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This story tells of how an abandoned woman with children finds an unexpected new job.

My now ex-husband's, Frank, is a gambler, but I didn't know about his gambling until after he walked out on us. I was 26 at the time and had married the jerk at 19. I'd no marketable skills when he left, other than child care. He left me with two kids, no money, a pile of bills and no credit. After he was gone, I discovered the house was in foreclosure. The bastard hadn't paid the mortgage in six months. He'd gambled the money away playing poker, and hid the foreclosure notices from me. Five days after he left us, I received the final notice.

The notice arrived in the mail on Friday the tenth and I had to come up with \$12,500 before the end of the workday on the seventeenth, or lose the house and move out. The letter said a crew would move me out at that time if I hadn't left on my own. I was left with the impression if they had to move me, my meager possessions might all be broken or lost. A year ago, I had a part time as a clerk in a dress shop, but the shop closed and I haven't been able to find other work. The foreclosure is a small part of my money problem. If I come up with the 12.5 grand, I still have to make payments on the house loan, pay taxes, utilities, buy food, gas and clothes and school supplies for my girls.

Loosing our home after their father abandoned us would hurt my girls too much to consider. My daughters miss their father and ask me daily, "When's Daddy coming home?" Each time I said, "Your father was called away and will come home when he can".

I hated lying, but they need something stable in their lives and hope is the best I can manage. If we end up living in my fifteen -year-old Ford Escort wagon, welfare services will take them and I might never get them back.

As I said, I'm desperate.

I want Frank dead, but know I could never pull off a successful murder and can't risk going to jail. My focus must be on taking care of my kids. The worst case it might be better for the girls if I were in jail or dead, since I'm within a few days of being out of money, but I hope I'll find a solution to my problem. Planning ahead I'll consider suicide the day they come to through me out of my home.

My credit is no good, compromised by my EX's debts. No one in my family has more than a few hundred to lend and less to give away. A year ago, I had a job as a clerk. If The job allowed didn't allow me to pay our bills, but when money was shot, as it always was, I could pay for food. The shop closed and I was laid off. If I can avoid foreclosure, I'm not sure how I'll pay next month's bills. With kids, I need medical insurance, but it's an impossible dream.

An old friend from school, Sheila, is also single mom. She became a topless dancer to support her kids after her deadbeat husband ran away with his secretary. She told me the money from dancing was good, although letting men stuff bills into her G-string is yucky. I saw her last six months and she was looking for other work. I know she hadn't found an alternative.

I called and said, "Sheila, I'm in a bad spot and I need your help, or at least your advice".

After the kids were in bed, I went to her home.

"Sheila, can you loan me \$12,500", I asked.

"Sorry, Sue, I don't have that kind of money. The best I can do is \$500."

"I figured, but had to ask. Sheila, do you know a way I can earn that much in a week. I'll do anything, I mean it."

She said, "That amount would be a very good three month dancing where I work!"

"I'm desperate, and I'll do anything to keep a roof over my children's heads."

Sheila said, "I understood what you mean, I've been there, that's how I got into dancing and being an escort".

"You're an escort? How well does that pay?" I was interested. Knowing I look good, with the right clothes, escorting sounded better than topless dancing. Before my ex, I was propositioned several times and a man once offered me \$200 for a night in his bed. I turned him down, feeling both insulted and gratified. The funny thing was I'd have gone home with him free. He was clean, had a good sense of humor and was good-looking, but he wanted someone he was paying, "No strings," he told me.

Tears on my cheeks I asked Sheila, "Will you help me get a job with your escort service? I've no idea who to talk to."

"Yes, I will. I don't work there any more but know the people. You must realize two things first, it's really working as a call girl and some of the men you fuck, and fucking is mandatory, are ugly, mean or dirty. Some are all three. About one in ten is pleasant to be with and one in a hundred will get you off. The men wanting an escort are generally losers who can't get a date. Second, there is no way you can make that much money in less than three months and it could take a year, after the service takes their cut and withholds for taxes you might get two hundred a date, maybe three with tips, and getting more than one a date a night is unlikely. In fact, more than three a week is tough.

Men hire escorts for an evening, not by the hour. The evening is over when the client says it is. Some will want you all night or maybe for a weekend. The service makes sure you are paid and they take twenty-five percent. If you whore your heart out you'll be lucky to make two grand in the time you have.

"I figured out fast that topless dancing was less humiliating and pays just as much as being an escort.

"Sheila, I'll do anything. Is there really no way I could earn that much selling sex? Sex is all I have to sell. What if I pull a train?"

"Pulling a train isn't something you get paid much money for. The client is usually a college fraternity. I've done it, and you end up too sore to walk for days. I made a grand doing it and felt like a human urinal afterwards. It was the single most painful, humiliating and demeaning thing I've done. Another fear is you can make one guy wear a condom, but when a different guy is pushing into you every five minutes you lose control and end up having unsafe sex. I ended up with the little casino, but I was lucky. I was cured and I didn't catch AIDs

"There is something I know that might work, but you probably wouldn't do it."

"I'll do absolutely anything. I meant it!"

Nodding she said, "OK, this friend of mine made \$10,000 for one night's work whoring, plus a big tip".

I couldn't believe it – it was too good to be true.

"What did she have to do?"

"There's this kinky rich man in town who has a standing offer, \$10,000 for any pretty woman with a nice rack, who'll perform with his dog. You're pretty and well enough endowed."

"Perform what?"

Sheila looked at me like I was retarded. "Fuck his dog!" She said, "To be precise, let the dog fuck you and let the guy watch and film it for his collection. The 'date' is for the evening and if things click between you and the dog, he'll do you two or three times. If you do it several times, and are enthusiastic, the tip is big. One girl's tip topped 10 grand, 20 grand for the night."

I was dumbstruck. I'd read about women who had fantasies about sex with animals, but I never thought anyone really did it.

Seeing the look on my face, Sheila quickly said, "I knew you wouldn't do it."

I said. "I'm considering it."

After a moment, I asked, "How bad was it? What did your friend tell you?"

"Oh hell," she said. "It wasn't a friend, it was me. I was desperate, just like you and I did it to be able to move to a better school district. Several escorts I know have performed with his dogs. It wasn't bad – much better than having some sweaty 300-pound slob with bad breath, lying on top of you and grunting his sperm into you. The second time was better and the third I had a good time."

"But a dog", I said. "Is that sanitary?"

She looked hurt. "Of course it is. Like I said, the guy's a millionaire. That dog is his star performer. He's groomed every day and he's cleaner down there than most guys, and you can't get an STDs from a dog."

"I don't know if I could go through with it." I said.

"Well", she said, "some girls chickened out. The only thing that happened is they didn't get any money. Most girls go through with it. It's a lot of money for a few hours. It's not bad, at all, really!"

This last remark sounded strange to me and my expression must have shown what I was thinking.

Sheila said, "Hey, it doesn't sound any weirder than when you heard about girls letting a guy put his cock in her mouth and sucking on it until he shoots his load down her throat. Then once you actually did it, you saw why some girls like it."

She added, "The dogs got a big cock". She smiled as she said it, "Biggest I ever had and he fucks a girl long enough for her to come several times, once she relaxes. Of all the males I've done, the dog was the only one who got me off the first night. He's cuddly after the sex holding him is a nice way to end the evening."

"If it was so good why did you only do it once?" I asked sarcastically.

"Because that's all he'll pay for. After he gets you fucking his big dog on film he moves on to another girl."

I thought and replied, "I think I could do it, but not if he films me with the dog. I don't want to end up with my kids seeing me in a stag movie with a dog."

"No need to worry about that. Like I said, he's rich. He doesn't sell anything. He's a collector - strictly private - and he's not about to give it away. It's his kink; I think he sits around his big mansion and jacks-off while he watches the films. He's not pretty, but all he does is watch and his dog will keep your attention. Frankly, I don't remember what he looked like, but I'll remember that hound for the rest of my life. I'll do him again for free."

"Sheila, I'll think it over."

She gave me his number and said, "Since you need the money fast, call right away. There is no guarantee he'll be in town".

Suddenly I panicked, this man and his dog were probably my only chance to keep the house. I said, "I'll call as soon as I get home". Standing up to go home I dropped my purse retrieved it and dropped the car keys.

Sheila said, "I see how nervous you are. If you're sure, I'll call and arrange things, but think for another minute, can you be enthusiastic. You need to work a little to get the dog to do you a second and third time. You also need to be creative if you want a big enough tip to solve your problem. After the dog comes in your sex, doing oral and anal sex will probably be enough to make the tip fat, if while your doing it you look like your having a good time."

"I'm sure I want to do it, I need the money and have no other way to get it. I can fake enjoyment. I've done that often with men and they never knew."

Sheila said, "Yea, its and old story. They all want to make us c;imax and few have a clew of how to bring us off. It sucks.

"Faking it probably will do. I planned to fake liking it, and ended loving it. Once you start it gets nice and, as I said, his cock is bigger than any man's and he can keep fucks you for a long time. I'd marry a man who had his cock and endurance.

The next morning Sheila called me and said, "Everything is set for tonight."

"So soon?" I said, feeling apprehensive.

"Yeah, he's going on a trip, and it's tonight or in three weeks."

"Okay, but, Sheila, will you go with me? Please?" I asked.

"Yeah, it's my week to have Friday night off at the club. We get kind of mauled on Friday and Saturday night, and if we want, we get one of those nights off every week. A break from having a bunch of men trying to finger you while stuffing money into your G-string is welcome.

"They won't let me be with you when you performed."

"I figured.

"How should I dress?"

Sheila said, "Nothing fancy. You'll be naked soon after we arrive, and stay that way until your ready to go home. Do your hair and makeup - and oh, yeah, wear your highest heels and don't clean your

sex.”

“You mean the guy gets turned on by high heels and a stinky puss?” I asked.

“No,” Sheila said, “the guy gets off on high heels and the dog gets excited by the smell”, she said and laughed.

As a disguise, I decided to wear a long blonde wig over my brown hair. When I showered, I didn’t wash my vulva or ass. I figured my virginal bottom was going to get a hard fucking to ensure a big tip, and massaged a lot of KY in my hole. I’d fasted after Sheila’s call. I figured being hungry would also help me look like I liked the dog coming in my mouth and make the anal easier to take.

A girl down the block, Molly, does baby sitting. Before my jerk husband left, she stayed with the girls several times. Molly is 19 and can spend the night. The girls like her. She agreed to stay until I’m home, “I’ll be late”. I promised her fifteen an hour but only had twelve to my name. I was committed. I had to fuck the dog to pay the baby-sitter.

As I drove I asked Sheila, “What do I have to do.”

“It’s easy. The dude will want you to come in, strip, let the dog smell you and lick your vulva.”

“Eeew,” I said.

“No”, Sheila said, “being licked is the best parts. His tongue is big, hot and smooth. The tongue action was the best I ever had. Even better than another girl going down on me.”

I looked at her flabbergasted. I’ve never touched another girl in a sexual way and Sheila was talking about lesbian sex as if it was an every day thing.

“So how was the fucking?” I said, trying to shock her with course language.

“You’ll know soon enough,” she replied. “It wasn’t the absolute best I’ve ever had, but it was close. That hound can screw – what he lacks in technique he makes up for with size and stamina. He was the best I ever had during a one-night-stand,” She added.

She knows I’m committed to performing the perverted act she’s done, and is more willing to provided details.

“That mutt had me moaning,” she said”, believe me, I wasn’t putting on a show. During our third time, if the dog had knocked me up with puppies I’d have been happy.”

We arrived at the mansion and I drove through a guarded gate. We parked my Ford in a circular drive in front of a formal entrance. It was dark, but I already knew the house represented a level of wealth I’d never dreamed existed. Sheila rang the bell and a trim and well-put together middle-aged woman met us and introduced herself as Lydia. She has a great figure and her hair is blond and she has it in a bun on the top of her head with a ponytail coming out the top of the bun falling and to the middle of her back. Her clothes are all black, including her stiletto heels. She looked like she was just coming out of a beat generation coffee house.

Lydia said, “Sheila, you’re here to provide moral support?”

“That’s right, and to drive Tina home if she’s in too much pain to drive herself. After I was here, sitting was a problem for a couple of days.”

Lydia smiled and said, "That's a hazard you face with a big dogs the first time. Make yourself comfortable in the den. There is a TV and lots of magazines and books. I'm afraid the films and reading material are all X-rated and feature bestiality. "

Sheila shrugged and went into the den.

Turning to me Lydia said, "The master changed his plans to be able to do this tonight. He loves seeing a woman who is new to dog sex, initiated. He dreams of someday finding a virgin who will volunteer."

Sheila smiled and waved to me as Lydia led me into a large was empty room except for a big Morris chair, and a mattress on the floor centered on a large oriental rug. There were also six cameras on tripods aimed at the mattress. She closed the door behind us. Across the room is a fireplace with a big fire and the room was warm enough to make undressing seem like a good idea.

Next to the mattress, I see an assortment of lubes.

I'm having second thoughts, but I reminded myself why I must do this - it's for my girls and their future, but for some reason the idea of not being able to pay the baby sitter bothered me more than loosing the house. Fear is what keeps me from bolting.

Knowing I needed to do extra to earn a big tip, I told myself it would be over in a few hours. Afterwards I'd tell myself it hadn't happened, or treat the event as a lark, as Sheila did.

After Lydia closed the door, she interrupted my streaming mental self-talk, "Take off you clothes". She has an accent, maybe eastern European. After I'm naked, she looked me up and down.

"Nice, very nice. The master will be pleased. Leave the heels on", she said, "and take that ridiculous wig off. It won't stay on anyway." I was too intimidated to protest took y wig off and fluffed out my hair.

After I was naked, except for my three-inch stilettos, the woman asked, "You've never fucked by a dog?"

"Of course not!" I answered.

She gave me an unfriendly look and I realized she had. Lydia said, "The master insisted I ask. Sheila was clear on the topic when she called. But Susan, really, since your hear to spend the evening working as a whore for a dog, you need to loose that prim attitude."

I hung my head and said, "Of course you're right. I'm sorry, this is new to me and I only found out I was spending my evening this way hours ago."

I asked, "Are you his wife?"

She looked amused. "No, I'm his employee. I made sex movies with dogs in Europe. The master saw one of my films, tracked me down and offered me a situation at a salary I couldn't refuse. I train his dogs which means I care for them and have sex with them, often enough to make sure they know what to do with a human bitch. I assure you your partner for the evening will fuck you better than any man ever has, or will."

"The master isn't married and I don't think it likely he ever ill be."

She smiled and said: "You will find having a dog lover interesting. You have the look of a sensual woman and if you can get into the mood, the dog will take you more than once. The record is five times in an evening. More sex means a bigger tip, but you must look like you're enjoying the fucking to get a tip.

"You haven't worked as whore before?"

Shaking I said, "This is my first time. I'm a suburban soccer-mom with two children. My husband abandoned us and I'm doing this to keep my girls in their home."

"Sheila told us why you are here.

"The master is thrilled. It has been years since a young woman volunteered who wasn't a prostitute."

"I know how much money you need, three times should earn that much and more if you're enthusiastic. At least one time will need to be oral and another anal to get the size tip you need. Oral seems easier, but dogs don't climax easily from oral. If the dog doesn't come, the tip is smaller. Be sure the camera catches the dog's sperm coming out of you, wherever he fucks you. Tonight's dog likes anal sex. He's the same dog who did your friend Sheila, and a favorite lover of mine. It's good to mix it up if you are going for several times. Your sex will get sore if you try to do him in your cunt three times."

The door opened and a tall middle-aged bald man wearing a stripped white and orange caftan and aviator sunglasses entered. He was fat, 300 pounds, and he had a huge dog on a heavy black leather leash.

After the door was closed, he released the dog from the leash and flopped down in the Morris chair. The dog immediately came over and stuck his nose in my crotch. Instinctively I clamped my legs together.

"Open your legs", Lydia said. "Let Goliath taste you.

"He's a Bull Mastiff, a fine representative of a noble breed. He will not hurt you unless you hurt him first. Don't do that. He is valuable and if you injure him you leave with nothing.

I did as I was told, and the dog shoved his snout further into my vulva and began to lick me. After a few seconds of nervousness sweat, I realized his big hot tongue caressing me felt good. It was like nothing I'd experienced. Lovers have given me oral, but a man's tongue is a puny thing compared to Goliath's. I'd never been intimate with a woman and the dogs tongue with what Sheila had said had me thinking I might give up on men and find a girlfriend. Heck, I already had children and men had proved a disappointment.

What the dog's tongue was doing to my vulva felt great I spread my legs further apart and squatted down to give his tongue better access. I was starting to enjoy the licking when my reverie was broken by Lydia commanding, "Get onto your hands and knees and drop your head onto your folded arms. The position will get your sex at the right height for him to enter."

Although Goliath's tongue felt great, I wasn't sure I could whore myself to a dog - but it was what was expected, I asked to come and be become a whore and I needed the money. If I ran away now I couldn't pay the baby sister, and besides this man wasn't going to pay me what I wanted if I didn't do everything he expected and more. I knew I could stop and walk out, but then I'd get nothing and everything I had done up to this point would be a waste and I'd be back in the same predicament with no solution and become a homeless woman with two children who'd cheated a teenager out of

her baby sitting money. I might really kill myself in the worst case and doing so would be abandoning my girls.

Slowly I got down on my hands and knees and lowered my head and had a view of Goliath's underside. His cock was hanging down and was big, bigger than my ex's, but I'd been with a man who was bigger, before the Rat. The size of the dog was daunting. He was twice my weight. I felt small once I was on hands and knees. I'm not a big woman, one hundred and five pounds, and I'm afraid he'd hurt me.

I said, "He's too big".

Ignoring my plea, Lydia said: "Spread your thighs to open your vulva to him".

I gulped and took a deep breath. This was the moment. I didn't want to go through with it, but I had no choice. At that moment my life stank - this dog was going to fuck me, and I have to act like I love it and get him to do me two more times, including in my virginal ass. My mind couldn't get around taking him in my rear. I'd only tried anal sex once and it hurt like hell when my ex started to push into my ass. I made him stop before he had the whole head in me. I looked at the lubricants and saw there was plenty. It was reassuring.

My sex was sopping wet as I spread my thighs apart and I knew the beast could get deep into my vagina without more lubricant. I didn't know if it was my sex bathed in dog slobber, or my own excitement, but my vagina was ready. Goliath's cock would go in without doing any damage, I hoped.

Suddenly I felt the weight of the dog on my back. His paws clamped around my waist. Instinctively I tried to move forward - to get away - but Goliath was not going to be discouraged. In fact, my trying to get away excited him.

"Hold still," Lydia said. I felt her rubbing that monster cock back and forth against my entrance. It felt hot and good. It had been months since I'd had sex and I hadn't come in a year. The more Lydia slid his cock back and forth between my labia, the better it felt. I began to imagine it would feel like inside.

As she moved the cock it felt like it was getting bigger, but I assumed what was growing was my fear and not the dog's shaft. The instant she slid the tip into me Goliath started to hunch his hindquarters. With each push, his big cock forced its way further in. He was thrusting, fast, and with each thrust, I felt fuller and realized his cock was really growing. My fear rose again, but I wanted to feel how big he'd get. Since I'm going to be fucked by a dog, I wanted it to be good enough sex to keep me for a few months. The last time I'd had good sex was two years ago. With my kids to take care of it could be that long again.

After a dozen thrusts, I knew the thing was thicker and loner than anything I'd ever had in my sex. After ten more thrusts, his penis is hammering on my cervix and getting bigger. I felt my nipples extend and throb and pushed back as Goliath hunched forward. Part of me wanted to escape, but another part wanted him deeper.

The result was what felt like a foot of dog cock jammed into my body. I almost swooned from the sensation. My pussy felt stretched, tight and full; fuller than it had during childbirth, of course, for that my opening was dilated and I was drugged.

I was floating in a mix of pain and pleasure. Goliath thrust again and I felt something big at the entrance of my vagina trying to force its way into my overfull sex, but my body wanted it and I moved my hips to impale myself. We were both pushing and I felt something the sizes of a baseball

go through my entrance. I was overfull and I felt something forced its way through my cervix and into my womb. I screamed in mixed pain and pleasure and pushed back until the big round thing was all the way in me and I felt my vaginal lips clamp tight around its base. He was shooting his beast seed into my womb and I felt my uterus filling with something hot. I smiled and prayed aloud, "Yes! Give me your puppies, beast!"

The dog slowly rocked back and forth stretching me. I cried and smiled as our liquids oozing out of my sex. I realized the big round thing he'd pushed into me was expanding and felt my lubricants and his seed dripping down my labia and off me and started to panic, "He'll tear me up!"

"Relax," Lydia said, "It's too late for him to stop, his knot is in you. You'll get through this fucking fine if you don't tense up or fight him. If you do you will hurt yourself. Don't worry, if you accept him breeding you, your sex can take it all. I've done it. You'll see, it will feel marvelous?"

Goliath went nuts and fucked me so hard I fell forward on my face. My ass went higher in the air and his cock went deeper and something reached the back of my womb.

Smiling I let out a yelp of mixed pain and pleasure. I was totally into the sex and had forgotten about the man watching and the cameras filming my perversion. I tried to match Goliath's fucking rhythm by pushing back to meet his thrusts. He was thrusting so fast I couldn't, but it didn't matter. My pussy was filled with dog cock and just when I thought I couldn't take more, I felt the round swelling at the base expand and pulse. The pulsing happened again and then again and I realized I was feeling his heart beating inside my body.

I was in love with the dog, but the closeness scared me. Frightened I decided I'd had enough and said, "Please no more", I begged, but the room was silent.

His knot kept pulsing and expanding after Goliath stopped humping. He stayed motionless in me. I could feel him spurting so much cum in me my womb felt full. Looking back past my hanging breasts, I saw my middle expanded as if I had a baby bump growing again.

Despite the pain, I was close and wanted my orgasm. I tried to reach back between my legs to finger my swollen clit and Goliath growled.

Lydia said: "Hold still and I'll do you".

A vibrator whirred and I felt her place it at the top of my vulva and rubbed it against my clit, moving it back and forth, hitting the perfect spots. Then it happened. With Goliath's, head leaning over my shoulder, his hot dog breath in my ear, and his big cock inside my cunt, my body started to shake with the best orgasm of my life. It felt so good I was crying. Goliath had fucked me to tears and I didn't want the ride to end.

After fifteen minutes of bliss, I could feel the dog's knot going down in size. He pulled out with a load plop and I felt a warm gush of dog sperm and other liquids running down my inner thighs, to my knees and onto the mattress. For a moment, I worried about the oriental carpet under the mattress, but stopped. The man who was paying me was sitting back in rapture caressing his dick, his caftan was pulled up to onto his big belly. He didn't care if the rug was ruined, so why should I?

Goliath began to lick my vulva. This was something new - something no man had ever done. It felt wonderful to have my lover clean me with his big hot tongue.

After he licked up the streams of liquid flowing down my thighs, Lydia led him forward to where his cock was dangling in front of me. "Open your mouth", she ordered.

At this new command, I rebelled.

“No way!” I said without thinking.

I’d already done a bunch of things for the first time, but I wasn’t about to suck a dog’s cock dripping with his come and the liquids from my sex!

For the first time, the seated man spoke. “If you suck it clean it, I’ll add a thousand dollars to the ten grand.”

Slowly I remembered money was why I was in a strange house whoring myself to a dog. I needed it and to get what I needed I must let Goliath fuck me silly at least twice more.

I wanted needed the money and was confused about my reluctance. I’d had sex with the dog so why, I asked myself, would it matter if I licked his cock? After all, I had let the dog go down on me, so I’d be returning the pleasure.

The answer was, I’d never licked a man’s cock after he fucked me; before he was in me yes, but after, when it was covered with slime, never.

Beyond my reluctance, I wanted to know how it would feel and taste. The Rat, my ex, often insisted on oral sex in place of something that might give me pleasure. Never once did he reciprocate. Goliath already had given me more pleasure than my ex had in seven years of marriage.

To get the money I needed, I’d have to take his monster cock in my ass too and I might need to suck him again to get him ready.

I opened my mouth, put my hand behind his knot and slid on my back underneath him. Before me was a close up view of what so recently had been inside me. The smell was my sex and Goliath’s and our lubricants. In the past I’d disliked the smell of my sex – those men who gave me oral, I’d kissed, but I didn’t lick or sucked their tongues. Goliath had given me the best sex of my life and I wanted to reward him. As I licked him while his dog’s seed dripped onto my neck and breasts from the tip of his shaft.

His cock was huge. Red and bulging with a spider web of blue veins. Unlike a man’s it had no head, but ended abruptly on a short cone with only a bit of a tip. His sperm was dripping from the tip.

Lydia held the camera inches from my face. I tentatively stretched out my tongue as far as it would go, and touched the shaft. It felt rubbery. I made an O with my mouth and let the tip go in. It wasn’t bad. Then I slid more of it in and started to glide my lips up and down the shaft. It was hot and the taste was better than my ex’s sperm. The Rat’s sperm had a sour flavor while Goliath’s sperm was a little sweet and saltier. While it was sweet the taste wasn’t as sweet as my milk, which I’d tried when I was nursing. I liked the taste of his seed almost as much as my milk’s.

His cock began jerking and squirting. I started to enjoy the feeling of power as I controlled the huge beast’s excitement and aimed the spurting monster at my face, neck and chest.

Before my ex, other men told me I’m good a giving head. I started giving blowjobs to avoid risking pregnant, and learned to enjoy watching a man’s face as his pleasure mounted and his happy smile when he comes.

Remembering the pleasure the dog gave me, I became enthusiastic as I licked and sucked. Giving enough pleasure to thrill a male into shooting his seed is a turn on. I felt powerful and began to suck

harder. I decided to give Goliath the best blowjob of his life and I increased my tempo of my tongue licking the shaft and his knot and heavy balls. His balls were bigger than any man's I'd been with and they were hot. I caressed them looked forward to him taking my ass cherry. In my heart, I wanted to gift the dog with a special please. Giving him my anal virginity would do nicely. With my lips I sucked, and I worshiped those big balls of maleness with my finger tips.

Floating on a warm sea of lust, I was eager for more. Frank, the Rat hadn't given me pleasure often.

His whole prick started gushing. It was spit, swallow, or duck, but I couldn't stop swallowing. I was hungry for his sperm. Goliath's seed kept coming, overfilled my mouth and ran down my chin and onto my face, neck and chest.

Feeling totally depraved, I swallowed and decided to give my host his money's worth. I turned toward the camera to show the stream of dog cum running down the side of my mouth. With my tongue, I reached out and slurped some back into my mouth. Smiling broadly I swallowed. More trickily out and collected it in my hands and I massaged into my nipples and breasts. Again, I felt his heart beating in his cock trapped between my lips. My nipples were throbbing in time with his heart and I climaxed.

Collapsing onto the floor and the dog did the same. I scooted over to him rained kisses on his head, stuck my tongue into his mouth letting him taste his sperm. I relaxed and he cuddled close and I embraced Goliath and wondered at his size. He was bigger in every way than any man I'd ever made it with and I realized I'd never again be satisfied with a male, man or dog, smaller than Goliath.

We cuddled together and kissed for a long time and I heard, as if a great distance Lydia say, "Very, girl. Good, girl. Good human bitch! You have pleased Goliath and his owner. Are you done?"

Shaking my head I said, "No, I want to give him my anal virginity and feel him fuck my ass, but Lydia, will you keep that big ball he has out?"

She laughed and said, "It's called a knot, and yes. If you take him there, I'll keep it out, although, with practice, you could take it, and feeling his shaft and knot pulsing in your bowls is a thrill.

Goliath was relaxed and warm against me. He was nearly asleep, but I couldn't have that. I kissed him all over his face, French kissing his moth and reached down and began stroking his shaft, it was slippery and hot.

I kept sucking his tongue and caressing his cock. I felt him come awake and his cock firmed. Still French kissing him I moved until I was on hands and knees with my ass in the air. Goliath was getting thicker and laughing I whispered to him, "Good boy. You fucked my sex good, now show a lady what you can do in her ass."

Lydia began rubbing a lubricant into my anus. It was warming, I was excited and looked forward to what was coming. She pushed lots of lubricant into my anus and fingering my opening. Goliath was getting excited and I felt him humping my rear. He was heading for my sex. I drooped my groin lower and he was closer.

The finger in my anus withdrew and Lydia said, "Your ready".

She guided the thrusting shaft to my opening. I giggled like a teenager when the tip entered me. Goliath kept slipping out. I tried to relax, the after a few tries I did and he went a few inches further in. He slipped out again and when he was inside again I tried holding him there. I failed the next five trusts but the cock lengthened and thickened enough so I could hold it in after the next thrust.

The penetration hurt like hell, but the fucking felt great. Goliath was filling me with hot lubricants and I felt another orgasm welling up in my hips. The knot was forming and kept hitting my ass hole.

'Why isn't it going in', I wondered. Then I knew. Lydia is holding it, stooping it from filling me because I asked her too.

I was gulping air but manage to say, "Lydia, I want it all! Let him go!"

She laughed and said, "It will hurt."

I moaned and said, "I don't care. I want it!"

Goliath plunged deeper. I felt the knot kissing my anus and then tried to relax as it slowly sank through my opening. When it was through my anus I screamed, and pushed back. I was lost between bliss and pain as he fucked my bowels. I wanted it to go on forever. Realizing how I could hold his knot in and clamped down and laughed as I felt the knot expand and pump deeper. It was stimulating my G-spot from inside my rectum and I felt an orgasm was near. I screamed when it hit me and was not able to think for a time. Goliath pumped my ass for a long time; it seemed a lifetime of pleasure. When I came around Goliath was deep in me and was trying to pull his cock out of my ass.

Lydia said, "You're tied and he will stay inside until he's giving up his sperm and his cock deflates".

I grinned and managed to say, "Goodie".

A long time passed, but I don't know how much. My poor bottom felt overused as did my mouth and sex, but I was holding Goliath inside deliberately and reveling in the feel of his pulsing shaft.

When I felt is begin to deflate I tried to hold it in but failed and Goliath pulled free. I aimed by bottom at the camera Lydia was holding and I relaxed my ass letting what felt like a gallon of come pour out. As I felt, the last drops drip out, I collapsed on the mattress, moaned and my world went black.

I came back to awareness in a shower with Lydia. She was naked and washing me while being careful not to touch my overused vagina and anus. I knew I'd be sore for days. When we were drying off Lydia said, "Your clothes are in the next room. It's a guest room and your welcome to spend the night, but I understand you have children."

I nodded.

Lydia said, "I'll wait for you in the room we filmed in. You go out that way", she sad pointing at a door. "I'll meet you there with your money. In addition, the master wants me to make you an offer on his behalf. He went upstairs to play with himself. I'm authorized to bargain for him.

I was curious, but unable to dress quickly. Every movement hurt. I groaned and smiled. I hurt, but Goliath had given me the gift of better sex than I thought possible. It was sad tat the fat man only wanted to see me fuck him this one time.

When I was back in the filming room Lydia kissed me on both cheeks and said, "You did very well. Here is a check for twenty-one thousand", she said and handed me an envelope.

"There are also ten twenties, in case you need cash before the banks open."

"Thank you, I need to pay the baby sitter."

"Do you want to hear the master's proposal?"

"Sure, I'm interested. I thought this was a one time deal."

"It usually is, but you were better than anyone ever has been. I'm older than I look and my hips are getting a little stiff for pleasing a monster dogs like Goliath."

"If your willing to whore yourself to dogs on a regular basis, you can back me up in this job for a year at five thousand a week. You'd be here for three-day weekends every week and when I'm on vacation, four weeks a year. You'll have time of to be with your children every day. During the first year, I'll teach you, how to prepare dogs to fuck women, how to keep them eager and how to train new dogs in the wonders a woman's body holds. The dogs we have, there are currently three, need sex to be kept at their peak, twice a month. You would be responsible for tending to their needs unless a woman like you volunteers. Women are here for sex two times a month, at most."

"You'll probably have to do it with a dog every week."

"That's until I retire next year. After I retire, the job becomes full time. You'll be able to go home at night, but there is a suite you may use here. You would never need to be here before noon. Some days there is nothing for me to do until after three. The position comes with medical for you and your family. If you do well, and decide to stay, the annual is one hundred thousand a year."

"If you're willing to make movies to be sold, you can be rich. I can teach you how to do your makeup in ways that will keep your identity a secret. I've made scores of these films, and although I meet lots of men and women who like girl-dog films, no one has ever recognized me. If you do four films a year, you can retire at 45, as I'm going to do."

"Can I think it over"?

Lydia said, "Yes", and gave me her card. "Call me anytime in the next week. It's a great opportunity, but I know it's nor for everyone."

At that moment, I knew I'd take the job. Being paid five thousand a month was beyond my dreams and if stay, after the job is full time the pay will seem like vast wealth. The idea of more sex with Goliath made me quiver with delight and I felt nu nipples extend.

I found Sheila waiting in the entry hall.

"Well, how was it? Did you go through with it?" She asked smiling.

She knew I had, I'd been gone for hours.

I held up the check and told her, "It wasn't bad, not bad at all".

"See, I told you," she said, then looked at the check. "Twenty-one thousand, huh?" She laughed and said, "I smelled dog cum on your breath."

"Well", I said, "what convinced me to try sucking him was watching the film of you giving a blow job to a dog. You obviously were enjoying yourself".

My bluff worked.

“They didn’t show you that, did they?” Sheila blurted out.

“Gotcha”, I laughed.

The End