

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Introduction

This novel is dedicated to a writer known as Robin. Robin wrote a short story I love. Her story inspired me to write this novel. Robin's story is posted on another story forum under the title, 'Bred by Bruno'. I'll post it in the forum after I've posted my story.

My friend Deborah (Deborah's Performance) and her lover Sarah (Sarah's Fantasy) brought the story to my attention and asked me to create an enhanced version. I'd only so if working with the author. But I've build on Robin's core situation and created a new story around it. The core situation is a young woman who finds her way into a den of guard dogs and becoming their breeding bitch who births puppies. Other than the core situation this story is my own. None of Robin's text has been used and my story is longer, more detailed and includes characters and elements not in Robin's story. Robin's story did not include any of the torture scenes in this novel.

Sarah, who has fantasies about enslavement and bondage, encouraged me to create those parts of the story. I agreed because something was required to explain why a woman would choose to become the mate of a pack of guard dogs.

My friend Sarah is not interested in being a slave or being abused, but she likes to read about them. She loves the Gor books.

Warning! This is a dark story, a horror story. It included torture and murder. There are scenes of violence against a woman and of revenge violence against a man.

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## Chapter I: The Unexpected Visitor

Oliver enjoyed his walks at dawn around the estate; especially on fine spring mornings, like the day our story starts. He liked the beauty of the grounds and relished this chance to enjoy the estate by himself when the morning sun filled it with light and warmth. He paused to remind himself it was Mr. Hastings estate and not his. "But I'm head gardener, grounds keeper and keeper of the guard dogs."

"Guard dogs," Oliver said smiling. Yes, they were big dogs, Gun was the biggest and tipped the vets scale at 185. Spade at 178 and lightning, the fastest, weighed 168. They could scare an intruder nearly to death with their barks, but if they caught someone they'd hold him until someone came and escorted who ever it was off the property. The dogs followed the orders of Oliver and the members of the Hastings family and no one else.

Oliver thought of Mrs. Hastings, Nancy, as warm, generous and pretty. She'd insisted the dogs not be a danger to her three children. To her relief the three Rottweiler's proved to be the best baby sitters she'd ever found. They watched over Nancy's little ones as carefully as guardian angels. One look at them and strangers grew afraid.

The children were grown, away at college or married and living with their new families. Oliver missed them and he knew the dogs missed them. Mr. and Mrs. Hastings didn't use their wonderful grounds much. The bluestone patio by the back deck and the adjacent croquet course were the areas they used, and those only in summer.

"So, the other twenty-eight acres of the estate might as well be mine," Oliver said smiling at the dew glittering in the sunlight on the lush grass of spring.

The grounds and gardens were his lifetime achievement. The landscaping and garden won three local awards over the years. The Hastings' appreciated the lovely flowerbeds he planted in view of the houses many windows. He changed them with the seasons to augment the colors and scent of the many perennial plants and trees he'd nurtured over his twenty plus years keeping the grounds.

"Today only the dogs share the grounds with me. The thought made Oliver sad, as well as happy. Oliver decided to look in on the dogs. He hadn't seen them much since there'd been such a to-do on the property behind the estate's rear wall. Three months in the past.

"Murder and cannibalism the newspaper said. Police officers Oliver knew said so too. The five men arrested were convicted, but because the body of one of the victims, the women, hadn't been found and they couldn't prove the men killed the man the sentence was bargained down to ten years. They might be paroled in three.

Oliver shook his head, "Cannibalism, my god, in Kentucky. I wouldn't believe it if the police hadn't told me it was true."

The dogs were important. Oliver was concerned; he hadn't seen them in days. Their food disappeared and he heard them moving around the estate once in a while. He feared one was sick, maybe more than one. They were good dogs. In the past, if one was sick or hurt the others would find him and lead him to their fellow.

He approached the little stone igloo Mr. Hastings built to shelter the dogs in bad weather. He herd one or more inside, but they didn't sound distressed. He heard someone giggling. A woman, a young woman he figured, of course, he was nearing sixty and any woman younger than forty was young to him.

For a moment he feared the dogs were hurting a woman who'd gotten onto the grounds, but she sounded happy.

Oliver moved to the igloo and crawled in. Inside after his eyes adjusted to the darkness he saw something he knew couldn't be there. He moved out of the entry and more light flooded in behind him. Gun, Spade and Lighting were lying down contentedly around a naked young woman who was lying on her side. At each of her breasts was a Rottweiler puppy, about two weeks old. Two more puppies were playing next to the woman who was watching and smiling at the puppies, at least until she saw Oliver.

Oliver demanded, "Who are you? What are you doing here? Whose puppies are those?" He asked her all at once.

The woman blushed and struggled for a moment as if words didn't come easily. Her face and skin looked like they'd been dirty and licked clean. The way his hands sometimes looked after he'd been gardening and one of the dogs licked them.

"Well?" Oliver asked.

It cost the woman a great effort but she finally said, "My puppies!" As she did she pulled the four puppies to her bosom. When she looked up Oliver saw the prettiest eyes he'd ever seen. They were a deep sapphire blue. He realized the woman with her fair skin and nearly black hair was beautiful under the dirt.

Oliver moved to approach her, but was blocked by Gun who quickly moved to stand between Oliver and the woman. Gun growled a warning.

"The puppies are his too," the woman said. "These are our puppies." Words came more easily to her than before.

Oliver moved back. He knew Gun to be a gentle beast. Oliver knew dogs. Surprised by the idea he realized Gun was acting like any alpha dog would act if his bitch and puppies were threatened. He heard other low growls and looking around he saw Lightning and Spade joined Gun standing between the woman and him.

"Woman, I mean you know harm and none to the puppies. But women can't have puppies, even if they couple with dogs. Looking at the woman and Gun he was sure she and Gun had sex, perhaps Lightning and Spade too."

She started to cry. Gun growled. The woman reached out and touched Gun and he calmed.

She stopped crying, bit her lower lip slightly and said, "Women can't breed with dogs, but I was altered inside to make me a Rottweiler bitch. I can be bred by a dog and my mate and I made these puppies."

"All three?"

She shook her head.

"When I came here, I went into heat. My big boy here claimed me and bred me a lot until I came out of heat. He wouldn't let the others breed me until me heat was over. Later he was OK with them having sex with me. When my heat ended they wanted me too and my new biology enjoyed it.

"You wanted it to?"

The woman nodded. "They're my family. I was naked and pregnant with puppies and I needed them to take care of me. They were sweet about loving me and they do take care of me. We are a family, a pack."

"You say my guy's name is 'Gun'?" She asked.

Oliver nodded.

"I like Gun for a name," she said and caressed the dogs cheek. "My lover and mate is Gun." She kissed his cheek. Gun licked her face and her smile became radiant."

"I should take you to a hospital. I would, but the puppies came from somewhere, and there are no bitches on the estate."

"Except me," the woman said.

Oliver set the impossible aside and explained, "I keep this land, but I'm not its owner. I answer to the Hastings family who employ me. It's my duty to tell Mr. Hastings you're here and help him deal with it in his way. It will be a legal way, and a kind way, for he is a warm hearted man. I've worked for him for over two decades and never heard him utter a cross word."

"Who are you?" Oliver asked.

"Please, don't tell him, or anyone, about me. I'll be no trouble. I drink only water and eat dog food. Surely he can afford a little extra kibble."

"What's your name?" Oliver asked again.

"My name was Sarah. Before I was married it was Sarah Robin Grant. I'm a widow and want to be Sarah, if I need a name. My pack doesn't use names. We know each other by smell. I'm not interested in having a name.

"I'm Gun's bitch. That's enough name for me. I make wonderful puppies. I know I can't keep them. You could sell them, I pray to good homes, and you make a lot of money. The man who changed me from a human to a bitch planned to make a fortune selling my puppies."

A tear moved down Oliver's cheek. She was pathetically seeking a place on the estate as a dog, and she wanted nothing more than to be treated as an owned bitch.

"Say I believe these puppies are yours and Gun's. He acts, as I'd expect him to, as do you. Where's this man who made you able to have puppies?"

"He's dead. I'm glad he's dead.

"He disserved to die and I killed him."

"You murdered him, Sarah?"

"It wasn't murder, it was justice. Besides I was insane. He'd tortured me so much I was lost in hatred and rage until Gun made me his and gave me a pack to belong to."

"How did he torture you, Sarah?"

"He whipped me, he liked whipping my naked breasts and he branded me and did other things to hurt and made me think I was his owned animal. I'll show you."

Sara turned so the light from the entrance fell on her right hip. Oliver saw a bright yellow brand, a 'J', three inches high burnt into her flesh. She turned back exposing her breasts and he saw many long scars on her fair skin.

Oliver said, "Oh my, God."

He hung his head. "If he were here, and I knew he was the one who whipped and branded you, I'd kill him."

"Sarah, tell me your story and once I know it I can decide what is best. Believe me, I won't let you be hurt again if it's in my power to protect you."

Sarah smiled at him, it was the smile on the face of the carved Madonna in his church, Saint Steven's. She lied back down, cuddled the puppies to her and the two who'd been playing began to nurse. For a moment Oliver saw her as breathtakingly beautiful. Gun lay down beside her and Spade and Lighting lay down on Sarah's other side. Oliver knew dogs and knew, as they would die to defend him or the Hastings' children, they would die to protect Sarah and her puppies. There it was. He was thinking of them as her puppies.

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Chapter II: From Wife to Slave

"Oliver, as I said my name was Sarah in the past. Today I'm Gun's bitch. It's enough name for me.

"The story of how I became Gun's bitch began when I was 25. I don't pay much attention to time, but I think it was a year ago. Time doesn't exist for me; there is light and dark, eating and drinking, the warmth of my Gun and his brothers, the joy of being bred and my love for our puppies.

"I was married when I was 22 to a man named Jim. I worked as a medical secretary in a bioresearch laboratory. Jim was an up and coming researcher there. He worked on creating new products.

"Jim didn't love me deeply, I knew it from the start, but it was OK because my love for him also lacked depth. He married me because I was pretty, good to him in bed, had a good job and let him do almost anything he wanted to me if it made sex better for him. Jim on balance treated me well. During sex he liked to cause me pain, but gave me a control word, "Elephant", I could use to stop him. He stopped when said 'Elephant' and he learned my limits and seldom hurt me so much I used my safety word. What made the pain OK was he always made sure I climaxed after he hurt me. He'd used oral to get me to come. Jim was good at oral sex. I'd never come during intercourse and I thought a woman having a vaginal orgasm was myth. Gun taught me different.

"Jim was disappointed but respected my choice when I said no to his desires to whip me and push his fist into my sex. Fisting he called it. Fisting fascinate Jim. He showed me videos of women being fisted. He was upset when I pointed out the films showed women with small hands fisting other women. Jim's hands were large.

"He asked me to try it, saying I'd enjoy it once I'd been fisted. I said no. Later I pressed me and I suggested I fist his ass. If he could take it, and liked it, I'd let him fist my vagina. He was angry but let the subject drop.

"I developed an association between pain and sex and enjoyed some things Jim did to me as foreplay. I was fine with his spanking my bottom, in fact I liked it. After I'd come once I was fine with anal, which Jim loved. I came to find pleasure in being tied up and feeling helpless, as long as I wasn't gagged. I trusted Jim to respect my control word, but felt if I was gagged I shouldn't trust him.

"Our house is near here and was set well back from the road. The house was small, two bedrooms, but was on a five-acre lot. Around us were larger properties, some with walls and guard dogs. This house was one of those.

"You're the missing woman the police said was murdered and eaten?" Oliver asked.

Sarah nodded, smiled and asked, "Did five men go to jail for killing me?"

Oliver said, "Yes, for ten years."

Sarah said, "Good. They deserved it."

"When Jim hurt me I screamed but there wasn't a chance anyone would hear me. He liked to hurt me and as I said sometimes I liked it too. I thought it was good no one could hear me scream, at least until things changed.

"I married Jim in part because he'd a good job, with prospects. When we were dating he respected my desires and no matter what he did to me in bed he made sure our play ended with his going down on me until I found release. I considered Jim my good friend and lover and felt we shared a close friendship strengthened by the pleasure bond. I knew we weren't romantically in love, but we liked being together. We talking about our relationship and decided what we had was more sustainable and less emotionally racking than being passionately in love. We went into marriage as friends with benefits, but with the tax advantage of being married and the shared understandings, for reason's of

health, we were going to be sexual exclusive. Jim promised me we'd make a family when we could afford one. I perhaps should have held out for love, but at 22 I was tired of waiting.

"Jim's income increased dramatically and three years after our wedding, on our anniversary, I suggested I quite my job and we make babies as we'd planned. Jim told me he'd received a big bonus for a new product the firm patented that day. It was his forth new-products bonus in three years. The bonuses with his salary increases negated our need for me to work.

I pointed out we could afford a family and younger parents had healthier children. Jim didn't seem to like my idea, but said nothing. When we went to bed he spread-eagled me in our big walnut for-poster bed using rope and followed by a long stainless steal chain he padlocks around my ankle and the bed. Jim cut my gown and panties off with my twelve-inch chef's knife. When I couldn't move he gagged me and used a willow switch to whip my breasts until they were covered with welts and were bleeding.

"My breasts are not huge, but they weren't small, I thought of them as perky. They're very sensitive and I cried and screamed as Jim abused them. They're bigger than they were because I'm nursing.

"Through my gage I screamed, 'Elephant!' Jim understood and laughed, undressed and fucked me until he came. I cried the whole time. He gave me no pleasure. When he was spent he fisted me until I passed out from pain. I think he kept at me with his fist for some time. When I came around the next morning my sex was a sea of pain, the gage was in my mouth and the pillow under my head was soaked with tears. I decided to leave him as soon as I was free. I'd my own bank account and planned to disappear after we got to work.

"Drinking his coffee Jim came into the master bedroom. He loomed over me grinned and said, 'Sarah, there'd more pain in-store for you if you don't do exactly as I say.'

"I started to cry and Jim held up the willow switch and said, 'Sarah, you can be hurt again, or you can do what I say. It's fun hurting you. You've no idea how terrible it was eating you out after we made love. I had to eat my own sperm because you're such an uptight bitch you can't come from normal sex.'

"When I stopped crying Jim called my boss and holding the phone to my head made quite my job. I hated not giving notice but I thought Jim was agreeing to the family I wanted. I prayed the pain was over. I was wrong.

"Jim untied me but left me chained to the bed. Laughing he said he was going to work. 'I started a special project last month. If it works out you'll be able to work from home.'

"The chain was long enough so I could reach the bathroom. He left me nude, and threw me a box of corn check as he left.

"When he came home I'd bathed, changed the bloody bedding, eaten the corn checks and wrapped a blanket around me. I tried not to be afraid and prayed he'd unlock me. When I was free of the chain I planned to escape and get as far from Jim as I could.

"Jim didn't unlock the chain. He left me sitting on the bed but pulled the blanket off of me and threw it across the room.

"Jim said, 'Sarah, I've decided you're no longer my wife. As of last night you're my slave. You will willingly do what I say and always to be egger to please me.

'I don't want you pregnant with my, or any-ones child. Children would interfere with your serving me as my slave and my plan for your working at home

'Sarah, be willing and obedient and your slavery will easy to bear. If you're not I will make your slavery harsh. Anger me and you will become my bitch dog and not my human slave. Would you enjoy life as my bitch dog?'

"I cried and begged and threatened him until I was horse. He slapped me, tied me onto the bed into a spread-eagled position. I was on my stomach on our bed and he used me for anal sex, without lubricant. I tried saying 'Elephant' and he laughed. After he'd come in my bottom, he left me tied down and fisted my sex. The pain was more than I could bare and I passed out.

"It was morning when I came around. I was alone. My sex and bottom hurt. I found the chained still held me to the bed. The chain was long enough to reach the bathroom. Jim left me sliced bread on the bathroom counter with a jar of peanut butter and a dull plastic knife. There was a note, it was short and to the point.

"It read, 'Slave, clean yourself and be ready to do my bidding when I get home. I expect to find you made-up, naked, kneeling, and eagerly waiting for me by my bed. If you're not my subservient and my willing chattel I will find a way to make you understand you're an owned animal and my property.'

"I cried for hours. Later I tried picking the lock on the chain. After two hours I gave up. A safety pin didn't work. Three hours before Jim was due to get home I bathed. Soaked in bath salts for an hour and put on my make up. I don't wear much but owned the full assortments. It felt strange to wear base, lipstick, lip-liner, lip-gloss, blusher, eyeliner, mascaras and eye shadow while otherwise nude. I tried to get my clothes. The drawers in bedroom chest we shared were empty, Jim's as well as mine.

"I tried to get into our closet, but chain wasn't long enough. I did see inside and my clothes were gone. I hoped they were somewhere in the house and I could get to them later.

"Jim found me sitting on the bed with a blanket around me again. He looked angry and I said, 'I was cold.'

"He laughed, pulled the blanket off, pulled me off the bed, to my feet and squeezed my breasts and pinched my nipples hard, which I hate.

"I cringed.

"Jim said. 'Slave, your welts look good on your pretty breasts, but are fading. Your pale pink nipples are your most attractive feature. Your slave name is Pink Nipples.

'If you're not an obedient slave, Pink Nipples, I'll whip your breasts daily to keep the welts fresh.'

"He slapped me across my breasts and laughed as I fell to the floor.

"Jim pulled a jar from his pocket and said, "This is a depilatory cream I developed it, it's what the last bonus was a reward for. I want you to use it on your mons and sex. It will get rid of the bush and the hair around your cunt. I want to be able to enjoy the view of your most intimate parts while I'm fisting you. If you're cold wrap yourself in a blanket, but be sure your sex and nipples are always visible when I'm home.'

"I lost my temper. There wasn't a lot of hair down there and kept it trimmed, but I liked the hint of

privacy it left me. I yelled, 'No, I won't use your damned cream!'

"Jim slugged me with his fist. When I started to come around I realized he'd knocked me out. I was cold and realized I was behind the house. I was nude and gagged and tied over a sawhorse; my breasts divided by the sawhorse. My arms and legs were tied to the sawhorse's legs. A rope around my middle kept me in place. I smelled a charcoal fire.

"I complained, 'Jim, the rough wood against my skin hurts.'

"Jim walked over to me and said, 'I know you're hurt and cold, Pink Nipples. I'll get you warm soon. I'm hearting a branding iron in our barbeque grill. You don't seem to understand you're my animal and slave. I think you need reinforcement. A nice big 'J' branded on your hip will help you remember you're my property. If you don't do as I tell you I can brand you again, maybe somewhere more delicate than your hip. Do what I say, quickly and cheerfully, or I'll brand and whip you until you do. There will be no bargaining. Obey, or suffer are your choices.

'Pink Nipples, branding will hurt more than you imagine. For the next week I will let you recover, no sex or beatings. It will be an opportunity for you to consider abandoning your rebellious ways.'

"I tried to yell at him, but he forced a ball-gage into my mouth. Jim rolled the grill around to where I could see the iron set among the coals. The iron 'J' was dark red.

"Jim patted my right hip and said, 'I won't put the iron to you until its white hot, Pretty Nipples. Once I do, I'll press in into your flesh for five seconds before I pull it out. Five seconds should burn deep. I expect you'll pass out. I want the brand to become a feature of your beauty rather than mar it. You're not to touch it, pick at it or otherwise keep it from healing perfectly. If you mar it I'll brand you again.'

"I shuddered at his words. My eyes were fixed on the iron as I watched, terrified as it shifted from dark red to red, to bright red, to yellow and finally to white hot. It was four-feet from my face and the heat on my face was too hot to bear. I looked away, but the horror of what was happening brought my eyes back to the iron.

"Smiling at me, Jim put on a heavy glove and withdrew the iron from the coals. He showed it to me and laughed. I screamed for help through my gage, but little sound escaped. Jim walked to my side, beyond my view. He laughed and I felt something press my flesh. There was pressure, but it was a moment before a burning pain filled my hip and spread to my whole body. For another four second the pain built. As I passed out there was no sense of myself left, only pain. I was screaming so loud I could barely hear Jim laughing. But he was laughing as he branded me. I think his laughter at my pain is what drove me mad.

"I awoke in bed again. I was on my stomach, naked, my ankle was chained, and my hands were tied in front of my body. My hip ached. I tried to roll over and pain filled me. With difficulty I got to my knees. In the mirror over the dresser I saw my hip was bandaged.

"Looking around I saw a plastic bottle of water on the night stand with a note. I opened the bottle, it wasn't easy with my hands tied. In one long drink I emptied the half-litter bottle. It wasn't enough to quench my thirst. Moving hurt, but I made it slowly to the bathroom, refilled the bottle and emptied it twice more. When I was done drinking I realized I was hungrier than I'd ever been before. Looking down I saw my mons and sex were free of hair. I knew Jim removed it while I was out. I hoped it would grow back, but doubted it. If Jim wanted it gone and he knew a way to permanently remove my pubic hair he'd used it on me. After filling the water bottle again I slowly made my way back to the bed and the waiting note. Walking hurt and walking fast hurt more.

"I wanted the comfort of crying, but found I didn't have tears. It was a long time before I could cry again. A sense of hopelessness filled me. Before reading the note I looked at it for a long time. I wondered if I could find means to kill myself. I didn't think so, but decided if I couldn't escape I'd find a way. I knew with resolve I could rip my wrists open with my teeth. It would hurt and I might pass-out before I was dead. The idea of Jim finding me hurt but not dead was a horror. I decided first I must exhaust ideas for escape. If escape were impossible I'd find a sure way to end my life.

"It was a long time before I looked at the note. It was bright daylight when I came to. When I decided to read the note night was falling and I turned on the overhead light. The idea of electrocution came to me, but I knew with 110 alternating current I'd be torturing myself rather than dying.

"The note read; 'Pink Nipples, I branded you ten days ago. Up until this morning I feed you liquids through an IV and changed your dressings, and adult diaper, twice a day. The IV also kept you sedated through the worst of the pain and included some drugs to prepare you for your future life as my slave moneymaker. I wanted to do a good job of branding you as my property and read up on the topic. I've used yellow wax to dye your brand. It's already looking good and I think when healed the deep amber 'J' on your hip will go well with your pretty pale pink skin.

"The books I read said you shouldn't eat much for a few days after branding. I'll bring something home tonight for you to eat. You should be hungry. I warn you, reject the food I bring and you'll get nothing but be punished. Imagine how a whipping would feel on your new brand.

"If you remain a rebellious and disobedient slave I will lose patients and I make you my dog rather than my slave. I promise you will find life as a human slave better than life as a bitch dog. Of course, you might be both.'

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### **Chapter III: I Become a Bitch**

"It was dark outside when I heard Jim's car pull into our drive; if the chain hadn't held me to the bed I'd have run naked from the house. My fear increased as I heard another car and another enter the gravel drive. There were at least three and perhaps four cars. When the engines were off I heard car doors open and shut and the sound of men laughing and approaching the house. I sweat with fear as I considered why Jim might be bringing these men home?

"But I knew. Jim was going to show me off, naked and branded to his friends, he wanted to show others how he'd hurt me. I wanted to cry but couldn't. At that moment the last spark of love I held for Jim went out. I wanted him dead at my feet. I saw him dead in my mind, and smiled. I set aside the idea of killing myself until after I'd taken Jim's life.

"I steeled myself for what was to come knowing what Jim planned would be unpleasant, humiliating and probably painful. Sitting nude on the bed, on my knees to protect my branded hip I waited. Afraid of what Jim would do if I wrapped a blanket around me I waited. Sweat dripped down my cheeks on dripped onto my breasts from my chin. Glancing at the coiled chain beside me on the bed, I considered whether it was a weapon.

"Jim came into the room followed by five other men. I didn't know them. They were large, looked rough, unwashed and were heavily muscled. They were taller than Jim, who is short for a man. Jim is four inches taller than my five-four. The last time I weighed myself I was 120. I'm sure I weigh less today.

Oliver looked at her appraisingly, "You're the height my wife was. Your thinner and she weighed 105 pounds."

"Jim weighed 145. He was thin. I knew my weight was down, the mirror showed me that. I hadn't eaten in nearly two weeks. My body didn't feel hungry. I knew lack of hunger was a sign I'd gone without food a long time.

"I blushed as the six men in the room starred at my naked groin and breasts. No one looked at my face. The sweat dripping off my face didn't disturb them. Looking at them I saw sexual hunger looking at me. I wanted to lash out, but held my tongue. Jim could hurt me badly by touching my hip. Escape would mean getting him to relax about my security. I decided to appear docile.

"Jim said, 'Pink Nipples, after days without food you should start eating again. A liquid diet would be best for your first meal. I think a protein rich liquid diet is perfect now you've healed enough to eat. I met these guys a few nights ago while you were out cold. After I told them I owned a pretty female slave I offered to show you to them, for a price. They've paid to see you and your nice brand. If you cooperate and show yourself well, as my well-trained dog in a bitch-show would, you'll get something nice to eat.

'Get off the bed and turn away so I can remove the bandages and let our friends see your pretty amber brand.

"I wanted to fight, but my hip ached. Blushing, I stood and turned my hip to face the men.

"Jim stepped to me and slowly removed the dressing from my hip. I figured he didn't want to hurt me in front of these men, at least not my body although he was willing to destroy my mind.

"One of the men said, 'That sure is pretty, little Missy.'

"Another said, 'I bet the branding iron hurt plenty!'

"I felt moisture in my eyes. I didn't want to cry but knew I might. I wouldn't cry for Jim, but being displayed nude with my shame was a deeper humiliation than what Jim had done to me. My tears never came. I missed being able to show how unhappy I was by crying.

"I looked away. Behind me I heard Jim say, 'So which of you guys want her to blow you?'

"I heard several guys say, 'Me.'

"Jim said, 'The price is fifty bucks, each. For fifty each she'll blow you until you can't get hard again. She's hungry and I don't want anyone who pays to leave before they're satisfied.'

"In disbelief I turned around to face Jim. 'You're pimping me out?' I asked.

"He ignored me.

"The men took their wallets out. Jim nodded to me as he collected bills. 'Pink Nipples, I'm going to blindfold you. You will go to your knees and crawl forward. Using your lips and not your hands you'll seek out a cock and give it the best blowjob you can. When the first cock comes you will swallow every drop. I've checked these guys out and they're free nasty diseases.

'If you bit one of us, yes, yeah you'll be blowing me too, I'll drag you outside and brand your other hip. The new brand will be colored red. I'll give our guests their blowjob money back, but they will

pay me more to watch your branding.

'Say, 'Yes' if you understand. If you want to skip the blowjobs and go straight to another branding say, 'Brand me'. But if I brand you again there will be no sedative. When you come around I'll let each of these guys fuck your cunt or ass, which ever they want.'

"He waited looking at me, hungrily. The other men were grinning. I swore to myself I'd see Jim dead, someday. I said, 'Yes.'

"Jim stepped behind me and blindfolded me and pushed my shoulders down until I was on my knees. I heard him pull my chain off the bed and let it drop to the floor behind me. Against six men the chain was useless as a weapon. Jim alone I could struggle. I considered hanging myself with the chain. But that wasn't an option until I'd killed Jim.

"Jim said, 'Pink Nipples, four feet in front of you are men with their pants off. Crawl forward until you find one, don't use your hands; use your lips to find his cock. I know you're a first class cocksucker. After you find a cock, kiss it and give it a world-class blowjob. When it comes hold still until you have licked up and swallowed all the scum. As soon as you finish the first guys BJ you'll search, with your lips until you find another cock and give another great blowjob; and so on.

"This will take a while. We've been saving ourselves so we should each be able to come in your mouth several times. If you fail to please any of us the branding iron can be ready for you in an hour. If you leave any of my guests unsatisfied, as you wait for the iron I'll let these guys gang rape you.'

"He turned me to face the men and said, 'Pink Nipples, seek a cock!'

"I crawled forward on my knees, leaning forward with my mouth. I wanted to cry, but had no tears. I stopped sweating. My hatred for Jim and his friends evaporated my sweat. When my lips met skin I began kissing and moved my head until my lips found a cock. I kissed the shaft and sucked it into my mouth. Before I met Jim I'd never given a blowjob. Oral sex was one of the things Jim asked for that I'd consented to, but giving Jim a BL never did more for me than the pleasure in knowing I'd given my husband bliss.

"The penis was not clean. I tasted of grim dried sperm and stale urine.

"I heard Jim's voice, 'Pink Nipples, if you don't give my friends here great head. I'll brand you again, but the second brand will be on your mons.'

"Putting my revulsion aside, I licked and sucked. I felt the guys cock grow in my mouth and used the skill I'd learned in pleasuring Jim to please the stranger. At one point the stranger grabbed my head and holding it still face fucked my mouth and forced me to deep-throat him. Deep throating Jim was something I'd learned to do without gagging. I was willing to learn because with Jim it always made him climax fast.

"When they guy erupted there was a lot of come. He held my head to his groin, until his cock was flaccid and I'd swallowed his sperm. When he released my head I licked his cock clean. The idea of another branding terrified me. I pulled my head back and the guy let my head go.

"I asked, 'Water, please. His sperm was salty.'

"They laughed and Jim said, 'Pink Nipples, you can have some water after every second load you swallow, as long as you're giving high quality head.

'Pink Nipples, find another cock.'

"They laughed as I crawling on my knees and moved around until I found another man with my lips and kissed my way to his shaft. His cock was already hard. I guess watching was a turn on for him. He let me do the work, my throat was thankful, although it took longer to bring him off. As I swallowed his seed my body had an unexpected reaction. My hunger came back. I was starved and his hot slimy seaman answered my hunger.

"I eagerly harvested his sperm with my mouth. I wanted his sperm fast, but I knew I must take enough time so he felt pleased. As I sucked I heard Jim talking. He was taking pictures of me giving the strangers head. I'd made up my mind Jim was going to die at my hands, but I decided his death must be painful.

"When guy number two filled my mouth I drank the water they gave me and went for the third guy. I was hungrier and didn't pay attention to time. My stomach was emptiness and I sought new cocks to milk with my mouth. None of the cocks were clean, except one. I knew it was Jim's. He'd a fetish for being clean and often showered three times in a day. I was careful to not let Jim know I knew I was sucking his cock as I milked his manhood.

"My lips and mouth were sore when no guys wanted more of my mouth. I was no longer hungry.

"They guys thanked Jim and left. On their way out two said they'd pay big bucks to see him brand my mons. Once his friends were gone Jim took the blindfold off and let me use the bathroom. When I came out, my chain dragging behind me, he said, 'Pink Nipples, your a much better cock sucker than I knew. For your information you gave twenty-three quality blowjobs in a row. That made me two hundred fifty bucks plus a lot of free drinks in the future.

'You did me proud, Pink Nipples. It will be hours before I'm ready to use my slave again. This room is your slave quarters. While you were sedated I moved my stuff to the guest room. I'll bring you food in the morning. Tomorrow is Saturday. If I feel up to sex I'll play with your body in the morning. I've golf date in the afternoon with that pretty redhead in your section; you know her, her name is Ester. I need to be rested enough to screw her.

'I've been banging Ester for weeks. She knows you're here, she thinks happily making a baby. I guess she's not your friend since she's willing, I'd say eager to take care of my sexual needs while your pregnant.'

"He laughed and left me on the bed, curled in a ball of pain and humiliation. I'd never consider Ester a friend. She was so into men she didn't have girlfriends in the office. I knew if she became attached to Jim he'd hurt her. The idea didn't bother me. I was sure Jim fantasized owning a harem of sex slaves and pimping us all out.

"The next morning Jim brought me breakfast, real food. After I'd eaten and drunk my coffee he let me take a bath. As soon as I was out of the bathroom Jim tied me, spread-eagled, on the bed. I was on my back when he started to fist me. Jim used a little lubricant, but not enough to keep his hand pushing into me from hurting. Being on my back made my brand hurt as if were on fire again. The pain distracted me from the pain in my sex.

"Once Jim went to work, I carefully looked for pubic hairs from they guys who'd mouth raped me. I saved the hairs in an empty drawer. I also used wet rage to wipe the inside of my mouth. From the smell I knew I'd collected sperm samples and saw a few more pubic hairs on the cloth. I put the cloth with the hairs at the back of an empty drawer. I hoped, after I killed Jim, the evidence of rape would keep me out of jail. I bathed, brushed my teeth three times and gargled five times with

Listerine. I felt better knowing I was going to kill Jim, but I needed to find a way. I knew my plan must start with weapon and to find one I needed to get free of the chain keeping me within twenty feet of the bed.

"I explored every nook and cranny of the area I could reach looking for tools I could use to either get free of the chain or kill Jim. I collected three bobby pins, five paper clips, in three sizes, a little bitty screwdriver Jim used to fix his sunglasses and an emery board. I spent the rest of the time that day trying to pick the lock. There was no way to tell time. Jim had taken the alarm clock and my watch. All I knew was it had been dark for hours before Jim came home.

"I heard him stagger down the hall to the guest room. I'd been awake well past dark trying to pick the lock. When it was too dark to see I thought of the painful way to kill Jim. For a moment I wished he'd been pulled over for DUI, but realized I'd ended up with no food until I starved to death or killed myself. I wanted Jim dead before I died. I wanted to watch him die in as much pain as I could inflict. As I crawled onto the bed to sleep I considered whether it would be possible to brand him. I wasn't sure I could in the house and although he wasn't big for a man, he was near half again my weight and I'd never been strong."

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Chapter IV: Escape

"After three weeks of trying I learn how to open the padlock holding the chain around my ankle. I paid close attention to Jim's schedule and used my mascara to note the days of the week on a piece of cardboard under the bathroom sink when I expected him to leave and return. I had no clock and kept track of time by the sun, using notes like 'Home after dark'. Jim was always gone by full light outside on weekdays and some Saturdays. Jim was seldom home before evening, and often not until midnight. Occasionally he was gone until morning, usually on a Friday or Saturday. I figured he was sleeping with Ester or another other unsuspecting woman.

"He slept at home most nights and about three evenings a week he'd abuse me. Whipping my breasts, fisting my sex and fucking my bottom. He avoided my vagina, except for fisting. At first I thought he was terrified of getting me pregnant. But I was wrong.

"I asked why he fucked my bottom instead of my sex. Jim grinned and said the process of changing my womb to a bitch's was delicate. He feared sex during the transformation might damage my future puppy making ability.

"I pointed out he was fisting my sex and that could damage the puppy making equipment he was trying to mutate my sex into.

"Jim sneered and said, 'My bottom was nice and tight and felt better than the vagina, which was stretched by his fisting me'.

"Jim became angry, bound me to the bed and whipped my breast until they were bleeding, followed by raping my bottom and fisting me.

"I spent two day days a week bound to the bed with an IVs dripping into me wearing an adult diaper. Jim told me I was an experiment and in a few more weeks his secret drug would be done 'fixing me', and I 'd be ready to be bred for puppies. He bragged how he'd rent a purebred Rottweiler stud to breed me the first time. Later he'd buy a proven stud, to breed me twice a year. Jim figured he'd make fifteen or twenty thousand a year selling my puppies and spend no more than a couple of hundred on kibble and puppy chow.

"I cursed him and he tied me onto the bed and whipped my breasts until they bled.

"The next morning he was gone and I started looking for a weapon. I was careful to not leave a clue I was free during the day. I found the weapon I wanted in the garage mixed in with Jim's old sports equipment along with gardening tools I thought could be useful. Torturing and Killing Jim would make a mess but what was important was hurting him.

"Our property was secluded, which was good since my clothes were gone. I feared if I wore Jim's he might figure out I could get free of his chain. I started exploring of the perimeter of our property and found our lot abutted by three estates."

Oliver asked, "The Hastings estate is one of the three?"

"Yes.

"I found a ladder in the garage. With it I looked over the fences, hedges and walls. I was looking for somewhere to take refuge after I killed Jim. I was crazy by then.

"The idea of wondering out into the street with a blanket around me and getting someone to take me to the police never occurred to me. I was obsessed with my plan of torture and murder. In Jim's room I found the drugs he'd used on me along with a set of pictures he'd printed of the stages of my brand's healing. I found a video he'd made of my branding and pictures of me blindfolded giving him and his five 'friends' blow jobs while on my knees. The blowjob series showed my brand; it wasn't fully healed.

"He'd labeled the solution he gave me, 'Bitch Juice'. The stuff he'd sedated me with was labeled, 'Sleepy Time'.

"The houses on either side of our fence were large homes on lots the same size as ours, ten acres. I heard kids playing in the yard and their parents coming and going. Oliver, looking over the top of the wall I saw your property was huge. When I looked over rough stone-wall I saw a huge Tudor house with at least twenty rooms on a hill a quarter-mile away. The house is the biggest I've seen. There was so much land I couldn't see where the wall ended. I couldn't see anyone but I heard dogs. One day I saw three Rottweilers in the distance. Another day they got closer while I was watching and two things happened. First, I saw they were males. Second, I felt funny inside. Somehow the dogs fascinated me. I shook myself back to reality when I realized I was trying to decide which was the cutest.

"I was careful to put the ladder back in its place and to wash myself well before Jim returned. On one trip carrying the ladder back to garage I found a place where something large was burned. Looking closer I saw bits of charred fabric. After a moment I realized the fabric was the remains of my clothes. Jim burnt everything, pants, dresses, skirts, bras, slips, panties, night gowns, robes and my hose and shoes.

"In the evening I started being nice to Jim, as if I'd grown used to my life as his sex slave and loved him. Jim liked the new me. He wouldn't unlock the chain on my ankle, but he became more thoughtful about leaving food when he was away. He always left a dog's bowl of kibble by my bed. He became less guarded when he was using me for sex. My plan was to get him so tired with an evening of fucking he'd fall asleep, giving me my chance.

I succeeded in getting him to relax his guard. He replaced my chain with a longer one while I was secure with his IVs dripping into me. He said the longer chain would let me clean the house while he was at work. I'd complained the house needed cleaning and offered to do it. Of course, I unlocked

the chain as soon as I was sure Jim was gone for the day. I dragged the chain around so Jim could see I was wearing it while I cleaned. Being free of the chain and tasked with cleaning gave me access to chemicals. I thought of lots of fun things I could do with ammonia and vinegar. Wisely he didn't let me cook for him. There was rat poison in the garage.

"By the perfume smells on Jim when he came home late I knew he was having his way with some women, I figured Ester. I was happy he was getting his horns clipped some way other than tormenting me. Generally his was away Fridays or Saturdays night. Jim was at my bottom fucking me aggressively by Tuesday and became more aggressive each night until he was off bedding someone else.

"I planned my seduction of Jim for a Thursday night.

"I'd been living as Pink Nipples, Jim's sex slave for three months when he told me, 'Pink Nipples, you're done. Your reproductive system has mutated into a year old bitch Rottweiler's. In a few weeks you'll go into heat. I'll bring home a rent-a-stud and get you knocked-up. I'm hoping for eight to twelve puppies from each of your litters, but your first will probably be smaller.'

"I sat on the bed staring at him.

"He laughed, 'It's true. I'm thinking about charging the boys who you blew to watch you being bred. Maybe to watch you whelp and nurse your litter too.'

"So, I'm not human any more?" I asked. It was the first question I'd asked since the whipping he gave me when I asked why he avoided my vagina when he raped me.

"He smiled and said, 'You'll look human, but you will go into heat and when bred by a dog become pregnant with puppies. After I'm sure my treatment works I can make a bundle. Not making women into puppy makers, that is cheaper than buying a young bitch, but I can make a fortune fixing mongrel bitches to breed purebred puppies.

'Pink Nipples, you're my test case, but I'm sure the treatment you've been through will work. Be alert for feelings of restless desire for a male. The feeling will mean you're going into heat soon. I fixed you so your heat will be strong, stronger than it is for a born bitch. You'll be so horny I won't have to force you to accept a dog as your mate. Of course, forcing you could be fun, but this experiment is about making money. My fun will come after I'm rich and I have the luxury of forcing you and my other slave-girl bitches for entertainment. I plan on a kennel of at least four breeding human bitches. Although you're a bitch dog it might be fun to watch being fucked by a horse or bull.

'There's a guy I met who wants to make commercial quality movies of you being bred and whelping your puppies, he'll give me half the profits.'

"Jim, you don't love me, do you?" I asked.

"Jim shook his head and smiled, 'Not you, Pink Nipples, but I love the money your going to make me, and I love playing with your body. It made me wonderfully hot when I branded you. The next night I gave it to Ester, all night long. I'm look forward to branding Ester and my other human bitches.

'You can no longer become pregnant with a child. I could return to using your vagina for the pleasure of my cock, but I think I should wait until after your first litter. Besides, your cunt is so much fun to fist why waste it on my cock. I'm eager to find out how fucking a bitch feels. After you whelp a litter you'll know you're a bitch-dog and no longer human.

'The good news is you'll get to be a mother soon. You said motherhood was important to you. As my breeding bitch you'll not need to work and your food and shelter will be provided. Later, after Ester and a girl named Linda, you don't know her, are my breeding bitches, you won't be bothered as often for sex with me.'

"As he finished I thought about killing him and almost smiled, but wondering where I'd go after I was a bitch in heat and Jim was dead was sobering. Later I decided I didn't care. I'd kill myself, or maybe wonder into the road in front of semi. Living as a bitch wouldn't be fun if people knew I'd become a freak. I knew sooner or later someone would figure it out once I started having puppies. The more people he showed me off to, the more certain I was my secret breeding of puppies wouldn't be a secret long.

"I liked the idea of wandering into the road but began to doubt it. What if I wasn't killed and ended up in a hospital, perhaps crippled for life and a monster. I considered the driver too. His or her life would be messed up bad after they ran me down, whether I was dead or not. I worried how to kill myself. After days of thought I decided I'd climb over the wall and let your dogs kill and eat me. I'd no idea what sweeties they are.

"Two weeks later my chance came. It was a Thursday night and Jim was staying home. He teased me when he got home about how hard he was going to use my bottom, 'Ester is out of town this weekend and Linda has to work. So, Pink Nipples, I'll be ridding you hard'.

"I tried not to cringe and managed to give Jim the impression I was looking forward to his attentions. I begged a glass of wine after I'd eaten my dinner of kibble. Jim fed me on kibble since he branded me. He'd asked what brands of dog food I liked best after trying several. I found them dry, meaty, not terrible, but not something I'd order in a restaurant. I figured out which was the most expensive and told him it was what I wanted.

"Jim gave me the wine in a plastic cup, he was careful about giving me anything sharp.

"I enjoyed the wine and smiled at him. I was used to not wearing clothes and let him leer at me without betraying how much I hated him. I let him see the old worshipful look I'd had for him in the past after he succeeded in pleasing me in bed. I wiggled my naked bottom and breasts at him and gave him my best come-hither smile.

"He moved toward me, but I coyly kept him off me until I saw he was almost ready to rape me. I smiled at him, for the first time on months, 'How do you want me first?' I asked.

'I'll fist you first!' Jim replied.

"I blushed and coyly said, 'OK, but can I suck you off while you do? It will help me feel close to you.'

"Jim grinned and forgot about keeping me secure. Five minutes later he was naked, his cock was between my lips and his fist deep in my sex. I made little noises, pretending blowing him and being fisted felt good. I used my mouth, tongue and hands to get him to last a long time. I wanted him tired and he was getting there. After he came I let him see me savor his seed as if were fine brandy. I kept caressing him and when he pulled a little away I acted disappointed, 'Jimmy, I need you to fuck me; after months of great fucking my bottom needs you'.

"His cock twitched and I kissed and licked it, taking my time as I got him hard. When he was erect I surprised him by climbing onto his lap, impaling my ass on his hardness and bringing his hands up to my breasts and his mouth to my nipples. He loved having me impaled on his cock. I rode him carefully, over and over taking him almost to climax and easing him off and bringing him back. When

I did bring him off he melted into a pool of pleasure on the bed. I cuddled next to him and whispered as I caressed Jim, 'Once I'm nursing puppies, Jimmy, maybe you'll try my milk. It would be wonderful to know I was nurturing you with my body'.

"Jim fell asleep smiling.

"I slipped off the bed, being careful to keep my chain quiet, and retrieved my weapon from under the bed. I'd suspended it under the mattress by strings keeping it out of sight. The bowties on the two strings opened easily and it was in my hands. A moment later I was standing above Jim, his aluminum baseball bat from Jefferson High School over my head.

"I'd found my laptop in the garage and used it for research. After reading everything I could find about blows to the head I'd become an expert. My plan was to knock Jim out but not kill him. Killing him would be too quick. I'd practiced with pillows and trained to be able to deliver the perfect blow. I took a deep breath, held it and brought the bat down on the left side of Jim's forehead. Jim groaned and became silent. I tried pushing him and he didn't respond. Looking at his chest I confirmed Jim was breathing; I grinned. Using the same ropes Jim used on me I spread-eagle him on the bed. I'd paid attention when Jim tied my ankles and wrists and copied his knots.

"In his mouth I stuffed the same gag he'd used on me when he branded my hip. I tied the gag around his neck, the same way he'd gagged me. He was naked and I was tempted to proceed while he was out. On reflection I'd been aware during the terrible things he'd done to me, so the fun parts of my revenge must wait until Jim could appreciate them.

"The idea of branding him came back. I knew where the iron was, but I doubted the idea of making a fire in the bedroom would work and he was too big for me to carry or drag to the backyard.

"I unlocked the chain around my ankle and locked it around Jim's and retrieved my chef's knife from the kitchen. I poked him in the ass with the knife's point drawing a few drops of blood. Jim remained unaware but breathing. I grinned more broadly.

"Jim was going to live until I'd treated him to as much pain as he'd inflicted on me. I decided he'd lay in his own waste until I kill him and left his body to rot in his own shit. I decided to must finish my fun in four or five days. Jim dying of thirst wasn't acceptable. I wanted to kill.

"While Jim was out I collected my supplies and the evidence I'd gathered of the guys Jim made me give blowjobs to. My plan was for them to take the fall for Jim's murder.

"I brought Jim's clothes back into the master bedroom and put them away. I put his video camera with the movie of my branding on the dresser along with his photos of my hip healing and those of me blowing Jim and his five 'friends' our bedroom dresser. I got rid of everything in the house showing I was there and cleaned the bedroom Jim had been using until it was spotless. When there was no sign that he'd been sleeping there I closed the door. When I changed the bedding I found a yellow sundress dress, a white half-slip and pair of yellow panties. They were all covered with seaman stains. Remembering I'd seen Ester in the dress, I smiled and took them out to where he'd burnt my clothes. Doused them with gasoline from the garage and turned them into cinders.

Back in the house I smiled and cut the little finger on my left hand and let it bleed into a glass until I'd collected a cup of my blood. I poured a blood onto the bedding around Jim and around the house in a variety of location; including the kitchen.

"Although I felt tired I was awake and sitting by the bed smiling when Jim came around. He looked at me and tried to get up and found he couldn't move. He screamed and a slight sound came through

the gag.

"I watched him struggle for a few minutes and smiling said, 'Jim, I'm free and you're my prisoner. I've sentenced you to death by torture, but we'll have fun before you die. If I could I'd make you a bitch and let you be bred by a dog a few times before I execute you, but I don't know how; so you'll be dead after a few painful days.

'Jim, you're never getting off our marriage bed. I won't make the mistake you did, leaving me alone for most of the day on a long chain. You'll never walk or stand again. You'll die when I can't stand the smell of the messes you'll make on the bed.

'The story I'm leaving for the police is you enslaved me, branded me, whored me out and killed me. After I was dead you and the five men who raped my mouth ate my body. Later your five friends came back and killed you. Of course they will never find my body, but there will be lots of evidence of your sadistic use of me and enough of my blood to convince the police I'm dead. I may be dead by the time the police find your body, but my body will never be found.

"I'll leave lots of evidence demonstrating you're fascinated by the idea of eating women; on your computer, your desk and in the kitchen. Cannibalism will explain the absence of my body.

"I'm going to rest for a few hours, getting my strength back after bleeding myself for evidence. When I'm rested I'll come back and torture you. Try and figure out what I'll do first.

"I went to the living room and made a bed on the couch and laid down. I smiled as I heard Jim struggle against his bonds. I hadn't planned to sleep, but I didn't awake until morning.

"Looking in on Jim I saw he'd shit himself during the night and was sleeping. He was nicely bound and I saw no reason to exert myself further, but decided I must do something about the smell later. First I went to the kitchen for breakfast. After I ate I went to Jim's computer, it was in an alcove off the living room we'd used as a home office. I found several cannibal sites and down lots of pictures and drawings of women being tortured, cooked alive and eaten.

"Going back to the bedroom I found Jim was awake. Goody!"

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## **Chapter V: I Do Murder**

Sarah continued tell Oliver her story. "After I'd washed my face I went to the master bedroom and looked down at Jim. Spread-eagled and tied to the beds four corners. 'Good morning sweetheart," I said smiling broadly at Jim. I was naked, I'd gotten used to being nude and it was warm in the house. Besides, if I didn't wear clothes I wouldn't need to clean them before I left.

"My idea about climbing the wall and letting these three sweeties eat me had turned into a plan," Sarah said gesturing to Gun, Space and Lightning. "Deciding on a painful lonely death and looking forward to it is something I think proves I was mad as the hatter. But it might mean I knew was doing something evil and planned to punish myself. I don't know which.

"Jim tried to say something. What I heard was soft meaningless sounds. I fetched our box of baking soda and a role of toilet paper and an old sheet. The smell was disgusting but I cleaned up the mess with the toilet paper and scattered baking soda to gets rid of the smell and where his waste had soaked into the bedding.

"I smiled and added, 'I bet your real sore being held in one position and unable to move'.

"Jim nodded and I laughed, 'Well, Sweetie, you left me tied in the same position for days and it hurt so much I cried, back when I had tears'.

"Giggling I coated the baseball bat with petroleum jelly and, smiling warmly at Jim shoved the broad end into Jim's ass. Jim squirmed and screamed and sweated, but he was bound to well to move and his gage kept the noise down to squeaks and moans. I fucked his bottom with the bat until it was deep in him. Using some rope I made a belt around his waste and tied the bat inside him. I pushed the bat as deep as I could without killing him, ten inches and secured it in place. Next I put a makeshift diaper on Jim made out of the soiled top sheet and scattered more baking soda until the smell was tolerable. I'd left the diaper front loose to allow access to his maleness.

"Grinning I said, 'Well, my soon to be my former husband, the smell is under control. I think the bat in your but, while uncomfortable, will keep the bedding cleaner. When the smell gets so bad I cant stand to be in this room you die, but first were going to have a lot of fun. You rest up and think about what I might do first while have breakfast. I'll bleed myself again later and scattered my blood around. Enough to make the police certain I was butchered. But first, I need food to strengthen myself for our games'.

"Jim tried to scream but his muffled sounds weren't detectable when I reached the kitchen. I ate well and drank lots of juice. Checking I found enough food for a month, if I wanted to play with Jim for weeks, but I didn't. To keep him alive for my games I'd have to feed him food and give him water. I didn't want to be his caregiver, so he'd starve and go without water.

"After collecting the gardening sheers, a needle and thread and the kitchen sheers I returned to Jim and showed him what I'd brought. The look of fear in his eyes was satisfying. I tried to squirm away from me. He moved a whole inch. Smiling I said, 'Too show how much I love you I haven't sterilized any of the tools or knives I will cut you with'.

"Jim's eyes were wide and I'm sure I saw almost mindless terror in them.

"After threading the needle and knotting the ends I picked up the pruning sheers and lifted Jim's cock and balls out of the diaper. Holding his right ball I smiled and picked up the sheers. Jim was screaming as loud as he could. I smiled as benevolently as I could, and cut off his ball, along with a big part of his scrotal sack. Jim passed out from the pain. I was disappointing, but knew if I wanted more fun I couldn't let him bleed to death. I sewed up the wound. Sewing skin took longer than I thought it would. There was a lot of blood on the bedding when I was done.

"I needed something faster. After opening the windows I retrieved our camping stove from the garage, set it on the nightstand and lit the flame. I sharpened and placed a short broad bladed knife in the flame and waited until the knife's blade was red hot; about ten minutes.

"Jim came around and I used the knife to cauterize the wound. He screamed, but didn't make much noise. While waiting for Jim to come around again I took his ball to the kitchen and dropped it down the disposer. Looking around I set of the table for dinner for six. Feeling good I collected more of my blood and scattered it on the plates, flatware, tablecloth and floor.

"Checking on Jim I found he was awake. He was crying.

"I turned on the stove and put the knife blade back in the flame. I sat down and cupped Jim's remaining ball in my hand. He was crying and I think trying to beg through his gag.

"I said, 'Jim, it won't mean much to you, but I cried so much when you branded me I ran out of tears.

I doubt I'll ever cry again. I wonder if you've cried all your tears before you die.' Slowly I snipped his other ball off and cauterized the cut with the red-hot knife blade. I sewed up the empty scrotal sack, but glancing at the poor Jim I sewed the stitches crudely, as if someone was sewing who didn't know how. Looking through the blood I was pleased with my stitches.

"The last of his fount of manhood fellow its fellow into the disposer. I was feeling weak from blood loss so I ate again and drank the rest of the orange juice. After resting a few minutes I mixed up another batch of juice from a frozen packages in the freezer. I found a dozen.

"After a nape I went to see Jim and found him appearing to be asleep. He'd slept enough. I stuck my chef's knife in his arm. His eyes flew open and I heard his muffled scream through the gage.

"I turned on the stove again and placed the knife blade in the flame. I Smiled at Jim while I watched the knife's blade grow hot. When the blade was red hot I used the sheers to cut his penis off at its base. Wow! I thought he would bleed out on me. But cauterizing the stump was fun and I managed to get the bleeding to stop before he was dead. Using needle and thread again I stitched the flesh together, leaving a little opening for a remnant if his urethra. I knew my crude cuts and sutures would get infected, but what did I care. Jim either, since he'd be dead in a few days.

"But I knew he needed liquids if I wanted him to last. I collected the IV equipment he'd used on me and set it to dripping the formula he'd made to turn women into bitches into him. It wouldn't do that, of course, but I hoped it would hurt him. I made kind of mess of putting the IV in his arm, I'd never done it before, but after a few tries I had it in right.

"I told Jim what it was and he looked at me in horror. I said, 'Sorry Jimmy, I don't think your formula can make a bitch out of a man, even a castrated one'.

"Jim didn't hear me, he was out cold again and I was tired. I turned the stove off and put my tools in the kitchen sink, unwashed the way Jim always left the kitchen, and took a nap. I felt better when I awoke, ate a peanut butter and Jam sandwich and drank a pint of orange juice.

"It occurred to me Jim's 'friends' wouldn't have left until if there were alcohol in the house. They were that kind of guys. I moved the content of the liquor cabinet to the dresser in the room Jim was in. I found most of a case of beer in the fridge. The tasteless yellow stuff Jim liked.

"Opening a couple of bottles I spilled beer on the dinning room table around the kitchen and on the carpet leading to Jim, on him and the bed. He looked at me fearfully.

"I smiled and asked. 'You want me to kill you don't you, sweetie? Want me to kill you quick?'

"Jim nodded.

"I laughed, 'No Jimmy, I'll be a widow soon enough. I've plans for a lot of games we'll play before you're dead. I owe you the pain you gave me, fisting me, raping my bottom, and lets not forget branding and pimping me out. I can't let you die until I've paid you back in full and with interest.'

"I began snipping off Jim's fingers and toes. One at a time, and cauterizing the wound after each was removed. I did five a day. I saved them and when my collection reached twenty plus his nipples, I sautéed them with mustard onions garlic and mushrooms. I'd cut off Jim's nipples and added them to my collection of his digits that morning. Cauterizing his chest was lots of fun. Most of the dish went down the disposer, but I left scrapes on the plates in the dinning room and in the unwashed fry pan. I considered eating them, but decided I'd had enough of Jim having his parts inside me.

"After Jim's fingers, toes and nipples were gone I noticed a bag of the kind of kibble Jim feed me in a corner of the kitchen. I gorged myself until I was about to throw-up, ran to Jim in the old master bedroom and projectile vomited on the bed and floor. Remembering the legend I was leaving was I died before Jim, I didn't get any vomit on him.

"Jim looked at me shocked.

"The police will figure out it was me who threw up, and it was after eating dog food. Sorry about the smell, but its evidence you and your friends tormented and ate me.

"Well, what should we do next, Jimmy? I decided I didn't want to cut off any more of your parts. It's fun cutting you up, but cutting off your arms or legs would get logistically complicated."

"I giggled, opened a bottle of scotch and poured the amber liquid over Jim groin and the cuts where I'd taken off his fingers, toes and nipples. The whiskey hitting the unhealed wounds hurt. I smiled as I watched Jim writhe in pain.

"The phone rang. Using as masculine a voice as I could create, I answered, 'Hello'. A voice said, 'Jim, it's Ester. I know you said not to call you at home, but I'm worried.'

"Remembering one of the guys Jim brought over for a blow job was named Walt, I said, 'This is Jim's friend, Walt.'

"Ester asked, 'The Walt Jim plays poker with?'

"Smiling I said, 'Yeah.'

"Ester went on, 'Please put Jim on. He was supposed to meet me last night.'

"I hesitated ten seconds and said, 'He's busy,' I said it as roughly as I could.

'Doing what?' Rachel asked, she sounded angry.

'We're gang raping his wife, Sarah. It's Jim's turn and he's on top of her. We've been going at her since last night. The edge is off and where each lasting for a nice long fuck. I spect Jim will be busy a while.'

"Ester protested, 'I don't believe you! Maybe I should come over and see for myself.'

"Grinning I said, 'Sarah's insides are getting pretty stretched and used feeling. If you come over you should be prepared to spell her on the rape bed for a few hours. Jim said you were a good fuck'.

"Ester screamed, 'No way. You tell Jim to either call me or leave my clothes by my desk. He said he'd get them cleaned after he made a mess on my best dress.

"As crudely as I could I laughed. Ester hung up.

"I hunted around the house until I found her clothes, where I'd left them by the washing machine. I saw lots of sperm stains, on the dress and Ester's panties, bra and pantyhose. I was sure Jim masturbated into them a lot. Taking Ester's clothes into Jim I said, 'Honey, Ester called to say she wants her cloths back'. I tossed them around the bed and sprinkled them with white Rum, being careful to leave most of the sperm stains.

"Smiling I said, 'Jim, I told Ester you and your friends were busy raping me. I said it in a masculine

voice; thank goodness for high school acting classes. Her dress with your DNA will lead them to Ester and she'll tell how you and your friend's gang raped me.

"Jim didn't react, but I was feeling good and wondered around pouring more beer on the rugs and furniture. Suddenly I knew these guys would trash the house after killing and eating me and torturing Jim and eating parts of him. I collected the empty bottle of beer or booze and walked around the house and threw them at pictures, furniture and the walls. There were lots of bottles. The effect was the house looked like the wildest drunk party off all time was held there. The house started to reek of alcohol and stale beer.

"My main task remained tormenting Jim. I made long shallow cuts in his skin; I liked cutting Jim best on his stomach and chest. While the cuts were bleeding I poured booze into the open wounds. Later, I experimented with pouring ammonia and vinegar into fresh cuts. I began making small slashes in his legs and arms too. I experimented and found Jim's precious barrel strength Bourbon caused him the most pain when I poured it into an open wound.

"At night I cut off my hair and shaved my head and body. I was naked from head to toe. Being hairless as a newborn felt weird, but sort of free. I'd figured cannibals would want the hair off a person before they ate her. I left some of my body and head hair in the kitchen with the razor and scissors. The razor was dirty with traces of my body and head hair on it too. I'd added some of my blood while sprinkling more around the house; a daily ritual for me.

"After six days Jim and the room were getting to rank for me to continue our games. The time had come to finish Jim. I found our climbing gear; we'd used it twice. I took the gear out to the wall of the estate behind our house. The Hastings Estate is what you called this place. I climbed the ladder and found a projecting rock in the top. I tied a rope to the projection and dropped the loose end on our side, climbed down and put the ladder carefully away.

"Going into the house I looked around. The house was trashed, reeked of booze, sour beer, blood, shit, piss and vomit. All the beer and spirits were gone and the house was littered with broken glass. Carefully, I'd wore Jim's slippers, I went through the rooms removing sign of my recent presence and wiping off my fingerprints anywhere they would show I hadn't died before Jim was strapped down onto the bed. The blood I'd scattered was evident in the living room, bathroom, kitchen and living room. For effect I poured a little blood in the bathtub every day. It formed a nice stain after almost a week. I hoped the cops would figure the guys bleed out my body, like a deer's, in the bathroom before they ate me.

"I put on different pairs of Jim's boots and tromped around the yard dropping some of my head and body hair here and there. A carried weights, tied around my hips to make deeper footprints. Jim had bought the weights to help him stay fit, but never used them.

"Wearing my climbing gloves I washed the bedding I'd used and put it away. Next I trashed the couch where I'd slept with blood and booze. My plan required no one find Jim and the mess for a few days, weeks would be better. I wanted the traces of my blood and hair I to be old when they were tested for DNA.

"The plan I'd been thinking of was ready. I was sure it would kill me, but a glance at the yellow brand on my hip made death OK.

"I waited until dark and drove Jim's pride and joy, his vintage forest green MG TC out into the road and parked it on the shoulder, with the rag top down and the key in the ignition. I'd worn heavy work boots for the task and nothing else. I left the boots in the trash and walked back to the house

across the grass.

Oliver said, "The car led the police to find the body, it was stolen and run off the road into a ravine. Officer Peters told me it was in the ravine for weeks before the police found it. When they found it the police checked the registration and tried to contact the owner."

Sarah smiled, "What I planned.

"Going back to Jim I stood by the bed looking down at him and said, 'Jimmy, playtime is over. The last six days have been fun, Jimmy, you lasted longer than I thought you could. But all good things come to and end it's time for you to die. I think I'll be dead soon too. But my body mustn't be found if the story I've left for the police is to be believed.

"I'm going to give myself, naked, to the guard dogs next door. The sound vicious and I'm hopping they'll eat me. Being dogs they'll kill me first. Of course, my bones may be found, but I've planted evidence showing you and your friends tossed my bones over the back wall after you'd eaten me in a cannibal feast.

"Jim looked at me with horror in his eyes.

"I didn't know whether a quick death was merciful or not. I thought it might be so I decided Jim would die slowly. I sharpened my chef's knife, rubbed it on the soiled bedding and opened him from his groin to his ribs. I was careful to not cut anything important. I exposed his liver, stomach and kidneys. I punctured Jim's liver and placed a dirty sheet over the exposed organs. I'd seen a movie once where a character told another who was shot through the liver, 'a liver wound was the most painful way to die'. The sheet was saturated with Jim's waste and my vomit.

"Smiling, I looked down at Jim, kissed him on the forehead and enjoying the taste of his sweat and fear. Straightened up I said, 'You'll die here in a matter of hours, Jimmy. I think in great pain from infection and the cuts in your organs. You might die in ten hours, but I hope it's a hundred, but I think it will be faster than I'd like. Infection is what will kill you. Your death will be painful. On balance I think you may go through more pain than I did when you branded me. I hope so. Remember I promised you interest on my pain.

"I left and walked out to the wall and the rope I'd left, careful to not leave tracks. Using my climbing gloves and the rope I managed to walk up the wall. Once on top I untied the rope, looped it over the same projecting rock and walked down to the ground. It was midnight and I was cold, although the grass felt nice on my feet after the rough stone of the wall. I pulled the rope down after me and collected it.

"I caught the smell of dogs and it made me feel giddy. My sex became moist. I wondered if I was going into the heat Jim arranged for me, but it didn't matter. I figured the dogs would kill me. With the help of a full moon I looked around hunting for somewhere to hide the rope and my climbing gloves. I lucked out and literally tripping over a round wooden circle on the ground. It was heavy. When I managed to lift it a terrible smell hit me. I'd found an old cesspool. Holding the lid open I dropped my rope and gloves in. I heard them go 'plop' and closed the cover. I was happy. I feared my body would be found quickly and the time of my death would be the same, or after Jim's. I decided I should find the dogs, I hoped in a good place for them to eat me.

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Chapter VI: Gun, Spade and Lightning

Oliver looked at Sarah. He shook his head to clear the tears from his eyes. "Sarah, you succeeded. The police think you were eaten by those five men and your husband. I followed the trial. The men protested they'd done no more than let you give them oral sex, once. Later they admitted the sex was forced, but said it was your husband, not them, who forced you.

"I think trying to make themselves seem innocent they described your brand and told how your husband bragged about enslaving and branding you."

Sarah grinned. "That was my plan. I was crazy after the branding. I might be crazy today, but I no longer do things without thinking them through. After the branding I couldn't think of anything but revenge. After Jim made me give his friends oral sex I decided I wanted them to suffer too. The brand marked me for life; in a way Jim murdered the Sarah I'd been before he pressed the white-hot iron into my skin.

"Oliver, there is a maximum amount of pain a person can feel before they pass out. There is a maximum amount of pain we can experience without going mad too. Adding mental torture to physical torture made the pain so bad worse I passed out and went mad.

"When Jim branded and tortured me it was at the maximum level of pain I could experience. I took Jim to his maximum amount of physical pain at the end. He didn't love me so I don't think I could give him as much mental torture as I he gave to me. Before he branded me, I loved for Jim. Not deeply, but I liked him, treated him with loving care and tried to be a good wife.

"After I climbed the wall I'd done what I could to return the pain Jim gave. I was ready to die and went looking for the dogs."

Sarah smiled, "The vicious terrible dogs I thought would kill and eat me." She reached out and lovingly caressed Gun's head.

"I wondered aimlessly until the dogs found me. I was looking both for the dogs, and a good place for them to kill me. I didn't want my bones found for months."

Oliver shook his head, "If you'd been killed I would have found your body with a day, two at most."

Sarah smiled at him, "I know it, but when I climbed the wall I didn't know you walked the whole estate almost every day.

"The little clearing where they found was secluded and seemed a good place to die. As I realized the dogs were nearby I noticed a new sensation. I could smell better, I mean amazingly well. It was almost seeing with my nose. It was sudden, but I remembered the stench of Jim and the mess I'd made in the house. I thought being away from the smell of Jim rotting was why I could smell so keenly. But the smell of mess and rot was gone. My sense of smell told me where the dogs were and it was where they slept. It told me I was sexually aroused too. My sex became moist, slippery, as I got closer to the dogs. I found them here, which I saw as a sort of large stone igloo.

"Three dogs come out of their round shelter. Bracing my body for their attack I prepared for death. I didn't fear the pain. It would hurt, but less than when Jim whipped my breasts. It would be over quick. I closed my eyes and waited. But the dogs didn't attack. After a few minutes I opened my eyes and, my big guy, Gun, came to me and began to lick my vulva. The one you call Lightning moved behind me and licked my bottom. Spade began moving around me slipping his tongue onto my mons or bottom when he could find room.

"Standing there I went from terrified to giggling.

"The licking felt good and warmed my chilled skin. As it continued I smelled myself. Somehow I knew I was ripe and the dogs were interested in breeding me. Being bred instead of killed was hilariously funny. I laughed while the dogs explored my sex.

"As I laughed the dogs started to snort and growl at each other. The two smaller dogs held back while the largest continued to lick me. For a moment I was unsure what I wanted. The next moment I decided, Jim made me a bitch and if these dogs wanted to keep me as their bitch I'd surrender to them, besides, I was feeling interested in sex and the dogs smelled sexy. The longer I smelled them and the more Gun licked my vulva the more my mind was made up. I wouldn't die. Fate brought me to these dogs to be their bitch. I'd have their puppies, if I could. Smiling at the idea of puppies I laughed thinking how Jim's plans to breed me would be realized, but wouldn't make him rich.

"I know if I stayed with the dogs I might die of exposure or while birthing puppies, or they might kill me in the end, but I was OK with dying. I was gone from the world of men, Jim was surely going to be dead soon, if not already, and his terrible friends would be inconvenienced greatly if not end up doing hard time.

"Giggling I moved slowly to the little igloo shaped shelter, dropped to hands and knees and crawled in. Once inside I found a wooden floor covered with old towels and blankets. I smelled dogs and knew I was in the den of my three new friends. The three followed me inside and I mounded up some blankets and kneeling on them to protect my knees. When I felt comfortable I presented my sex.

"One began licking my sex again. I looking back I saw it was my big guy, Gun. Good oral sex had always taken fifteen minutes to bring me to climax. But Gun sure did me good. I'd the first orgasms after five minutes. Another followed the first less than a minute later. I came over and over and each time I shook with pleasure my desire to be bred grew.

"Gun kept licking and my hips moved back to meet his probing tongue. His hot tongue on my cold sex and bottom was comforting. I thought he wanted me sexually, and as soon as I had the idea, knew it was a good idea. My nipples extended, my breasts and whole sex warmed and my vulva flooded.

"Gun stopped licking me and began to circle me. I dropped my head down onto my arms, assuming a submissive posture. In a soft voice I encouraged him, 'Big guy, I'm ready. I'm wet and want you. I think we could make some beautiful puppies'; I giggled and cooed to him as I wiggled my hips from side to side.

"Gun was eager. As soon as he understood I was willing he mounted me. He missed my entrance five times. It was frustrating. I reached back and he was OK with me guiding him. One moment his surprisingly small penis was at my entrance and the next it was going in and out faster than I could count.

"Wonder of wonders it was growing as we mated. It got bigger and bigger and grew to where it was stretching my insides. It was wonderful; I had the first vaginal orgasm of my life. I screamed as I climaxed. My scream it spooked Spade and Lightning, but Gun took it as encouragement. I was a little sad because I thought it was over but Gun kept going and his shaft grew bigger and I felt more stretched.

He slowed down, and I was savoring the sensation of being so full when he began pushing something larger into me. I didn't know much about the knot. Jim teasingly told me the last part of my breeding would be the dog pushing a larger area at the base of his penis called the 'knot' into me to trap his sperm inside my womb. I felt so full I thought it was already in. But Gun pushed and pushed and I felt

my entrance relax and accept a part of his penis twice as thick as the shaft. It felt round inside me. My entrance contracted around the base holding it inside.

"As my entrance locked the knot in me I had an orgasm so intense I thought I would pass it. It went on and for some time. I heard myself scream and knew I wanted more. I pushed back and Gun pushed hard and his penis amazed me by growing longer. I felt its tip press through my cervix. Pelvic exams always hurt, but Gun's penis entering my womb felt natural. Something was warming my inside and I realized it was the dog's sperm filling my womb. The idea gifted me with another climax. My orgasm became a cascade of pleasure I floated through as he bred me. I wanted the big dog's puppies.

"I floated on a soft cloud of pleasure for a long time. Suddenly I felt my mate climb over me, but his shaft remained inside. He moved until we were bottom to bottom. I missed the comforting weight, warmth and feel of his furry body on my back. But I enjoyed the connection I felt as his shaft and knot were enveloped within my body as the tip poured his sperm into my womb.

"I felt we'd been joined for hours when he shrank and slipped out. He was in me less than an hour, but much longer than Jim, or any other man, had ever stayed hard. Jim's record had been about six minutes. I collapsed onto the blankets under me, exhausted but feeling happy, content and sexually satisfied for the first time in my life. I felt my mate licking my sex clean and drifted into a deep sleep. I'd gone from seeking death at the dog's jaws to rejoicing. I was feeling full of life and hoping I'd been impregnated. The joy of being pregnant began my return to sanity.

"When I awoke I reached out and touched the dog you call, Gun, my mate, and I smiled. I felt how wet my sex was and started to position myself to be mated, but the memory of the torment I'd inflicted in Jim returned. I felt sick and crawled out the igloo and threw-up on the lawn. I vomited until my insides were empty. Lying on the ground I cried as the sun came up. Crying felt good and I rejoiced to have found my tears.

"The air was cold. I hugged myself I sobbed, knowing as soon as I was free of Jim's chain I should have dressed in Jim's clothes gone out to the street and begged a passing driver to either take me to the police or call them and tell them where I was. It's what I should have done. But after the branding I could think of nothing but returning to Jim the pain he'd inflicted on me.

"Filled with shame and reproach I sat crying as the sun came up. I was lost in misery until I was brought out of it, as out of dream, by a hot tongue caressing the cold skin of my shoulder. I looked and saw my mate. We both smelled my heat. I knew the dog could sense my heat better than I. Remembering the pleasure we'd shared and how happy he'd made me I hugged him. I decided my punishment for tormenting and Killing Jim was to be the dog's, Gun's, mate and love him, breed with him and if I could, give him puppies created by the love we shared. I'd become a mother after all.

"He licked my breast and I wanted to feel his chest against my breasts as we made love. I caressed him and caressed his sheath as I considered logistics. If I laid down on the grass, my sex would be too low for him, if I laid on my back with my hips raised I wouldn't feel his chest against mine. I was cold and the idea of going into the den was attractive. We went back in, me on my knees. I folded and mounded up blankets and towels into a low bed I thought would get my sex at the right height while supporting by back and head.

"I felt eager and could smell my desire. I patted my sex, I hoped invitingly, and called him to me, as I'd done the night before, 'I'm ready and eager, come make puppies with me'. I teased the dog with my voice. He circled me, stopped and lowered his head between my thighs. I spread my legs wide and smiled at him, inviting him with my eyes. He began licking my sex and my self-horror and doubt

faded away as a wonderful feeling spreading from my sex throughout my body as his sweet hot wet tongue pleased me.

"He didn't seem sure how to proceed, but I was sure he wanted me. I slowly I sat up, reaching to his forelegs and brought him up onto my breast as I lay back down. The feeling of the cold skin of me breasts against the heat of his chest was an intoxicant. I wiggled enticingly, I petted and kissed him and felt his sheath between my thighs. His penis was probing and seeking my entrance. Wonder of wonders his shaft started so small and would become so big. His shaft shot streams of hot liquids onto my thighs and sex. I reached down and guided him. When he entered me my mate's instincts took over and the feel of his driving hips and growing shaft made me laugh. I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed his cheek and told him over and over 'I'm yours to breed'. I hoped to gift him a litter of fine puppies. As his shaft grew I wanted more of my body wrapped around him and raised my legs up crossing my ankles over his hips. I loved how I was suddenly pushing his driving maleness deeper and urging him to plunge into my core.

"Feeling his short silky fur rubbing my breasts was as good as I'd hoped and my ride on the train of a hundred climaxes began. I giggled with delight when I felt the tip of his shaft press through my cervix and I laughed when I felt the heat of his seed baste my womb with his puppy juice.

"He surprised me leaning forward as he pushed into my womb and closed his mouth around my shoulder below by neck. I thought he was going to kill me, but he didn't bit down hard enough to break my skin. He held me and pushed his magic wand deeper. I realized he was holding me so his shaft could reach the center of my womb. I loved the feel of his teeth and hot breath on my neck and wanted him to fill me as completely as he could. I pressed my shoulder and neck into his teeth.

"I thrashed and moaned under him as we pressed together. I held him to me, not wanting our union to end, I held him to my body when he wanted to get bottom to bottom with me, I held him against my breasts until I felt his shaft shrink out of my sex. I sensed a torrent flowing out my vagina. Much of it went onto the floor but my mate pulled out of my arms and lapped at my vulva until the flow stopped. He stepped aside and let the dogs you call Spade and Lightning lick up the liquids we'd spilled on the floor.

"When my mate move away and laid down to clean his shaft I wondered if one of the others would mount me. I'd decided I was there's to breed, or eat, as they wanted and accepted either or both as my destiny. Whatever the dogs wanted of me was there's. Spade, moved to mount and my mate growled and Spade stepped away. Lightning followed him and they moving away from my sex.

"I didn't keep track of time. Life consisted of being bred by my mate, eating kibble, drinking water and sleeping. My mate wanted my often, but was good about waiting if I felt sore. Lightning and Spade never tried to mount me, but I found having them beside me a comfort. They were my friends.

"After some time, and many coupling my need for sex diminish. I wondered why my desire had slacked and realized I must be coming out of heat. My mate bred me, when I offered, but was not aggressive. I offered myself to him often, loving our closeness when we were joined.

"A few mornings later I rushed from the igloo as my stomach heaved. Being sick to my stomach continued for three mornings. I realized my upset stomach was morning sickness. I was pregnant with puppies! Celebrating I spent the next few days on my back with my mate filling me.

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## **Chapter VII: Life as a Bitch**

"Mr. Oliver, my morning sickness lasted five days. When it was over I was a happy bitch, eager for my mate to fill me. He did, but not as often as when I was in heat. At one point Spade approached again and began licking my sex. I was surprised when Gun let him. I was more surprised when Spade nudged me onto my hands and knees and mounted. Gun watched, I thought smiling. Spade climbed onto me and thrust wildly as he sought my entrance.

"After a few tries he seceded. As Spade entered me I realized Gun knew I was pregnant with his puppies and no longer would keep the other members of the pack from me. I considered Gun while Spade's shaft filled me and smiled as his knot tied us. I was the packs bitch, including Spade's and Lightning's. Gun was willing to share me, but he will always be the dog who impregnates me. I loved the idea and was eager to bond with Spade and Lightning. Being bred by them meant I was accepted into the pack. The idea was a happy one.

"Over the next few weeks the three dogs loved me, but it wasn't the none-stop passion of my heat.

"Interestingly, once I was pregnant my three lovers couldn't slip their shaft through my cervix. I was shut tight protecting the new life in my womb.

I realized I must prepare for birthing the puppies, pushing them out onto a dirty towel would be a disaster. They might die.

"At night I roamed this estate's grounds looking for the things I'd needed. I found the string you use for tying up plants soon after I became aware of you, Oliver. My pack accepted you and, in my mind, so did I. But I wasn't crazy enough to think you'd accept a naked woman as one of the dogs. You almost saw me one morning at dawn. After I saw you I was always back in my pack's den before dawn."

Oliver nodded, "I did think I saw a naked girl for a second, I blinked and she was gone. I looked for her but never found her. It never occurred to me to look in the dog's house. After thinking it over I decided the girl I'd seen wasn't real. I knew if a girl, clothed or nude, was on the grounds two of the dogs would hold her while the third went to bring me to take her away."

Sarah giggled, "They would have, if I wasn't a bitch as well as a girl.

"My idea of the dogs killing and eating me was dead wrong. They're such sweeties, they'd never hurt anyone.

"I kept exploring at night and found your work shed. Peeking in a window I couldn't see anything saw, but I hoped the things I'd need were inside.

"I was very pregnant after a six weeks. I didn't know how long dogs were pregnant, but know less time than human's."

"Sarah, dogs are pregnant for 63 days. From wolf or chihuahua, wither they whelp one pup or fifteen; it's always 63 days," Oliver said.

"Thanks," Sarah said, "It's good to know since I'll be doing it often.

"I was feeling frantic about preparing and checked the shed each night. Finally, when it was hard for me to move around, I found the door unlocked.

"Inside by the door I found a light switch and chanced it. I knew the grounds well enough to be pretty sure the light couldn't be seen from the house. When the light came on I found the answer to

my dream. Your utility sink, a hot plate, bowls and tin pans first caught my eye. Looking around I saw an old dusty desk. It hadn't been opened for years. Inside I found scissors, a needle and thread. In another drawer I found a flashlight with rechargeable batteries. Next to them I found a battery charger. I plugged in the charger and saw the batteries were charging. I smiled believing my puppies and I would survive their birth.

"Best of all, I found a spar key to the shed in the desk. I visited the shed the next ten nights, boiled water, cleaning myself and washed the towels from my pack's den. I sterilizing the scissors and needles and created a stash of clean towels and sterile tools in a corner of the igloo. I kept the flashlight fully charged in the igloo by my tools.

"A real help was a jar of skin scream I stole. I'm sorry, Mr. Oliver, I needed something to help soften my nipples, get them ready for nursing and to protect my breasts from stretch marks as they grew ready to nurse. I know they look big, but I've been nursing puppies for weeks. Before I was pregnant they were half the size. I hope they shrink after I wean my puppies, but they may not. I know my mate will impregnate me again a few months after my puppies are weaned. Jim had told me he'd planned to breed me twice a year.

"Believing I was as ready as I could be I stayed near the den and shed. In the igloo I stayed warm and made a nest out of blanket. Each day I remade the nest until I felt my birthing nest was perfect. Gun and my friends knew I was getting ready to birth puppies and watched me with mild interest when I remodeled the nest. I cleaned the blankets as well as I could and returned to the shed at night to clean myself.

"I knew it was more than two full moons from the time I came out of heat to my first contraction. You know, from TV shows about women giving birth I knew to stay relaxed, birth would take hours, required hard work pushing and it would hurt. Puppies are smaller than babies and I hoped birthing them would hurt less than a baby.

"My contractions continued for more than a day before they were coming close together. I bite down on a stick to keep from making noise. I didn't want to attract the attention of you, the family in the house, or whoever is living in my old home across the wall."

Oliver said, "No one is there. You made such a mess it will cost a fortune to clean it. Besides, who would want to live in house where people were murdered and cannibal feasts were held.

Sarah smiled, "I think it should be torn down. If no one is there the bank owns. They may let it rot hoping to find a buyer. We didn't have a lot of equity, so the bank will want to sell. I'm glade it's not my problem.

"I felt the first puppy coming after dark. I turned on the flashlight, gathered my tools and got into my nest. The other dogs in my pack understand they should stay away and went outside. I was sweating heavily when the first puppy was born; a dog was my first-born. I cut the umbilical cord with the scissors and sewed the part of the cord attached to him closed. I wiped him clean, ate the placenta and put him to my breasts. I'd once read that animal mothers ate the placenta to give them strength to care for their young. I wanted to be a good mother. When my son began sucking my milk let down.

"Olive, nursing is nice. I'd no idea it would feel good. I enjoyed cooing over my puppy and nursing him, but the contractions started again. The second puppy came faster and hurt less; a cute little bitch. She'd been nursing twenty minutes when another puppy came.

"By dawn it was over. I'd birthed four healthy puppies, three bitches and one dog. Of course, the two

waiting for a nipple weren't as happy as those nursing, but I rotated them. About a week ago their eyes opened. I love them terribly and play with them, nurse and cleaning them with joy.

Sarah looked at Oliver pleadingly, "I need your help. Will you please help me, Mr. Oliver? I can try to repay your kindness."

Oliver said, "I'm unsure of what I should do about you and the puppies, Sarah. But tell me what you need. I will help if I can without betraying Mr. Hastings, who pays me to keep his land."

Sarah bit her lip, "Mr. Oliver, my puppies grow fast. In a few days they'll need more than my milk. Please, Oliver, bring me some puppy chow for them, and if they have it kibble for nursing bitches too. I want to be sure my milk is nourishing."

Oliver nodded, "I'll buy the kibble tomorrow." He looked expectantly at Sarah, as if he knew she wanted more.

Sarah blushed, "Mr. Oliver, when it's time, will you to take my angels and find homes for them? I want to keep them with me, but their father will try to breed the bitches when they go into heat and my son will fight him to breed me if he stays.

"Jim's financial plan was good. My puppies could be sold for a lot of money; their markings are perfect," Sarah added.

Oliver nodded, "But what you need, and haven't asked for is to stay here with these dogs and live as one of them and make more puppies on another man's land without him knowing."

Tears overflowed Sarah's eyes. She nodded, "I've been told I'm pretty. You could make love to me when I'm not in heat. Mr. Oliver, I've been told I'm good in bed."

Oliver reached out to Sarah and patted her hand, "I'd never ask, or accept sex as a gift. Not because you aren't pretty and not because you're a bitch. The sight of you nursing your puppies is beautiful. I'm nearly sixty and know a woman in a man's bed is a good thing, but since my poor Jane passed I haven't been interested.

"Sarah, I'll bring you the food you asked for tomorrow. I'll think over what I feel I can do about your staying here as one of the dogs. What you ask is modest. But you'll be on another man's land, a man who trusts me. Betraying his trust is something I don't do lightly.

"Keep the key to the shed. Each evening I'll leave a stack of towels on the table if the Hastings' are away. I'll leave one towel for each day they'll be gone. When they're away, avoid the front of the house where you might be seen, otherwise you and your pack have the run of the estate.

Sarah was crying. She said, "Thank you, Mr. Oliver, for whatever you can do."

Oliver left the igloo but as he stood up, and for the rest of the day, his mind was filled with the image of Sarah nursing her perfect Rottweiler puppies. He found the sight more beautiful than erotic, but by the time he was home, after picking up the kibble Sarah asked for, he was feeling an interest in women he hadn't felt in years.

The next morning, as usual, he was on the estate at sun up. He dropped the two bags of kibble off to Sarah. She wanted to ask him questions, but he held up his hands, "Sarah, I'm thinking of what to do. I've decided you've suffered enough. I see no good, and possibly great harm, in the police finding out you're here and who you are. It will be summer soon and the Hastings' will be away for a while.

I'll have a plan to present to you before they're back. When your puppies are ready to be adopted I'll find them homes."

Oliver met with Mr. Hastings once a week to talk over plans for maintaining and possibly improving the estate and grounds. Sometimes Mrs. Hastings attended these meetings, but not often. Two weeks after Oliver gave Sarah the kibble Mr. Hastings surprised Oliver.

"Oliver, Nancy and I will be gone for the summer this year. The kids are settled and Nancy and I want a second honeymoon. We're going to Europe and will be away for three months."

Oliver nodded, "Sounds like a wonderful trip. I agree you should go while you have your health and can enjoy travel."

"Yes, we talked about doing it sooner rather than later. But Nancy dislikes leaving the house so long. She was wondering if you could spend a few nights each week in the house, checking up on it and letting anyone watching know the house is lived in."

Oliver thought for a minute and said, "Mr. Hastings I've an alternative suggestion."

"Oliver, you've been with me for two decades. Call me 'David', please.

"What's your suggestion?"

"David, I suggest we spend a little money fixing up the gardening shed. It's plenty big, but a toilet, shower, hot water and a bed would be nice. I wouldn't want to sleep, or cook, in your house. I'd be worried about making a mess and breaking things. I'd want to look in on my house, but it's a fifteen-minute drive. I could stay here and patrol the grounds with the dogs, carrying a light and being obvious about what I'm doing. I could patrol at odd times including two or three times a night.

"I'd go to my house at odd times so anyone watching couldn't figure out my schedule. In addition, I'm in the county and I'm the grounds keeper. I've got my old 30-30 and I'm a good shot. I used to hunt before I decided deer are too pretty to kill. I could carry the gun when patrolling with the dogs; like an English gamekeeper. In fact there have been deer on the grounds a few times over the years. The deer stopped visiting when you brought the dogs here. As I remember for protection.

"I can train the dogs to patrol the whole yard. The sight of them should scare off any robbers or vandals who might think the house is unprotected. They don't patrol the front now because it needs to be cleaned up after them. Nancy wanted their messes in the front of the house cleaned up right away, your son's didn't much want to do it and I can't do it more than once a day."

David asked, "Would staying there be OK with you, Oliver? I mean leaving the comfort of your home and living in the old shed for months is a lot to ask."

Oliver smiled, "I'm not much of a person for comfort, David. When my Jane was with us I was eager to be home by evening and took my lunches with her. Without her the house is somewhere to sleep, change clothes, cook and shower.

"I don't sleep regular any more; never for longer than three hours. I love to be doing things and I've half a dozen projects I've been wanting to do on the estate."

David smiled, "Projects?"

Oliver smiled, "I've noticed the family doesn't use the grounds. I was thinking of creating an



attractive garden area next to the patio and croquet area. A French formal garden or a Shakespeare garden might tempt people to explore. Worst case is it wouldn't cost much and would add to the property's value.

David Hastings nodded, "A nice garden by the patio is a good idea, and if were was done when we returned the new gardens would delight Nancy. Leave some beds by the patio set up for annuals and in the future she may plant them or consult with you about what you'll plant.

"Oliver, give me a budget for the work on the shed and garden I'll put the money in the account you use for expenses. Do the shed first since we're leaving in four weeks and Nancy is worried.

Later Oliver visited Sarah and the puppies.

Smiling he said, "Good news, Sarah. Mr. Hastings approved improvements to the shed. Were adding a toilet, hot water, a shower, a small refrigerator and a bed. The Hastings' will be gone for the summer, giving you the run of the grounds, at least where you can't be seen from the road."

Sarah looked at him and smiled, "A toilet, shower and hot water. It's a bounty of luxury, Mr. Oliver."

"Mr. Hastings wants me to live in the shed while the family's away. I will some, but I'll let you know when you can have privacy."

Sarah giggled. She was sitting up, her sex exposed and a puppy at one of her breasts. Glancing down at her naked flesh she said, "I don't have secrets from you, Mr. Oliver. But privacy while using the toilet will be nice. Would it be possible to get a bidet toilet seat? I won't always be able to use the toilet when I need to and when I do I'll want to get clean."

Oliver nodded, "I don't see why not. There's power in the shed and those seats cost as little as few hundred."

"While they're away I'll enjoy playing with my puppies out in the sun. Oliver, do you have a camera?"

"Yes, Sarah, why?"

"I was hoping you'd take pictures of my puppies so I'll have something to remember them by when they're gone.

Oliver smiled and nodded.

"Mr. Oliver, does this mean I can stay?"

Oliver hesitated, "At least until your puppies are gone and until the Hastings return in the fall.

"I'm building a nice big pen for the puppies at my house for when I'm selling them. My house and yard are pleasant. You could visit the puppies once they're at my home. I have Jane's clothes and some will fit you well enough for a visit. There is a guest room you could spend the night in.

"Sarah, I've a friend who is not concerned about being perfectly legal about things. Without telling him any specifics, he agreed to register you with the AKC as a two-year old Rottweiler bitch. Your registered name will be, Oliver's Garden Sarah. We'll get papers for the puppies before we need to find them homes. Having papers will let me be picky about who adopts them."

Sarah started to cry, in great wracking sobs. She set down the puppy and crawled over to Oliver and hugged him and kissed him on the forehead and both cheeks.

Oliver was surprised when his manhood stiffened as Sarah's naked breasts pressed into his chest.

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Chapter VIII: A Surprise

By the times Sarah's puppies were weaned there was a toilet (with bidet seat), a shower with hot water, a small refrigerator and daybed in the shed. Sarah ate kibble with one exception, cheese. Oliver put different foods in the refrigerator to tempt her. She started eating the cheeses. She loved cheese and Oliver kept the refrigerator stocked. Oliver installed a small washing machine and put up a clothesline in the shed. Sarah washed the towels and blankets from the dog's den every week.

Oliver loved watching Sarah play with her puppies on the grass in the sun. Her figure was trim, and her naked body was lovely. As the puppies grew he noticed the puppies eyes, their irises where the same deep sapphire as Sarah's. The area around their irises was Gun's amber.

Every morning Oliver would visit Sarah in the igloo, dropping off food, and letting her know if workman would be on the estate and where they would be. He gave her a battery-powered clock so she knew when she needed to be careful about being seen.

"Sarah, make sure no one sees you. This is the country and folks here like to know what their neighbors are up to. If someone sees you they might call the police." Oliver warned.

At his home Oliver modified his property for puppies. He built a kennel for Sarah and her puppies with light and water thinking she might need to leave the estate some day. The puppy run attached to his spare bedroom through a set of French doors opening directly into the Kennel. Oliver knew if Sarah spent a night she'd want to be able to visit her puppies.

Sarah helped maintain the grounds. Oliver found Sarah was a gift gardener. Oliver told her generally what he wanted done. She did as well as a trained gardener would from detailed instructions. He found she was strong. Many tasks Oliver found difficult to on his she could do, although she always made it seem like she was helping. Between the contractors and the two of them both a French Formal garden and an English Shakespeare garden took shape around the patio and the croquet field. The French garden's focus was a fountain in a pool at its center. The English garden featured a natural looking small lake, a quarter acre in size. To Sarah's delight Oliver stocked both the fountain's pool and lake with koi; "To eat the mosquitoes," Oliver said.

Sarah took over Oliver's paper work. She found ways to reduce the expense of their projects. When Sarah was in the shed, doing laundry, showering or helping with the books Gun was always with her; never more than three feet away from her and generally touching her in some way.

Oliver was impressed with the savings Sarah had created and said, "Sarah, I think there's enough money for one more project."

Sarah smiled, "What's your idea?"

"I want to install a small folly, a little fake Greek temple, made of white concrete. I saw in a catalog. It think would create an attractive destination overlooking the lake."

"Would it be too close to my pack's den?" Sarah asked.

Shaking his head Oliver said, "Not if it's on the far side of the lake. We can do some more planting to better screen the den from the house and new gardens. I was thinking we'd put the folly over the old

cesspool. I worry about someone falling in."

Sarah smiled, "Let's do it."

"Oliver, my son tried to mount me yesterday. I hate the idea, but they're weaned and ready to go to new families."

Oliver nodded, "I'm ready, we can move them to my house today. If you want to come there are clothes you could wear in the shed. They were my wife's, but they're clean and I think will fit you."

"But Oliver, you sleep in the shed her on the estate. My puppies will be very lonely away from their pack."

Oliver saw she was sad and smiled, "I've thought about you and your puppies, Sarah. My guest room is linked to the kennel. You could stay there and be with the puppies when I'm spending the night at the estate. We'd trade when people are coming to meet the puppies."

Sarah hugged him, "Thank you, Oliver, your solution should work. If they're alone I'd worry about them. Our pack is always around them."

"My friend gave me the paperwork for you and your puppies a few day's ago."

Oliver saw Sarah's eyes light up and a broad smile burst onto her face.

"Oliver, I'm officially a Rottweiler bitch?" Sarah said.

"Yes, you've papers. As far as the AKC is concerned you're a purebred two-year-old Rottweiler bitch and the puppies are yours and Gun's. They're registered as purebred Rottweiler puppies. Their papers show impeccable bloodlines."

Sarah thought for a minute, "Thank you Oliver. I want to stay with my puppies for a few days after they move to your home. Perhaps Gun could come too. We'd miss each other if I were away; and having us both there could help the puppies adjust. Gun and I could return during the day and help with the folly."

Three days later, dressed in a simple white blouse, jumper and sandals Sarah sat in the back of Oliver's truck with Gun and their puppies for the short ride to Oliver's house. She was barefoot and wasn't wearing underwear, although Oliver brought her some of Jane's."

Sarah was smiling broadly when he showed her the kennel and how it linked to his guest room. She hugged him and Oliver felt her breasts pressed to his chest. Her nipples extended as they hugged. Something about her wearing clothes made her hard to resist. Oliver's manhood became firm, a moment later it was hard.

Sarah noticed and pressed her groin to him, rubbing her tummy against his erection. "Oliver, if you want me I'm willing. I'm not in heat and Gun won't mind any more than he minds sharing me with Spade and Lightning."

Oliver smiled but stepped back, "Thank you Sarah, but somehow I feel it would be being untrue to my Jane. I'm interested, Sarah. I haven't been excited like this for years. It's nice to know I can be a man with a woman."

Sarah looked at the ground, "Oliver, is it because I'm a dog? Or because you don't want to share

with my pack?"

"No Sarah, your doggie nature is exciting. I love watching you with your puppies. You're perfectly maternal to them. To me it's womanly. But I'm not a member of your pack, and while Gun and the others like me, I don't want to take what's there's."

Sarah smiled, "OK, but if you change your mind I'd welcome your embrace, when I'm not in heat."

"Sarah, when will you go into heat again?"

Sarah shrugged, "I've only been in heat once. My dead husband, damn his soul, said I'd go into heat twice a year. It's been six months since my last heat so I think soon. I want my mate with in case I go into heart," She petted Gun's head as she spoke. "Of course I'd miss him terribly if we're apart, and if my heat comes I'll need him."

"My dead husband said my future litters would be larger. He expected by my forth of fifth litter I'd be having ten puppies. His math was Sarah births twenty puppies a year; he sells them for a grand each and nets over nineteen grand off my breeding. The difference is his cost for kibble and marketing the puppies."

Oliver felt his face grow red, "If he were here today, I'd kill him."

Sarah smiled, "I like being a bitch, Oliver."

"I'd kill him for branding you, whipping you, abusing you and not giving you a choice about having puppies."

Sarah hugged him again, "You're nice, but remember I enjoyed killing him. It was wrong, but he drove to seeking revenge. I didn't feel anything but joy when I left him in pain and dying."

Gun and Sarah stayed with the puppies at Oliver's home. Every other day Oliver checked on them and brought food. The second time he came home at sunup.

He was carrying puppy chow around to the kennel for the puppies when he heard Sarah moan. He looked around and saw the French were doors were wide open to the cool morning air. Sarah was on the bed, near the bottom, her legs spread wide. Gun was between her legs licking her vulva. Neither of them noticed Oliver. He thought he should turn away and give them their privacy. But the sight mesmerized him. He watched, fascinated as Gun explored Sarah's sex with his long red tongue.

Sara's breast were flushed as was her mons and her nipples were extended and looked huge. "They're thick as well as long, he whispered to himself as Sarah moaned and push her sex to Gun's tongue. Sarah screamed and Oliver saw a spray of viscous clear fluid shoot onto Gun's mussel.

"Female ejaculation," he whispered. He'd heard of it, but thought it was a myth. Jane enjoyed sex and told him he delighted her, but she'd never discharged in the midst of her rapture.

Again Oliver knew he should leave, but his eyes came back to the breeding couple.

Sarah's whole body was flushed and her eyes were closed. She softly moaned and caressed her mons and patted her vulva while smiling at the dog. Gun jumped his forelegs onto the bed. Sarah grasped one in each hand and pulled him forward onto her. Gun began licking her breast. Oliver saw milk leaking from her nipples. Sarah giggled as Gun licked up the milk.

Gun began trusting his hips forward. His hips moved very fast. Oliver saw his penis, a long thin shaft was swelling. Gun kept hitting the tip to high on Sarah's body to enter her. The penis was shooting streams of liquid onto her mons and groin.

Sarah was giggling and laughing. She reached down and using her open palm to guided the shaft to her entrance. She laughed as the dog pushed in, "Oh lover, get it deep. Oh sweetie, you're stretching me and I love it!"

Gun humped into her for another minute and smiling Sarah withdrew her hand. Gun trust again and her legs came up wrapped over his hips. It looked to Oliver like she was pushing him farther into her with her feet each time Gun thrust.

"Oh, baby, your getting long and thick inside," Sarah murmured in a teasing voice.

Oliver watched as Gun's hips pistoned, driving his shaft fast and hard into Sarah. She giggled and smiled as he filled her.

Gun's hips slowed down and Sarah wiggled her body onto his shaft, screwing herself on his maleness. She raised her hands and rapped her arms around his neck and pulled Gun's head to her. Oliver saw Gun's head was much bigger than Sarah's, in fact his whole body was huge compared to the slight young woman. "Beauty and the beast," He whispered to himself smiling.

Sarah kissed Gun on the cheek and his mouth, French kissing the dog. She turned her head to the side, offering her neck to the dog's jaws. Gun leaned forward and grasped her shoulder and neck and closed his jaws, holding her. Sarah squealed and smiling as she pushed her sex onto Gun's shaft. The dog humped his hips forward one more time and Sarah climaxed. Her whole body shook. Oliver saw streams of her milk shoot from her nipples onto the dog's broad chest. Moaning Sarah ground her sex into Gun's groin.

Oliver looked and the whole shaft deep in Sarah. They held each other tightly. After a while Sarah moaned, "Baby, I can feel the tip of your maleness in my womb. You're filling me with seed. The fact I've opened my flower to you means my heats started. You're going to be a daddy again."

She laughed and hugged him to her, rubbing her nipples into the short fur on his chest. They looked like they weren't moving but Oliver saw orgasm after orgasm move through Sarah's body.

Looked at his watch Oliver saw he pulled into his driveway an hour earlier. Figuring how long it took to unload and make his way to the back yard he knew he'd been watching for thirty minutes. Ten minutes later Sarah released Guns head and hips. The dog opened his jaws and Oliver saw red marks on Sarah's neck and shoulder where his teeth held her. But there was no blood.

Gun pulled back and a gush of liquids poured out of Sarah's sex. Looking at the bed and Oliver saw Sarah placed towels under her hips and on the floor.

Sarah giggled, "Oliver, did you enjoy the show? From the lump in your pants I'd guess you liked watching."

Oliver realized his pants barely held his shaft. It was his best erection since Jane told him the doctor gave her less than six months to live.

Stammering, Oliver said, "I'm sorry, Sarah, I didn't mean to play the pepping Tom."

Gun was licking Sarah's sex and she was smiling and laughing, but said, "It's OK, really. You can

watch any time. I'm in heat now, but after my heat is over you can join in, if you want."

"Later Oliver drove Gun and Sarah back to the Hastings' estate and came back to see to the puppies. They were lonely without Sarah and Gun. He played with them until they were tired.

"Once he was back on the estate in his shed he composed the add for the puppies sale.

"Four purebred Rottweiler puppies (three months old), 1-M, 3-F, perfect markers, registered AKC, great bloodlines. Offers considered starting at \$1,000.00. References and background check required."

Oliver listed his cell phone number and then used his laptop to submit to the local Rottweiler club newsletter and the local papers.

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## **Chapter IX: Change**

Oliver's cell phone started ringing the day the add offering Sarah's puppies for sale appeared. He was at home while Sarah and Gun were back on the Hastings' estate. The last he'd seen Sarah she was outside the igloo on hands and knees with her head on her folded arms. Gun was on her back, but the driving humping was over. Sarah kept murmuring. "Yes, yes, yes," and smiled.

The next week was busy for Oliver, particularly since Sarah was too busy being bred to help. He took the puppies to meet prospective buyers in their homes. He'd told Sarah, "I don't want them knowing where the puppies are kenneled. I can't be home more than a few hours a day and there are people low enough to steal puppies."

Sarah was too lost in her heat to really understand, but Oliver knew she appreciated his care for her little ones.

Oliver rejected some prospective buyers because of where they lived. A dirty run down house was no place for puppy. Others he rejected because the people didn't know how to take care of a puppy. Others didn't have credible references when he checked. He wanted references from their vet, dog breeders who knew the prospective adopters and their neighbors. He asked neighbors if the people owned a dog before, was it well behaved, well treated, did they make their dog a member of the family. If there were children, were they well behaved around animals?

Oliver eliminated people who'd never owned a dog, "A Rottweiler is not the breed to start with," he told them. With those who'd had a dog, he talked with the person who took them through obedience training and the dog's vet. He rejected those who wanted the dog for breeding as part of a puppy business and those who wanted a guard dog.

In the end he found four families; two with children. They had nice homes, large fenced yards, good references from their vet, people who taught obedience and their neighbors.

When the puppies were adopted Oliver opened a checking account and a Roth IRA for "Sarah J. Gardener". Her social security card read, 'Sarah Jane Gardner'. Oliver deposited \$5,200 in the accounts, all but the amount he needed for Sarah's estimated taxes went into the ROTH. Sarah's taxes the following years showed she was a self employed 'Contract Gardener' working part time for Oliver and others.

The same friend, Jules, who'd provided AKC papers for Sarah managed to get Sarah a social security

card and established her legal identity. Oliver was going to pay him the cash he wanted, and his expenses, but what he wanted was to watch Sarah being bred by the dogs. Oliver initially said, "No."

When he told Sarah of the request, she smiled and consented, "I don't care if he watches, Oliver. He's helped me."

After Sarah was out of heat, and past her morning sickness, Oliver brought Sarah, Gun, Spade and Lighting to his house where Jules and Oliver were to watch her being mated.

When Jules arrived Oliver led him into the living room. A slight young woman in a blue and yellow kimono arose and curtsied before him. She was barefoot.

"Sarah, this is Jules, we've known each other since our days in the navy."

Sarah smiled and said, "Jules, thank you for my new identities."

Oliver tried to see Jules as Sarah might. He was sixty, tallish (six feet), with wisps of white hair on the sides his baldhead. He was fattish, but not more than twenty pounds over weight. He wore jeans that fit him well and slightly oversized white western shirt with snaps. The Jeans were faded from black to gray by countless washings. Jules sported a large gray handlebar mustache, waxed into a villainous looking lip ornament. His eyes were pale blue. Jules shirt was open at the collar for three snaps revealing a forest of gray chest hair.

Jules looked around uncertainly and said, "The dogs?"

Sarah giggled, "My mate and our pack are waiting in a little glade at the back of Oliver's property. I picked the spot for my show because it's private, has shade and the grass is long and soft. I'll be spending a lot of time on my knees and softness is important. Oliver set up a padded bench I'll use too. My mate and pack await us, shall we go."

Jules hesitated, "If I may, Sarah, why did you want a dog identity. I created a new one for you as a human."

Sarah said, "I'm a bitch. I whelp litters of puppies. I may look, and in many ways act, like a woman, but inside I'm a dog and my values are pack values. I want my puppies to be valued as the purebreds they are."

"Being a woman in the world would be difficult since my insides don't agree. Imagine me at a dinner part and going into heat, then having sex with the family dog in front everyone. If there weren't a dog I'd go after every man in the place. It's easier to live with an identity that matches my inside."

"Jules, you wanted a show. I'm willing and my pack is ready. There is one rule. No pictures or films and no telling others about this. If you write it as a story you can't use my name or in any let on were I live."

Jules nodded, "I understand. I know this is a thank you gift not to be shared."

Sarah smiled and said, "Good boy," although Jules was thirty years her senior.

Jules grinned and Oliver led them out the back door and a hundred yards to a little glade with long grass and dappled shadows in the afternoon sunlight.

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## The Glade Scene

When they arrived they found Gun, Spade and Lighting lying in the sun. When they entered the glade Sarah dropped to her knees and the three dogs came to her, licking her face as she called them by their names and petted them.

"Jules this is my pack and I'm the pack's bitch to fuck. But I'm the alpha males bitch to breed." She hugged Gun and said, "This is my mate and the father of my puppies. Gun won't let another male love me when I'm in heat."

She opened her mouth and Gun began to French kiss her. She petted and hugged him as they kissed. The kiss went on for a long time and Oliver saw a tent form in Jules pants.

Oliver whispered, "If you want to get it out and do yourself as you watch she won't mind, but get near her brandishing your maleness and her pack tear you to peaces. They're great dogs, but she is there's and they will defend her."

Jules stepped back, opened his pants and massaged his stiffening member.

Sarah didn't notice. She was absorbed for a while by Gun's tongue exploring her mouth. Sarah pulled back from Gun and smiling stood up to face Jules. Seeing what he was doing she giggled and slowly opened her kimono. Moving to a stripper's beat Sarah allowed the garment to slide off one shoulder, then the other, then down to her elbows. First the right arm followed by the left. She let it drop lower and exposed her left breast. A moment later her right breast came into view. Oliver saw her nipples were engorged atop her blushing breasts.

Sarah winked at Jules, "I have a lot more show planned. Don't let your lust finish you before I get to the best part."

Jules seemed shaken. He said, "The best part?"

"You came to see me get dog bred didn't you?" Sarah said smiling.

Jules nodded. He was squeezing his erect shaft trying to hold off his climax.

"Well," Sarah said teasing, "I'm going to take on all three of my pack members at once. Everything I'm going to do I've done before, but never all at once.

"Jules, do you need an intermission to compose your self?"

Jules shook his head.

"OK," Sarah said and let the kimono drop to the grass forming a sparkling puddle of yellow and blue silk around her tanned ankles. She was naked and smiled. Oliver thought the smile was wanton.

Sarah moved into an area off shade and called, "Spade, come to momma."

The dog came to her and Sarah lay down on a low bench, spread her thighs wide and patted her mons. She was on her back and her nipples were swollen. Looking at her vulva Oliver saw it was moist. Spade move between her legs and began to lick. Sarah smiled and moaned as the big red tongue pleased her. Her breathing was coming in gasps and sweat was on her brow, upper lip and collecting in the valley between her breast.

She cried out, "Yes!" And pressed the dogs mouth to her vaginal opening. It looked as if she was



trying to get his muzzle inside. Her thighs came up and held the dog's head in place as she quivered in climax. She held still for five minutes, Spade seemed content to have his nose dipped in her opening. Sarah relaxed and looked up. She smiled and pointed at Spade's groin. His maleness was extended; already thick and long.

"Poor puppy, he got momma off, but hasn't made it to heaven himself.

"Jules, not all dogs will let you do this, but Spade's special."

"One great climax so far. More to come."

She slipped off the bench and gently wrestled Spade to his back. She climbed onto his broad chest and caressing his dog nipples with one hand and used the other to guide his shaft to her sex. She started to fuck herself on the dog's shaft. She was deliberate in her motion and moved slowly, allowing Oliver and Jules to watch Spade's shaft grow. With each slow slide in and out of her, it was longer and thicker. Jules watched spellbound, holding his cock tightly to keep it from spurting his excitement. Sarah moved to make sure Jules had a good view of the knot forming and sliding in and out until it grew to large to come out.

She giggled, "I have a bitch's vaginal muscles and can hold my lover inside until I've drained him. Girl on top is nice."

Leaning forward she softly called out, "Lightning, momma wants to taste you."

Oliver whispered to Jules, "The dog knows she means he's going to get a blow-job."

Lightning bound over and lay down in front of her, on his back with his small penis below her mouth. Sarah smiled and lowered her mouth and, being careful with her teeth, massaged the shaft with her lips letting them taste the maleness from the tip to the thickening base. She held the base behind where the knot was forming and licked and sucked like the penis was an ice cream cone. When the knot was too big to fit into her mouth she caressed the shaft and called out, "Gun! We need you."

Gun sprang behind her and began licking her backside pressing his tongue to her anus.

Sarah laughed and said, "Jules I'm sparkling clean. Be a sweetie and help my mate get his shaft into my bottom."

Jules' hand dropped from his penis and his seed spewed out onto the lawn. Breathing hard and shaking he crawled to Sarah and Gun. Gun was on her back thrusting, seeking her entrance, but missing the target. Gun's maleness continued to grow.

Jules reached out tentatively to the red pulsing shaft.

Sarah said, "Use your palm to guide his thrusts. I've had him there before and he knows what to do once he's pointed in the right direction."

It happened fast. As soon as the tip of Gun's shaft touched Sarah's opening he thrust three inches into her. Sarah moaned and said, "In a minute he'll feel Spade's shaft swollen in my vagina and ready to seed me. We haven't done anal before but I'm looking forward to their reactions when their maleness massages each other's within me."

"Oh!" Sarah cried out as Gun began driving his shaft deep into her.

Laughing Sarah said, "He's making a point to the pack. I'm his bitch! Oh heaven I love being his!"

Gun was driving deep into Sarah. His thrusts were fast and Sarah was trying to respond to his movements as she pleasures Spade and Lightning.

Jules came again, shooting his seed onto Sarah's left breasts and Spade's chest when he Gun pressed his knot into Sarah's anus.

Tears were on Sarah's cheeks, but she kept moving and pushing until Gun's knot disappeared inside of her.

The four moved slightly but Sarah climaxed many times as the four pack members merged their bodies.

Lightning was the first dog to come, when he pulled his dripping shaft from Sarah's mouth she called Jules to her and pulled his lips to hers and fed him the nectar of Lightning's love. Jules was shocked but then tasted and drank until Sarah's mouth was empty. Sarah smiled when he pulled back and she saw his member was erect again.

Jules leaned back and began to caresses himself as he watched Sarah, Spade and Gun. Spade was the next one done. When Sarah let his dripping shaft slip from her she invites, "Jules, if you want he'll let you lick him clean." She teased. Jules held back for a moment and moved to the dog and began licking up the residue of Spades and Sarah's liquids.

Free of two of her partners Sarah pulled herself to her hands and knees, her head down she cried out as Gun thrust deeper into her.

Sarah screamed, "He's coming, and it's so deep it feels like it will boil my core."

Jules massaged his shaft to a third climax as he watched Gun and Sarah reach their peak. It was an hour later when Sarah and gun moved apart, although liquids had flowed from Sarah's bottom onto the grass for a half hour before the shaft was out of her body.

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Oliver wrapped her kimono around Sarah and Jules helped Sarah to her feet. They walked with her, supporting her and took her back to the doghouse in the dog run Oliver had built. The dogs escorted them. In the fading light of day Sarah crawled into the doghouse. The dogs followed.

"She sleeps in there?" Jules asked.

Oliver nodded, "She sleeps with her pack, where ever they are. The dogs keep her warm when it's cold.

"She really thinks of herself as dog?" Jules asked.

"So do I," Replied Oliver. "You would too if you'd seen her nursing her puppies."

"Jules, this was a one time experience."

Jules nodded, "That was the deal and I keep my promises. But you must get to watch often."

Oliver shook his head. Once in a while I catch a glimpse. But poor child, I leave her, her privacy as much as I can. Sometimes I don't see her for a week. When her pregnancy is near term and when

she's nursing Sarah seldom leaves the den."

Oliver walked Jules out to his car, opened the gate to his drive and locked it behind Jules. He'd decided if a neighbor asked who the stranger was, he'd say he was a chess buddy and the two had wasted the day over his Stanton set. He'd already explained Sarah was apprenticing to him as an assistant gardener.

Later, Sarah came into the house, slipped into some of Jane's clothes and Oliver drove her and the dogs back to the Hastings' estate.

Five weeks later the Hastings' returned. They were thrilled with the grounds, especially the new gardens and the folly. Nancy thanked Oliver for his work and seeing to the security of their home while they were away. Oliver credited the dogs with helping to be sure there were no invasions of the property.

"Nancy, while you were away I trained the dogs to do their business at the back of the property. Without leaving bad smells or unsightly messes they now patrol the front of the property. Your better protected from intruders than you'd be with armed guards."

As he spoke Oliver regretted not being able to tell David and Nancy about Sarah. It had been she who trained the dogs to eliminate their waste along the wall she'd once climbed over to seeking death in. She collected their waste every morning at dawn.

Oliver, with Sarah's help looked after the estate well, and the Hastings' felt free to go away on extended vacations or visits with their children and grand children. For five years Sarah's life was stable. She whelped two litters a year and averaging eleven puppies after her fourth litter. Her second litter contained six puppies, her third seven, her fourth nine and her fifth eleven.

Interest in Sarah's puppies was strong. After the third litter there was a waiting list. As her first and subsequent puppies became dogs they were found to be unusually bright, easy to train and of a helpful gentle disposition. They were ideal service dogs and wonderful with children. One owner confided to Oliver, "The bitch is better than a nanny. She's like 'Good dog Carl', from the books. She's watching and protected my kids all the time. I'd never do it, but I'm sure I could leave her alone to look after them for days and the children would be fine."

The demand for, and amount Oliver was offered for a puppy, went up as word of their intelligence and devotion spread.

Seven years after Oliver found Sarah and her four puppies in the stone igloo David Hastings asked Oliver to come by the house before he went home.

Oliver cleaned up in the shed and saw David at four on a bright spring afternoon.

David stood to greet him and took his hand, "Oliver, I'm afraid things are going to change on the estate.

"You're what, 65 years old?"

"Sixty seven sir. What changes are coming? Do you want a younger man?"

David grasped his shoulder softly and shook his head, "Nothing like that, Oliver. Nancy and I think of you as family."

"We've decided to sell the place. We're buying a smaller place out west where we'll be closer to our children's families. I'm afraid your job here will be gone. Unless you want to try and get the same job with the new owners."

"What else would I do, David? The estate is my life."

"You might retire, Oliver. The retirement account we started for you long ago is in great shape. I don't know if you pay attention to your account, but I get the statements. It's over a half-million. You qualify for Social Security too."

Oliver scratched his chin, "Back when the ROTH program started I opened an account. I don't pay much attention, but it's over a hundred thousand. I guess I'm well off."

"But what will I do? My life is coming here and working your land. I love making things beautiful."

David smiled, "You could travel. Perhaps visit beautiful gardens around the world. There are local non-profit horticultural groups who'd love your help, if you want to stay busy. When our local garden society members toured the estate last summer, the president, Alisa Smith, told me she covets your skills."

"Besides, Oliver, you're not an old man. Sure, your hair is gray, but you're vigorous for your years. You might marry again."

Oliver looked up surprised and smiled.

David returned his smile, "Perhaps you know someone?"

Oliver nodded, "She's younger; over thirty-five years younger; we're good friends, but no more."

"How long have you known her, Oliver?"

"Close to seven years, her name is Sarah."

"Do you see her often?"

Oliver smiled, "Frequently, mainly we talk about gardening and dogs. She loves your dogs, David, and the gardens. She visits me sometimes when you're away. Never over night; she visits to see the garden and play with the dogs."

"Does Sarah see other men?"

Oliver shook his head, "No, she went through a bad separation from her husband and avoids men. She thinks of me as a harmless old coot."

David looked at Oliver, "I bet she wants you to offer her love as well as friendship."

Oliver nodded, "Maybe. But, David, what will happen to the dogs?"

David frowned, "I hadn't considered the dogs. It would be wrong to sell them as part of the property, they're not chattels. Oliver, they know you, will you take them?"

Oliver nodded, and smiled, "Having them with me will help me get used to not coming to the estate. They're the closest things I have to children."

David was surprised, "But this Sarah, she's young enough."

"Her former husband beat her and stole her ability to have a child. I think she too thinks of your dogs as her children."

"Yes, David, I want to take the dogs home. When you're away I've taken them home for a few hours, one or two at time, when I check on my place."

David nodded, "We decided to price the estate low to fire a bidding war. Our realtor already found buyers who want to bid. Oliver, Nancy and are giving you six month severance pay. Move your stuff and the dogs to your home in the next two weeks. But we'd want you, and Sarah, to join us for family dinner Saturdays, until the place is sold."

Oliver nodded, "David, if Sarah consents to marry me will you and Nancy stand up with us in front of the judge? Sarah hasn't any family."

David clapped Oliver on the shoulder and said, "Of course. We'd be honored."

As Oliver left the big house he was feeling frightened, elated and depressed at the same time. What if she says no? He wondered.

Sarah took the news calmly until he asked her to marry him.

"Oliver, you can't mean it. You'd be marrying a dog?"

"Oliver smiled, "You're not a dog, Sarah. Your one of the warmest people I know."

"You haven't forgotten I brutally murdered Jim, and have a mate who gives me puppies twice a year?"

Oliver shrugged his shoulders.

Sarah hugged him, kissed his cheek and pulled back. Her naked breasts were tantalizing and Oliver felt a stirring in his pants.

Sarah said, "Old friend, if I were your wife I'd still be Guns mate and a member of my pack. How will you feel when you see me mating with them, and when you watch your bride's tummy grow round with Guns puppies? Remember, I spend almost the whole year in heat, pregnant, nursing my litters and raising puppies.

"If we wed I want to come to your bed, but not as often as you'd want me; a few nights each month I could be yours, many nights I wouldn't have sex with you. I'll be too pregnant, busty nursing, or too occupied having sex with my mate and the other dogs in my pack.

"Oliver, what I can give isn't what a man wants from his wife."

"Sarah, I'm old. I can manage to be a man with you in bed now and then, but you'll need Gun and your pack when I can't, and as I get older my abilities will decline."

Sarah thought for a minute, grinned and stretched out on the bedding on the igloo's floor displaying her breasts and sex. Oliver gasped at her beauty. She spread her legs the sight of her moist vulva turned the stirring he felt into a need. Oliver looked around. The three dogs were watched, but weren't concerned.

Sarah moaned, "Oliver, I'm not in heat. I've offered you my body before. I sincerely want to give you sex as a gift of friendship, love and thanks for taking me in and letting me stay with my pack.

"Mate with me. If we enjoy loving each other stay and watch as Gun and the others take me in turns. If after being inside me and watching my pack take me you want me, I'll marry you happily and be the best wife I can, given I'm a bitch."

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Chapter X: A New Life

Oliver looked at Sarah, naked and smiling at him. He removed his clothes. On hands and knees he crawled to her and positioning himself. She giggled, reached out and grasped his manhood.

Oliver blushed and said, "I'm small compared to your dogs."

Sarah caressed his cheek, "Your big enough; come to mama."

She grasped his shaft and pulled him to her entrance. When Oliver was inside he thrust. Years of living without sex erupted and he dove into Sarah until his hilt kissing the lips of her sex.

Sarah pulled his face to hers and French kissing him. Oliver tasted kibble in her mouth. The taste was strange but not unpleasant. As their lips parted Sarah whispered, "Giving me your tool in a single thrust is something my pack can's do. They get bigger, but it takes a while. I like both."

She kissed him again and said, "Oliver, have your way with me. Don't worry about me coming. If you don't bring me off one of my pack will while you watch. If you want me after you see my pack take me we'll love again and take our time.

Oliver thrust eagerly into her sex.

Sarah held him and kissed him softly, "Don't rush. We've all night. Savor me."

Oliver slowed and concentrated in long deliberate thrusts caressing her clitoral hood. Sarah laughed, giggled and moved her hips to meet his rhythm.

As Oliver neared his peak she kissed his cheek and whispered, "I know! If you marry me I'll reserve my bottom for you alone. Of course you'll be welcome to my sex, but you must share my vagina with my pack. A things Jim did I liked, sometimes, was anal. Dogs aren't good at anal. I've missed having a man there. Would my bottom be something you'd enjoy, my sweet gentle Oliver. My ass available and eager for your manhood when you want to screw me?"

Oliver's eyes grew wide and he pressed his shaft as deep into Sarah as he could. His seed exploded and coated the entrance of to her womb.

A moment later he was panting beside Sarah, feeling relaxed and happy and caressing her hips and breast.

Sarah laughed and rolled onto him. "That was nice, Oliver. Your hands make up for your being smaller.

Oliver was not a big man. He stood five feet eight and weighed one thirty-five. He knew the dogs out weighed him. For a moment he didn't understand how his size mattered, then realized the size of his manhood was what Sarah meant.

Sarah kissed him and slipped off of his chest. She lowered her head to her folded arms, raised her bottom and spread her thighs wide,

“Gun honey, come breed me,” she called.

She was smiling. Oliver watched mesmerized as Gun arose, approached and started to lick her sex.

Sarah said, “He’s cleaning me. You gifted me with a lot of seed.” Sarah giggled, “My mate finds your sperm tasty.”

Oliver moved far enough to see Gun’s tongue at work. To Oliver’s amazement Gun pressed his tongue deep into Sarah’s sex. He kept probing her until Oliver saw Sarah climax. As her body stopped shaking Gun mounted Sarah and began thrusting. Sarah reached back to guide him in, but Gun found the way in on his own.

Sarah smiled, “Oliver, he can find his way in sometimes. Your seed and his tongue made me ultra slippery. He pushed into me like a hot knife into butter.”

Oliver watched Gun thrusting into Sarah for a long time. She was pushing back and thrashing her hips against the dog’s groin. He saw the knot at the base of Gun’s shaft form. When the knot looked huge Gun pushed it hard and Sara pushed back. As the bulb disappeared Oliver saw her body enveloped in an orgasm. The climax went on for some time. They mating couple stilled and slowly Gun twisted his body off Sarah, until, his shift was deep in her and they were bottom to bottom.

Sarah’s body quivered in climax after climax as Gun twisted around, and after. Slowly she became calm. After a while she noticed Oliver.

“Oliver, the experience is all-consuming after the knot is in. I can’t think, I feel the shaft pulse and the pleasure moves through me in waves. It’s better when I’m in heat and the tip of his penis gets through my cervix and shoots his seed into my womb.”

“He didn’t bite your shoulder this time,” Oliver observed.

Sarah nodded, “To get my sex at the right height and angle for him in the doggy position I must move my shoulders too far from his mouth. I enjoy face to face more. We kiss as he breeds me and the best is when he’s holding my shoulder and forces his shaft into the core of my womanhood.”

Oliver watched and ten minutes later Gun’s shaft shrank and slipped out of Sarah with a small plopping sound. The sound was followed by a torrent of liquids.

Gun moved away, lay down and licked his shaft. ‘

Oliver wondered why he hadn’t cleaned Sarah’s sex; the answer came in the form of Lightning, who eagerly lapping up the dripping liquids.

Sarah smiled and moaned. Lightning licked a few more times and mounted his pack’s bitch. As Lightning bred Sarah, Oliver saw her body climax again.

When Lightning pulled out Spade jumped over him to get to Sarah. She giggled and rolled over, raising her hips high with her thighs spread and resting her shoulders and head on the bedding. She reached back and guided him in.

After a dozen trusts Sarah, said, “He’s nice and big.” She moved first one leg and then the other

onto Spade's back. When she obtained a good hold of his hips with her legs she raised her arms up and around his neck and pulled her body to the dog's, suspended entirely in the air she began swing her body back and forth in time with Spade's thrusts.

Spade opened his mouth, but Sarah maneuvered the dog's jaws away from her skin by French kissed the dog. As they kissed Oliver saw Sarah climax. When Spade's shaft left her body Oliver glanced at his watch. Sarah had been having sex for two hours. She released Spade's neck and hips and slowly dropped to the floor.

"Wow! That's intense. I mean I've done them one after the other many times, but your being here got them extra excited.

"You didn't let Spade bite your neck," Oliver observed.

Sarah smiled, "I save that for my mate Gun, and you if you marry me and want to hold me that way."

She looked at his groin and Oliver glanced down seeing his shaft was chubby, but not excited enough for penetration. Sarah crawled to him and dropped her mouth onto his shaft and began to lick. Licking turned to sucking and as Oliver felt his shaft become erect eagerness overcome him.

Sarah shifted her position bringing her bottom to Oliver. She whispered, "My vulva is sopping with lubricants and sperm. Oliver, rub as much as you can into my tight little bottom. My pack cleaned me as they tasted my sex and mating me."

Oliver, didn't speak, he didn't think he could speak, but moved his hand to the woman's bottom and found it covered with slippery stuff. He massaged it, first onto and after Sarah began to moan, into her anus.

Sarah stopped sucking his shaft and said, "Stretch me with your finger, first one then two and finally three. It's been weeks since any of my pack fucked me there. I'm tight. When three of your fingers slide in and out easily I'm mounting you. Oliver, I'll have my way with you at last!" She giggled as she returned to ministering to his shaft.

With age Oliver gained patience. His manhood was eager to fill the woman, but he slowly fingered her until she was ready for two fingers and again until she was ready for three. As he explored her inside Oliver realized Sarah was holding him from his climax as she raised his need higher and higher; a rising tide of passion.

To explore her bottom Oliver sat up. When three fingers were moving easily in and out of Sarah she raised herself up and climbed onto his lap. She reached down and grasped his hardness and guided it in.

As a wonderful tightness surrounded his shaft Sarah brought her mouth to Oliver's and began French kissing him. The taste of kibble was gone replaced with the taste of dog.

Sarah wrapped her arms around his neck, thrusting her breasts against his naked chest and used her strength to raise and lower her hips, fucking herself slowly on his maleness. Oliver leaned back and brought his hands to her breasts, petting and caressing them as she clamed his shaft.

Oliver felt his orgasms begin; amazed he felt another orgasm rack Sarah's body. As her climax filled her Sarah's insides contracted around his shaft. Oliver came so hard he passed out.

He came around as dawn's light filled the igloo. Sarah was against him, holding him and kissing his

chest.

"Sarah, that was wonderful, thank you."

Sarah kissed him on the lips and asked, "Oliver, after watching me being dog-bred do you still want to marry me?"

He smiled and kissed her and whispered, "Yes!"

Sarah kissed him again and said, "Thank you!"

A week later Oliver moved Sarah and her pack to his home. Before they move he fenced in his grounds. The fence was eight feet high, made of wood with offset vertical boards that made it opaque. After they move Oliver moved the igloo and located it in a tree-sheltered area by his tool shed. He insulated the tool shed and installed a toilet with a bidet toilet seat, large sink and a shower. There was a hot water on demand system for the shower and sink. The shed was for Sarah to use when she slept with her pack.

Oliver reassured Sarah, "Although we'll be married, I know there will be nights when you want to sleep with your pack. I'm too old to sleep on the ground. I'm insulating the igloo and adding a heated floor. I want you to be comfortable. The houses doors will never be locked and you're always welcome in our bed."

Sarah kissed him and asked. "Dear. Oliver, are you sure you want to be married to me? I'm a bitch, much more than I appear to be, I'd be happy being your pet."

He returned her gentle kiss and said, "Yes. I'm sure. I know you love me, as my pet might. I know you'll couple with me in ways that delight me. I'm getting old Sarah, if you're here, once I can't look after myself, you'll take care of me. If we're married when I die you'll inherit. The puppy business is set up and after another litter you'll be able to run it without me."

Sarah kissed Oliver, took his hand and led him to his bedroom where she gave herself to him. First they coupled using her vagina. Later they coupled using Sarah's back door, which was reserved for Oliver's pleasure.

They were married in a small ceremony in Oliver's home's living room three weeks later. Attending were Nancy and David Hastings, Oliver's friend Jules and Judge Turner, an old friend of Oliver's.

When Judge Turner saw the bride, who wore a simple pale green shift showing off her lithe shape. He whispered to Oliver, "You old coot, she's less than half your age plus seven."

Oliver smiled and softly said, "Half and minus a few."

Sarah showered affection on Oliver at the wedding. Smiled constantly and was cheerful. The dogs attended. They stayed by Sarah. Nancy smiled and whispered to David, "They're lined up like bridesmaids."

Oliver's health held and Sarah settled into a life of taking care of him and her pack. She slept with Oliver on nights she wasn't in heat or with her puppies. Sarah's mate and pack didn't mind because she coupled with them during the day.

After her next litter Oliver asked her if her life with him was pleasant, "Sarah, we could make adjustments if they'll enhance your happiness. I know I haven't been this happy since my poor Jane

became ill.”

Sarah kissed him on the lips, “My dear Oliver, I couldn’t be happier. I love you. It’s perhaps the love of a bitch for her owner, but I think there is the love a woman feels for her man mixed in. I can’t be sure, since I’ve never been in love before.”

Oliver kissed her back, “But the grounds, the igloo, where it’s sited, the pen for your puppies, the connecting room where you sleep when you’re nursing; are they satisfactory. I find I’ve lots of money, we could easily make changes before your next heat.”

Caressing him Sarah said, “Something I’d enjoy is a small lake or large pond with a fountain by the igloo. Big enough for me to swim in and teach my puppies how to swim. I love watching koi too.”

“I’ll call a contractor tomorrow, maybe a pretty little folly, larger than the igloo where your pack could stay on warm nights.”

Sarah hugged him, “Your too good. But the pack will mate with me in the folly. You might see us. Oliver, I try not to confront you with the sight of me giving myself to Gun and the rest of my pack.”

Oliver laughed, “Don’t do that. The sight of you being bred raises my blood to a point where I’m eager for our next time together. I wait with the excitement and the anticipation of a teenager.”

“But not the jealousy?”

“No, Sarah, never jealousy.”

The pond, with koi, and folly were done in time for Sarah’s next heat. The pond was large for the yard and covering an acre. The folly was a small temple structure, sixteen by sixteen feet. It was also sixteen feet tall. It featured a deep porch supported by four Doric columns. The folly was raised on a travertine platform with three shallow steps leading up from the grass. Its eaves were broad projecting enough to protect the porch and inside chamber from rain. There was no door but the three walls were solid. The front faced a bench across the pond located in a shady area in a grove of hickory trees.

Oliver enjoyed sitting on the bench and watching Sarah and the dogs.

To please Sarah, Oliver made two-padded benches and placed them inside the folly. One was for Sarah to be taken while on her tummy, the other was for her to use when taken in the missionary position. Oliver loved to sit and watch her being bred in the folly. Unless she was in heat, or busy with puppies Sarah joined Oliver in his bed after she saw him watching her being bred.

Sarah went nude unless company was coming. Most nights she’d wiggle into bed and up against Oliver, who slept in the nude too. She’d caress him and offer her husband her breasts. He would always accept. Oliver loved her milk and nursed so often Sarah was wet year around.

When her breasts were empty she’d move down his body and please his manhood with her mouth until his shaft was erect. Giggling, she’d ask, “Vagina or bottom, Dearest Man?”

Oliver would smile and go down on her, pleasuring her sex until she climaxed. When Sarah had recovered herself he’d pick. Generally he’d choose her bottom, since she reserved it for him. But sometimes he’s wanted the feel of her vagina caressing his shaft. Oliver enjoyed the feeling of being inside her vagina when it was filled with dog sperm.

Two years later, as Oliver was marketing Sarah's second litter born at their home, he received a startling phone call.

Later he joined Sarah and the dogs, "My Dear," Oliver began, "do you know a Noah Williams?"

Sarah thought for a moment and nodded, "I know of him. He was a researcher who worked with my first husband. I've met him a few times. I thought he was nice. Jim said Noah was scary smart. Why?"

"Ms. Johnston, who bought one of your puppies a few years ago said he has a process which turns a woman into a bitch who breed Rottweiler puppies."

Sarah thought then said, "I should have destroyed the stuff Jim made for turning women into bitches. Noah must know what the formula is intended to do and got his hands on a sample. With a sample he could reproduce the nasty stuff. He might have Jim's notes too. I never looked for them."

Oliver nodded, "Well, Ms. Johnston, Anna, said she wants to get pregnant with puppies. This Noah guy said her dog, Butch, was the son of a woman who'd been through the process."

Sarah bit her lower lip, "What did she want?"

"She asked, 'Is it true? What's the transformation like? Does it hurt?' I think she really wants be bred for puppies, Sarah."

Sarah sighed, "I don't know if it hurts. I mean Jim was torturing and tormenting me and I was in pain. I don't know if the process was part of the pain."

"Is there anything I can tell her?" Oliver asked.

Sarah was quiet for five minutes before she looked up and said, "Tell her you were able to find out the process does work on younger women. I doubt the formula will work on someone approaching menopause."

Oliver said, "She's about thirty."

Sarah nodded. "Tell her being in heat is more intense than she can imagine. She'll want sex every minute of the day for a week, twice a year. Being pregnant with puppies gets miserable the last two weeks. Whelping a puppy is easier than giving birth to a child, but whelping a litter can take more than a day and involves a lot of blood, sweat and pain. Tell her puppies have sharp teeth and nursing after a couple of weeks may hurt. Puppies need to nurse for two months."

"Tell her the change will end her ability to mother a child, and probably her ability to date men. You're rare Oliver. Most men don't want sex with a vagina that's used by a dog." She smiled at Oliver and kissed him.

After the kiss she added, "Tell her after we talked I moved and while you will continue to handle the adoption of my puppies I won't tell you where I live."

"Oliver, the police may come looking for me."

"Sarah, I foresaw the possibility. Underneath the folly, in the room where the pumps are, behind the filters, is a hidden door to another room. A 'Panic Room' the contractor called it. I'll stock the room with food, water, air, plumbing, a bed, books and a TV. I think you and the dogs could hide there for

weeks. I built in case we ever needed somewhere to hide. It's a tornado shelter too."

The police never did come, but Sarah found the secret room was a good place to whelp her litters.

Anna Johnston went on to become a noted breeder of Rottweiler puppies. She markets her puppies from her country estate. Anna's puppies shared their grandmothers sapphire eyes.

The End