressed it into my hand and told me to be more careful, or use the information on the card. I watched her walk down the corridor that ran the length of the kennel block as I re-ran her statement in my mind. The next day I followed her advice and called the number on the card.

The guy reminded me of my dad, tall, crew cut, no nonsense.

"You ready to fuck?"

For a split second I thought he was going to try his luck, then he whistled and a big german shepherd shot out of a passageway and almost skidded to a halt right in front of me. "Right here?" I didn't wait for an answer, I was already pulling off my T-shirt and shimmying out of my skirt, the sneakers could stay. Naked I dropped to my knees, reached out as I knee walked so the dog and I were nose to nose. Then I kissed him, a soft kiss on his nose first, then I opened up and let my

tongue trace across his muzzle. His tongue came out to play and my arms wrapped around him as I tilted my head to the side and pressed closer, his tongue now exploring my mouth, mine his.

“Save the rest for later. Hands and Knees.”

I obeyed, breaking off our kiss, turning my body away whilst keeping my face turned to his, watching him lower his head, nose between my thighs, his tongue tasting me, tasting his new bitch. I reached back, hand slapping my ass, “Mount.” He obeyed, obviously both well trained and experienced, his forelegs wrapped around me as his back legs shuffled a little to get into position, I rolled my hips and he had me, his cock spreading my labia, stretching me open even as he drove deep. I moaned, needy, ready, wanting.

“Good girl.” I’d forgot about the guy. “Before he gets to tie with you, I want to see you drop your hips and take him in your ass.”

“Oh fuck... !! Ok.” I knew how, just didn’t want to rush, no need yet, he was still happily pounding his new bitch, and I was just happy to be pounded. I waited until I felt the first hint of his knot against my pussy. Rocked back hard against him, meeting his thrust, taking him even deeper than before, then a quick pull forward, fast, his cock slipping out of my pussy, my hand already reaching for it, thighs parting more, hips lowered, hand on his shaft, rock back and... “Oh fuck FUCK YES” He hilted me first go, his knot driven inside my ass as we both thrust hard, one against the other. I was panting, tongue out as I worked my hips, stretching out the kinks as his knot rapidly grew inside my ass. His cock throbbing, swollen now, filling me up, owning me. “Fuck me... !! Fuck your new bitch... !!” His thrusts were shorter now, still powerful though, his front legs wrapped tight, his paws pressing me, holding me, claws trimmed but still marking me, I WANTED his marks. As his cock pulsed and filled me I could have reached back and worked my clit, drawn out another orgasm of six, I didn’t, I never do. I wanted what he gave me, would suffer the need for what he didn’t give me.

Right there in the yard, the sun on our backs, we panted and shuddered, his cum hot inside me. We were tied for twenty minutes before his knot shrank and he pulled back, finally lifting his weight from my back.

“Suck him clean”

I whipped around and dove for his cock, no hands, just an open needy mouth sucking him in deep, tongue twirling around, tasting, cleaning, I hoovered up every last yummy trace of our juices, sucked on his tongue when it appeared to check my work. We kissed again, his cum slowly oozing from my still open ass, pussy soaked with pre cum, thighs slick.

“You’re hired. Go wash up.”

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Chapter Two

Washing up was fun... !! The place had a big wet room where both dogs and girls could wash or be washed, so I had company as I showered, my lover de jour, Rex, was mine to care for until we were both ready to continue, I enjoy washing a dog, especially when I can do it naked without having to worry about cleaning up the mess afterwards. Rex seemed to enjoy it too, at least he helped out, testing my body to make sure all the soap was rinsed away, well, that’s our story and we’re sticking to it, right Rex... ??

Washed and dressed my interviewer took control again, first was a quick tour, the place was much

larger than the shelter I helped out at. The design had to fit around the infamous corridor that the members accessed through the red door. The corridor itself had eight rooms on each side, a key coded door allowed access and a large viewing window, actually a one way mirror, allowed those in the corridor to see into each room. The rooms were all similar, a simple bed, a padded stool, a second unpadded low bench, a large dog bed, water bowls. At the back of each room was a low door that allowed the dogs to enter and leave the rooms without needing to get into the corridor. Each door opened into a kennel that was the dogs home, where they slept, lived and rested when not 'on duty'. Each kennel was separated by a solid wall so the dogs couldn't see each other. What they could see were the rows of kennels opposite, these were where the bitches lived, no, not dog girl bitches, female dogs, at least half of which were in heat, the staff made sure to rotate the bitches on purpose, the idea was to keep the alpha dogs aroused, frustrated, so they took out their frustrations on the women who dared to go through the red door.

Of course just having bitches in heat in plain sight but out of reach wasn't nearly enough, the alpha's needed training, and that was why the kennel hired dog girls like me. My new job was to teach the alpha's to take the women as they wanted, to demand and if necessary force them to obey, to present themselves for fucking, because whilst a woman was inside one of the rooms, the alpha owned her, was trained to keep her there as long as he wanted to use her.

Apparently when new hires are told this they react in one of two ways, they get their asses out of there as fast as possible, or they go into dog girl heat. I was fingering myself long before the lecture ended. I wanted it, needed it, NOW... !!

I didn't get it. At least not right away.

New job equals new paperwork, the kennel was thankfully fairly sane about what was required, so it was as painless as could be hoped for. Well, except that I was still in heat, my pussy dripping, nipples doing their best to tear through my T shirt, fingers constantly straying down between my thighs. The head trainer just ignored me, shuffling the papers, checking each was complete, then another lecture, this time about how I was expected to behave.

"You're not being paid to get fucked by every dog in the kennels. Your job is to train them. Of course that will include fucking them, but training is your job, getting screwed witless is just a bonus, ok?"

I nodded eagerly, anything to get this part over and my pussy filled with dog cock. The sooner the better.

"You can start with Prince, make sure you read his training file first. DO NOT go into his kennel without letting one of the staff know first. Do that just once and I'll kick your ass out of here myself."

As I flipped through the file I could see his point. Prince was still a little young to be let loose on the women, but he was definitely an alpha dog, he looked the part too. Prince was a huge Bullmastiff. A little over 50kg and 66cm in height. A big powerful dog. Handsome too.

"Ok, go meet your partner, Sue should be in the break room by now."

I closed the file, held it tight so I wouldn't scatter papers across the yard and headed to what he called the break room. Actually it was a little more than that, a combination dining area and lounge with bunks at one end and a bathroom at the other. Everyone but the bar staff used it. A row of lockers formed a dividing wall between the shower area and the lounge. I found my locker, my name, hand written in marker on a strip of white tape.

Sue turned out to be another army brat like me, so we understood each other right from the start,

just as well since we were to be partners. The joke was we were almost identical in size, well, height and body shape, but where I was a clone of my Scandinavian mother, blue eyes, blond hair, Sue was so black she seemed to absorb light, at least until she was getting fucked, then her body looked like oiled ebony. It didn't take long for the others to christen us the negative twins, though Sue usually retorted, "what's black and white and fucked all over? WE ARE... !!"

All of us dog girls are partnered, we have to be, training an alpha dog can't be done if he sees you as his bitch, especially as we are training them to master their bitches. So we partner, I was allocated as Prince's trainer, which meant that Sue got to be his bitch when needed. Sue's dog King was the biggest German Shepherd I'd ever seen, and I was to be his bitch ... Yummy... !!

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## **Chapter Three**

Sue suggested we started with her dog, King. So we headed off around the U shaped building until we got to King's kennel. I was still dripping and had left my clothes in my locker, King could smell me before he could see me, so he was as ready as I was to get busy fucking, that is until Sue took charge.

Training these alpha dogs is very different to standard dog training, or even to how the Bar dogs, like Rex are trained. The alpha dogs are supposed to basically do as they like, take their bitch how and when they want, keep her until they have had enough, but there are limits, a nip is expected, but biting chunks out of customers isn't good... !! Teaching that kind of control takes time and needs to be reinforced regularly. That is what this lesson was, reinforcement. Sue had me stand just out of King's reach, only the bars of the kennel separating us. Then she ran him through a series of commands, insisting on his instant obedience, scolding him if he allowed my presence to distract him. All the time I could see his arousal ramping up, his frustration increasing, until finally Sue praised him, opened the door, yanked me inside and stepped out.

King leapt up, licking my face even as he powered me down to the floor, my shoulders hit the floor even before the door slammed shut. Sue grinning, watching as King forced my legs apart, nipping my thigh when I didn't spread quickly enough. Right then I was more interested in checking my head was ok after nearly bouncing off the floor. King didn't care, he wanted to fuck, and I was his new bitch.

I've fucked a lot of dogs, never before had one nipped me, it hurt. It sure made me obedient to his wishes, I did exactly as he wanted, just as soon as I worked out what that was. Fortunately all of the alpha dogs received the same basic set of commands. I had read about those commands in Prince's file, so I had a kind of cheat sheet.

King's tongue was busy scouring out my dripping pussy, but not for long. He wanted to bury his cock in a bitch, me. So it wasn't long before he was nudging me onto my hands and knees so he could mount me.

Sue reminded me not to help him. The alpha dogs were expected to find their bitch's pussy without help. King certainly did. His cock punched my labia and drove inside, dragging my pussy lips inside too. He was a big boy and I could feel the strain from his cock forcing me to stretch enough to take his rapidly growing shaft.

The alpha dogs claws are not trimmed short and rounded off like the Bar dogs, a fact made plain when King jumped up, his big front paws on my shoulder blades as he fucked me hard and fast. King liked to fuck his bitch into submission and put off trying to tie with her/me, until he felt she/I was

sufficiently broken in.

It was a new position to me, I'm used to having the dog wrap their front legs around me, pulling me tight as they drill my needy pussy. So having King's weight on my shoulders, driving my body down, tits mashed against the floor, my head turned to the side, ass up high to present King with the best angle to fill me up. That was new and hot. I wanted to be owned, right then I was getting my wish. His cock head battering my cervix into submission, making me ready to breed, ready to take every drop of his cum inside and turn it into puppies.

Sue could have warned me about King's tricks, the bitch didn't. It was funny later, but right then I was poised to leap off the orgasm cliff when he ripped his cock from my pussy and padded across the room to get a drink from his bowl. Bastard... !!

I made the mistake of getting up, pushing my arms straight to raise myself up, King didn't want that, he bounded back, water dripping from his jaws as he sat on my face. His weight more than enough to force me back down, tits to the floor, head to the side, except now instead of being able to see, to breathe, my vision was filled with rampant dog cock. I took the hint and squirmed until I could suck his cock into my mouth. That wasn't enough. King wanted my throat. He got it on the third thrust. I sucked and tongued and swallowed every drop of pre cum he let me have.

Without warning his cock was snatched away. King again casually padding across the room to get a drink. I lay there, panting, licking the pre-cum from my lips and taking the chance to catch my breath.

As he walked past King slobbered over my face, dripping water, drool, not a playful lick, his tongue dragged wet across my cheek, marking me. Then he mounted me again.

This time his front legs wrapped tight around me, holding me, owning me, and his cock thrust...

... Into my ass... !!

Not long after I started giving myself to dogs, I experienced the most embarrassing moment of my entire life, past present and future. At an unexpected oby/gyn exam the doctor calmly suggested I either learn to douche the dog cum from my cunt, or learn to like hospital food. He added advice about enemas and lube just to see if I really could spontaneously combust just from blushing.

Why do I mention that now? Because it's the reason my ass was cleaned out and packed with lube. It was the only thing that saved me from a world of hurt, because King fucked me like I was the last bitch on earth and it was his turn to have me. No mercy at all, he drove hard, deep, his front legs tight around me, paws curled to hook me further, claws raking my flesh, marking his bitch. He didn't need to. Right then I'd have willingly scratched his name on my body just to have him keep me.

I screamed as he forced his knot inside my ass, fucking harder, not content to just tie, he wanted all of my depth so he drove that huge knot deeper.

As his cock throbbed and his cum burned deep inside me, we bonded, right then King owned me, we both knew it. He demanded it, I craved it. Now all that was left was to give me puppies, something he could never do but wouldn't ever stop trying to achieve.

As he filled me up I wanted to scream, had to let it out, needed the release, I gasped for breath, filled my lungs and let rip. Except I didn't scream the usual fuck me, breed me, I screamed out what I felt, what I yearned for. "I LOVE YOU..."

That was when his jaws closed around my neck and I came again and again, writhing and jerking, Sue thought I was having a fit, a single trickle of my blood sealed our pact. I was his bitch.

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Chapter Four

Four hours later I crawled out of the kennel and Sue helped me stand. I ached in places I didn't know existed, was covered in sweat and cum, his and mine, add a goodly amount of slaver, or drool if you prefer. Plus I was so full of dog cum I felt bloated and doubted I'd stop leaking for a week. The scratches were almost inconsequential compared to everything else. In the past I've been used by multiple dogs one after the other, that was intense but King put them to shame. Not that he fucked me all the time, as virile as he is that's beyond even his ability.

King owned me the entire time. I couldn't move unless he allowed it, couldn't even change position to ease my aches. King made absolutely sure I understood I was his, he decided everything, including when I could leave.

Reading the file just didn't make the reality sink in. I'm a dog girl, I would, until now have been happy fucking dogs day and night, not any more, not now it had happened, I needed a break, a good massage and time to ease the soreness in my pussy, ass and throat, all of which had been used and abused by King. But make no mistake, once a little healed I wanted right back in there... !!

Sue helped me get as far as the break room and into the shower, grinning with that, 'I told you so' look that smart-asses cultivate. She did help me wash and watched as I douched and did the enema thing, not that I believed it would get all of King's cum out of me, but at least I'd appear house trained and not drip everywhere I went.

Once clean again we headed into the lounge area to relax, I was famished and delighted when Sue tossed me a menu and explained we could order anything on it from the Bar's kitchen. Coffee helped as we waited for our food. We talked, but avoided anything to do with dogs, mostly we told each other about ourselves. Both of us being army brats meant certain things needed no explanation, some things are universal.

My dad was a dog handler and over the years of service he rose up in rank until he was the senior NCO in charge of one of the training areas. Mum is also a dog trainer but specialises in seeing eye dogs now, she used to train guard and search dogs. With that background you can probably guess that I've been around dogs all my life, almost all big dogs, which is why none of the alpha dogs phased me. Dad says I could communicate with the dogs before I could talk, mum says that Dad's a born liar when doing his 'proud father' impression. I can vaguely remember playing horsey, actually riding one of the base security dogs the day he was supposed to be put down for being vicious and uncontrollable ... Years later Dad told me the dog bit the wife of a senior officer when she was both drunk and someplace she shouldn't have been, he didn't say she was caught fucking an NCO ... That I worked out for myself, years afterwards when Dad and his mates were drinking beer and having a 'do you remember when... ?' session.

Sue's Dad didn't have anything to do with dogs, but he was posted away a lot and she ended up staying with her uncle, who lived on a farm, whilst he was out farming, she was playing with the farm's dogs, as she got older, playing became more personal and much more fun.

Stuffed full of very good food I was starting to wilt, so we called it a day and I trundled across to the bunk area and just crashed out in the first unused one I found. Sue went home. The following day it was my turn to train and Sue's to get fucked witless.

I hadn't had a drink, so wasn't drunk, and I only ever dream when I'm sloshed, so why I dreamed that night is anyone's guess. More weird was that the next morning I could remember everything, well, ok, so if stuff happened that I couldn't remember, then I'd not know, but enough conundrums. The dream is more interesting, especially as it was about how to add some new tricks to Prince's training. If I could pull it off, Sue and the ladies who entered the red door were in for a surprise.

The problem was how to train Prince without my being his bitch and without Sue knowing. Not that I wanted to hide stuff from her, we got along well so far, nothing looked like changing that. I just couldn't surprise Sue if she already knew the new tricks. Something to puzzle over. First I had to get practical, I made a list of chores as I ate breakfast, stuff like letting the shelter know I wouldn't be able to help out any more, boring but necessary stuff.

I checked with the senior handler and then called Sue to tell her she just got two days off. I wanted to take the time to work Prince on obedience and agility, not that he needed it as much as I needed to work him to start building a bond with him, Sue would have had chores to do on top of training, as we all did, but I'd offered to cover them for her.

So for two days Prince and I were almost inseparable, I worked him hard, then stayed with him whilst we rested, praising him, petting him, getting him used to my handling every part of his body, nothing overtly sexual, at that point sex would just confuse the issue.

Two mornings later Sue attacked me in the shower as I was washing my hair, she took over massaging shampoo into my hair whilst kissing me like I was her favourite dog. I'll skip the lengthy thanks she was babbling and just hit the high points, Sue got herself laid... !! By her new BFF, and his dog... !!

Part way through breakfast I had to just stop and stare. I'd never met anyone who could demolish their breakfast without it interfering with them talking. Not that Sue was talking with a mouthful of food, or spitting part chewed food everywhere, nothing so gross. She just kind of inhaled food between sentences. Amazing... !!

Anyway, soon enough we were outside Prince's kennel, Sue already stripped naked and dripping with anticipation. Me... ? I was kind of dressed, leather skirt and a polo shirt, standard kennel uniform. Mostly I was trying hard to keep the 'evil little girl' grin from my face whilst hoping my time with Prince paid off.

The teasing part came first, Sue still outside the kennel, body pressed to the bars, Prince quivering, aroused, eager to fuck his bitch. Keeping his attention taxed my skills, but I managed, working him through a series of commands, allowing no errors, no hesitations, biding my time, until ... Without warning them I popped the door open and pushed Sue inside, pulling the door shut behind her. My shove had sent her off balance and headed for the unpadded bench seat. Perfect.

Next task was to hold enough of Prince's attention to have him do as we practiced yesterday. The boy did good... !!

Sue yelped when Prince jumped up, front paws landing right over her nipples as he pushed her backwards so she landed face up on the bench seat. Paws still pressing down hard on her nipples, his claws digging into her breasts, Prince shuffled a little and took her, impaling her on his rapidly swelling cock, what really got her attention was his jaws closing around her neck, not a bite, just a hold, but being held basically by the throat is enough to freeze anyone, even us dog girls. Sue froze...

At least her upper body did. Her hips didn't get the memo, they were rolling and twisting as his cock

filled her up, then stretched her out. The shaft dragging her clit back and forth as he began the serious fucking, driving for depth.

Sue's eyes were now so wide open I was beginning to worry they might pop out, then she found her voice and her eyes, still wide, locked onto mine.

"BITCH... !! You fucking wonderful BITCH... !! I'm going ttt..." The rest was lost as she screamed out her first orgasm. I glanced at the timer next to the door lock. Twenty seconds. Is that a record? I'd check later. Right then I was busy training, well, busy watching Sue get royally fucked by her Prince.

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## Chapter Five

Prince is one of those dogs who isn't in any hurry to knot his bitch. He very obviously enjoys fucking, thrusting hard and deep with all the power and speed of a big well muscled alpha male. Sue had told me this, but even she wasn't expecting to be fucked for as long as Prince took her that morning. Maybe it was the position, maybe he just enjoyed exerting even more control than usual? Sue was very obviously submitting, not surprising when his jaws were still holding her neck, her throat now covered with his drool.

Sue was well into another screaming orgasm when Prince paused, only the tip of his cock inside her, he heeded my command and held position whilst I counted to three, then gave the command and Prince reacted, his powerful body seemed to bulge with muscles as he tensed then thrust, driving his cock all the way into his bitch, his knot disappeared inside her swollen pussy as he gave her everything, cutting off her scream as he drove so deep, so fast, their bodies met with a wet slap, his sheath now spreading her open, the hairs delicious torment as they abraded her tender lips and set her clit on fire.

Now deeply tied, they both froze, their bodies shaking, muscles rippling as Prince pumped his bitch full, still intent on keeping his cock buried as deep inside her as possible, Sue actually opened up more, holding her legs up and out, hips tilting to the perfect angle, she wanted it, needed it, a true dog girl, a bitch in heat.

The door timer showed over an hour had passed before his knot shrank enough for him to pull out, breaking their bond. All the time they were knotted, Prince had settled down upon Sue, forcing her to bear his weight, his paws still upon her breasts, for a while he continued the hold on her neck, then he raised his head and began licking her face. Not the eager lapping of a playful dog, each lick was long and wet and marked his property, neck to forehead he rasped his way up across her face as she panted, head tilted back, still offering him her throat in submission.

Stage one complete, my weird dream had cum true. Now to see if I could keep Prince's attention enough for stage two...

As I gave the command Prince turned his head towards me, ears up, alert, the training had taken. Sue was too far out of it, to lost in post orgasmic stupor to react as Prince pulled off her and moved around to reverse their position, now his still engorged cock, dripping with their juices, was pressed to her face, ground in until her mouth opened wide, head tilted far back to take him in.

Sue is a beautiful bitch, ebony body shining with sweat and cum, toned muscles and long lean body that suddenly locked up, galvanised by Prince's latest move. His body now over hers, his mouth descended between her thighs and his jaws opened ... The hold command took, he now gripped her

whole sex in his jaws...

I hadn't thought about how his tongue would hang down, swaying as he panted, his warm drool dripping down to land on her hot pussy, I half expected to hear the hiss as it turned to steam... !!

Sue told me later how she had never felt so owned, so vulnerable as when he buried his cock in her throat whilst he held her sex in his jaws. She took a while to explain, and punctuated her words with hot needy kisses.

Mum regularly taught aid dogs how to do things to help their owner, everything from opening doors to picking up phones or other items, even how to hold without biting, useful for certain kinds of situations. I sometimes wonder how she'd react to knowing how I subverted her lessons for my own needs. Our whole family loves dogs, but as far as I know, I'm the only one who loves them enough to fuck them.

Sue made an excellent job of cleaning Prince's cock. Except that wasn't enough for him, he kept her throat until he was ready to go again, this time fucking her mouth, not that he could tie with her, his knot was just too big, even when not fully inflated. So he settled for hammering her until he filled her with his cum. I hadn't trained him to nip her clit, but it sure proved effective... !! The girl screamed, every muscle locking solid, then relaxing. Sue was out, unconscious and Prince reacted just as he was trained, not by me this time, all the alpha dogs are trained to react to a bitch losing consciousness.

Prince pulled his cock from her throat, barked loudly three times, then stood guard, watching her face, applying the occasional lick to her body, this time tenderly, watching and waiting for his bitch to come around. It was the only situation where he would allow a handler into his domain.

There was no need to enter the kennel. I could clearly see Sue was breathing, could see her pulse as her heart pumped strong and just a little fast. Two handlers joined me, their response much faster than I expected, a comforting thought for when I passed out under King. Both stayed to watch until Sue showed signs of rejoining reality, then they left us. I watched as Prince reacted, his licking became faster, more targeted, Sue responded.

A deep breath, a cough, another deep breath. Only her lips moved, her voice soft as velvet, but velvet wrapped around steel. "You evil nasty gorgeous wicked sexy bitch... !!"

I grinned. "Enjoying yourself... ??"

"You do realise that payback is a bitch, right... ??"

"U-huh, but who is the real bitch, you or me... ??"

"Don't care, I'm gonna fix your ass, just you wait, bitch... !!"

"Oh no, oh please don't throw me in that briar patch..."

"Fuck you... !!"

But it was Sue who got fucked, for another three hours...

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Chapter Six

When Prince finally allowed Sue to crawl out of his kennel I almost had to carry her to the break room. Even the head trainer looked a little concerned, enough to pick her up, despite the state she was in, nice to know the boss cared more for us dog girls than for his spotless clothes.

He lowered her to the floor in the shower room, then stood back as I grabbed a shower hose, checked the temperature and let her have it full blast, the powerful jet was only just enough to drive away hours of accumulated crud, sweat and cum, spit and drool. My partner was a mess, a melted mess sprawled across the rubberised floor, moaning every time I aimed the jet at her tits or pussy.

As I worked away, the head trainer spoke.

"That probation period we discussed, You can forget it, you're officially full time, benefits and all." I grinned. "You going to move in?" I paused, living at the kennels would save me a ton of money and give me something approaching a permanent address, which would make a nice change.

"Yes please... !!"

"Move in when you're ready, you going to stay in the bunk area or do you want to take one of the rooms?"

I didn't know there were rooms available. "What's the difference?"

He grinned. "Stay too often in the bunk area and you're likely to get yourself laid, a room means you have complete privacy but fewer offers."

I thought about it. "Any reason why I can't take a room and crash in the bunk room as and when... ?"

"Nope."

"Then that's my choice. I'll get moved tonight."

He nodded, took a last glance at Sue, smiled and left us to finish getting showered. Sue looked at me, very obviously about to be a smart ass, so I aimed the jet at her ass and held it close, opening her up as the power jet reamed out the cum. She yelped and tried to cover up but I spanked her pussy, hard. "Bad girl... !! Stay... !!" The bitch actually barked at me... !!

Judging her sufficiently clean, I helped her stand and reached for the shampoo, it was fast becoming a 'thing' between us, washing each others hair, bonding, maybe dog girls take on certain canine traits? Washed and rinsed I left Sue to drip whilst I grabbed a couple of big towels, we needed to get mostly dry before we could start with the hair driers and serious primping. Not that either of us were regular makeup users, but us dog girls like to look well groomed.

Whilst Sue finished brushing out her hair, I had an idea and zipped out into the lounge, one wall was covered in stuff, part museum, part lost property, with samples and spares added in. All kinds of dog related stuff. Grabbing what I wanted I zipped back to catch Sue before she finished and came out to the lounge.

I had her stand facing away, arms out a little, legs spread. I started at her neck, using both hands to work the oil into her skin until she shone, shushing her, moving down slowly to her feet, then around and up to start at her throat and again work downwards. Only when I finished and patted her ass did she turn to look into the full length mirror. She was beautiful, an ebony goddess. My hands at her neck caught her by surprise, but my joke with the gloss black studded collar backfired, as I buckled it, grinning, she froze, paused, then turned, sinking down to her knees to kneel before me.

I could see it in her eyes, Sue wasn't a trainer right then, Sue was a dog girl, an obedient bitch awaiting my command. Fuck... !! Now what do I do... ??

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## Chapter Seven

I only recognised the Bar's owner because Sue had talked about her a little. She grabbed my upper arm and marched me out, a commanding, "STAY" thrown over her shoulder at Sue. Through the lounge area and out, left down a covered walkway then into a door I'd not seen used before. The room was empty, like an unused store room, the door echoed as it slammed shut.

"Right now you have three choices." Her voice steady, but commanding. First you can just fuck her and then take off the collar. Second you can command her, own her, fuck her, then take off the collar, but if that's your choice, she'll want the collar again soon enough. Thirdly you can prepare to eat a lot of hospital food, because if you belittle her by ignoring her submission, or laughing it off, I'll put you in hospital. Nobody hurts my girls. Understood... ??

Army brat, remember? Bluster and big words don't impress me. Her sincerity did. "I really fucked up, didn't I... ??"

"No, you just hit a trigger, Sue isn't like you. No harm, so long as you take it seriously."

"But we are alike, we're both dog girls."

"No, you're not alike. You crave a strong alpha dog because at heart you're an alpha bitch. You NEED a strong dog to make you feel validated. Sue is a bitch, she'd be as happy with Rex as with Prince. Yes she is a good trainer, but that's what she does, not what she is. Understand... ??"

I paused, thinking it through. "Ok, so how do I be what Sue deserves... ??"

She smiled and put her hands on my shoulders, pulling me close, but not too close. "Just respect her, command her when she wears your collar, and be her friend. Do that and she'll love you for it. And I'll be in your debt."

Ok, enough is enough. "Fuck you... !! And fuck your debt. I'll doing whatever I do for Sue because she's my partner, not because of you... !!"

"Excellent... !!" She actually smiled, an open honest smile. "Your interview was hot, but it didn't show a fraction of just how good you are." She let go of my shoulders and patted my hip. "You did real good with Prince, now go train your new bitch."

"How... ??"

"Cameras, they see it all, security keep me posted on things I should see."

I almost blushed, almost. "I should apologise for swearing at you..."

"No, you were protecting your bitch. No apology necessary."

We left the room together, but she turned left and I headed to the right, collecting a leash from the wall as I passed through the lounge area. Sue was exactly as we had left her. I clipped the leash to her collar. "Heel." I turned and walked her out, heading to the only alpha dog kennel that wasn't in use.

Once inside I slipped off the leash and let my fingers linger, rubbing her behind her ear, part stroke, part caress. "Ok beautiful, let's find out just how obedient you are..." I started with the basics, command after command, praising, scolding, correcting, exactly as I would when appraising a new dog to be trained. Exploring slowly, observing her reactions, noting her hesitations. I kept at it until she was sweating and panting, then I released her to go drink from the water bowl. As she lapped up the cool water her ass swayed side to side, eager, excited. Her pussy was dripping, my little bitch was in heat.

Still naked and barefoot from the shower earlier, I made no sound as I moved up behind her. Bend down, my right hand reaching out, fingers straight, together, I thrust my hand forward, almost like a punch, spearing her pussy, driving wrist deep in one fast move. She cried out, her cry turning to a whine.

For the first time in my life I fisted another girl, not as a lover but as a Mistress, the owner of the bitch I was intent on fucking until she begged for mercy.

No way would I belittle my partner, I couldn't let down a friend, never have, never will. I value the few real friends I have too much.

We missed lunch and diner. By the time we got out of the shower room a second time Sue was back, the collar set aside, until next time. For now the need was flushed from her system, she still stayed at my heel, but I just hugged her as we walked side by side, partners, both eager to find out what was on the supper menu.

Tomorrow I'd be King's bitch and Sue our trainer. It seemed fair, a certain sexual symmetry. But tonight we'd share the bed in my new bedroom. I planned on spending a lot of nights crashing in the bunk area, enough to sample a few human cocks, but not tonight.

Tonight was bitches only. Dog girls don't NEED guys, we have dogs, and each other. Sometimes just each other is enough.

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Chapter Eight

I'm not used to sleeping with someones arms around me, it was nice, comfortable, like the warmth of her body against mine, the softness of her breasts nestled against me, her scent, not perfume, just Sue's own aroma. We curled up together, Sue finding her place and just holding tight as sleep overtook us both. No dreams for me. Sue twitched a few times, waking me briefly, but I'm usually a light sleeper and used to waking and dropping back to sleep.

We both awoke early, kissing in the early morning light. Sue actually works out... !! That was a shock to my system, but not as much as joining her shocked my body. No gym for Sue, the bitch actually runs the dog agility course, in full, non-stop, six fucking times... !!

Of course we raced each other, foregone conclusion, Sue won but only by a nipple. That will change, I don't seek competition but I'll be fucked if she's going to beat me again. There is pain in my future, not the good kind either. Ho hum...

We dashed, giggling to the showers, washing ourselves because we wanted breakfast more than sex, but we still did the 'thing', shampooing each other's hair, rinsing, enough contact to maintain the bond. Towelled dry, mostly, we hit the dining area, coffee in big mugs and breakfast, not ordered, breakfast was self service. We self served, carrying our plunder to a table by the window, the

morning sun already warm on our skin.

I suppose things will make more sense if you understand a bit about how the kennels work. You probably already know the Bar owner is the ultimate boss. She tends to concentrate on the Bar and it's customers, the head trainer runs the kennels, he is in charge of the handlers, mostly guys, who run the place and ensure the customers are supplied with the dogs they want or request, at least as much as possible. They are the ones who care for the Bar dogs, rotating them so none are overworked. The bitches are also in their care.

Although there are sixteen rooms behind the red door, there are only fourteen alpha dogs, so fourteen of us dog girls, we are each responsible for one alpha, all of us paired like Sue and I, one room is empty, the one I used yesterday with Sue, the other is occupied but the dog isn't on the roster, Titan belongs to the owner, he is a case apart, the window into his room is shuttered unless the boss wants it opened. The women who enter the red door can't open his door, most don't even know he exists.

The handlers are almost always in their informal uniform, jeans and a western style shirt with the Bar's logo on the left breast, or shorts and a polo shirt, also embroidered. Us dog girls are naked more often than not, though we do get a uniform, leather skirt and polo shirt, we're supposed to wear that whilst training ... mostly we do. The head trainer is actually a lot cooler than he appears, his approach is kind of, "not broke, don't fix it", so he leaves us to train the alpha dogs pretty much as we want, so long as the basic commands are taught and reinforced, and of course we get the expected results. He also believes a mistake by the alpha dog is our fault, not the dog's.

Although Sue and I plan to alternate which dog gets trained each day, that isn't exactly how it works out, all of the alpha dogs alternate time in the rooms, so as to give the women who enter a choice, unless they book a dog in advance. So if they are with a woman, or have been earlier, we skip their training and just exercise them.

Of course there are busy and quiet times, working women often enter on Friday nights to give themselves the rest of the weekend to recover before going back to work. Married women whose husbands travel tend to come on Mondays, again to have the rest of the week to heal. Then there are the regulars. The women who enter the red door pretty much fall into two types, those who get their fantasy fulfilled and never need a repeat, or never dare come back. The other type become addicted and return as often as they dare, or are able. Those are the ones like us, dog girls.

Prince was booked and King was scheduled for his room later, so both only needed exercise. We can't do that together, no sane person puts two alpha dogs together unless they expect a fight. We don't allow the dogs to be harmed, nor would any of us risk them being hurt. So Sue and I divided up the chores we both had and split them, taking turns to exercise our dog whilst the other hit the chore list.

Of course I chose to exercise Prince on the agility course, practice time ... He beat me... !! I really need to practise that more. Ho hum.

By lunchtime we were done, so Sue suggested we go collect my stuff so I could officially move in. Sue has wheels, a truck to be exact. Well, that's what she told me, but seeing it ... I wasn't convinced it would start, or stop if it did. The thing was a wreck, dents, primer on two panels, mismatched doors ... Sue grinned and popped the hood, the engine gleamed like a trophy cabinet on awards day. "My brother's idea. Nobody would want to steal it from it's looks ... But looks are deceiving..."

Cute.

It didn't take us long to swing by the hostel and collect my two duffle bags, Sue just grinned, some things are universal. Then we headed to Sue's place so I could meet her brother, Sam.

As we pulled in to their house I picked up a vibe, a feeling, not the first time I've been in this kind of situation. A test. Sam had that linebacker look. I swung my legs out of the truck, let my skirt lift as I slid out and down. Hips working as I walked across to where he was working at a bench in the open garage.

Oh come on... !! Scandinavian blonde, I get to play it, ok?

"Hubba Hubba..." He grinned at me, then glanced behind me to where Sue stood watching. "It is really true what they say about you guys... ?" His grin slipped just a little, his eyes hardened more.

"What do they say... ?" His voice deep, low, a rumble.

"That your dicks are almost as big as a viking's... ?" I smiled and did my best to bat my eyes...

He burst out laughing. "Sue, you found a good'un..."

Sue relaxed and we spent a couple of enjoyable hours there before heading back to the kennels.

We still hadn't talked about what happened when I collared Sue, I wasn't willing to push her, so I just waited, content to let her open up in her own time.

I had time to unpack before dinner, Sue helping to put my few clothes away. After dinner Sue headed back home, whilst I decided to strip off and shower before crashing in the bunk room. My pussy was hungry and a few of the handlers looked eager. Two of them invited me to join them for dinner, we all ordered the steak, they started a good natured competition to get me in their bed. I shut them down and suggested they both join me in my bed for desert...

They tasted yummy, no cock without a knot really satisfies me, but both of them together got close, DP's are fun. The bunks are a close fit for two, three requires coordination, they'd practiced before, so it was all good. I kicked one out later, kept the other as a human mattress, he got to suffer the wet spot. But I did wake him up with a blow job before I hit the showers to get ready for King.

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## Chapter Nine

Sue arrived just as I was finishing breakfast. We shared a second mug of coffee before heading out to get our chores done. As soon as mine were complete I zipped inside to strip off before using the bathroom then the shower, a quick rinse and a lot of lube later I was ready. Sue found me, a drawstring bag dangling from one hand. We walked around to King's kennel, he was waiting for us, eying me as we approached.

Sue pressed me up against the bars, King taking advantage by licking me, his tongue rasping my pussy before slithering inside. Distracted by King's tongue I wasn't prepared for Sue's evilness, she had opened the bag she carried and with a deft move, pressed the tip of a butt plug up between my thighs, forcing King's tongue aside as she filled my pussy with the big rubber plug. Her next trick were gloves, weird mitten style things that buckled around my wrists and held my fingers and thumb in a pouch that then got attached to the wrist strap. Not uncomfortable, I just couldn't use my fingers.

One hand on my back pressing me against the bars, Sue took command, putting King through a string of commands, working him up, teasing him until his frustration was as obvious as his thick cock that jutted out proudly beneath his powerful body.

When Sue finally opened the door and shoved me inside, King's arousal was at fever pitch and he wasted no time forcing me to my knees to take his pleasure from his bitch. Of course with my pussy full of rubber plug he could only use my ass. His cock forced me open, the lube easing the way as he drove hard and fast, reaming me, punishing me for not being around to relieve his need.

The plug was of course Sue's idea of payback, she did promise to fix my ass, it was going to be a long day if the plug stayed in. The gloves ensured I couldn't remove it, so either King had to find a way or my bowels would be leaking cum for days and my ass was going to be gaping for a while.

The thing was, I wanted King just as much as he wanted me, I rocked back against his every thrust, legs and hips moving, adjusting to get him as deep inside as possible. Right then I didn't care about how hard he fucked, how his claws raked my body, I just wanted his cock stretching me, filling me, hot dog cum filling me up. Just the thought had me cumming, screaming as his teeth grazed my neck and my body convulsed. Marked, cum filled, owned. Everything I wanted, needed. Her words came back to me, echoing around in my head. "You crave a strong alpha dog because at heart you're an alpha bitch. You NEED a strong dog to make you feel validated." Was that really true... ?? I'd never pictured myself as an alpha bitch, but then I only used 'bitch' in the context of being dog girl, a dog's bitch. Then I thought of Sue, her oiled body so beautiful, the collar, her eyes, her obedience, the power I felt as I commanded her. King's teeth snapped me back to the present, the nip to my shoulder sharply painful. He wanted all of me, wouldn't allow my thoughts to wander off. Yes. I did need a strong alpha dog. She was right, so maybe the rest of it was true too... ??

I focused my attention on my ass, working it, muscles gripping, relaxing, King had the cock, I had the need, I was going to make him cum for me, show him he's not the only alpha in the kennel... !!

King must have sensed something, the change in me. His cock seemed to swell, his manner became more forceful, not more violent, it was as if he accepted the challenge, the battle of wills that needed to happen between us. Sue noticed it too, she sub side instantly recognising the interplay. She called for help soon after.

I was oblivious, King was my entire world and I was intent on ruling it, or at least co-owning it. Sex is a weapon, King and I had whole armouries to draw upon.

I don't recall the playground tussle that required my parents wisdom, but I've never forgotten their words. "Pick your battles sweetie, boys egos are fragile, sometimes it's better not to fight, if you lose, you've lost his respect, if you win, you lose him." My father was more practical. "If you can't afford to lose, then win or die fighting." He added another pearl. "Don't judge a guy by the size of his balls, but by how he reacts when you squeeze them."

Which gave me an idea...

But first I needed to endure the tie, or use it. King rarely dismounted to go ass to ass whilst tied, he much preferred to dominate his bitch, using his weight to pin her down as he bred her. So my first move was to ease my arms around so his forelegs were trapped, then I relaxed, seemingly spent and submissive.

The timer on the door was only visible on the outside, inside time meant nothing, all that mattered was King. His domain, his rules. But...



I love the heat, the fullness of being bred, even the drool dripping on my back and neck, his weight feels right, a reminder of bitch's duty to support her mate. Except now I needed more, I needed him to earn his right. And soon that would start.

A dog girl is intimately aware of the knot, the pressure it exerts, the way it stimulates, stretches, binds her. King's knot was starting to shrink, exactly what I was waiting for. I clenched hard, Tightening down, trapping his knot in my ass, my intent was to turn the tables, so I decided when we parted, not him.

It took a while for King to realise we were knotted tighter than before, he tried to pull back several times, but my muscles were still clamped hard down and his forelegs still trapped within my arms.

My problem was balancing control, I needed to hold him inside, but constantly clamping down was both sapping my strength and highly arousing, it seemed to magnify every sensation. If I came I'd lose control, so I had to fight off the orgasm that wanted to engulf me even as I bore down harder, which added to the need.

King just had to wait, except his cock was still fully engorged and his knot fully inflated, I didn't know how long that could last without becoming uncomfortable, I hoped it was sooner than later.

My ass was aching, it seemed like every muscle was strung tight, that quivering that starts just before your muscles give out, it worked like a damn vibrator, the urge to cum almost impossible to resist. Finally I heard it, a soft whimper as King shuffled his back legs and tried to pull away. Except this time he was more gentle, as if ... As if his cock was tender, or his knot... ??

I think the plug helped, Sue's payback plan, the plug in my pussy made my ass tighter, enough so it was harder for King to stretch me enough to drive his way deep inside my ass.

The damn gloves made it hard to know if the next part of my plan would work, but it was time, so I braced myself, this was going to hurt.

Forcing my muscles to relax was harder than I expected, tensed for so long they didn't want to relax, but I fought them, won. I almost forgot to unwrap my arms from around King's forelegs, that done I lurched forward, intent on breaking the tie, it almost worked, though it felt like my ass was being turned inside out, another lunge forwards and we parted, a cry of pain from me, a whimper from King. I was already turning, moving to shoulder barge King, I needed him down on his side at least. He growled as he went over, but it was too late, I was astride him, ass wriggling to locate his cock. My asshole was gaping so wide it wasn't hard to get his still hard cock aligned. Success... !!

I didn't know if King had ever experienced 'cowgirl' well, until now. With his cock now back inside me I lay flat, my head tucked down besides his, arms wrapped around his body, hands squirming to get a better hold. If King wanted to bite me I couldn't stop him, only keep as much out of his reach as possible. For now I think he was just too surprised, especially as I was now intent on fucking him, riding his big beautiful cock as hard and as fast as I could manage.

All my attention was on King, on our joining, yet I could hear Sue, somewhere in the background, shouting at me, no idea what, didn't care, couldn't let anything distract me. Besides, I didn't have any spare energy.

King didn't bite me, though for a long time he wriggled and struggled to get up, to take back control. Instinct saved me, the training too, perhaps, though, "don't bite chunks out of the women" isn't as strong as the natural instinct not to bite the bitch you are breeding, his instinct was to protect me, not attack me.

We fucked forever, at least it seemed like it, I started off riding him hard and fast, but as I tired I slowed, until I was just squirming against him, moaning with the ache, the soreness.

Sue cheated, she had two handlers turn hoses on us both. Fuck was that water cold... !! It worked though, except once untied King was incensed, snapping and growling at the handlers, barking his displeasure. I joined him, it was a hell of a way to end the greatest fuck of our lives. On that King and I agreed, I think.

Sue wanted me to get out, no fucking way... !! I stayed, King and I were not done, that took hours more, but finally, in the end, I walked out because I decided it was enough, I was satisfied, King accepted my decision. I think his cock was as sore as my ass, though his cock wasn't bleeding.

I managed to walk out of the kennel and far enough along the walkway to be out of sight before I sank down to my knees. Sue squatted, hugging me whilst berating me. "You stupid fucking bitch... !! You broke him... !!

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Chapter Ten

At the beginning of this story I said "Whilst I would not presume to continue the story or 'steal' the characters that Sarah Rose created..." And that is still my intent, however I find the need to use the name of the owner. Using a different name seems silly, so with apologies to Sarah Rose, I'm going to use the owners name, Sharon.

Now to continue...

I really didn't have the energy, but something inside me just flared, which put heat in my words. "Go check on your dog." Sue shook her head and tried to pull me to my feet. That did it. "Do I need to collar you? Bitch." She froze, I could see it in her eyes, she shook her head and let me go, obeying, but even as she walked back towards King's kennel, she kept glancing back, shivering, and walking on.

One of the handlers helped me up, insisted I get checked out, so I was soon in what passed for the kennel's first aid room. In fact it was the room set up for when the vet visited, kind of apt as a place to treat a dog girl really. The head trainer himself checked my ass, using a speculum to open me wider than I was already, which for some reason made me giggle. I think I actually made him blush, anyways he decided I wasn't in need of emergency treatment but insisted I get checked out before getting fucked again, and put a block on that for a few days, or until the doctor cleared me. Sensible, but a pain in the ass. Yes, that's exactly how I said it. More giggles. I think I was a little punch drunk.

More assistance to get me to the shower room, there I was let alone, but not unwatched as I cleaned up, for the first time ever I missed having help, the 'thing' with Sue was missing, I had to wash my own hair, not a problem, what I really missed was washing hers. The mutual thing, bonding. Showering alone suddenly felt empty.

I used the jet to scour out my ass, screaming and doing a war dance, that jet hurts when your ass is gaping... !! The handler watching over me laughed, asked if I was going to scalp someone, I suggested starting with him. He stopped laughing. I started.

Showered and dried, happy that there was no sign of continued bleeding, I grabbed a hand towel to sit on, just in case, and picked a spot in the lounge to relax. When I awoke it was dinner time and

Sue was curled up besides me on the big sofa, snuggled in with her arms around me. I raised one eyebrow... "King is fine, his dick is sore, but no damage, well, maybe his pride. You really did break him, you know?" Then softer... "And me too..."

I turned, lifting my arms to take Sue into them, holding her close, her head on my shoulder. Her breath was warm and soft, like her words... "You don't need a collar, not anymore, I'm yours, just please don't hurt me ... Too much."

Oh fuck... !!

I just held her until we got up to eat dinner. I had ordered for both of us, Sue had kept her head buried against my neck. Later Sue accompanied me to see the Doctor, who pronounced me likely to live, issued me a small packet of suppositories and banned me from anal sex for a week. I talked him down to three days, if I promised to stop and call him at the first hint of red. His parting shot was, "I love to watch you girls, but I hate needing to treat you, so take care, understood?" I just nodded so he spanked my ass.

"Ok, I promise... !!"

"Much better, now take it easy tonight and don't do anything that'll require me back to treat this little sweetie." He caressed Sue's arm softly. Smiled benignly at us both and left.

I turned Sue to face me. "He's treated you before? For what?"

"Oh fuck..." Her, not me.

We walked back to my room arm in arm, but silent. This time I needed to know things, but in private. So I bided my time until the door closed and we could relax on my bed, my arms around her, comforting, trapping if necessary. This time Sue was going to talk.

Afterwards Sue slept in my arms, I held her tight for a long time, thinking, the next morning after breakfast I blasted through my chores and then went in search of Sharon the owner.

One of the handlers showed me the back way to the office. Us dog girls don't mix with the members, most don't know we exist, better that way. The office wasn't what I expected, come to think of it, Sharon wasn't either.

"You need help." She smiled as she said it, but without inference, just a plain statement of fact.

"Yes, I do, and lots of it."

"Ok, let's get the easy part out of the way. I'm going to have to replace you."

"I'm fired... ??" I was stunned.

"Don't be stupid. Of course I'm not firing you, I'm going to give you raise and you are going to earn every single penny, then curse me for not paying enough. Understood... ??"

Ok, this was getting weird. "What? Why?" I'm really quick when confused.

"Because you are the second girl ever to walk out of an alpha's kennel on your terms."

"Umm"

Sharon sighed. "Sue can't use you to train King because he won't treat you as a bitch to be fucked and owned, to him you are an alpha bitch, big difference."

"But Sue, I, we're ... we are partners."

"Yes, you are, but more than that I think, Sue does not yet understand, she lacks the experience to know, not the intelligence to understand. Sue picked up on the change, just as King did, to her you aren't just a dog girl, you're an alpha dog girl, except she sees it coloured by her past experience, so right now you are her Mistress. That's how she treats you now, correct.?"

"Yes, that's mostly why I'm here. I want to do it right but I'm lost, I've seen a bit of the D/s thing, but it never appealed..." I faltered. "Well, until now."

"You mean until Sue reacted to the collar" She wasn't asking a question.

"Yes, well, yes, but mostly last evening, she told me I didn't need a collar."

Sharon smiled. I know how you felt last time I mentioned this, but I really do owe you."

I almost balked, but relaxed and just nodded. "So how does this work?"

"Not easily, but we'll sort it out, for now you can continue with King, but be prepared for the difference in his attitude towards you. I'll look around for another dog girl, worst case we'll have to have someone double up for a while. That's my problem so leave it to me. You'll have enough to deal with."

"What about Sue... ??"

"Sue is your bitch now, so your problem, but I will help. I don't want to split you two up, so I'm going to talk to Sue about giving up King to another trainer. Then you can still use her with Prince, on top of your new dog."

"Wait. New dog... ?? What new dog... ?? And what am I doing for the extra money?"

I had not seen Sharon's evil side, so her evil grin was a shock. "Not yet missy, one step at a time. First you are going to be on call every other weekend, that alone is worth the raise."

"On call.? For what?"

"For the red rooms of course. If something were to happen, you know the handlers won't go in, the dogs would protect their bitch and attack."

"Yes, I was warned when I started."

"So who do you think goes in.?"

"You.?"

"Yup, or you, now. We are the only two alpha bitches in this joint."

For a moment I wondered why I wasn't feeling piss trickling down my thighs. "ME... ??"

"Ok, enough, just follow me."

We left the office, using the back ways to get around to the red rooms, we entered through the unused kennel. Once in the corridor Sharon stopped, "ok, now walk down to the end, check out the dogs on duty and pick out the one that nobody dare disturb."

It didn't take me long, I could recognise and put a name to all the alpha dogs, but certain ones got mentioned by the handlers more often, the meanest one was Jet, a huge Doberman Pinscher, who looked like he was on steroids and was as soft as a lamb when he wasn't with a bitch. He actually treated his bitches well, but his manner demanded their submission and he wasted no time owning every bitch he got to breed. "Jet."

Sharon just nodded, calmly walked to Jet's kennel, popped open the door and walked in. The woman in there cried out, actually tried to cover herself, it was hilarious, but we didn't laugh. I was watching them both, Sharon and Jet. He watched her enter, then just went back to boring out the cunt of his still embarrassed bitch. After walking around the room, Sharon came back out. "Ok, your turn, oh, and tell Shelly this one's on the house, ok?"

Time to decide just how much I trusted Sharon and her judgement. My Dad's words in my head again. "Win or die trying." Fuck this, I'm going to win. I opened the door and walked in, heading straight towards Jet. He watched me, I saw his muscles tense, bunch, his teeth more visible as his lips drew back ready to snarl. Then nothing. He relaxed, turned back to his bitch and just kept on fucking her. I copied Sharon, walked a circuit around the room then turned at the door. "Sharon says this one's on the house, sorry for the disturbance." Closed the door and looked around for Sharon.

She was standing at the end of the corridor, farthest away from the infamous red door. Actually she was stood at the door to the last room, the one with the shuttered window/mirror. As I approached, Sharon smiled, now do you understand?"

"Yes, no, how? How did Jet know?"

"Instinct, generation upon generation of instinct. To him you give off an aura, one he accepts as meaning 'alpha bitch'. That's all he needs to decide how to treat you ... That's why you get the raise, that and because this is your new dog. Meet Titan." Sharon turned a key and the shutter began to roll up.

One look was enough, my pussy flooded even as my knees threatened to give way. Sharon chuckled. "That's right. You won't get away with your alpha bitch shit with Titan ... Don't answer, I can smell your pussy already."

I stepped back unsteadily, my back against the wall, it seemed appropriate, I wasn't at all sure if I wanted to kill Sharon for showing me to him, or kill her to get to him. Titan was my new dog ... My own personal kryptonite.

Now I'm really fucked.

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## Chapter Eleven

Back in Sharon's office I collapsed into one of her armchairs. I was still tired, and my ass ached, actually my entire body ached, but mostly my head was just overloaded, too much too fast. I needed time to think things through, but first I needed help.

Sharon was back behind her desk, no more evil smile, just her usual openness. "So what do you need to know?"

I thought for a moment or two. "Sue. She has to be my priority, so just what am I supposed to do?"

"Easy, just be yourself, treat her just like you have been doing whilst you two are working, but every so often throw her a curve, have her do something, let her be herself, she just needs to be someone's bitch, to feel owned, to her owned equals safe, but know this one thing, remember it, burn it into your soul, Sue will obey you, serve you, try her best to please you, but she has no brake, the deeper she gets the less her cares about consequences, so you have to be her brake, stop her going too far. understood... ??"

Knowing what Sue had already told me, confessed would be closer to the truth, Sharon's words actually made sense, filled in the gaps. "Got it."

"I know you've already done your chores and the Doc has you signed off fucking for three days, so for the rest of the day just concentrate on Sue. Tomorrow morning go see Ed (the head trainer) I want you to start cycling through the other dog girls, just watch them, offer suggestions, they are all good at their jobs, all effective trainers, but you have an edge, that and you have an instinct that can't be taught, use it, but gently, they'll accept you if you suggest something, just don't give orders. That's not your job, besides..." Sharon paused and that evil smile appeared. "If you get too cocky, Titan will put you right back in your place, and fast... !!"

Why did my pussy instantly flood?

"Ok, enough talk, go deal with your bitch. I've got work to do." Her smile softened her words.

I scooted out, closing the door gently behind me. I even managed to navigate my way back out without help. I found Sue just finishing off her chores, she kind of flinched when she saw me, as if discovered doing mischief and about to get punished. I kept my face blank until she was within reach, then grabbed her and hugged her tight, her sigh was loud in my ear as she let out a breath, like she didn't realise she was holding it. "Shower time, I missed my bath bitch." Sue shuddered, not in fear, it was, I realised, like she was wagging her tail. Silly bitch. Cute too.

Heaven is a hot shower with a hot bitch. We did the 'thing' I couldn't help smiling like an idiot as we shampooed each other's hair, rinsed, paused to kiss, kissed some more, tit to tit, nipple to nipple, conditioned, rinsed again. Just good clean fun, dirty too, but we were clean as we were being dirty.

I needed time to get used to Sue being mine, so I decided we needed to go out. If we could interact in public I thought it would help keep us from just fucking until we both passed out. The attraction was that strong, I could feel it, the pull of the power Sue bestowed upon me, her need to be owned, to prove herself worthy. Too much too soon would be bad, so out we went.

Neither of us cared much about being naked, it's a natural state for us dog girls. So skirts and tops were enough, sandals of course. Sue's truck looked like shit but sounded like a gear head's wet dream.

Sue parked at the Mall, but we didn't go in, instead we crossed the road and Sue navigated us through a maze of alleys that used to be part of the old town but was now home to the kind artisans you usually only see at markets or fairs. We were headed for Sue's favourite shop, one that catered to the kinkier soul, not sex shop tat, real leather by real craftsmen, women too.

I've been around people who were into the D/s thing, BDSM didn't really interest me beyond the odd

fancy dress and adding spice to an occasional night of passion. The place wasn't big, the rooms odd shaped and linked by arches and doorways missing doors, but it was packed full, an Aladdin's cave of kink. In the centre of the main area was a manikin outfitted as a pony girl, frozen in mid step, hoof boots raising her so her head almost touched the ceiling. The walls around covered in tack, piled on shelves and hanging bunched from hooks, I recognised some things, even some puppy play stuff, cute but not for us, dog girls aren't puppies.

The girl behind the counter recognised Sue, greeting her by name, we just browsed, Sue had wanted me to see the place claiming it was 'fun' but her eyes kept drifting off towards a wall that displayed just about every type of collar imaginable. Too soon, but food for thought.

Before going back to the truck we did go into the Mall, mostly to visit the food court. The food at the kennels was great, but sometimes a girl needs a junk food fix, so we mainlined on burgers and chips. Sue groaning as sauce dripped down her chin, I just grinned, thinking of how many extra times I could beat her ass around the agility course working off this little lot.

Back in the truck we swung past her house so she could grab some stuff to keep in my room. Her brother was working on another engine, the garage doors wide open, several guys hanging out. They obviously knew Sue, greeting her as we got out of the truck, except their manner was a little off. Sue didn't react so I presumed all was ok, then she returned their greeting. I'd never heard Sue trash talk before, more importantly I'd never thought of her trashing herself, agreeing with them, calling herself a 'ho, the next was too much, "Nigg..." SLAP... !! The guys froze, Sue too, her shock as obvious as my hand print on her cheek.

"Never again, understand... ??" That flare inside me was burning bright, but my voice chilled me even as I spoke. "You don't put yourself down, not ever, or else..." Sue just stood there, eyes locked on mine, tears forming. "Now go back to the truck and start over." Sue moved like I'd rammed a poker up her ass, a hot one. The guys were still silent, but her brother nodded to me, his hand straying to something long and metal on the bench.

Sue walked back, a smile badly painted on her face, the guys greeted her again, but this time like they had when their Sunday school teacher was watching. "Relax guys, just tone down the crap, my girl deserves better." They visibly relaxed, just as a whirlwind hit me, Sue hugging me tight, like I might leave her behind. I didn't need to ask, I realised that was the first time I'd actually acknowledged Sue was mine, even to myself. Up to then I was just doing what was right for a friend, now the truth was out, Sue was mine, and I didn't care who knew or how they reacted, so long as Sue knew.

It was probably the first time those guys watched two girls kissing, really kissing, without making a single comment. Later as we leaving, Sue's brother opened the truck door for me, his voice soft for such a big guy. "Anything, anytime, I can't repay what you've done."

I just couldn't resist it, I reached out, took a grip on his crotch and squeezed, just a little as I leaned out of the truck, I could just reach enough to whisper close to his ear, "I'll let you make payment one day, but that ten inches is going to have to work for it..."

As Sue backed down the driveway he was busy picking his jaw back up from the dirt. His face made it obvious he thought I was joking, but hoped I wasn't. I just grinned, because I knew and he didn't. Sue was grinning like it was Christmas and bouncing around like a puppy with two tails. I slid across the bench seat and slipped my hand between her thighs, two fingers hooking up inside her juicy pussy. "Eyes front and drive slow, you don't get to cum until we get back."

By the time we parked Sue had leaked, leaving a pool of her juice on the seat, I made her lick it up. Just the command had her pussy tense so much I half expected her to break my fingers, so as she bent forwards I pushed my thumb up her ass, the classic bowling ball grip, except I wasn't going to bang her down an alley. No need, not when I could tighten my grip and lead her all the way to my room. Sure people saw us, but they're all staff, Sue panted excitedly, happy to be used, owned. But once in my room I didn't use her, I ate her, I was hungry enough to keep eating a long time, and strong enough to keep her legs folded back and wide, who needs rope when your bitch will obey your every command... ??

We only just made it to dinner, Ed asked to join us to make plans, I was so full from swallowing Sue's juices and cum that I opted to just have a starter and dessert. As we were about to order, Ed asked me what my favourite dessert was.?

"Chocolate ... Dark Chocolate."

Sue stifled a moan and I think she almost came. Ed just shook his head, aware something was up, but the guys had long since given up trying to understand us dog girls, just as well, because as I fed Sue a breadstick as a treat for cumming for me, she barked and licked my face.

Ed sighed and we collapsed in fits of giggles. It was a fun evening.

Sue chose to have Ice Cream ... Vanilla.

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Chapter Twelve

So the next few days passed much as planned, I kept my word to the Doc and to Sharon, my days spent with the other dog girls whilst they were training. Mostly I just tried to fade into the background, occasionally I'd offer a suggestion, but quietly, without interrupting. Sue didn't spend every night in my bed, much as I wanted that, not just because she was my only sexual outlet.

It took some time to explain to Sue that I wasn't sending her away, I just didn't want either of us changing our routines too fast. Sue was my first shot at a real relationship, the first time I felt commitment. I had seen too many people fall in lust, burn with all consuming intensity, only to flare and burn to ashes. I was determined that Sue and I would take things slow enough to build a solid foundation, one that could stand the test of time, even if we didn't last as partners I wanted us to remain friends, Sue accepted my decision, reluctantly at first, more eagerly as I explained further. Besides, as I reminded her with a sharp spank, it was not her place to question me. Of course I kissed her better where I had earlier spanked her, that led to Sue staying the night.

On those nights Sue did go home she made sure to be back in time for us to run the agility course and then shower, we did the 'thing', bonding, it pulled us a little closer each day, and our hair never felt better, it certainly shone, blonde and anthracite, both sparkling in the sunshine.

My first time back in King's kennel went much as Sharon predicted, his attitude was markedly different, of course he was still the alpha dog, but now he saw me as an alpha bitch, no longer did he try to dominate me, we fucked just as hard as before, though nowhere near the intensity of that last mating. Afterwards it left me empty, well fucked, but missing that sense of being owned that I so desired.

It seemed that being an alpha bitch was a double edged sword. I wondered if the benefits really outweighed the costs.

Sharon called Sue and I to her office a couple of days later, she told Sue I was there because Sue was my bitch. The issue was King and my no longer being of use in his training, Sharon was unwilling to break up our partnership so wanted Sue to give up King. The alternative was for Sue to use another dog girl with King but continue working with me and Prince. Sue was torn, her bond with King was deep, even though she was his trainer, not his bitch. Sharon added that she had found a new dog girl, but that she wasn't yet experienced enough to take responsibility as a trainer, but she could work with Sue as King's bitch and spend the rest of her time learning from the other trainers.

At that point it was just a discussion, options laid out, it was when Sharon mentioned that in any case I would be spending time with Titan that Sue freaked out.

I'm not going to explain all that followed, the basics are that Sue was utterly petrified of Titan, swore she'd do anything to keep me from being with him because she feared for my life, etc etc. I've seen irrational fear before, but there was a kernel of truth to her fears and Sharon wasn't directly contradicting everything Sue said.

In the end the Titan issue was set aside, Sue reluctant to let it slide without a promise I'd never go into his kennel, but faced with Sharon and I she folded and accepted it was a battle for another time.

The result was Sue stayed as King's trainer, with the option to change her mind if it didn't work out. I kept Prince with Sue as his bitch. Then Sharon called Cindy in to meet us.

Think bubbly without the airhead, then add 'fuck she's hot', mix well and add a little puppy enthusiasm, do that and you get Cindy.

The girl was very obviously in awe of Sharon, was a little wary of me, but took to Sue like they were long lost twins. Whatever else she was, Cindy was one hundred percent dog girl. I had a feeling this might work out, but get complicated. Sharon suggested Sue take Cindy out for the grand tour, my bitch took the hint and they both skedaddled. That left Sharon and I, with the Titan thing squarely between us.

I waited.

"I'm not going to force you, not that I need to, we both know you want him."

She was right. I still waited.

"You've just heard Sue, much of what she said is absolutely true. I would have told you, before you went to him, take it or leave it, it's the truth."

I took it, I trusted Sharon, I still waited.

"It's up to you now, you know the risks, you know how he made you feel just seeing him, take as long as you want to decide."

I just nodded. Waited. Sharon sighed, slumped a little, right there before me she became vulnerable. No, it had nothing to do with me, not directly.

"I love him. Really, truly, deeply. I loved my husband, but that love is nothing compared to what I feel for Titan."

If her words were money you could bank every syllable.

"If you go to him I know I'll probably lose him, maybe not fully, but in the ways that matter most. I just want him to get what he deserves, a bitch he can own, a bitch worthy of him. You."

I doubted Sharon would cry in front of anyone, I knew I never had. But later... ? I'm a dog girl, a bitch, ok, alpha bitch. Not a human bitch, I couldn't be cruel, couldn't make her wait. "I do want him. I understand the consequences. I want more time, I need to be fully recovered first."

Sharon looked at me, really looked, for a heartbeat or two we opened our souls to one another. Her eyes were still bright, wet, but she seemed to unfurl, grow inside as if a huge emptiness had been filled.

"Thank you."

I no longer waited, I moved around her desk and into her arms, we held each other tight. Nothing sexual, but just as intense. Titan was no longer between us, he bonded us.

I found my bitch standing outside King's kennel. Cindy was inside, sprawled over the padded stool, at first glance she appeared bound to it, but we're dog girls, not submissive in the BDSM sense, all that held Cindy in place was obedience, partly to Sue as trainer, mostly to King who was busy fucking his ownership into her, driving his rampant cock into her stretched out cunt, dominating her utterly. Cindy was no amateur, the cum smeared across her face where her tongue couldn't reach showed she had already taken one load from King. I slipped one arm around Sue and just stood, silent, Sue was in trainer mode and this wasn't the time for anything more than just being there.

We watched as King's knot forced her first stretched out scream. The scream of an owned bitch, a dog girl in heat, hungry for more, King was giving it to her, pumping her full, breeding his new bitch.

I glanced at the door timer, she had hours yet, King wouldn't let her out until he was her world, Sue occasionally commanded, King needed little reinforcement, but training is training, Sue was a damn good trainer. King was proof of that.

Cindy had a lot to learn before she got assigned a dog of her own to train, but in the meantime she was in for a hell of a ride, and not just on King's cock.

An hour later I left them to it, Sue firmly in control, King well on the way to filling Cindy's world as fully as he was now filling her ass. The new girl was making herself known, if only by her screams that echoed around the yard. A few sounded like she was in pain, most like she was in heaven. All sounded like she was home.

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## **Chapter Thirteen**

I knew Sue was likely to lose it when I went to Titan, so I begged a favour from two fellow dog girls, Karen and Linda had alternated training Prince before I was hired, so once I had Sue in Prince's kennel, and he was dominating her mind as fully as his cock filled her pussy, they took over whilst I slipped away.

Titan's kennel was all the way around the other side of the U shaped block. As I walked I thought about him, I could already feel the pull, I was a moth to his flame from our very first sight of each other.

Sharon had told me how he came into her life. How he and his litter mates had been found on the steps of the shelter, the same one I used to help out at. The litter had been strange, not exactly ill formed, just overly big for their age, only Titan had survived, even though Sharon, one of the shelter's founders, had personally paid for their care. As he grew their bond did too, her husband had accepted her need to mate with her dogs, but couldn't deal with her growing love for Titan. It tore their marriage apart when he forced her to choose, he sincerely believed she'd choose him. Their divorce was the motivation for Sharon to take the small private circle of women who loved dogs and grow it into the Dog Bar, as it existed now.

Part of the reason her husband had insisted she get rid of Titan was the warning she got from her doctor after their first mating. That she risked being able to have children, Titan's relentless battering of her cervix was causing issues that couldn't be reversed.

As for the reason Sue was petrified of Titan, that was best left aside, the walk wasn't that long.

Sharon was waiting for me. For once we didn't go into the kennel but instead Sharon led me along the walkway and into the back corridors the handlers used to move the Bar dogs around, a door gave us access to the Bar itself, we turned right and entered the first corridor, the one guests used when they wanted a little privacy or just more space when the Bar was busy. At the end of that corridor was the infamous Red Door.

"It seems appropriate for your first time." Sharon paused long enough for me to read the signs. "Enter at your own risk!" Underneath was a notice saying "Do not enter without informing a member of staff. Do not enter before your sponsor has described what lies beyond."

I opened the door. I had to. Partly because Sharon was keeping her word, would do nothing that might pressure me to continue, but mostly because the bond was already too strong, the attraction too great. My pussy was already leaking, juices oozing down my thighs, my ass hot, packed with lube. I was ready, in heat like never before. I NEEDED to go in, NOW... !!

We walked side by side down the entire length of the corridor, at the end we faced right, Sharon used her key to open the shutter. Titan was in his bed, he raised his head, our eyes met and we knew.

Sharon must have opened the door, I neither knew nor cared right then, all my attention was on my new mate. Titan rose up and strode towards me as I stood a few steps inside, the door now shut.

Up close he was bigger than I realised. I had read his file, knew the facts. The tallest dog on record is Zeus, a Great Dane who measured 44" and weighed 155 pounds. Titan isn't quite that big, but he is far more muscled. At just over 41 inches and the high side of 200 pounds, he is a canine force of nature.

As he approached I saw his attitude change, for a moment I dreaded that he would treat me as King now did. Stupid bitch that I am. Titan closed the distance between us deceptively fast, given he was relaxed and strolling, then he leapt up, his huge forepaws on my shoulders, the big bastard dwarfed me and I'm 5'10"... !!

Looking up at him, his breath hot on my upturned face, his jaws parted just enough to let me see into his cavernous mouth, tongue that healthy pink framed by big bright white teeth, though I felt I should call them fangs. I got lost in his eyes, he could have collared me right then and there. Instead he had other plans.

Plans that drove me to my knees, forced my obeisance, his tongue explored my body, it's heat felt

like he was branding me, marking his bitch. Don't ask if I was entirely sane, I can't answer, nor do I care, then or now. When he finally mounted me I actually barked out loud, instinctive, not intended, then I whined as he stretched me as never before, not only was his masterful cock wider, more meaty than I'd ever had, he was a good deal longer and intent on my taking every inch of his ownership. Once driven deep, he started hammering as only a dog can, his cock drawing my labia and clit in and out, back and forth as he pummelled my needy pussy, his cock head punching my cervix with every staccato thrust. I came like he commanded it, the act of worship due to his mighty staff. To biblical... ?? Titan didn't rock my world, he ripped away my universe and implanted a new one of his own design. I was utterly his and I'd not yet felt his cum filling me.

I yearned for his cum, but first had to suffer his knot. And I do mean suffer, he stretched me, but it felt like he ripped me open, not that I cared right then, I truly wanted him so deep his cum could well up my throat and fill my mouth. I swear I almost got my wish when he finally bred me, hosing my insides, except his jets of cum felt like fuel sprayed on the fire in my loins. I didn't orgasm, I erupted, cunt spilling lava, body convulsing so violently his cock felt like it was vibrating, except it was still, solid, it was I who was oscillating wildly out of control.

We were tied for much longer than I thought possible, his knot was huge and I was still tight, the constriction prolonged our tie, but not for anything like as long as it seemed. When he finally pulled free he extracted the longest, loudest scream of my life, the emptiness nearly drove me to tears, it obliterated the pain, I wanted him back inside me, needed him to fill me, I had yet to learn that what I wanted didn't matter. Titan owned me now, he decided how we coupled, when we mated, and if he was ready to let me leave.

I finally had my wish, I was owned, the big bastard had a leash around my heart and I wanted nothing more than to weld it shut.

He let me lick his shaft clean, then collapsed on me, forcing me to take his weight as he rested, I could only wait until he was ready for more. He took me again and again, the door timer showed eight hours seven minutes when I crawled through it. My pussy was gaping, my whole body ached. He never let me try to take his cock in my mouth, he never tried to take my ass. I learned soon enough that Titan much preferred to destroy one hole at a time, rotating through all three so I had time to heal and he got me more often. As if I wouldn't move in with him if he allowed it.

Titan wasn't trained where breeding was concerned. He did what he did, his bitch given no choice, he ruled. Outside of that he was a big softie, his sheer size demanded respect, his manner tended to make people wary, but it was all front. He saved his energy for his bitches. Yes bitches. I wasn't his only bitch. Sharon still went to him, just not often, her body could no longer take the abuse and bounce back, so she was forced to go to him only occasionally.

When she did go, Titan held nothing back, yet afterwards would lick her gently for hours as if trying to repair the damage he'd wrought. Meanwhile he was banging me like a loose shutter in a hurricane. Sure he licked me, sometimes only enough to get me conscious again, but he didn't just use me, our bond was deep, he was my undisputed alpha, but I wasn't just a passing bitch, I was his bitch, he just demanded I earn it. Live it.

The truly weird thing was the way the other dogs responded to me, as if Titan had laid down his law. Training became a whole lot easier, I could hold a dogs attention far longer, I'd always had a kind of empathy, a canine connection, after Titan took me it blossomed, the other trainers couldn't understand it, but didn't care, they began to seek my help, I had gained their respect, partly because of the alpha thing, or it's effects, partly because I actively deferred to the head trainer. Ed was a good guy, more importantly he dealt with the crap I didn't want to be anywhere near, no way was I

going to threaten his job or position. I'm a dog girl, alpha bitch to all but Titan, either way I don't do paperwork, the closest I willingly get is tearing a sheet off a roll.

And then I fucked up. Again.

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Chapter Fourteen

My time with Titan was screwing up my schedule, he typically let me leave after six to eight hours, after which I was fit for nothing but sleep, No matter how I arranged it, my time training Prince or my time with Sue was going to suffer. It took a while to work things out so everyone was happy.

Sue accepted my times with Titan, but his name still put her on edge, so I took to referring to him as 'The Randy Skandie' on the basis that Danes are from Denmark and thus Scandinavian. (The k is a Swedish thing) Sharon was, excuse the pun, scandalised by it, but accepted it and even used it occasionally, mostly when Sue was in earshot.

Then one afternoon whilst I was in my room, I got a call to say I had a visitor. That was a first for me. One of the handlers guided the woman to my room, when I opened the door I was stunned to be face to face with the woman who had caught me swapping spit with Rex at the sanctuary. I was overjoyed to see Rex at her side, tail wagging, obviously he remembered me. It was a wonderful surprise. I was of course grateful to Lucinda, without whom I'd probably have never known about the Dog Bar, but it was with Rex that I shared a connection, we had been lovers, there in my room we were again, our kiss became so much more and soon he was pounding me just like old times. Lucinda watched but didn't seem to want to join in, I didn't invite her, it seemed wrong without Sue being present.

The visit almost made me late getting to Titan, so I hurried from my afternoon tryst straight to his kennel. He greeted me as normal, paws up on my shoulders, tongue lashing my face, marking me, then he stopped. Bounced back and stood poised, squared off as if ready to fight.

Danes were bred as hunting dogs, used not in the chase but to hold the prey, bear, boar etc, until the huntsmen could get to it and perform the kill.

Stupid bitch that I am, I still didn't realise my mistake. Titan bared his teeth and growled, deep and loud, advancing slowly, herding me into the corner until I sat, back against the corner, legs spread out pressed against the walls, arms at my sides, it was only then that I smelt my still sticky pussy, oozing Rex's cum. Oh fuck... !!

Titan stood looking at me, waiting, I guessed giving me time to understand why he was pissed at me. And yes, that is the appropriate word, I know because of what he did next.

The big bastard moved side on to me, cocked his leg and pissed, soaking me head to foot, the heat and quantity was immense, the taste bitter, yes, I was so shocked, so stupid to close my mouth in time. He took his own sweet time about it, then sat guard, keeping me cornered long after his piss cooled and began to smell. Finally he turned away, walking across the kennel and through the door into his room. I was dismissed.

If you ever wondered what the 'walk of shame' is for a dog girl, it's walking naked and piss soaked across an open yard in full view of everyone you work with. I swear I could hear Titan in my head. "Alpha bitch... ?? You don't deserve it."

Two days later I was back in his kennel, everything apparently back to normal, until right at the end

when I thought he was ready to let me go, the big bastard did it again... !! This time I was utterly spent, fucked out and too tired to care, I just crawled away when he let me go, crawled then limped to the shower, I didn't care about the eyes watching me, all I could think of was how much longer I was going to be punished.

I can't say I never fucked another dog, I can promise you that I showered before I went to Titan, every single time from that day on. Stupid bitch I may be, but not that stupid. I learned my lesson.

What may surprise you is the way the other dog girls reacted to Titan's piss punishment, there was no reaction. None. What happens between an alpha and his mate isn't pack business, so they noted it but nothing more. Well, except that the showers became busier as the girls used them before going to their mates. A pack survives, evolves, by learning from an individuals mistakes.

I finally bought Sue the collar she had so desperately wanted, except I refused to buy her a collar. When Prince throatied her he made her neck swell to take him, a collar big enough would be loose the rest of the time, so I chose a waist chain, surgical steel, welded shut so it couldn't be removed. It was modelled on a choke chain, two large rings rested on her hips, but occasionally I'd slide the chain around so the rings lay front and back. A second chain passed through one ring and clipped to the other, if pulled it dug deep into her pussy, spread her lips and rasped across her asshole. It forced her to mind me, even as she flooded, drippy bitch.

I did get to spend a memorable weekend with Sue's brother, blew his ten inches, then blew his mind, I showed the big lug how to prepare a girl so she could take him to the hilt. The boy was a fast learner, but a slow cummer. Perfect... !! Sometime during the weekend I commented to his friends on his size, body size, something along the lines of it taking a big hammer to drive a long nail. It stuck. Really stuck, long after that weekend Sue and I were at a BBQ when his then fiance walked up to him, grabbed his hand and spoke the words, "C'mon, time to go, it's hammer time."

He did get his own back, but first he suffered through teaching me to drive, which was Sue's idea, so I let it happen. Soon after I got my licence Sue and I held a joint birthday party, since it turned out we were born only five weeks apart, well if you ignore the slight difference in years.

I only received one real gift, to which it seemed everyone I knew had chipped in at least a little. It was a big black truck with red doors. Sue's brother at work. Sharon's sense of humour though, on each door was the black silhouette of a Great Dane, a girl between his legs. Not a sex image, but to us the message was clear. For everyone else she had used the 'Pussy Waggon' theme from 'Kill Bill', except the words on my new truck were 'Alpha Bitch' and just to be sure the licence plate was DG4EVER.

True enough, I'll always be a dog girl.

I took Sue with me and drove to see my parents for thanksgiving. My father had retired from the service and promptly handed control of where they lived to my mum. Her Swedish blood was still flowing because she chose a place where they could Ski, bought two cabins, one in town as a rental, the other high up besides a good slope, but discrete enough they could go nude in the hot tub. Another Swedish thing.

I will never ever forget the way Sue and I were greeted, mum took Sue in her arms, hugged her tight and then... "If the bitch doesn't treat you right just say and I'll lock her in the outside kennel." Meanwhile my father looked me up and down, nodded, and... "Finally found a dog worthy of you huh... ??"

They knew... !! All those years and they never said a word.

Back home, yes the Dog Bar was my home. Life settled down, Sue moved in with me, army brats don't accumulate stuff, just as well because the room wasn't that big. Sharon offered to move me, but it was home by then, so I thanked her but stayed put.

Cindy absorbed her lessons, sucking up knowledge as eagerly as she sucked up dog cum. Sue finally gave in and passed King into her hands, by then she had partnered with another dog girl, so it worked out. I kept Prince because Sue was so deeply bonded with him, ok, I loved him too, but I had Titan. Sharon had reluctantly given up visiting him. It could have torn her apart, torn us apart, but Sharon's love was strong enough to let him go. She concentrated on the Bar and the members, watched over the newbies as always, put more money into the shelter.

The cruelest part of a dog girl's life is that we far outlive our mates. We adjusted to new mates as ours reached an age that required they retire, mourned each as they passed. Even Sue mourned when Titan passed away. I took to Sharon's bed for a while, it seemed to help her, help both of us.

Years later when Sharon passed away I found out she left it all to me, the Bar, everything.

I was so totally fucked... !! Again... !!

The End... ??