

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Larry. What a stupid fucking name, Larry. And that's just what I think of Larry too, a stupid fuck.

From the shadows at the top of the stairs I watch Sue scurry into the kitchen at his beckoning to fetch him a beer. I can see Larry, slumped in my recliner. The big oaf, lost in the tv, is watching some redneck game show blaring on the big screen.

The left of my mouth pulls into a sneer of disgust as I watch him bury one of his fat fingers into his left ear to dig at the wax. He's got his other hand cupped about his hairy and disgusting beer belly. I can see it rolled out over his worn denim jeans as he has his stained "wife beater" pulled up over his belly button. Its enough to make me gag.

I have to divert my attention before I puke. Just at the mere thought of it - of that thing with my mother - its enough to make me sick. What, with his goatee and buzz top and cliché farmer's tan, the name suits him well. Larry. Sue is little better though. What she sees in men like this, and specifically what she sees in this hick I will never know. But she's always been this way. She's always fallen for his type, no matter how bad they mistreat her, no matter how many promises she makes to me. Its just the same thing, over and over again. What's the worst about him though, is that a few months ago, she made him my stepdad.

I despise him and he knows it. I just keep my distance from Larry and he keeps his from me... well, ever since the time I kneed him in the groin, that is. The dirty bastard thought he could put the moves on me. Ha! He messed with the wrong girl. I showed him.

I may be the blonde cheerleader type, top of my class, smart, pretty, ditsy when I want to be, but I'm no push over, and I taught him the hard way. Anyways, Larry is just one in a long line of losers that come and go with Sue, all of them the same. I start to forget their names. Bill, Jerry, Chuck, Ted, Tod, Steve, Jed, Larry... fucking Larry. I hate him the most. But then, I always say that, until they're gone and another comes in, and we go through the same cycle: the parties, the sex, the drinking, the drugs, the money, the fights. The crying, the screaming, the sobbing, the cursing, the swinging, the hitting, the shut-bam-gone-next. But Larry, some how he had duped Sue into marrying him.

From the top of the stairs I look away from the disgusting blob Larry to see what's taking Sue so long. I take a careful step down, ducking to look beneath the opening vee made by the ceiling and stairs.

I shake my head at her. She's pouring his beer into a frozen mug. She's even salted the rim and dumped a squeezed lime into it. She's in her ancient nightgown that swallows her whole and is terribly freyed about its edges from all its worn and use. I can't see but I know she's wearing her favorite grey sweatshorts beneath it. She always wears them around the house.

This house. I catch myself staring longingly at its walls. It's long past time I got out of this house, but this is both a special and difficult place for me to be. I've only got a couple more months til I graduate and go off to college, rid of disgusting Larry and my idiotic mother for good, but to leave, to leave my house with Larry.. its just not right. It is the one thing - the only thing - Sue didn't waste the insurance money on. She'd bought a nice car too, at the time, a brand new suburban, but she still owns it, some twelve years later. It's now a piece.

Well, my Sue sure knows how to pick them. A fresh beer. A simple thing, but it was just one of many straws. He treated her like his slave, and the needy bitch just soaks it right up. They are both to

blame. They are made for each other.

I wait for Sue to settle back into the living room, cooing and falling over that slob Larry, before I start my trek down the stairs. I tip toe down, carefully, on the balls of my feet, and I make it to the kitchen unnoticed.

Just on the counter, as it always is, is Sue's purse. I sneak over, pry it open, and only have to shuffle away a couple items to find the cash tucked away in the outside pocket of her wallet.

"Ugh," I mutter. A lousy thirty five bucks. I'd still pay for it later, by her nagging and lectures, but she should stop leaving her purse lying around if she didn't want me taking her money.

I fold the bills, tuck them away in my own small purse, and set my sights on the front door. I'd be gone by the time they'd have a chance to hear me leaving. That's the plan at least, that is until Kyzer and Mutt fuck up everything, once again.

Mutt. Another stupid name, I'd say one of the stupidest, only adding to the proof of Larry's stupidity. Larry's stupid name for his stupid little mutt of a dog. And Mutt made my Kyzer like this, crazy and rambunctious. Mutt always got Kyzer wired up. Kyzer was never like this before they came along, but, at least Kyzer got to play. I'd long since stopped taking him to the park - or anything really. The one thing Larry did, he took care of the dogs, which I guess is a nice thing, but I certainly did not like the way Kyzer was starting to favor him.

As I was saying, Kyzer and Mutt come barreling around the corner, Mutt with a destroyed part of a toy in his mouth, Kyzer chasing him as first Mutt knocks me off my balance and then Kyzer, my huge German Shepard, takes out my legs.

It happens fast. My arms flail out and the next thing I know I land flat on my back, knocking the air from my lungs, followed shortly by the back of my head popping on the hardwood entry way.

I'm dazed. I'm just lying there, struggling for air, struggling for consciousness. Everything goes black except for a few floating stars. But then a twinkle, something fighting back against the pain. It jerks at me hard, my body tenses and twitches. A moan. A good, pleasurable moan.

Something cuts through the darkness. A laugh. A laugh I know. A laugh I hate. My eyes snap open and I sit up. The first thing I notice is Mutt between my splayed legs, his snout buried beneath the hem of my mini-skirt that has ridden up over my ass in the fall.

And then it happens again, the shock wave hits me. It is Mutt... he was, he is... his tongue!

"Oh," I jerk. His tongue. The little runt of a dog is trying to lap at my pussy, my little piece of a g-string hardly doing anything to cover me. "What the fuck?!"

My panic is only interrupted by that obnoxious laugh again. My head snaps right. Larry. I'm about to scream at him when Mutt's... tongue... sweeps back across my inner thighs, eager to get at my sex. I moan again involuntarily, but quickly recover and swing my purse into Mutt's shoulder, screaming at him to scat!

Larry is laughing hysterically, crying, cradling his fat belly. Sue of course has to come rushing in, just as I'm straightening my skirt, scowling at Larry.

"Why don't you watch your stupid fucking mutt, Larry!" I cuss at him loathingly.

"What, looked like you liked it?!" he sets off into another laughing fit. "Sure - ha - you two - ha - ain't done- ha - that - ha - before?!" he could hardly spit it out, tearing up again.

"Huh? What? Done what?" Sue comes charging in, sticking her nose into everything, again.

"NOTHING!" I shout before fat Larry can say anything.

"What in the hell's wrong with you?" she turns to Larry in his laughing fit. "What the hell's going on?" she finally looks to me as Larry turns to trip back into the living room, his booming echos mocking me the entire way.

I look around for Mutt, but he's no where to be seen, which is a good thing for him, cuz I'm ready to give him a swift kick in the ass.

"What in the hell is going on?!" Sue shouts louder at me. "And where do you think you're going missy, dressed like that?" she comes marching right up to me.

"Ugh, Sue, whatever," I push past her.

"Brandi, you come back here! You hear! RIGHT NOW!" she yells out after me as I make for the door. "Larry, tell her!" Ha, as if!

Sue's screaming of my name is cut off as I slam the door behind me. Out front, waiting on me, my own dumb loser, Jason. Jason isn't the hottest guy I'd been with, but he's older. I'm so over all the immature jerks in my highschool and Jason gives me access to the much cooler college crowd. I run, or scuttle rather as I'm in high heels, hurrying, just in case Sue tries to chase after me.

Jason leans over and pops open the passenger door of his midnight black, 1987 camaro. I slam the door closed and Jason hits the gas, spinning the tires and blocking out the curses from Sue, shaking her fist at the front door. And just like that we're gone.

"I can't wait, give me the sack," I tell him. I'm flustered. Jason smiles and shakes his head, but he gives me the sack nonetheless. I do a bump. One. Then two. Then three, and four.

"Enough!" Jason bellows, "that's all I got!"

"For all night?" I ask.

"Yeah, now lay off 'til later!" he says, pulling the little sack away, twisting it up, he stores it back in his pocket. "What's with you?" he looks over concerned.

I'm staring out the window now, my high roaring. My thoughts turn to Larry. And Mutt. Bastards. I can feel a hot twinge between my legs. That tongue..

"You got any money?" I ask Jason.

"Fifty, but we're going downtown tonight. They got some over at Tish's, we can start there."

Thank god. Tish was an old friend of Jason's that I didn't like him hanging around, and would never leave the two of them alone together, but Jason always insisted, and besides, she is a spoiled little rich girl that has a condo downtown and always had drugs on hand and I am ready to get wasted. Besides, she haa her own man, and much better compared to the tall and slanky Jason.

"Damn, you're lookin' good!" Jason tells me as we get out in her parking garage.

"Who, me?" I tease him, arching my back and push out my butt. He walks up and slaps my ass and then grabs my hand and we walk to the elevator to go to Tish's.

The Party has already started. Jason knocks to be polite but pushes the door open as he does so and we can hear the music - electronic - blaring from the other side.

"What's up bro?!" Justin, another one of our friends, jumps up to half slap, half shake Jason's hand. "And you, sexy lady!" he hugs me with one arm as his other hand is holding his beer.

Jason's already left me, gone to see what's up with everyone in the kitchen. Justin tries to make idle talk with me - he always tries to hit on me - but I don't listen. My eyes are taken by another male. Another, strong, muscular male, his hair sheen, his muscles firm and defined. It's when my eyes trail down to his groin and I feel another twinge between my legs that I finally realize what I'm doing and furiously shake my head to push out the thought.

"You alright?" Justin asks as his eyes trail from mine to what I'm looking at, Tish's large great dane, Zeus, who's come prancing into the room.

"Hey sexy chica!" Tish screeches from the kitchen when she sees me. She rushes up and gives me a big hug. "Oh I just love you're skirt, where'd you get it at?!"

"Oh, thanks Tish, I got it at that new thrift store on Main. And you, I love that romper!" I say anything to get the vision of Zeus out my mind.

Angie is behind her, I hug her as well. She's here with her boyfriend, Steve, and then there's also Marc, Tish's latest fling. They're all a bit older than me, twenty three, twenty four, or twenty five. I just barely turned eighteen.

It's with them all around my that Zeus, who's always taken a particular liking to me - I've always had a special way with dogs - comes right up to me and shoves his cold, wet snout right up under my dress, into my pussy. What the fuck?! And what's worst about it, as his wide tongue laps across my thighs, as it brushes right across my scant g-string I do nothing. The shock of it sends a bolt right through me. My head pops back and a moan - a moan for fuck's sake - escapes my lips.

"Oh Zeus, your such a bad boy!" Tish thankfully saves me, grabbing her large dane by the head, she pulls him out my groin and tickles his ears as she kneels down to let him lick her in the face, and I don't mean just her cheek. Tish actually puckers her lips and lets him kiss her full on.

"Gross!" I hear Angie groan and she turns away, but not me, I am mesmerized, and my sex is on fire. My eyes trail down once more and that's when I see it, his creeping out, red, veiny, pointed dog cock.

"The poor boy, just never had any pussy is all.." Tish tries explaining unabashedly. "He's always so horny!" she giggles.

Angie, thankfully, breaks the trance I am in with another disgusted groan and beckons us into the kitchen. Trying to push the thoughts of Mutt and Zeus from my head, I do an abusive amount of shots and pop several pills before we head to the club.

We visit a few smaller bars before we end up at our usual spot, Ecstasy. Its a huge dance club that with the techno and all the strobe lights is more like a rave than anything.

We take shots and pop some more pills, I do anything that will get my mind off of Zeus and his red,

animal cock, and Mutt and his wide, velvety tongue. BUt the itch will not go away. What the hell is wrong with me?!

We dance the night away, bumping and grinding. We take more shots, pound more drinks, pop more pills, but the itch will not go away. I can feel Jason's puny cock grinding into me, but it compared to the sight of Zeus' almost makes me laugh. I break away from him, moving into the mob. Jason tries to follow me but I am easily lost in the crowd. I dance with several others.

Its getting late into the night and the clothes start coming off all around me. It's always like this here. The sweat and skin and sex. I can feel my latest dance partner's huge cock pressing into my butt, and as he runs his hands over my breasts and pulls down at the the top of my dress, I do not stop him. There are tits and ass all around me. And I do not protest as he runs his hands down my body, up under my dress, hiking it up over my plump ass. I make no effort to stop him as he hooks his finger's into the band of my g-string and pulls my panties down. Instead, I straighten my legs and let them fall to the floor, stepping out of them. I'm hot. My pussy is drenched, and all the images of Zeus's cock and Mutt's tongue are about to drive me insane. I need release.

My unknown partner makes an inch or so of space between us and I know what he is doing, but I do not flee. I'm no prissy bitch but this is pretty wild, even for me. But between all the drinks and drugs and.. thoughts, I need it. I feel his rock hard flesh press between the crack of my ass. I arc my back, giving him better access to me. He rubs his hard member between my legs and my wet lips break about his cock. I adjust my ass just a little and the head of his rod finds my entrance and I am so wet, he slips right in.

We fuck right there, in front of god and everybody. It's not like we are the only ones, there are several others, but I'd never done anything so crazy in my life. I mean, I don't even know what this guy looks like. It's great, while it lasts. I pinch and pull at my nipples with one hand while the other massages angrily against my clit, but while he is big, he doesn't last long. Not that I can blame him, my cunt is on fire and dripping wet.

I feel utter dissapointment though as I feel his hot cum spraying inside me. It doesn't take long for the feeling of shame to fill in. I've never let a guy cum in me before, and this guy I don't even know, much less what he looks like. I pull away from him, letting his cock slip from me, a trail of his cum following his tool out and down my thighs as I begin to push my way through the crowd. I hear him call after me but I keep going. I'm mad.. not mad, insane. Hornier than I have ever been, unsated, drunk, high, and my mind filled with red, animal, dog cock. I've just got to get out of here, get to my bed and sleep this all off.

The unknown guy's warm cum leaks further down my legs as I hail a cab outside. I slur the directions to him as I await impatiently in the back seat on my ride home. I'm not in the right state of mind as I spread my legs in the back seat and I slip a finger into my hot pussy, but my thin finger does nothing for me. I add a second but it's little better. Before I reach my house, I give up in frustration and decide I just need a hot shower and a good nights sleep before I go totally insane.

I should have been smarter than this. I hadn't made it ten feet in the house before Kyzer and Mutt attack me, and I do mean attack. I don't know if it is my leaking sex or the cum, but they both fight to shove their snouts between my legs. I am too hot to fight back. Lacking any panties to serve as a barrier, one swipe of Kyzer's tongue across my pussy's lips drops me right to my knees. I mutter some kind of protest, tell him to stop, but it isn't much more til I fall over onto my hands, spreading my knees a little wider to allow his glorious tongue better access to my sweet, needy sex.

Kyzer's tongue is amazing, ten times better than Mutt's, but then again, he is my Kyzer, and a

handsome beast, no mutt, that's for certain. Mutt is still in a frinzy though, overcome by all the excitement, but Kyzer would not let him get near me and would stop and growl any time Mutt tries to interfere.

I do not like when Kyzer stops his licking and I do not like Mutt's interference so I call Mutt away, scratching at his ears as he comes near to distract him. He licks at my face, but either because I am so drunk or just want to keep him occupied, I do not pull away. His tongues trails across my cheek, my ear, my neck, turning me on even further, though I know I should not like this. Their two tongues are almost too much. Mutt's tongue breaks across the lips of my mouth as Kyzer's delves into the lips of my pussy. I moan aloud in ecstasy. Mutt's tongue presses into my lips but instead of stopping him, like Tish I pucker my lips and let him kiss me. I let him swipe across my tongue and probe into my mouth. I'm too overcome by everything to stop him.

Meanwhile Kyzer is lapping at my cunt with a purpose. It's insane. The itch I'd been feeling all night is lit into a wild fire. His tongue hits every inch of me, my clit, my hole, my asshole. It is too much. I am losing my mind. The storm is building, I'll cum at any minute. And I do. The hardest, strongest, most mind blowing orgasm I've ever experienced, but I need more.

When I feel Kyzer's snout leave my pussy I want to protest, but all of a sudden I feel his furry chest come down upon my back, his strong paws clawing and wrapping themselves around my waist. Panic ensues. I can feel his haunches lunging. It doesn't take too much a stretch of my imagination to figure upon what he is trying to do, but to be sure, I reach down, blindly beneath myself.

I nearly leap from my skin when I feel it. His hot, seering member reaching for me. Kyzer wants to fuck me! I wrap my fingers around the length of it, letting him hump into my hand. It's just plain crazy. He's so hot. I'm so hot. His cock is unlike anything I've ever known. I picture Zeus' red, veiny cock. It's pointed tip. I feel Kyzer's pointed tip, his swollen head, his meaty length. Without thinking, I guide the sharpened spear to my entrance. With one hard jab, Kyzer thrusts into me. I scream out in pain and wanton desire.

There is no casualness about it. Just hard, animalistic, beastly fucking. Kyzer goes right to work in a frenzy, his haunches humping at me madly. His hot dog cock thrusting into me at a blinding speed. The very wind is knocked from me. It's almost unbearable. Almost.

The fire inside me explodes. My pussy is lit ablaze. I cum and cum hard. And I don't stop cumming. One leads right into the other, each higher, more intense. I loose all sanity. I scream and I beg and I plead and Kyzer just keeps on giving. Mutt is going wild before me, overcome by the excitement. Just when I think I can take no more, something more happens.

At first it's just a lump. I can feel it slipping in and out of me, stimulating me, but nonetheless, I can feel it growing, swelling, at an alarming rate. Kyzer's back legs are dancing back and forth, scratching at my thighs. His forelegs are squeezing me tight. His tongue is drooling onto my back, and his cock, his cock is ballooning inside me.

It grows and grows, intensifying my orgasm, but eventually it reaches such a proportion that he cannot fit it inside me. Kyzer stalls, determined, he flexes his powerful hips, pushing into me and I grind back into him, until ever so slowly I can feel my pussy's tight hole give way, slowly slipping around the widest part of his huge knot, sucking him into me. That's when it happens. That's when he cums, and I don't mean just cums, he unleashes a flood of semen inside me. A flood of hot, steaming, dog cum.

I cum hardest yet, wailing aloud, beating my fists upon the hardwood floor. I can feel every throb of

his hard dick inside me, every pulse as he loses another burst of his hot cum deep inside me. It's maddening. Almost too much. I almost black out. Kyzer now holds still, pressing firm into me. I'm full, filled the max, his wide knot, or bulge or whatever it is, lodged within me, and his now flooding dog cum taking up every last inch of available space. I feel as though I could burst, but with him lodged within me, there is no escape.

We lay like that for several minutes, my head sunk to the floor in my arms, him straddled across my rear, pumping endlessly, pulse after pulse announcing the arrival of more and more dog cum. It could have been ten minutes, thirty minutes, an hour, I didn't know, but eventually Kyzer dismounts me and turns about, though his huge cock is still too knotted to pull free and we are left ass to ass. That's when I first see it. That's when I first hear him, from the corner of my eye, the red light of the record button. My eyes focus.

"LARRY! YOU FUCKING BASTARD!"

Larry erupts with laughter. He is there, in the shadows of the kitchen, holding my mom's camcorder out before him, taping every moment. How long had he been there? How much had he seen? Recorded? How loud had I been moaning, screaming? Oh god!

"You son of a bitch, get the fuck out of here!"

"That was hot!" Larry laughs.

I try to struggle forward but wince in pain. Kyzer's huge cock is still lodged within me and not budging. I am left helpless, knotted to a dog, and that bastard Larry is catching it all on film.

Larry moves in closer, getting it all in detail, our two sexes locked together. I start spilling out every cuss word, every expletive I can think of, but he only finds it amusing. It's only when he moves around to my face, pointing the camera down that I realize my real predicament.

"This is too hot. Pull out my cock and suck on it," he tells me.

"Go fuck yourself!" I spit at him, but he only laughs.

"Oh I plan on doing some fucking, but not with myself. I'm sure, which school is it? Stanford, you smart bitch, would just get a kick out of this video?!"

Checkmate. Fucking Larry has me. How much exactly does he have on tape. Enough. This alone is enough. In my drunken and drugged stupor I have been moaning and screaming like a wanton whore. I have let Kyzer lick me then mount me. I have guided his dog cock right into my aching pussy with my own hand. I am fucked. Larry has me.

"Get the fuck out of here you prick!" I cuss at him.

"If you can fuck that dirty dog cock, oh, I think you can suck on mine!"

"Fuck you!"

"Oh, we'll fuck, but first you'll suck me off!"

"Go to hell!"

"Well, I think I could make a good enough dollar off this vid to make it worth my while," he said unexpectedly, starting to inch away to the side.

I am of the mind to let him go, but as the thought of it, the images of what he has on video and the damage it could cause starts to sink in, I mumble, "wait."

I'm in a pathetic bargaining position, Larry holding a video recorder, me tied ass to ass with a fucking dog, my dog, and there's now telling how exactly I was behaving as he was taping me earlier, "what do you want?"

"Ha! Now that's more like it," he made his way back over before my face. "That was one of the hottest things I've ever seen! You can start by pulling out my hard dick and sucking on it."

"No," I say affirmatively, almost vomiting with the thought of it.

"Well then, doesn't sound like we have much of a deal," he starts to step away again.

"Wait," I say again, this time near tears, my sex still pounding with Kyzer's knot.

Fuck it. I have too much going for me, too much to lose to this dirty bastard. As he steps back before me, I reach up and lower his zipper to his obvious delight. I reach in and fish out his tiny member. Oh, how did my mom deal with this bastard?!

I leave nothing else to be said and bury his little cock in my mouth, slobbering all over it. I sense his knees buckle a bit, tensing, wobbling. It takes him hardly a minute before he empties his disgusting, sour load into my mouth.

Just as I am coughing back up his terrible wads, Kyzer lunges forward and his shrinking knot finally pulls from me with an audible "plop!" A flood of semen spills onto the floor between my legs. This is just too much for Larry, he erupts with laughter.

"Haha! This is just too much! You don't like my cum, you can turn around and lick up your dear dog's!"

WHAT?! I just stare blankly up at him.

"Hurry up, your mom is bound to wake up sooner or later, you want her to see you like this?!"

Sue.. I had almost forgotten about her! Larry is still aiming that damned camera at me. "Turn off the camera," I demand, but he only chuckles.

"Not on your life," he says nastily, "You'll do as I fucking say or this video will go viral."

It's not that I believed Larry knew how to work any technology, but I believed him to be a nasty enough individual to find the right person who would. Then, to my utter disbelief, Larry steps forward, grabbing me by the hair he forces my face into the puddle.

"That's right, lick it all up you little doggy bitch!"

I shoot him back a glare, but he only returns it with a nastier one. What other choice do I have? Just like a true bitch, like a dog myself, I start lapping at Kyzer's spilled dog cum, straight from my used cunt, right off the floor.

"Oh yeah, that's fucking hot!" Larry adds to my utter humiliation. Larry tapes all of it, every painstaking minute of my humiliation as I lick every last bit of Kyzer's dog cum off the floor. I even have to turn around and lick in addition bits up that have been leaking out my used cunt as I was licking up the other cum.

"Now then," Larry starts as I lick the last dribbles up, leaving only a trail of my saliva across the floor, "I think Mutt is ready for his turn! You can start by sucking him off, bitch!"

My head jerks up with utter dismay and disgust at Larry. "Fuck you, you bastard, I've done all you've said.." I start to get up but Larry surprisingly pushes me back down. Grabbing me with a firm hand about my chin he looks me right in the eyes.

"You're gonna listen to me and listen to me good cuz I'm only gonna say this once. I've got your sweet little ass on film willingly fucking your little doggy and unless you want me selling it off, which I'd be more than happy to do and am sure I'd get a pretty dollar for, you're going to do as exactly as I say, when I say it. Understand?!"

Tears swell in my eyes but Larry has no compassion. Checkmate. The fat fuck has got me. Larry takes a fistful of my hair and drags me over to the side of Mutt. "Now suck him fucking hard you bitch, then you're gonna let him mount you and fuck you and then maybe I won't sell this fucking video. Hurry up!"

I give in. Mumbling a string of cuss words I timidly reach beneath Mutt's belly. I can't help but notice Kyzer off in the corner, licking his own dick as I stroke Mutt's sheath. It doesn't take long for Mutt's red, pointed head to extend out.

"That's it, suck it! Hurry up!" Larry demands.

Hesitantly, I duck my head beneath Mutt's belly and taste the head of his slimy cock on my tongue. Not that bad, not as bad as Larry's at any rate.

"All of it!" Larry demands.

So be it. I widen my lips and suck the dog's cock in between my lips, slurping him inwards. Maybe it is because I am still drunk, maybe because I am just some dog whore, but I begin to suck him earnestly. Almost immediately, Mutt begins emitting copious amounts of pre-cum into my mouth. It's a little sour, like all cum is, but mostly watery and easy to take down. I swallow most of it while letting some dribble out over my chin. Larry is loving it. It doesn't take long for Mutt to become fully extended and then Larry orders me to "Fuck him!"

At this point, I am so lost in the moment and horny that I am not totally against the idea, but still, I don't know exactly how to make a dog fuck me. Kyzer had simply taken control before and one thing lead to another. Larry though grabs hold of Mutt's collar and forces his snout down between my legs. I gasp as his tongue once again rakes across my sex.

Mutt immediately goes to work lapping at my cunt, which I absolutely crave, but unfortunately it's not what Larry wants. Instead, after a few mind blowing laps of Mutt's tongue, Larry grabs Mutt by the collar and hauls him up onto my back. Mutt gets the message however and just as Kyzer's haunches had gone into work, so does Mutt's.

His aim is hopeless however, but Larry soon orders me to help him. I'm still in my drunken stupor and in a horny craze from Mutt's tongue so I forget about Larry's video camera and I once again tonight reach down below my legs, taking hold of a dog's cock, I guide right it into my wanton pussy.

Mutt's cock is smaller than Kyzer's but his ferocity is not lacking. He thrusts into me from the get go for all he is worth, him fucking, me knelt moaning, groaning, screaming into Larry's camera, for all we're worth. I feel the now familiar swelling. I keep it inside, letting him grow within me, knotting me, cumming within me, filling me. It's wonderful, glorious, sending orgasm after orgasm ripping

through me. My head is hung low, heaving, panting as Mutt dismounts, turning ass to ass.

I still haven't come back to full consciousness when he pulls out, spilling his seed from my used cunt onto the floor. Reining me like some horse, Larry turns me around, burying my face into the puddle as he plunges my face into the mess. He fucks me hard until he too loses his cum into my now well used cunt as I lick at Mutt's spilled cum. I'm drunk, but something tells me this is far from over.

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## Chapter Two

I finally wake with a groggy groan. I yawn loudly as I stretch my limbs as far as they would go. It feels good, except my body is a little sore. I have trouble remembering what exactly had happened, though I was so messed up last night, there was just no telling what I'd gotten myself into.

I can taste something odd in my mouth. I smack my lips together a few times, rubbing my dry tongue across the roof of my mouth. The remnants of something... bitter arouses my taste buds.

I twist my head around on the pillow to find the clock and am surprised to find that it is already eight-thirty. I've always been a late sleeper, but geez, eight-thirty? This was pretty bad, even for me. Oh well, I'd had a rough night last night... I think.

I'd managed to sleep off most of my hangover, but the night is still hazy. I could remember my embarrassment getting out of the house, heading over to Tish's, the club... I shake off the recollections, it was a bad night. Dying for some water, I roll myself out of bed, not at all surprised to find myself naked, but I don't even want to think about what's all crusted stuff between my legs. 'Maybe it had been a good night..?' I smile to myself.

I haphazardly scour my floor for a pair of gym shorts and a tee to pull on. I stumble my way out my room and have to hold onto the rail to brace myself from tumbling down the stairs. I make my way to the kitchen and grab a large glass from the cupboard, fill it up with water, steal a pain pill from my mom's medicine cabinet, then throw it back, chased by the water. I gulp down one more glass for good measure.

Finally my senses start coming back to me, just as Kyzer and Mutt come charging in from the living room. They're overly excited as usual, bouncing back and forth, their claws clicking on the wooden floor, but I'm in no mood. I try to push and slap their heads away, but one of their tongues manages to swipe up the inner part of my thigh, and... dejavu.

No, not dejavu, but a flashback. I freeze as scenes from the previous night come hurdling back to me. I feel almost sick. I can even hear myself moaning... no, not me - someone from the living room. Fucking Larry is watching one of his pornos in there again. I can hear some slut moaning with ecstasy. Doesn't he have even a shred of decency? Couldn't he wack off in his own fucking room.

I consider marching in there to tell him off, but last time I'd done that, I'd gotten an unwelcome glance at Larry's tiny penis, which I still had nightmares about. Besides, he didn't have any shame anyways and it wouldn't do me any good. Larry didn't care, he doesn't care about anything.

With the dogs still annoying me, I start to make the trek back up to my room when I hear something more from the living room. In conjunction with the moaning slut, I hear... panting? An unsettling feeling fills my stomach. More glimpses of the previous night return to me. Nervously, I turn around and quietly stalk my way into the living room.

It takes a second for me to realize what I am witnessing on the big screen. My glass slips from my fingers and crashes to the floor, spilling water everywhere, but I cannot move. I cannot think. I am frozen, paralyzed at what I am seeing. The moaning slut... is me. Me... with my dog Kyzer straddled across my back.

"What the... what the fuck, Larry!" I finally shake off the trance I'm in and turn on that slob.

Larry is laid back in his recliner, laughing at me, enjoying every minute of this. I can feel my face burning red with humiliation and outrage. I get another unwanted glance at his little penis as he has it sticking out the fly of his unbuttoned pants, with one of his fat fists wrapped tightly around it. That bastard has the audacity to sit here, in my living room, jacking off to a video of me... fucking - my - dog. What had I gotten myself into?!

The sight of his disgusting dick is enough to make me gag, but I've got to act and put an end to this. I see the remote sitting on the arm of his chair and lunge for it, but Larry is too quick. He snatches it up just before I can reach it and holds it away from me, erupting with laughter now.

"What's wrong, my little doggy slut doesn't like the video? You don't like seeing yourself getting fucked by your dog?" he says bold;y. "Looks like they already miss you!" Larry bursts out hysterically as Kyzer and Mutt continue to swarm around me.

"Go to hell Larry! What the fuck did you do to me?!" I struggle with his arms, trying to get at the remote, but Larry's too strong.

"Me?!" Larry feigns offense at my accusation. "I didn't do a thing. Your slutty-ass moaning woke me up last night and this is just how I found you, knelt in the entry way! Ha-ha-ha!" he starts off in another fit. "How long you been fucking that dog of yours anyways? That sure was some HOT shit!"

I feel sick. My head is dizzy. How could this be happening? My whole world was spinning out of control. How could this... I turn back to the screen, seeing but not wanting to believe, but witnessing it with my own two eyes, there's no denying it - me, enthusiastically pushing back against Kyzer's assault, hearing my begs and pleas for him to fuck me harder, deeper. How could this have happened? I earnestly swear off all drugs and alcohol, anything if this would just all go away.

Thoroughly amused, Larry goes back to watching the video as well, and from the corner of my eye, I can see his fist pumping once more across his puny dick. Kyzer and Mutt are still going crazy around me, trying to shove their snouts into my crotch and lick me, but I'm certainly in no mood for them and slap them away.

"Hey!" Larry protests. "No need to hit them, they're just tryin' to give you somemore lovin'!" he finishes laughing.

Outraged, I trip forward to the tv and dvd player, jamming every button I see until I finally hit the right one, ejecting the disc.

"What the hell?!" Larry jumps up from his seat, upset I've cut his viewing short. Too late, I wrench the plastic back and forth until it snaps in half. "Dammit, Brandi, now what did you go and do that for?!"

I'm for some unknown reason still amazed at Larry's audacity. "Fuck you, Larry, I can't believe this, even for you!"

"Ha! Whatever, you're the one who fucked 'em. And that's just a copy anyways."

"How'd you make this?!" I demand.

"A buddy of mine. He's in the... 'film' industry, if you know what I mean?" Larry smiles slyly at me, then winks.

"No, I don't know what you mean!"

"Jim, you know Jim right?" Larry asks, as if I give a fuck who Jim is. "He's in the adult entertainment business. Has his own website and everything. Well, I showed him this little video and he's promised me a fortune!"

"NO!" I scream at him, but it is a choked scream. A massive lump's blocked my throat. I'm going to be sick. "N-no... y-you can't..." I mumble, my world turning upside down. There's no way I can let Larry do this to me. Kyzer and Mutt trail

over to me once more but I am so shocked and paralyzed, I can hardly put up any resistance to them.

"Oh yes I can," Larry says smugly.

"B-but..." I begin hesitantly, recalling the previous night in ever more detail. We'd been through this before. I'd hate to admit it, to evoke anything from that night, to offer any further proof that it had actually happened, but, what else can I do? "We... we had a deal," I say, recalling the deal Larry and I had struck last night. I look shamefully to the floor, too humiliated to look Larry in the eyes.

"Ha-ha-ha!" Larry laughs aloud once more. "That we did, but I sure could use the cash, and I doubt you'd be willing to go through with it anyways, so I've just saved us both the trouble."

My cheeks burn red. Larry's got me. Fucking Larry. "W-what do you want..?" I ask bashfully, still staring at the floor and doing a pitiful job of keeping Kyzer and Mutt from licking up my thighs and crotch.

"Oh-ho-ho!" Larry chuckles. "So you do want to deal, huh? Don't want to see that sweet ass of yours fucking your dog all over the internet?" Larry eyes me carefully. "Looks like you're pretty fond of those dogs," I struggle harder to push their heads away. "I don't know," Larry goes on, "you've got one tight little pussy... but we're talking about a lot of money here. You want to deal, whatcha got to offer?"

I am taken aback. Larry is just toying with me, trying to humiliate me even further. I can hardly stand and Kyzer and Mutt aren't making it any easier. "What do you want?" I give in.

"Hmm, so you want to leave it up to me then?" Larry smiles broadly. "I've got a few interesting ideas, let's see..." Larry pauses a moment, mulling it all over. "You leave in what, two, three months?" He asks.

I nod hesitantly, still looking to the floor and feebly trying to push the dogs heads back. I'd leave, I'd leave now if I could, but if this video gets out...

"We'll keep it simple, little miss princess. You just do as I say 'til then, when I say it and don't give me any shit about it, and then maybe, just maybe, I won't sell this hot video of you on the internet..." Larry's stern face slowly gives to a grin, "but damn, it's gonna be hard!"

I grind my jaw and clench my fists in an attempt to quail my anger. Do whatever he tells me to do? Larry. I don't leave for school for almost three months. That'll be a life time with Larry. No way. No way I can put up with this sick perv for that long, but then... what other options do I have? Larry's

got me.

“Whatever...” I mumble.

“Good,” Larry smirks. I can practically hear the evil plots rolling around his thick head. “Now, first things first, you’ve given these dogs here a taste of that fine pussy and you’re gonna quit mistreating them. If they want to lick that pussy of yours, you’re gonna let them, and if they want to fuck you, you’re gonna drop down to your hands and knees and fuck ‘em like a good little bitch, you hear?”

“What?!” I scream in shock, “that’s not part of-“

“Not part of what?!” Larry yells back at me. “I’m not gonna go through this shit with you everytime I tell you something. The deal is you’re gonna do exactly as I tell you, when I tell you, or no deal, and believe me, I’d be more than happy to get that money!”

“God damn - mother fucking - son of a...” I continue to mumble every cuss word I can think of as I ball my fists up once more, holding them uselessly at my sides. Kyzer and Mutt both take advantage of this and begin lapping at my thighs unabated, one then they other forcefully shoving their snouts into my pussy, trying to lick at it through the crotch and legs of my short gym shorts. My head becomes light, but my breathing heavier. Tiny shivers begin running through me.

“Good,” Larry repeats. “And you won’t be needing these,” Larry’s reaches out and tugs at my clothes. I’m of half a mind to slap his hand away but I resist. “Let’s go, hurry it up!” he commands me.

I can’t believe I’m going to let Larry do this to me. I stall, my mind racing for any solution that would get me out of this, but nothing comes. What could I do, tell Sue? Ha!

As Larry begins to tap his foot impatiently before me, I take a deep breath, trying to calm my nerves, but nevertheless, I finally build up enough courage and standing right before Larry and his jutting out hard on, I grab hold the bottom of my t-shirt and peel it up over my head and toss it aside. Larry’s hungry eyes immediately fall to my exposed chest.

“Man, those are some nice tits,” he says as he reaches out and feels me up, even pinching and pulling at my nipples. It takes everything I have not to slug him right in his nose. “Don’t know if I’ve ever seen any finer!” Larry says as I try to shrink back from his hungry eyes and hands. “Now then, your shorts,” he commands me.

I exhale loudly, rolling my eyes as I tuck my thumbs into my waistband. This is it, the moment of no return. Kyzer and Mutt are still going at me excitedly and if I do drop my shorts... well, considering Larry’s first instructions to me, there is no doubt as to where this is all going to lead.

I hesitate a little too long and I can see Larry is about to say something, so to spare myself the harassment, I just give in and shove my shorts to the floor. Stepping out of them, I use one foot to sling them to the side by my tee.

Well, I was right and both dogs immediately try to shove their snouts into my now unprotected crotch. I jump as Kyzer suddenly yaps and nips at Mutt, claiming my snatch for himself. Larry finds this particularly amusing, barreling over with laughter.

“I’m telling ya, that is some good pussy! Look at him go!”

And Kyzer is going. I try standing with my legs together, but Kyzer is strong and simply forces his

way right in, reparting them to his liking. The feeling of a dog's tongue is the most intense thing I've ever felt. His tongue lashes out at me again and again, each time gaining greater access to my most sensitive area.

"Oh gawd," slips out involuntarily as his tongue parts my pussy's lips and hits my clit right on. My legs grow wobbly and I have to reach over and balance myself against the entertainment center. I don't even want to think about it, I'm ashamed of myself, but nonetheless, I can feel it. My pussy is leaking out, feeding his tongue, goading him for more.

"That's it boy, lick that pussy!" Larry encourages him, but he certainly doesn't need any. "Come on over here, sit down,"

Larry grabs me without warning and hauls me over forcefully to the couch. I don't put up any resistance, I need to sit before my legs give out anyways. Larry slings me by my arm, twirling me around and down onto the sofa.

Kyzer and Mutt are right there on me, tails wagging, eager to get back between my legs. We'd already been here before, though the first time - last night - I was completely fucked up. It's a little different now being sober, freely letting an animal lick me, but as much as I hate to admit it, my pussy is already beginning to ache from the attention.

I try to fight it. I try to push the images, the waves of electricity out of me, reluctant to just give myself over to a dog, but it is near useless. I am a slut.

I do what I can and try to pull my legs together to hold them at bay, but then fat Larry plops down right beside me and leaning over, he pushes my legs right back apart, splaying my wet sex out before the hungry dogs' snouts. Kyzer yaps and nips at Mutt once more, forcing his way forward.

"Oh, gawd!" I cry out again as Kyzer's huge tongue laps up my wide open crevice, breaking right into it. There's no stopping it. I lean my head back against the cushion and do my best to stifle my moans. I don't want to give Larry any pleasure from this.

Larry leans over once more though and begins massaging and kneading my breasts. He's being a little too rough, but I don't say anything, this is the least of my worries. Next he dares to lean right over and suck my closest tit right into his disgusting mouth. I writhe beneath them, struggling not to slip, but it's simply too much. I cry out as Larry suddenly bites down on my nipples, just as Kyzer delves his tongue into my leaking hole.

Forgetting myself, I spread my legs even further, letting Kyzer hit every part of me. His tongue is like velvet, smooth and suave. It hits every part of me as Kyzer works his head back and forth, tugging at my lips this way and that, raking across my sensitive clit, pushing into my pussy. I can't help it, involuntary gasps squeal out from between my mouth's lips.

Larry grabs hold of one of my legs and pulls it up across his lap, opening me further. Kyzer's glorious tongue pushes even deeper into me, lapping at my juices as if he were a dying man, crawling out the desert. Without thought, I grab hold of my other leg, just behind my knee and pull it up into the air, scooting my ass further off the couch towards Kyzer. This opens me up even further and Kyzer's sweet tongue finds my puckered asshole.

Though a couple of my previous boyfriends had tried, I'd never been into ass play, but with each lap of Kyzer's tongue my feelings on this begins to change. With my free hand, I reach beneath my leg that's across Larry's lap and clench at my ass cheek, pulling my ass open as wide as I can for him. I want him. I need him... to push deeper, to delve deeper into my ass, into my pussy, across my clit.

"Damn, you are a dirty slut, aren't you?" I can hear Larry in the background, but I ignore him. The fire in my loins is surging. I'm mumbling, begging Kyzer to lick me. I can feel an orgasm already building and know it's going to be monumental.

"Tell him, tell your dog to lick your dirty cunt," Larry orders me.

I have lost my mind as I unquestioningly obey. "Yes, Kyzer, yes, oh gawd, yes, lick your mommy's fucking cunt you dirty boy! Lick me with that beautiful tongue!" I squirm in my seat, my pussy burning with desire. "Please, lick my ass, lick it boy, lick my ass, deeper!"

I don't get to cum though. Before I know what's happening, Kyzer rears up and lunges forward, wrapping his paws about my waist, his waist thrusting towards mine. I can hear Larry's words in my head, "... and if they want to fuck, then you fuck them."

I don't care. There's no stopping it, no reason to resist. I'm burning with desire and need something, anything to relieve me. Laying on my back like this, I have no idea if Kyzer can even do it this way, but there's only one way to find out.

I struggle as Kyzer begins to lap at my face, his tongue now raking across my mouth's lips. I'm on the verge of losing all sanity, but I still don't care to make out with my dog. I try to keep my lips sealed, but in the wanton craze I'm in, I finally relent, letting him press his tongue into my mouth. I can taste a mixture of my pussy's musk and dog breath, but I don't fight him. Instead, I let go my ass cheek and reach back around my leg, below Kyzer's belly, searching for the tool that would save me.

All the movements are there, the instinct. All I'd have to is grab him and guide him in, but still I'm scared and nervous. I know I'd already done this before - what's once more? - but even though it was just last night, the memory is so clouded by the drugs and alcohol, it feels like it was in another life.

I jump when I first touch it. The heat and the feel of it, there is no denying it, this is an animal's cock. I wrap my fist around it, letting Kyzer hump my hand. His dick is wet and slick and glides back and forth with ease with each of his forceful jabs. I smile as my dog whines with excitement atop me. He needs it. He needs to bury it. It's up to me, his momma, to take care of him.

I grow worried though as Kyzer already begins to cum. Strong jets of it burst out his tip, covering my pussy and even up my belly. It's all clear and runny though, could have been water if I didn't know any better. If we are going to do this, it is now or never, nothing else to wait for. But I hesitate. It is a dog after all, my large German Shepard that is straddled over me, who's dick I hold clenched in my hand, wanting to fuck me. Can I really just give myself over to a dog like this? Am I that much of a slut? But it is also what is expected of me, by Larry, and by my Kyzer. My big, beautiful, powerful dog. I guide him forward.

My drenched pussy, practically leaking to the floor by now, is easy prey for Kyzer's speared member. His cock plunges right into me. I gasp aloud and Kyzer whines as my hot pussy swallows his burning cock whole. It is incredible. My legs wrap instinctively around him, pulling him into me as Kyzer goes right to work, lunging, bucking, thrusting forward, driving his huge dog cock deep inside me.

"Oh gawd, yes! Fuck me boy! Fuck my wet pussy!" I cry out over and over again to Larry's obvious delight. Larry guides my hand across his lap and wraps it around his dick. I get the idea and try to start jacking him off, but I am so overcome by Kyzer's violent pounding that I can hardly think. Plus, Larry's dick is so small, I can only use two fingers so that I can actually move my hand up and down.



My fading orgasm comes roaring back as Kyzer hunches down and handles business, pounding me like a jack hammer, my cunt sloshing around him. His neck is tense and tucked around mine. He is so huge, spreading me wide and pressing me deep, and all the while, in the back of my mind, I know there is more coming. And it does.

As Kyzer is buried deep within me, I can feel his knot at the very base of his cock start to balloon inside me. It slips in and out of me, teasing me, riveting me. How could I forget about their knots from last night? As it grows larger, Kyzer thrusts even harder yet, keen to seal up his bitch and impregnate her.

His size and his knot is too much for me. My pussy explodes as I cry out begging for more. And with his knot jutting into my gspot, my orgasm is the hardest yet, rocking me back and forth beneath his hairy belly, grinding, gasping, screaming.

Larry writhes in his own seat next to me, highly enjoying the show. I gather he can't stand it any more either as he suddenly pushes aside my hand, leaping up in his seat, he grabs me forcefully by the back of the head and violently shoves his little prick into my mouth. I don't fight him. Lost in ecstasy myself, I simply suck him in.

Kyzer's dog cock erupts inside me. I can feel the powerful pulse of his cock, quickly following by the searing sensation of his hot cum splattering into my cervix. Another follows the last, each just as powerful, each unleashing an obscene amount of cum deep into my womb.

Larry tries to ruin the moment by grabbing me harshly by the hair, pulling my head back and off his cock. He grabs it with a couple of fingers and furiously begins to masturbate with his cock aimed at my face. I'm not so naive, I know what Larry is up to. He wants to cum on my face. I've never allowed myself to be so demeaned, but being buried beneath a large german shepard, his dog cock tied within my pussy, I don't imagine I have much humility left, and besides, with Larry's death lock on my hair, there's little I can do about it.

I close my eyes and mouth, just in case, but Larry grabs me roughly by the jaw, wrenching my lips back open. The last thing I want to do is taste Larry's cum, but I am at his mercy. Larry starts to moan and I sense him tense up. It is soon followed by a stream of warm liquid splashed across my face. Larry continues to moan, convulsing before me as wad after wad strikes my face, across my lips and nose, cheeks, eyes and forehead, even into my hair.

Finally Larry lets out a deep exhale, telling me that it is over. With cum roped across my eyes, entangles now amidst my eyelashes, and Kyzer still locked inside me, his cock still throbbing, I'm not quite sure what to do. I just lay there. Eventually I hear Larry collect himself and start to laugh again. God I hate that laugh!

"Hot damn!" he cusses, "Now ain't that a sight!"

My cheeks burn red beneath and in contrast to his milky white cum spread across them. Kyzer then pushes up off me, turning himself around. I cry out as his massive cock and knot spin inside my overstretched pussy. His weight is gone but my tight hole refuses to release him and he is left standing, facing out my splayed legs.

"Now that's just beautiful!" Larry survey's his handy work as I still have my squinched face lifted up to him. "Now then, let me see you clean off that pretty face," Larry tells me.

"With what?!" I shoot back.

“Your hand, rake it into your mouth. Every last drop.”

I sit there frozen for a moment. I would have let him cum in my mouth – I wouldn’t have stopped him at any rate. But his dirty cum, roped across my face, having to feed it to myself... I nearly buckle.

Larry steps in however, grabbing one of my hands about the wrist, he forces it to my face. He runs the edge of my fingers across my cheek to then feeds it into my mouth. Its terrible, warm, bitter and foul. I’m not keen on the idea, but I don’t need Larry touching me.

“Let go of me!” I wrench my hand free angrily, “I’ll do it.” And without another word from Larry, I then, cupping my fingers together, run them down my nose, sweeping Larry’s warm cum off onto my fingers. I have a good size wad built up and the idea of spooning it into my mouth makes my stomach turn. But, I can feel a bit of it start to dangle, about to fall, so I stick out my tongue and let it drip.

My face grimaces from the awful taste and I gag once more as I try to swallow. It’s slow going as it runs down my throat. I still have some left on my fingers so I stick my tongue back out and run them over it’s tip, scraping the rest of it off onto my tongue. I pull my tongue back in and once again struggle to swallow Larry’s cum.

Next I work to get it out my eyes, which is a mess. Little by little, I sweep and pinch at the wads, drawing them off my face and into my unwanted mouth. Just as I complete my task, Kyzer finally pulls free, causing me to cry out in pain as his huge knot plops out, followed by his long cock and a waterfall of cum onto the floor. My pussy is left gaping and dripping. I have to rest a moment, all out of breath.

“Come on,” Larry grows impatient however, grabbing me by the arm he hoists me up to my feet, turning me around, he kneels me back down on the floor with my face at the puddle of dog cum that had drained out of me. I know what to do. I pucker my lips and begin to slurp it all into my mouth, licking at the last bits with my tongue. It tastes better than Larry’s cum at any rate.

“Now clean him up,” Larry tells me, guiding me over on all fours by the hair to where Kyzer had tried to start licking his own cock clean.

On my hands and knees, I push Kyzers head away, ducking my own beneath his belly. I grab hold his hot member but hesitate as I stare at it. I was no stranger to sucking cock, but this wasn’t just any cock. Shaped funny with a pointed head, swelling shaft and engorged knot, it was daunting. And the red, meaty color, criss-crossed by purple veins, ugh... it is an animals cock!

Larry nudges my head forward, eager to witness his bitch suck a dogs cock, so I close my eyes in an attempt to calm my nerves and just go with it. I open my mouth and stick out my tongue and jump as I first make contact with it. It’s slick from the cum and juices as I run my tongue up and down the long shaft.

“Come on, suck on it!” Larry grows anxious.

I relent, pulling my tongue back in I press my face forward and shake with nerves as I suck his large, red, veiny animal cock into my mouth, tasting and cleaning his cum off of it.

Mutt uses this opportunity to take advantage of my unguarded rear. I jump again as his tongue surprises me, lapping up my still dripping pussy. Larry holds me in place, but it doesn’t matter, not like I’m going anywhere. It feels good too, which rekindles the fire inside me. The thought of it all, getting licked by one dog while I suck off another, it is titillating.

Mutt is overly eager though as he quickly abandons licking my pussy - to my great disappointment - and leaps up onto my back, clawing at my hips. As his nails hurt, I reach around with my free hand and help him get his forelegs wrapped snugly around my waist. No point in being bashful now.

He starts right off, humping frantically, and hitting everything but my hole. His hard, pointed cock runs down my slit, teasing my little clit, which only makes me hungrier for it. He jabs it into my thighs and ass, even into my asshole, so I decide to help him out before he got a lucky shot right into it.

With Kyzer's still cumming cock splashing against the back of my throat, I reach back beneath myself, taking hold of the mutt's slippery cock. Mutt is much smaller than my Kyzer, but that is to be expected. I guide him in, moaning loudly around Kyzer's dick as Mutt immediately begins to hammer me.

'This is more like it,' I think to myself. Laying missionary just wasn't right for Kyzer, I needed to be in the proper position, like a true bitch on all fours. They don't call it doggy style for not. Mutt dances around madly behind me, practically convulsing atop my back as he pummels his dog cock into my cunt. I can already feel his knot slipping in and out, teasing me. With one hand wrapped around the base of Kyzer's knot, I reach beneath myself with the other and begin to rub my clit, throwing fuel on the fire.

As Mutt's knot begins to stall, he starts to thrust at me harder and more deliberately and I push back against him, helping him, needing it, until my pussy swallows him in and holds him in. I shove my face forward, cramming Kyzer's cock into my throat in an attempt to stifle my ecstatic moans of pleasure. I choke on Kyzer's cum, swallowing what I can, gurgling and drooling that which I can't as I feel Mutt erupt deep inside my pussy, implanting his dog cum with Kyzer's in my womb.

I become lost in time. Before my senses return, Mutt has already dismounted me, though I can still feel his pulsating cock lodged within me, still filling me with his cum.

"That's a good boy - good boy!" I can hear Larry, who's now released me, back behind me, scratching Mutt's ears.

"Ow! Fuck! Hold him still!" I wail as Mutt tries to lunge forward and his large knot burns at my tight hole for escape.

"Ha-ha-ha!" Larry erupts with laughter. I wish I would have kept my mouth shut.

Mutt finally pulls free, his cum spilling from me, and I lay only a moment to catch my breath before I turn around to clean his cock. I think I surprised Larry, and myself for that matter, in doing so. Larry hadn't even told me to, it's just what I do. I am a slut.

Still on all fours, my head ducked beneath Mutt's hairy belly, sucking on his filthy dog cock, I sense Larry move around behind me. My insides knot up, I'd rather fuck these dogs day and night than let Larry have a go at me, but I also know there is no stopping it, so I just tense up and focus on Mutt's cock while letting Larry do as he pleases behind me.

Larry kneels down at my rear, burying one, then two fingers into my now well used cunt as he then bends over, burying his face into the crack of my ass, and his tongue into my puckered rosebud. A moan escapes me as I am caught off guard by this. It feels... good. I wiggle my ass about his tongue, relishing the sensation.

Just like the dogs though, just as it starts to get good, Larry stops. He straightens up behind me and

I await, slobbering across Mutt's dick, disappointed, knowing his puny cock will never give me the pleasure I need. Larry then, grabbing my hips and thrusts himself right into me. I moan only a little, right that he is just too small.

I'm a little taken about though as I hear Larry spit and a warm wad of saliva falls between the crack of my ass.

"No, not there!" I spit out Mutt's cock and try to protest as Larry then uses his dog cum coated finger to push his spit into my ass. I am choked short however by the odd sensation as my asshole slowly gives way, letting his finger slip inside.

I've never had anything in my ass before. I await tensely, now only jacking my hand up and down on Mutt's cock, warming to the knew sensation. Larry adds a second finger as Kyzer, who feeling left out, get's up and comes over to first inspect what Larry is doing, then walk over to my face by Mutt.

His cock has by now shrunk mostly back into it's sheath, but I laugh a little as he whines and brings his hind quarters right before my face. Only the speared tip of his cock is sticking out.

"Oh, poor boy, you jealous?" I somehow find the humor in it to tease him.

"Go on, he wants you to suck him too," Larry says as he continues to fuck me. I shoot him a quick nasty glance over my shoulder. I don't need Larry telling me, I know.

I can hardly feel him in me, but as he continues to stimulate my ass with his fingers, I release Mutt's cock and begin to investigate Kyzer's. Before their cocks had been fully out, dangling there for me. Now, I am a little unsure of what to do.

I start by running my fingers through his fury coat, scratching at his side before rubbing my way down beneath his belly. I hesitantly rub at his fury sheath, surprised as it glides backwards, exposing more of his pent up red cock. I duck me head below his belly and hum as I suck the pointed tip in between my moist lips. I smile as Kyzer whines at this, happy to be the cause of it. It quickly begins to extend out, reaching deeper into my mouth, and I try giving him the best blowjob I've ever given, just for my Kyzer.

Larry then throws a curve ball at me as he abruptly pulls out both his cock and fingers. He spits again, hitting the crack of my ass, Larry uses the head of his cock to push the wad to my asshole. Lost in sucking Kyzer's cock, I don't even consider what's happening until it's to late.

"No!" I cry across Kyzer's cock as Larry unmercifully presses his cock into my tight ass. It hurts. My sphincter doesn't give in easily, but I only wail across Kyzer's cock, not trying to stop Larry, as he slowly, though determinedly pushes himself past my firm barrier, digging further into me.

It's the strangest feeling, weird, awkward, but at the same time, intense. Larry doesn't give a damn about my cries though and starts to thrust back and forth into my poor ass with gusto. Little by little though, my ass adjusts to him and the pain ebbs, giving into pleasure. I reach up with a free hand and start to jerk Mutt's still hard cock as I suck on Kyzer's now spurting dick as I take Larry fully into my ass.

I never would have guessed how good it could feel to get fucked in the ass, even by Larry, but it does. An orgasm, something Larry could have never given me from fucking my pussy, sneaks up on me and without warning, erupts, causing me to moan and groan like never before.

Larry loves it, laughing and slapping my ass. I swap hungrily back and forth between Kyzer and

Mutt, sucking and drinking one dog's cum while jerking on the other. Larry picks up the pace, slamming himself as hard as he can into me, his waist and my ass making a rhythmic clapping while he fucks me.

Coming off my second huge orgasm from Larry fucking my ass, Larry suddenly tenses up, pushing himself all the way into me. I can feel him start to shake as he grovels, just before I feel his warm cum loosed deep within my bowels. I cum for a third time.

Larry slowly pulls out, which is the weirdest sensation yet, followed by a slow trickle of his cum. My ass clenches desperately at the cold air, trying to close once again. Larry gets up, coming around he shoves his dirty cock in my face.

"That's fucking gross Larry, I just let you fuck me up the ass..." I spit out Mutt's cock to protest, but Larry need only give me the eye and I give in. Reaching up, I take Larry's cum and ass coated cock into my mouth, cleaning it off for him.

Laughing yet again, Larry retreats to his couch as Kyzer bounds around to my now vacant rear. With Larry as an audience, I fuck both the dogs once again, dutifully cleaning each of the cocks when they're finished.

Finally they all abandon me as I am left laying in a puddle of their cum. I rest a bit, collecting myself, I finally hoist myself off the floor to get my clothes.

"And what do you think you're doing, missy?" Larry asks with raised eyebrows.

"What, we're done."

"Rule number two," Larry starts, "no more clothes at the house. You can just go around like a true bitch, naked. Would hate for anything to get in the way if these dogs want a go at you."

"Ugh, and what about Sue?!" I grumble.

"Hmm..." Larry considers this. "If Sue is here, you can put on one of them sexy mini-skirts you have, but no panties! Do you understand?"

"God, you're such a pig!" I sneer at him, which only provokes another hair raising laugh from Larry. This is going to be a long summer. I give up, leaving my clothes on the floor I start to head back to my room, eager to get Larry out of sight.

"Where do you think you're going?" Larry asks.

"To my room."

"Oh no you don't. You can get me a beer and then come back in here to give me another blowjob while I watch tv."

I just stand there staring at him, anger and hatred boiling inside me, but helpless to do anything about it. I say nothing though as I stomp into the kitchen, just like Sue does to fetch the slob a beer.

"Anything else, Larry?" I say his name with undisguised distaste, though he'd make me eat my words.

"As a matter of fact, yes. Rule number three, you'll start calling me daddy from now on," and evil sneer spreads across his face. "I am your step-dad after all. Bout time you started treating me with a

little respect!”

I am speechless. Call this piece of shit daddy? This would be the worst of it, but while I stand there pondering it all, Larry - daddy, waves his dick before me, reminding me of his last command before I left for the kitchen. I obediently drop down to my knees to suck him off again.

It doesn't take long, knelt and bent over with my wet sex in the air to arouse the dogs once more, and just like that, we are on to another bout of fucking and sucking. The entire night passes like this, one fucking me while I suck off another until I finally pass out in exhaustion.

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Chapter Three

I awake feeling... refreshed? And I am wide awake, no grogginess or hanger-over to speak of. My body is a little tender, which is not surprising considering last night's abuses. But these, unfortunately, are not clouded by drugs or alcohol.

No, I can remember it all in unwanted detail. I can still taste the bitter remnants of it within my mouth and both my pussy and my ass feel dirty and sore. I run my hand down, caressing my crevice to see how it feels. My hand inadvertently brushes off some crusted flakes that I do not wish to dwell upon, but still, not as bad as I had expected.

“No, not bad at all,” I think to myself as I continue to sensouly rub my finger between my labia, toying with my clit.

The attention causes a stirring in my loin. I grow wet. The itch in my pussy quickly returns. I roll over, pulling open my bed stand drawer and frantically search for my pink vibrator - I need to get off. “Wait... what?!”

Fat Larry and those damned dogs fucked me seven ways from Sunday last night and here I am, first thing in the morning, eager to get myself off?! They're all downstairs, now, eager to have me again, to torment me further and I want to masturbate?! God, I am such a slut! Faced with this, I am forced to deny myself. I regrettably yank my hand away before I take it any further.

I see my cell phone sitting ominously atop my bed stand. I had not looked at it once yesterday, that's a first! It's already noon and I see that I have fourteen missed calls and texts, mostly from Jason, but I just roll my eyes at this. I don't have the will to deal with or try to explain anything to him.

There's nothing left to do but get up and face the world. Hopefully Sue is home to spare me, however, as I listen closer, the house sounds quiet and empty. I perk my ears further... nothing. I roll out of bed and creak open my door, listening, but again, nothing.

“Hello?” I call, but there is no answer from anyone, or any human should I say - I'm home alone - but at my unintentional beckoning I hear the panting of the dogs pick up and the click of their nails against the hardwood floor as they scramble to me. Both come barreling around the corner and stampede up the stairs.

“Eek!” I slam the door closed with my back against it, breathing hard with adrenaline. What was I thinking, dammit? Both knock and claw against the door, whining with angst, begging me to let them in. I can hear Larry's voice in the back of my head, “And if they want to fuck you...”

No, this is dumb. Larry isn't even home, I can control this, but the itch... I furiously shake the

thought from my head. Am I going to let these stupid dogs hold me hostage in my own room? No. I can control this. They're just dogs after all, they don't know any better. They probably just want their bellies and ears scratched.

I crack the door back open and that is all they need. I am surprised by the strength of them as they lunge at the door, blowing me back in an effort to get it. God these dogs are crazy!

I am immediately overcome. Both leap up on me, scratching at my legs and hips, licking at me, and knocking me off balance. I was wrong. They want me. They're pure nuts! They act like they've never had sex before... well, I guess they hadn't.. 'til me.

Caught in the frenzy, I don't think, I simply and obediently drop to my knees before they push me down. Neither waste any time, diving for my rear. I gasp as their tongues wrench across me. Geez, they're worse than men!

My Kyzer wins out again, naturally, pushing Mutt back and yipping at him. Mutt yields hesitantly, whining pathetically, but there's nothing he can do about it, there's a natural order to things and Kyzer is the Alpha. Kyzer then delves fully into my pussy and across my ass, his powerful tongue easily spreading my pussy's lips, giving him complete access to me.

The fire is relit. My pussy gushes out onto his tongue. It is.. just so.. damn good! Mutt becomes frantic, however, as I can see a little red thing dangling out. He is whining and crying - so annoying - jumping back and forth, leaping up onto my side and trying to hump at my arm and shoulder, anything he can get at. He's hurting me and distracting Kyzer... and for some reason I don't want Kyzer distracted. His tongue... oh, how I need his tongue!

"Oh, come here you stupid mutt!" I give in and reach back, grabbing hold of his collar I pull him towards my face. He gratefully licks at my cheeks and neck, overly excited. Mutt now out of the picture, Kyzer goes back to work licking my pussy, sending wave after wave of pleasure through me as I obediently brush my face beneath Mutt's furry belly, grabbing hold of his sheath. The things a girl's got to do to get her pussy licked around here!

As I massage his furry sheath back and forth, with more of Mutt's cock extending out, I gaze at it for a moment. It's just so beastly! The red meat, the purple veins, the pointed spear! "What am I doing?!" I try reasoning with myself, stopping myself... but there's no stopping it. Kyzer's tongue is draining all my better judgment with each lap of his glorious tongue.

With my pussy aching, the fire burning, he finally leaps up on me, his claws scratching at my hips, his powerful forelegs wrapping tightly around my waist, pulling me back to him. He's going to fuck me whether I like it or not, and at this point I'm not too sure as to what I want. I silence my thoughts, closing my eyes and puckering lips, I shove my face forward, swallowing the head of Mutt's dog cock as Kyzer's searches for my hole.

With the familiarizing taste and smell of dog cock stuffed within my mouth and filling my nose, I try to hold as still as possible as Kyzer's speared head jabs into everything but my pussy, tantalizing me. I can hardly stand it! I need it! - so I reach down below my belly and grab hold of his slick member, willingly guiding it into myself.

"Gawddd..!" I cry out ecstatically across Mutt's cock. Kyzer's tapered tip wedges easily enough into me, but his thicker shaft... "gawd!" I can't help but squeal again as Kyzer steals my breath as he violently forces it into me. My pussy aches in protest, still not fully recovered from last night, but Kyzer takes no mercy and there is absolutely nothing that can stop him now.

Overcome, I shove Mutt's cock deep into my throat, distracting myself and trying to stifle my moans, slobbering all over him in the process. He prances about, his legs dancing with anxiety, whining with need. The corners of my mouth can't help but pull up into a smirk at this.

As Mutt's cock begins to twitch, blasting strong torrents of his runny pre-cum back into my throat, Kyzer's cock already begins to swell, his knot teasing my entrance and clit. I sample the fluid in my mouth, allowing it to pool, swimming my tongue around in it. A bit bitter, salty perhaps, but not at all revolting. I swallow some. It's easy.

Within a cum lust and my orgasm near breaching, while sucking Mutt I try to thrust back in unison against Kyzer, but his hammering is just too swift and hard. It's all I can do to recollect and balance myself after each of his powerful jabs.

"Ff-uuu-ckkk!" I cry out loudly as his huge knot finally wedges into me, filling my channel entirely with hot dog cock.

My orgasm breaks, rattling me as I literally swallow Mutt's now fully erect cock, letting him shoot right down my throat.

I nearly black out... I might have. I eventually, notice Kyzer has stopped humping, though I can still feel every throb of his big cock trapped inside me as more and more of his seed is implanted deep within my belly.

Even knelt, I find it hard to hold myself up with Kyzer's immense weight pinned across my back. Short of breath, I slowly slide Mutt's cock out my clenching throat and mouth, dropping my head to the floor. I long strand of dog cum and saliva, dangles down to form a small puddle upon the floor. Mutt's cock continues to twitch and spurt however, each time spraying me across my face and neck, but I cannot move. I do not care.

Ten, fifteen minutes pass before Kyzer finally relieves me, lifting himself off my back and bringing one of his hind legs over, he turns himself around, leaving US butt to butt. This has to be the most humiliating of the whole act. Trapped, helpless, knotted to a dog. It's cock tied within your pussy, burning, throbbing, ever reminding you that it is there, that it is filling you with it's cum and there is nothing you can do but kneel and take it. My embarrassment and humility swells as I chastise myself. How can I keep doing this - just giving myself over freely to an animal. Well, I guess it's not exactly freely.

I can feel his hairy rear and taut balls pressing against me. He struggles to pull free, which causes me to wince in pain as my tight pussy refuses to let go his engorged cock. Another ten minutes pass before announced with a loud slurping sound, his cock finally bursts free from it's containment, popping out of me, followed by a flood of dog cum.

Spent, I cannot even bring myself to move as my agape pussy leaks Kyzer's cum into a massive pool on the floor. Mutt uses this opportunity to move around to my rear.

My lust sated, a bit humiliated, I'm not in the mood for another rutting, but I am too weak to resist. Mutt gives me a few good laps before he mounts me. Left open, it takes him only a few good jabs before his hot cock finds my hole without need of my help. The beastly hammering begins at once, consuming me as I give myself over to a dog once more.

When my senses finally do return, I'm laying on my side in a puddle of their cum. Both are laying on my bed, panting, with their tongues hanging out. I swear I can see a smile on their faces. I struggle to my feet and trip out of my room to the shower before they get anymore bright ideas.

Leaning over the vanity, I stare myself straight on in the face within the mirror. "Yuck!" I groan, seeing with my own two eyes my face, neck, tits and half my body glistening in the light from all the dogs' cum. My head drops at the sight of it. What is happening to me?

With my determined nature, I struggle for composure, standing myself up erect, I push my shoulders back and my breasts out, admiring my slim figure. I brush my matted blond hair out my face, using my fingers to straighten it and comb it aside. I don't give two thoughts to all the cum in it. It could have been styling gel for all I cared. I am young and sexy, a nice body, perfect tits, a tight, round... "ugh," I groan as I turn my hips to check out my butt. They are scarred by countless red whelps, left by the dogs' sharp claws! I am wasting all this on fat Larry and two mangy mutts!

My pussy leaking to my knees, I shake my head as I turn on the hot water and get in to soak. A hot bath then shower is exactly what I need.

Done and with my towel wrapped snugly around me, I head back out into the house. Lost in my thoughts, I simply barge right back in to my room. I am an idiot. Both dogs, still lounging on my bed, immediately jump up, eagerly bounding off to rush me.

I should have known better. I'd just had a shower! I resist them, cursing and trying my best to shove them back, but it's a futile attempt. My towel drops from my naked body. Easy prey, these perverse dogs quickly have me on my hands and knees again, readied for another round of mating. My German Shepard wastes no time in mounting me, adding new whelps to the others. It is just as fast, just as rough as before. Their massive, beastly cocks pummel me, one right after the other, wrecking my beleaguered pussy once again. I am left just as drained, and just as full of dog cum as before my shower.

Once they have both knotted and filled me with their copious cum, they abandon me like a used whore. I am left weak, but my will is still strong. I can't take it anymore! I can't stay here, just waiting to be used by them again!

Spotting a pink spaghetti strap laying crumpled on my floor, I lunge for it as if one of them might try to stop me. I yank it over my head before I scramble to find some shorts.

I grab the nearest thing, a pair of cut-off, blue jean shorts. I'm about to pull them on when I hear Larry's annoying voice yet again in the back of my head, "naked, except for a mini-skirt when Sue's around." I don't need to tempt Larry any further, I've got enough to deal with. I angrily slap the shorts onto the ground as I untangle a black mini-skirt from a pile of clothes. I pull it on, grab a black pair of slip-ons and race down the stairs and out the door before either of the two beasts finish licking their disgusting cocks clean. Freedom!

The sunshine never felt so warm. The scent of the flowers and grass never so sweet. I'm in a terrible mood, my sex sore, my inner thighs coated and slick with dog cum, but there's certainly no way I'm going back inside. I know there's only one thing that'll make me feel better better at the moment - Shopping.

I waste the entire day away hopping from one store to the next. I hardly have enough cash for a cab and to feed myself, so I can't buy anything, but there's nothing wrong with going shop to shop, trying on all the cute outfits! My mood betters.

It doesn't take long though. I get the first call from Larry at five, but I have no intention of answering it. It pangs my nerves, I know I'll pay for it later, but it's all the control I have left. I'll play Larry's sick little game, but he doesn't own me. I'll go home, but when I'm good and ready.

By eight I've got eight missed calls, not all from Larry - from Sue and Jason as well - but still the majority were from him. Pig! Couldn't he give it a rest?!

By nine I am exhausted, but still not eager to go home. I still don't care to see Jason either though so I call Tish.

"Hey, what's up girl?" Tish answers excitedly, her voice already a little slurred. She's obviously been drinking.

"Not much, what are you up to?"

"Ah, just hanging out. Marc and Justin are over, we've been drinking watching the game," she informs me without need.

"I can tell!" I laugh. "Is it cool if I stop by?" I ask.

"Sure sweetie, see you in a bit!"

I thought hanging with Tish and them, drinking, cutting loose would be good for me, but I regret my decision right off when I get to her flat and mighty Zeus is the first to greet me through the door. The Great Dane is far larger than my Kyzer and the first thing he does when I walk in is shove his cold, wet snout right up my skirt, into my unprotected pussy.

I can't act fast enough - his tongue strikes me. I falter, the itch grasping me, but the laughs of the other three keep me holding on. What is with dogs and my pussy?! The dogs' cum! No doubt I smell like a bitch in heat!

"Geez, Zeus really does like you!" Tish guffaws, but doesn't bother to help me as I struggle with her over-sized dog.

Backed up against the wall, I am helpless against this huge beast, but fortunately Marc finally comes to my rescue. Smirking, he grabs Zeus by the collar and pulls him back.

"At least he's got good taste..." Marc winks at me. I am choked, I can't really speak so I only answer with a meek laugh.

I try to settle in, have a drink, but Zeus won't leave me alone! Eventually Tish takes mercy on me and puts Zeus away, and then the drinks really start to flow. I need to cut loose. It has been a long, stressful day, plus I have some catching up to do with the rest, so I pound shot and beer, one right after the other.

By midnight we're all plastered. We're getting friendly and Justin of course tries putting the moves on me, but I keep a safe distance. Marc and Tish aren't making it easy on me though as they get a bit too touchy-feely, making out here and there, feeling each other up, and while I admit it is beginning to turn me on, I'm not about to do IT with Justin!

Tish won't let it be though. She keeps dropping little comments and innuendos, suggesting I go with it, and I can see the strained lust in Justin's face. Testing me, she of course has to suggest "shot or dare!"

"No way!" I immediately shoot her down, knowing exactly what she's up to. All frown at me though, as if I'm the only one spoiling their fun.

I'd end up having to flash my tits, let the guys take body shots off me, etc, I've played with them several times before and had fun with it, but tonight is different. I'd been molested non-stop over the last couple of days, subjected to sex with dogs and Larry, and I'm not in the mood. Plus, while Zeus is locked up in Tish's bedroom, I can still hear him crying and whining, eager to get at me... just like Kyzer and Mutt. I am nervous and flustered by it.

"Ah, come on! You scared?!" they all begin teasing me, and just like any other stupid teenager, after about fifteen minutes of their badgering, I finally relent and give in to the peer pressure.

By now we've all had plenty to drink, so when Marc dares Tish to flash her tits on the first round, she happily yanks her shirt up over her head, leaving herself topless for all to see. Tish has a great body and perfect breasts, and though I'm no lesbian, I can't help but stare at them as I feel a slight tinge in my sex.

"Brandi, shot or dare?!" Tish turns on me.

"Shot," I say, though I certainly don't need another, and all grumble with disappointment.

"You're no fun!" Tish complains. I shrug it off and take my shot. "Well, go on, it's your turn!" Tish goads me, all the others eager for some action.

"Justin..." I turn to him, though hesitate as I'm so drunk I can hardly think straight, "shot or dare?"

"Dare!" Justin answers without thinking. Just great.

Drunk and void of any great ideas, I just tell him to strip and do jumping jacks, and he gladly does so. As he loses his boxers, my eyes are drawn from Tish's tits to his growing member, the heat in my sex growing with it. Geez, what is wrong with me?! I'm such a slut! Justin, really?!

His cock isn't that big, but still better than Jason's, and especially fat Larry's! We all get a great laugh as Justin counts off ten jumping jacks, his little thing bouncing vigorously up and down with the effort! Once done, Justin immediately turns it back on me, and all are once again disappointed as I choose shot.

After that, one after the other go after me, and while my lame ass can only come up with having them get naked and perform stupid stunts, I take shot after shot until I can stand it no more! Sure I will puke if I take just one more and beyond gone, I finally give in to them and opt for a dare.

Tish dares me to strip and run, prank knocking on all the doors down her hall. I am a little stunned - never heard this one before - but being drunk and always daring, it's not beyond me. I take on the challenge, a bit bashfully stripping.

They'd all seen my tits from previous games, but never fully nude. I blush as I can feel all their eyes boring into me, making me feel a little uncomfortable.

Hearing the front door open, Zeus barks loudly from Tish's room, angered he is being left out. I poke my head out to ensure the coast is clear. It is. I plan my route. Being at the very end of the hallway, there are three more doors down Tish's side and four more on the opposite. That's a lot of doors! If anyone is home, I'd never make it, but the hell with it!

I quickly slip out, leaving Tish's door open for my return. They all in turn stick their heads out to watch the show with shit eating grins on their faces. With my tits and ass bouncing freely, I rap three times hurriedly on the first door before I rush on to the next. I make it all the way down her

side of the hallway, turning around I pass the first on the opposite, knocking briefly before moving on when I suddenly run smack dab into the chest of an old man.

“Ayhh!!!” I shriek with shock. By reflex I reach out, grabbing hold his arm to keep him from tumbling over. His eyes do a quick up-down, taking in the erotic sight of my nude, teenage body. He freezes in place at the sight of me. There is a mixture of shock and lust on his face. His tongue is practically hanging out as I am frozen with horror, naked before him. I try covering my tits with one arm as I side step him, racing down the last three doors, knocking only once at each before I trip back into Tish’s apartment, barreling over with laughter.

I crash right through the others, knocking us all to the ground as Marc manages to slam the door shut in the process. We are all rolling with laughter from the sight of the old man! Certainly a night he would not soon forget! Haha!

Loosened up some, maybe even a little excited, next I have Marc do a body shot of Tish, but not just any body shot! All of us butt naked, I dare him to put the salt on her pussy, having him lick it there. Smiling coyly at me, Tish sits in a chair, leaning back she spreads her legs for us all to see her most intimate area. I wonder if Marc cares at all that Justin is seeing Tish like this, just as moistness flushes out my own.

Tish has a gorgeous pussy to match the rest of her, it perfectly shaven, smooth, and a pretty pink. I can tell her lips are flushed and swollen, excited, and that she is a bit wet. Marc pours himself a shot, grabs the salt shaker, and moves right down between Tish’s legs. I feel myself become hot with anticipation. First he licks her slowly, working his tongue in between her labia and begins teasing her hole and clit. Tish’s head rolls back as she moans softly in reaction. I can hardly believe what I am witnessing!

To Tish’s obvious disappointment, Marc eventually backs away to get her outer lips wet and sprinkle the salt on. He gets it good before he then throws back the shot and chases it with a swift, hard lick up Tish’s crevice. She yelps from the shock of it!

“Damn that was a good shot!” Marc laughs as Tish just shakes her head, brushing off the excess salt. Even though I’d finally given in, playing their stupid game with them, Marc still comes right back at me. Picking up a banana he has the audacity to tell me straight up, “you’ve got to masturbate... with this!”

“What?! NO!” I shriek. I’m drunk, but not that drunk! “I’m not going to stick a banana up me!” I guffaw, looking to Tish for support, but regret it as I do not like the look in her eyes.

“Oh gawd, you’re such a little prude!” Tish scolds me, though with a smile.

“Fuck you! You do it then!” I shoot right back at her.

“He dared you!” Tish does not back down.

“No!” I try to make a stand, but feel the weight of all their heavy gazes on me. I am a little hot and heavy, but this is just too crazy!

“Gawd, come on, I’ll do it with you...” Tish takes the banana from Marc and picks up another out the fruit bowl, walking over beside me. There’s no way I am going to do it but I find myself choked as Tish grabs my hand and pulls me from the kitchen into the living room.

Tish’s bedroom door is in the living room and Zeus’s pained and helpless whines jerk a nerve within

me. I am distracted as she guides me over to the couch and just follow like a little puppy dog. Tish sits me down and unsure of what she's up to, I lean back with my legs held tightly together.

Tish kneels down before me though and slowly, yet forcefully, works her way in between my legs. I am speechless as she begins to kiss me sensuously up my inner thighs, and writhe back against her as her wet mouth eventually finds my slit.

"Tish, what are you..." I try to protest, but she shushes me. Her tongue breaks my labia and from there I am at her mercy. The itch in my pussy comes roaring back and I am her hostage.

My eyes roll back as she tongues my wet hole and clit. It isn't long though before I feel her press the rubbery banana into me. Narrow at the end, the first inch or so fits easily enough, but it quickly widens. She begins to work it in and out, slowly pushing it deeper and deeper into me each time. I am moaning, grinding my hips back against it as the two guys watch on with desire.

Eventually Tish reaches up, taking hold my hand she guides it to the banana and I take over. Tish immediately jumps up and then plops down right beside me on the sofa. She lifts one leg over mine while spreading the other, opening herself completely for Marc and Justin's viewing pleasure. Timidly working my own banana in and out my burning cunt, I watch as Tish first sucks the tip of her own seductively, like the head of a cock, before she dips it down into her own dripping pussy.

By now my lust has a full hold on me and I unabashedly begin pumping the banana into my pussy as Tish does the same. We both start to moan aloud, growing louder and louder as if in an attempt to out-do the other. The guys are practically drooling on themselves as I can hear poor Zeus whining even louder, nonstop from his prison.

Tish then surprises me even further as she leans over, pulling my face to her's with her free hand, and then kisses me deeply on the lips. I freeze, taken aback, and even more so when she slips her tongue into my mouth! Overcome, horny and drunk, I don't think, I just kiss her back.

It doesn't take long from there. In a matter of minutes we're both moaning uncontrollably into each others mouths, rolling our tongues around each others out in the open for Marc and Justin to see. They're pumping madly on each of their own cocks, highly enjoying the show! Unavoidably, an orgasm grips us both... from a fucking banana for fucks sake!

When we finally do get a hold of ourselves, I open my eyes to see both Marc and Justin, still pumping their fists on their hard dicks, standing over us. I just roll my eyes. "I think Marc needs some help with that," I say only as a side note, but Tish takes it as a dare and doesn't hesitate as she moves off the couch on wobbly legs. Dropping to her knees right before Marc, she takes his his hard cock right into her mouth.

As Tish slobbers across Marc, Justin eyes me longingly and though I'm drunk, I'm still not that drunk! The awkwardness thankfully doesn't last long as Marc tenses up, groaning, he empties his load into Tish's mouth. She drinks every drop.

When she turns back to us, she looks almost disappointed at me for not attending to Justin. "Alright you, you've got to let Justin eat your pussy now!" Tish gets back at me though. Geez, wouldn't they give me a rest!

I gasp from the shock of it. "Ah! That's not fair, Marc is your boyfriend!"

"So! God, you really are a prude, aren't you?!" all stare me down.

“Fine, whatever!” I give in once again, leaning back in the sofa I spread my legs for Justin.

So eager, he practically falls down between my legs. He’s terrible at it, but with enough persistence, he brings me to my second orgasm of the night.

Drained, I just lay there, trying to collect myself, but everyone else is still eager to go on. “Come on, it’s your turn, who you gonna dare!” Tish prompts me.

I guess we’re leaving the shots out of it now, going straight to dare?! Whatever. As if from impulse – I can’t believe the words come out of my mouth next – but lost in lust and distracted still from poor Zeus’s cries for attention and wanting to get back at Tish, I dare her, “Fine! You’ve got to let Zeus lick your pussy now!”

“WHAT?!” Both Justin and Marc guffaw in unison... but not Tish. With an evil smirk and a crooked brow on her face, she stares me down before finally shooting back, “Fine!”

“WHAT?!” Both Justin and Marc guffaw again, though this time turning to Tish. With nothing more said however, Tish waddles her ass for us as she makes her way to her bedroom door. My heart beat spikes as I watch her reach for the knob.

I am in disbelief. Never would I have thought she’d actually do it! My pussy burns as if it is on fire with anticipation. Zeus... Tish, what have I done?!

My body convulses slightly as Tish swings open her door. I almost cum, right then and there at the mere sight of them. Zeus rears back, lapping at Tish’s face. He’s massive, easily just as tall, if not taller than her!

She manages to push him back down though, coaxing him to her will. She bends her naked form over, scratching at his thick, muscly neck and enormous head as his tail wags excitedly, whispering sweet nothings into his floppy ears. “Poor thing, locked up in momma’s room all alone! All you wanted was a little taste of some pussy! Poor boy, who doesn’t?!” my own pussy creams with her words.

I await on the couch, tense and nervous. I don’t know what came over me to say it, but now that it is happening, I am eager and anxious to see it. I’ve been all alone, trapped in a world of bestiality these last couple of days. I need someone else, I need Tish to experience it, to like, to love it. Wait, do I actually..?

I watch with anxiety as Tish toyfully leads Zeus over to the couch. However, as Zeus spots me, he suddenly abandons his mistress and races forward, jumping atop me on the sofa. All get a good laugh at this, but not me! I shriek, balling myself up defensively, I try pushing him back, but he’s just too big and strong!

Tish thankfully plops down right beside me again and spreads her legs. “Come on Zeus, you’ve wanted it, now’s your chance to get it!” she says, and as she taps her pussy, showing Zeus where she wants him, I swear I see the dog’s eyes light up like a kid’s in a candy store!

Zeus abandons me without a second thought, diving for Tish’s open sex. He whines with wanton lust, immediately lapping at her wet cunt. Tish cries out with a shock of ecstasy!

Though I’d had it performed on me countless times before, there is something even more erotic witnessing it with my own two eyes. I lean in, just as Marc and Justin do too, to get a better look.

Zeus is going to town, his broad, smooth looking tongue easily breaking in between her pussy's lips. My free hand, of it's own fruition, winds it's way down between my own legs, toying with my own pussy.

As Tish begins to moan uncontrollably, writhing within the sofa, I first see the veiny head of Zeus's cock poking out it's sheath. I am mesmerized by it. I can hardly bear to remain sitting here on the sidelines. As I finger vigorously at my pussy, the itch takes a hold of me again.

As if I am having an out of body experience, I see myself sliding off the sofa, crawling on my hands and knees to the side of mighty Zeus.

I run my hands opposite his sheen coat, letting his smooth fur sift between my fingers and across my palms. I scratch and pat his butt as I run my other hand down his belly and latch on to his growing, massive dog cock.

I tease him, rotating my hand around it and push back against his sheath. He whines wantingly with appreciation, but does not stop lapping at Tish's gushing pussy. I sense Marc and Justin right behind me, each furiously jacking their own cocks, stunned by the beastiality show before them.

But Marc and Justin are not my concern, Zeus is. My desire to taste him is overwhelming and I, without willing it but as if in a trance, duck my head down below his skinny Dane waist and widen my lips, eager to suck him in.

Marc and Justin nearly trip over themselves as they witness me take Zeus's scorching red meat into my mouth. Tish shakes off her trance to see what all the commotion is about, looking over at me.

"Gawd, Brandi, that is so fucking HOT!" she encourages me, widening her legs even further for Zeus. "Suck him Brandi, suck that fucking doggy cock!" she groans on, nearing orgasm I can tell, but I do not need further encouragement. With one hand pulling back at his furry sheath, I rapidly bob my head back and forth, slobbering all over Zeus's dick as I moan with lust.

Zeus is massive and I have to stretch my jaw to it's max to fit in his girth. It doesn't take long for me to really taste him. As I continue to bob, running my tongue cupped beneath his mighty shaft, I feel the first of many strong spurts of runny cum, splashed into the back of my throat.

And he isn't just bigger than my own, he cums a lot more than Kyzer or Mutt too! A couple of spurts and my mouth is full. I have no choice other than to swallow as already bits of it dribble out the corner of my mouth, running across my cheek and neck as it drips to the floor.

It's not bad at all. I find myself savoring the taste of it as I let it roll down my throat. Holding him tight, I press my face forward as hard as I can, choking myself on him, forcing him into my clenching throat, letting him shoot his sweet cum right down it! All now, Tish, Marc and Justin are cheering me on, begging me to suck him. Zeus starts dancing for me, eager to bury his cock further.

I don't know what comes over me, but I decide to put on a real show. I pull his cock back out and begin to jerk it for him with the tip aimed at my open, awaiting mouth. I let a few good spurts fill it, letting the steaming hot, runny liquid spill back out over my lips and across my chin, down onto my neck and breasts before I aim it up at my face, letting him splash across me freely, covering me completely. I am hungry for it! I need it all over me!

Zeus then suddenly spins in my grip. His cock twists from my hand and I am forced to let go of him, though before I can even realize what he's doing, still on all fours, Zeus is behind me, mounting me, locking me in place with his powerful forelegs wrapped securely about my waist.

I am scared. I know I have to stop this, that Tish and Marc and Justin are all here, watching me, but I am lost in a wanton craze. My face burns red as they trip to get behind me, eager to see what Zeus is up to.

I know exactly what he is up to. I can already feel his hard member pressing up against me, running up between the crack of my ass. He's big, too big... not in front of them, I struggle to break free, but it is a hopeless attempt. Zeus is too strong.

"Gawd Brandi, he wants to fuck you!" I hear Tish in a stunned whisper. She drops down onto her knees behind us. My pussy itching for it, I dip my back and raise my ass for him as Tish takes hold his massive cock in awe. Needing to see it herself, she guides him right into me.

"Holy..! He's... fuck-ing HUGE!" I pant as Zeus forces the biggest cock I've ever had into me. My pussy is stretched to the limit! It feels like Mutt's knot being hammered inside me, but this is just Zeus's shaft!

As all dogs are, I am learning, Zeus is just as unmerciful with me. They've only got one gear and that is hard and fast.

Zeus pounds me like a jack hammer, breaking and wrecking me, forcing himself into me as I cry out with pain and pleasure.

My pussy is gushing though and with enough time and stretching, he eventually forces his tapered spear right into my womb and then some. I am sure I can take no more, though I find myself begging for it. He feels me completely, rutting out my insides, but it does not end there.

I am so overcome by everything else, I do not see my first orgasm coming. It grips me and takes hold of me, spinning me within a storm of lust and want and desire. I cry out, begging for Zeus to fuck me, to give it to me, to give me all his cum!

I am lost from one orgasm to the next, rippled by them, consumed by them. I do not even anticipate the knot, but sure enough it comes. The first swell of the bulge startles me, alerts my better senses. If his cock is as wide as Mutt's knot, how large could his knot be?!

I grow nervous as it rapidly swells, teasing my entrance and clit, but there is absolutely nothing I can do about it. Zeus is bigger than me, I am at his will. I am his bitch. If he wants to have his way with me, if he wants to fuck me, knot me, fill me with his doggie cum, well, there is nothing I can do to stop him.

It doesn't take long. His knot is massive, already the size of a baseball and growing. It eventually stalls outside my hole, too big to slip past. Zeus whines in frustration as I cry out again and again in pain and lust, my pussy burning from the obscene object trying to push it's way in, and lost in need for it to be buried inside me.

"Gawd! Somebody stop him, he's too big!" I plead with the others, afraid I'll be split in two! But none heed my beckoning. I am Zeus's bitch, he will do with me as he pleases. They all just stare with amazement as my wet pussy painstakingly slips, suddenly widening around his massive knot and sucks him in.

I scream bloody murder, filled and stretched like never I could believe possible. If I thought I'd ever cum before, nothing was like the orgasm that consumed me now. Reality vanishes. There is only my cunt and Zeus's hard, throbbing cock knotted inside. I feel every twitch of his cock as he begins to cum, swelling my belly even further. And it does not end, it goes on and on until what has to be a

gallon of his cum is trapped inside me.

Eventually my senses come back to me. Zeus is still there, now standing over me. His cock is still throbbing, adding more and more dog cum to the pool inside my womb, but it is, for the most part, over.

I hear slurping sounds to my left. I look to see Tish on her knees between Marc and Justin, rotating between the two, jerking one while sucking the other. My fading lust immediately comes roaring back. My wanton pussy clenches about Zeus's giant cock knotted inside me, drawing at the cum.

I look beneath myself, shocked to see my belly swollen as if I could have been a couple months pregnant! It is then that Zeus without warning, spins himself around, dragging one leg across my back, his cock and knot twists inside me until we are left butt to butt.

As Tish is sucking Justin, Marc moves behind her and lifts her up by her hips, immediately shoving his hard cock into her cunt as soon as he has to her feet. Tish moans loudly about Justin as their flesh begins to clap from Marc's hard thrusting.

There's no telling how long the tie lasts. I watch Marc and Justin fuck Tish in several different positions across the apartment before Zeus suddenly lunges forward, and with a loud pop, his shrinking knot slips from me, followed out by his long shaft and an torrent of dog cum. It splashes out onto the floor, drawing the others attention. They all gasp in awe at the sight of it.

I can feel the cool air in my gaping pussy, and a never ending stream of Zeus's semen dribbling onto the floor. Tish comes right over though, dropping to her knees, she sticks her nose right into my rosebud as she forces her tongue deep into my leaking cunt.

"Oh, yes!" I moan as she tongues my gaping hole, savoring her dog's cum. Marc follows her over and shoves his cock back into her as Justin comes to my face.

I pull back at first, but at his hurt look - I'd just sucked, fucked and got knotted by a damned dog for crying out loud! - I take pity on him and suck his hard member into my mouth. Justin groans appreciatively. We get lost in our own little world for who knows how long? Me sucking Justin, Marc fucking Tish, and Tish eating my dog cum filled pussy.

We go on like this until we are interrupted by a sharp yap from Zeus. I abandon Justin's cock to find Zeus, tail wagging but looking ancy beside us. I laugh. His cock has shrunken back in some, but a good portion is still dangling out!

Tish sees it too. "My poor boy," she says in a baby voice, "sad you're getting all left out? Come here, baby," Tish turns from me and crawls to Zeus. Marc lets her go.

Tish takes one last glance back at me, smiles, then ducks her head beneath Zeus's belly. I watch in disbelief as she, licks slow and long up his exposed shaft, before she doubles back and sinks it completely in within her mouth.

My body shakes, cumming, and there isn't a thing touching my pussy. Tish unabashedly sucks her dog off, bobbing her head back and forth vigorously, slurping, spitting on his dick.

At first taste, I see Tish drool out a long stream of cum, but realizing it isn't so bad, she begins to swallow it.

Witnessing all this, my hand trails back up Justin's thigh and I start to jerk his dick for him as Marc

walks up on the other side of me and I do the same for him.

I then see Tish do something I've never done before. She pulls her mouth off Zeus to be replaced by her hand as she leans further back, she carefully sucks each of his massive, black balls into her mouth, humming on them.

At this, Zeus can take no more. In the blink of an eye he's spun around and leapt atop her, gripping her about the waist, just where he wants her - doggie style.

"Zeus! NO!" Tish cries out in panic. "No, stop him!" she begs us, but it is too late. Tish being taller than me, with one lucky jab Zeus has got her, ramming his beastly cock right into her slightly gaping hole, left open by Marc and Justin.

I can see it all. Zeus's blood red, veiny cock, bowing from the pressure of his quaking flanks as he desperately tries sinking more of himself into her. And he slowly succeeds as Tish bellows in a low, guttural groan. "He's... too... big!" she gasps. Tell me about it!

The rest of us freeze, staring with awe as the dog's mighty cock disappears into Tish's cunt. And as soon as he's got a majority of it in, his instincts kick into high gear and his hips begin to jerk and thrust, working into a hammering rhythm. Zeus is fucking Tish. Tish is getting fucked by a dog! Witnessing it, it's almost too much for me.

Marc pulls me out of my reverie however, drawing my mouth to his stiff cock. I'd rather watch the show, but I don't resist him, merely trying to watch out of the corner of my eyes as I begin to jack Justin off again.

As Zeus really begins to give it to Tish, jack hammering his huge dog cock in and out of her poor cunt in a blurring motion, her long groan turns into a never ending staccato of grunts, groans, moans and yelps! Torn between pain and pleasure, I hear a mixture of "NO's!" and "Yes's!" as she teeter-totters between begging him to stop and pleading for him to fuck her!

Justin grows anxious and pulls my head to his groin next. I take my mouth off Marc and wrap my lips around Justin's as I then begin to jack Marc. Marc however is not interested in a hand job, grabbing me by my hips he hoists me to my feet and lines his hard cock up with my slit.

"Marc, no! Tish?!" I for some reason feel it wrong to let Tish's boyfriend fuck me right here in front of her.

"Ah, come on! She's fucking her dog right now, I think it will be okay..." he says with a laugh. I guess it's true, so I just focus my attention back on sucking Justin, leaving my rear open for him.

As Marc thrusts into me, I have my nth orgasm of the night. Between my own moans and Tish's shrieks and grunts, we've got to be waking up the entire apartment complex, but no one seems to care.

"Come on Marc, let me get a piece of that!" Justin's throbbing cock is eager for some pussy. I'd done my best not to fuck him, but I guess at this point it's inevitable.

As Zeus continues to hammer Tish, I push Justin down on the couch and straddle his lap. I stand his cock up straight as I lower my sopping wet pussy down onto him. He moans with appreciation as I do so. Marc walks up behind us and I am not too sure what he is up to as he kneads one of my breasts with one hand as he feeds a finger of his other into my mouth.

I just go with it, sucking hard on it as if it were a tiny cock, humming and moaning across it as Justin thrusts up into me.

What he does next surprises me. Pulling his spit coated finger out my mouth, he runs his hand down my back into the crack of my ass, probing that finger right into my asshole. I get the hint, as my heart beat spikes. I am nervous, two cocks at once?! And I'd only had fat Larry and his little puny cock in my ass before, and Marc's beautiful cock is much larger, but I don't stop him.

He wiggles his finger in easily enough and slowly begins to fuck me with it as I grind atop Justin. I find that I enjoy it as he buries his finger right to the knuckle inside my butt! He's only prepping me though and I know it. As Tish continues to get her pussy blown out by Zeus, shrieking and crying with wanton lust, Marc slips his finger out and replaces it with the head of his cock.

My breath grows short as I pause to let Marc in. "What the...?!" Justin finally realizes what is going on, disappointed I had stopped, but a huge grin spreads across his face as he sees Marc lining his cock up. "Get her man!"

My tight rosebud puts up a bit more resistance to his cock as opposed to his finger, denying him, so Marc spreads some more spit across his head before he tries again.

"Oh gawd!" I cry out as Marc pushes harder at me, spreading my tight hole around him as he wedges himself in. Once the barrier is broken, his length more easily glides into me as my ass sucks him in, and I can't believe it, I cum again!

He slowly pushes all the way forward until I can feel his abdomen press up against my naked butt. His long, thick shaft is completely buried in my ass! Having succeeded, he starts a rhythmic thrusting motion, gradually picking up the pace as Justin once again begins to thrust up into me. It's amazing! Their two hard cocks fucking both my holes at once!

They're both really giving it to me when our little orgy is interrupted by a blood curdling scream from Tish.

"W-what's happening?!" she cries aloud as we all look just in time to see Zeus's grapefruit size of a knot force itself into her, her pussy's lips clasp closed around it.

Tish screams even louder with a mixture of pain and pure pleasure, cumming, but just as it disappears, now only a sliver of red meat visible between her sex and his fury sheath, she falls silent, collapsing her chest and head onto the floor in exhaustion.

"H-he's... cumming in me..." we all hear her mumble. And I know he is, a flood of sweet, hot dog cum! I am jealous!

With this though I feel both the boys tense up, pressing themselves fully into me as they fill me with their own cum.

Spent, we all just lay there in exhaustion. As eventually Zeus turns himself off Tish, still tied but now ass to ass, Marc pulls his still slightly stiff cock from my used ass and Justin and I both watch as he walks over to Tish, left panting on the floor. He grabs her by the hair and lifts her face to his cock.

I'm not sure if she hadn't just seen him fuck me royally in the ass or not, but she takes his anal and cum soiled cock right into her mouth, cleaning it for him.

At the sight of this, I can feel Justin's cock grow back to life, still inside me. He wiggles out from beneath me though and I start to get up, but he then pushes me back down, "I've got to get a taste of that ass!" Justin demands as he bends me back over the couch, shoving the head of his cock into my abused butt. Left a little sore from Marc's assault, I'm not really looking forward to a second round of anal pounding, but I keep my mouth closed and let him have his way.

Loosened up by Marc and with his cum seeping from my butt, my asshole doesn't put up much resistance as Justin forces himself into me. He's an idiot however and I cry out as he immediately begins to hammer my poor ass, but my pleas fall on deaf ears as he mercilessly thrusts his full length in and out my ass.

After a bit of this, I hear Tish cry out again across Marc's cock, followed by a loud plop as Zeus finally dislodges himself from her, followed by a loud splash as his cum spills out onto the floor.

"Hold on," I tell Justin as I push myself up off the couch. He frowns as I ease forward, letting his cock slowly slip out from my ass. I can feel my butthole gaping as I get down onto my hands and knees and crawl over to the still kneeling Tish.

Eager to taste Zeus's abundant cum, I bury my face into Tish's drooling pussy, licking and sucking, savoring the taste, tonguing her pussy for all I'm worth.

Zeus is beside me, doing his best to lick his massive cock clean. It fully exposed and engorged, I am stunned by the mere sight of it. How could that massive thing, especially his obscene knot ever fit into us?!

I am drawn to it. Turning from Tish, I grasp it, pushing his head away I begin to lick and suck it clean for him, enjoying the still random spurts of his cum blasting out it's tip.

"Ugh!" I groan around it as Justin comes up again and sinks his cock back into my still open ass. What is with these guys?! Couldn't he just put it in my pussy where a cock belongs?!

I watch as Marc walks around behind the still kneeling Tish and after slipping his cock into her ruined pussy, getting it nice and coated with Zeus's cum, he backs out to guide it into her ass! Tish just moans, still completely out of it.

Both the guys each start hammering us as hard as they can, as if in competition with each other to punish us. Still sucking Zeus right beside them, Marc beckons me over, "Brandi, come here."

Unsure, I pick my head up, cum dripping from my chin and cheeks, and Marc grabs me by the hair as he pulls me closer still. He first pushes himself as deep as he can into Tish's butt, grinding his hips around to her moans of pleasure, before he slowly pulls it all the way out. He then turns and offers it to me.

"You can't be serious?!" I am repulsed, but as Marc demands that I do it, I give in. Opening my mouth, I hold my breath as I suck him in, tasting the foul scent of his soiled cock. With Justin still fucking my own ass, his cock thrusting up into the very depths of my bowels, Marc rams my face down into his stomach, burying his cock into my throat before he pulls it back out and forces it back into Tish's awaiting ass.

He does not let my hair go though as he slaps his hips up against her cheeks, ensuring he is good and recoating all of his cock, he pulls it out once more and forces it back into my mouth. I let him.

Justin can take no more and tenses up, emptying another load into my anal passage as he watches

Marc fully degrade me, time and again sinking his cock all the way into Tish's ass before taking it back out to stuff into my awaiting mouth.

Marc thankfully doesn't last much longer though. He's currently got his cock buried in Tish's ass, but as he cums, he pulls out enough to where only the head of his cock is in her.

"Ughhhh..." he groans, emptying his balls into her. Finished, he slips it out, followed by the slow stream of his milky white cum and orders me to lick her clean. Lost, I do it, first licking at the cum around her open rim before puckering my lips and sucking at the hole like it were a straw. I slurp up what had followed him out, drinking that cum before I push my tongue as deep as I can into her still agape ass, fishing out the rest. It should be gross, but I love the taste.

Justin and Marc each have me clean their cocks before I hear Marc say to Justin, "watch this!"

Marc grabs me by the arm, hoisting me up he leads me over to the couch. He turns me around but does not seat me. Instead he forces me to squat with my back resting up against the edge of the seat.

"Tish, come here," he grabs her and helps her crawl over. Tish has a dazed look in her eyes and obeys without question. Marc then forces her onto her back with her face just below my squatting sex. "Now push," he turns to me.

"What?!" I exclaim.

"The cum in your ass, push it out!"

"NO!" I protest, still unsure of what he's talking about, but as I see Tish smack her lips and open her mouth, it begins to dawn on me. Marc is impatient though and reaching down, he shoves his finger back up my ass, fishing it around.

My asshole, thoroughly abused and left open, can't hold it. My abdomen tenses and as Marc pulls his finger back out, a long string of their two loads follows it out and drops right into Tish's open mouth! Cum, right out of my ass!

"Don't swallow it!" Marc warns Tish, and she doesn't. I can see it, the milky-yellowish cum, pool in her mouth. I don't know what comes over me, but begin to push as Marc had instructed me, and feel the strangest of sensations as I feel additional globs clump and plop out of me, dripping into her waiting mouth and across her lips and cheeks.

"Good, get it all out!" Marc encourages me as the wads continue to dribble out my ass.

I simply can't believe how much of it was inside me as some from my pussy also adds to that across her face and into her mouth. Tish hasn't swallowed a drop yet and her mouth is nearly full of the foul liquid of all three males.

"Don't swallow," Marc tells her again as he grabs her by the arm and helps her up. "Now, share it with Brandi."

WHAT?! my mind screams, but I am shocked still. I can't move as Tish leans over me, and by reflex open my own mouth as she tilts her head forward, letting the pool of cum in her mouth spill into mine. It's so humiliating, but still, I can't help but be turned on by it as my own mouth fills from the cum shared by Tish, harvested right from my own used ass and pussy.

For some reason I do not swallow, and as Tish brings her now empty mouth to mine, we kiss and I push some of the passed wads back into her mouth as our tongues dance around each others. A great deal of it spills out across our chins, curling and dripping down onto our necks and breasts as we continue passing the wads back and forth, swallowing some here and there until it is all gone. We then lick at it from each others necks and chest, savoring it all until we are both clean of it.

I've sunk to the lowest of the low. I thought I had come here to escape, but only new ways of debauchery and humiliation have been introduced to me. There is no turning back, but I am unafraid. The itch in my pussy is alive and well. I am a slut.

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## Chapter Four

Whatever inhibitions I had last night are certainly gone this morning. My shame and humility come roaring back with a vengeance. I awake with a start, curled up with Zeus on the couch, cradling him for warmth. Gawd, how embarrassing! I am stark naked. I can't believe my actions from the previous night, in front of Tish and Marc and Justin no less! How could I?!

I do my best to get off the couch without waking Zeus, but sure enough, I move only an inch and his head is up smiling at me.

"Sshhh..." I whisper to him, not wanting to wake the others. Zeus thankfully just laps a couple of times at my face, then yawns a long yawn, stretching his front limbs as I climb over him. He then simply rolls over into my spot, he himself spent from the night before.

I'm seriously hung-over and still a bit drunk. Clenching at my head, I stumble around in search of my clothes. Justin is asleep on the floor with a pillow and blanket. I am careful to avoid him.

Tish's bedroom door is open and I can see the naked forms of Tish and Marc on the bed, but they both are knocked out cold. I find my shoes, top and mini skirt, but wait until I am safely in the hall before I dress.

I am too hung up in myself at the moment, struggling to gain enough balance to step into my out held mini-skirt, that I don't even see the old man from last night approaching.

"Long night?" he announces himself, giving me a start.

"Oh!" I gasp, looking to him with surprise. "I didn't see you..." I stumble embarrassingly. But I can see that he's not out to start any trouble. He's got kind eyes and they are lit up at the moment, ogling me above his wide, shit eating grin. He's a lucky old man, two peep shows in just a few hours. I giggle.

It's his companion that troubles me. Guided on a leash, thank god, is a medium sized setter. A very attractive dog I might add, but that's just it. I become flushed and hot at the mere sight of him, his sheen coat, his defined animal muscles... and that look in his eyes. He can see right through me, he knows I am a bitch in heat.

I shake the thoughts from my head and look away from the two and go about my business without care of his eyes on my nude body. I struggle again to step my other leg into my skirt and give the old man a nice glance at my shaved pussy in the process.

"Te-hee," he giggles to himself at the sight. "Sure you don't need any help with that?!" he asks a bit

too excited.

“Ha!” I laugh back at him, pulling my skirt up to my hips. I put my shoes on next, giving him just a bit more time to ogle my teenage breasts before I turn towards him to put on my shirt.

I start to walk towards him while I pull it on over my head and he freezes from shock. Smiling at this, I grab him firmly by the groin. I can feel his dick swell from my touch. “You’re just a dirty old man, aren’t you?!” I say coyly. With that, I turn and leave, shaking my ass for him the whole way.

I spend the last of my money to get a cab home, but am ever so excited to see Sue’s suburban out front and Larry’s truck no where in sight. My lucky day!

My luck continues to improve as I hesitantly come in, I find that Kyzer and Mutt are shut out back. Thank you! Sue’s not so excited to see me however. Hearing me enter, she comes storming out her bedroom, red in the face.

“And just where have you been all night, missy?!” she practically screams at me. “Don’t you know I’ve been worried sick?!”

I know she’s pissed, so I just put on my puppy dog face and force a few tears. This melts her almost immediately – it always does – and she gives in. Rushing over, she grabs me in a hug, holding me close.

“I’m just glad you’re okay,” she says. “Just don’t do that to me again!” she releases me and gives me a little pop on the bottom.

“Sorry mom...” I whimper, though I am smiling inside.

“And shouldn’t you be in school?” she adds. Oops!

“Yeah, but I’m all done, we just sit around, and I’m not feeling well,” I tell her, which is the truth for once.

“Ha! I wonder why you’re not feeling well?!” she smiles slyly at me, changing back into my friend instead of my mom. “You have a hot date last night?!”

“Something like that...” I mumble, at a loss for what last night was. ‘Try orgy,’ I think to myself.

“Never mind, come help me pack!” she excitedly takes my hand and pulls me to her bedroom.

“Pack?”

“Yeah! Larry thinks I need some time off. He surprised me last night with a plane ticket. I’m gonna go see grandma and grandpa, it’s been so long!” she can barely contain her excitement. “Isn’t that so sweet of him?!”

“Yeah, so sweet...” I don’t intend to mock her, but that’s how it comes out.

“Huh, what’s that? What’s wrong, Brandi?” Sue turns back to face me.

“Oh, nothing... it’s nothing. That’s really great, I’m happy for you!” I force myself to lie yet again. Larry so nice! Ha! If she only knew his real intentions. I get butterflies – and not the good kind – at the thought of it.

"How long you gone for?" I ask uneasily, afraid to know.

"Just a week," she smiles.

"A week, but..?!"

"Brandi, what's come over you?!" Sue looks to me concernedly. I can see the shock in her eyes. I quickly pull myself together.

"It's just... a week? How am I supposed to get by?"

Sue laughs at this. "You, get by? You've been taking care of yourself since you were thirteen, what do you mean?"

"Nothing," I shrug it off. "You're right."

"I've stocked the fridge and left you some money on your bed stand. Larry will be here, everything will be just fine!" she says with a proud smile, mistaking my misgivings as that her daughter is going to miss her. She doesn't know the truth. I'm tempted to just spill it all.

'Larry wants you gone, not because he's a nice guy, but because he's a sick perv who wants to have free reign on me all week!' I scream in my head, but only in my head. "Come on, I'll help you pack," I bury it.

I actually get to enjoy my day off. Not giving two shits about Larry, I shower and change into some comfy sweats. I don't dare let the dogs in, but instead spend the day snoozing on the couch, catching up on some of my favorite shows here and there.

It's around five that it all goes to shit. As I hear Larry's truck pull into the drive, my heart beat spikes and my first instinct is to run... but no. I force myself back down onto the couch, attempting to calm my nerves. Larry doesn't own me.

I almost break again when I hear his key scrape into the lock. I have to hold myself still as the door swings open. Larry.

"Well, well, if it isn't little miss princess, home at last!" he chuckles at the sight of me. He's carrying a large sack and makes his way over to the table to set it down before he turns back to me. "You know you had you're mother worried sick last night?"

"Thanks for your concern!" I mock him.

"Ha! Nah, don't reckon I am. Figured you were just off, fucking some mutt in an alley!" he stabs back at me. I make to retort but am choked. Larry's right, I was in a way.

Larry seems almost surprised at my lack of response. "Haha! You was, wasn't you?! Fucking some dirty dog last night!" he barrels over in a laughing fit. My face burns red with anger.

"Oh shut it! I was just avoiding you're perverted ass!"

"Uh huh, I'm sure," he keeps on laughing. "You know you're mother's gone, don't you?" he eyes me carefully.

"I do. I helped her pack. She was so thankful, that was so nice of you, Larry!" I say in the most sarcastic tone I can muster.



"Huh," he grunts, "well then, you should know that you ain't to be in those," he points a finger at my clothes.

I don't respond. Larry folds his arms across his chest with a smug grin on his face as we eye each other with contempt.

"What?!" I snarl at him.

"I'm waiting."

He's waiting? Ha! Oh how I hate him!

"Fine!" I shout. Fucking Larry and the shit I've got to put up with! I throw back my blanket, rip my shirt over my head, slinging it aside, and hurriedly step out my sweats. "You satisfied?!" I sneer at him as I lift my arms out, giving him a full view of me. His lips curl into a grin.

"That's better," he says as he turns to his sack. "I've gotten you a present. Turn around," he tells me as he sifts through it.

Turn around?! I don't think so! But then again... I don't think I want to see what's coming. I give in and turn around, my legs shaky and my breath short with nerves.

Larry finds what he wants and walks up behind me, drawing a necklace about my neck. No, not a necklace! My hands spring for it but I'm too late. I hear the snap of the buckle and it's locked snugly about my neck. No, not a necklace, a collar.

"There! It fits great!"

"What the fuck Larry! How do I get it off?!" I fumble in vain with its clasp.

"You don't," Larry says to me coolly, "I do." I stop fumbling with it.

"Now then, why've you got the dogs out back?" he says to me almost angrily, pointing to the back door.

"I don't know," I mumble, caught off guard. "That's where Sue had them when I got home."

"And you just left them out there all day?!" he acts shocked.

"So what?!" I shoot back at him. Larry grumbles.

"You treat them dogs so bad! And after all they've done for you!" he smiles sinisterly at me. "Well, I think it's about time you let 'em back in." Our eyes lock onto each others, mine filled with disdain, his filled with dark designs and lust. He's getting right to it then. I look away.

It takes me a moment, I have to calm myself, get a grip on things. I'm about to get fucked! Royally! And as much as I am afraid, as I take a step for the back door, I feel a wetness between my legs.

"No," Larry stops me, "not like that. I think you should greet them like the bitch you are, on your hands and knees."

"What?! You can't be serious?!" I stomp my foot on the ground. But he is serious. Larry unyielding, I am forced to get down onto my hands and knees and crawl to the back door. Larry watches me carefully the whole way as my sex is fully exposed to him bent like this.

I pause as I place my hand on the knob to the back door. Kyzer and Mutt are crying and scraping at it, eager to get in, eager to get it in! 'Fuck it, here we go!' I say to myself as I twist the handle. Both dogs immediately charge through.

They swarm around me to Larry's delight, lapping all across my naked body. It is frustrating, I really have been reduced to a bitch for mating. I push them out my face which simply redirects their attention to my unprotected rear.

"Aw!" I gasp as their tongues wind their ways in between my thighs, licking at my sex and butt. I feels as good as always but I fight back against the itch. I don't want this, I don't want to like it. Kyzer mounts me first.

I am helpless against him. I don't bother to help him, hoping he'll just give up with a lack of success, but he's becoming practiced at this and after a few rounds of mounting, dismounting to lick at me again, his red dog cock finally finds it's mark and Kyzer thrusts into me.

I should consider myself more practiced by this point as well, but his force and veracity still catches me off guard and rocks me. I am left kneeling, grunting and groaning, crying and begging and pleading, all incoherently, as Kyzer pistons himself in and out of me at an unbelievable pace, even harder than before. He must have missed me last night as well.

As Kyzer punishes me, Larry moves around to my face with Mutt in tow. He forces me to suck on Mutt's cock before he fishes out his own and makes me swap back and forth between them. I am overcome. I cum and cum hard, just as Kyzer completes his business and knots me. I am engorged, and growing fuller by the second as Kyzer unleashes his flood of cum deep in my womb.

Kyzer becomes still, draped across my back, his drool dripping down onto my back and neck as he continues to fill me. I am spent myself, but Larry ensures I keep up my duties with him and Mutt with a hard grasp on my hair. I struggle with Mutt's now fully extended cock as his pre-cum sprays in abundance into my mouth when sucking him, and then across my face as I suck Larry. Both cum fully in my mouth and on my face before Kyzer finally finishes and turns and pulls from me.

Larry gives Mutt dibs next on me to give himself a chance to recover, but he makes sure I suck Kyzer clean in the process.

With my pussy gaping and leaking, Mutt also finds entry without my help and sinks easily into me. He gives me another round of hard fucking and knotting before it is Larry's turn.

As Mutt eventually pulls from me, more cum spilling onto the floor, Larry thankfully does not make me suck him clean as well. Instead, Larry is busy fiddling within his sack of goodies. I know he is up to something more, but am too drained to move. I just stay knelt within kitchen, panting, leaking, trying to pull myself together.

Larry doesn't leave me long though. I am disturbed as he wedges a plastic nozzle into my ass and squeezes. A cool gel fills my rectum. Wiping some more of it on his dick, I know he intends to fuck me in the ass, but whatever. I don't care.

Just like the dogs, Larry gets right to it and shoves his cock unmercifully right up my butt. It hurts something fierce at first, an unyielding invasion. I cry out but this only gives Larry further pleasure and goads him on to thrust harder into me. I bite my lip to silence myself.

And just as it always is with Larry, it's only just starting to get good when Larry abruptly tenses up and looses his cum within my butt.

I'm left no better after this pounding and remain knelt as Larry slips his soiled cock out my ass and brings it around to my face. With nothing said, I perform yet again the unthinkable and suck his dirty cock into my mouth to clean it for him.

"Ain't that a good little bitch!" Larry tries further humiliating me, but I don't think there is any lower than I've already slipped.

"Now then," Larry abandons me to once again rummage around within his sack. When he comes back, he buckles a leash to my collar and opening the back door, he tugs at it, drawing me to the back yard.

I try to stand up but Larry abruptly barks, "NO! You stay on your hands and knees bitch!"

I frown, but my legs are weak regardless, so I crawl my way along by Larry's guide into the back.

"Now you're going to learn just who's in charge around here. You pull that shit again that you did yesterday, you'll be getting it even worse! You're gonna learn how to behave like a true and proper bitch."

With that Larry locks my leash about the trunk of a tree near the dogs' dog house and water bowl. He then goes back inside to retrieve something more and my eyes light up when I see what he's carrying.

"What do you think you're..?!" I start to protest but Larry stuns me as he slaps me hard in the face.

"Shut it!" he orders me angrily. "Bitches don't speak! I've had enough of your shit! I'll leave you out here all week if it's necessary!" I gulp, afraid of his threat. Held in one hand Larry's got two strange objects. One has a large sack filled with liquid and a long nozzle off it, narrowing at the tip, and also a long strand of various sized rubber beads. At one end there is a larger, oval shaped bead, followed by the smallest on the whole strand, no bigger than a small marble. From there though, each becomes progressively larger, finishing with one that is larger than a golf ball and then a flat barrier and handle. What is he up to?

Pushing me over further, my chest flat against the grass, I feel Larry press the nozzle of the sack right into my used asshole. Larry then does the unthinkable as he squeezes the sack with force, exploding the water within right into my rectum. My insides fill uncomfortably.

"Stop it!" I plead, but Larry only laughs.

"I told you already, bitches don't speak! Let me tell you how this is going to work," having finished emptying the contents of the sack into my bowels, Larry slips the nozzle back out my ass, quickly to be replaced by the ovaled ball of the strand of beads. As he works that one into my ass, he continues, "You're going to learn how to behave properly, like a true bitch."

The next couple of beads slip into my ass with enough ease. "While out here, you're going to behave like a bitch. You're going to stay on your hands and knees, I don't want to see you using your hands," the next couple of beads grow comparably larger and my tight butthole protests as Larry forces them in. "If you're thirsty, you can drink from the dogs' bowl. If you got to piss, well, the whole yard is yours."

Larry finally gets to the last two. I groan uncomfortably as another, the largest yet, slips into my ass. With all the fluids he's injected into me and the long strand of beads reaching who knows how far into me, my insides cramp. I groan a long and low groan as Larry gets to the last one, the golf ball

sized one, and pushes it in.

With my ass sucking the last one in and clenching tightly closed around it, between the large bead and the rubber dam leading to the hand, Larry stands back laughing, clapping his hands happily together. "Ha ha! Ain't that a beautiful sight! Looks like you've got a tail and everything, a true bitch! Ha!"

I hang my head with dismay. What is Larry doing to me?!

"Now then, if you ever want back in, you'll learn how a bitch behaves! Obediently to her masters. I'll leave Kyzer and Mutt out here to keep you company," he chuckles, "and you best give them everything they want, I'll be keeping a close eye on you. When you've got that tail out your ass, I'll let you back inside, and not a moment before. You can bark like a bitch to let me know when you're ready," he laughs.

I'm only half listening. My ass is so full. I feel like I've got to take... well, you know, and I've got all these beads stuck up my ass! Turning to leave, Larry adds one more thing, "and remember, no using your hands. If I catch you, we'll start all over and I've got a bigger strand of anal beads to use next time!"

I say nothing. I don't even look at him. As he goes back to the house, he lets Kyzer and Mutt both out and stands around to watch as the two take me yet again.

This time it is near unbearable however. With my ass already so full, their bodies pressing in against my rear the out-stuck handle of the beads only serves to ram them deeper into me. And all the jostling and rocking back and forth jumbles my insides, not to mention the menacing sensation of their knots forced inside me, rubbing against all the beads, separated only by a thin membrane inside me.

I am helpless. My insides cramping, crippling me, it's nearly dusk and I haven't even begun to try to get the beads out of me, and without the use of my hands, I have no idea how I could ever manage the feat. The two dogs have taken me a countless number of times by now to where my pussy is left gaping and constantly drooling out their cum.

oh, they'll leave me alone from time to time, give me a chance to curl up nude in the grass, but then one would grow bored and come over and nudge me with his nose and I would obediently assume the position on my hands and knees.

Larry would come out from time to time and check on me, watch the show, whatever. It is on the latest round, Mutt having his way with me, that our neighbor lets his dog out in their back yard and his and my Kyzer go ape shit at each other through the fence.

Horror strikes me. I fight to silence my grunts delivered by Mutt's pounding as I hear Marvin, our neighbor, yell at his dog to cut it out. 'Oh please, oh please don't come over to the fence!' I pray.

We have a private fence, but I can still see Ranger, their black lab, through the slats, barking and growling madly as Kyzer does the same. Kyzer has a bitch to protect after all.

Afraid, I bury my head in my arms, hiding my face, not wanting to see what's happening. Mutt's managed to knot me and eases up as Ranger's barking comes to a sudden halt. Kyzer's tapers off as well and he comes back around me, standing between me and the fence. I hesitantly raise my head.

Relief, I can't make out anything on the other side. It is growing dark, but I tell myself Marvin's

thankfully gone back inside. After a while, Mutt dismounts and then soon his knot plops out as well. Kyzer, uneasy by Ranger across the fence, immediately mounts me to show me and Ranger that I am his bitch. And he fucks me like never before. Even hard, more violent than he's ever given it to me. I can't help it. I can't stop the loud grunts and moans as Kyzer fucks my brains out.

The dogs go into a frenzy. I'm sure it's because of Ranger - I start to despise that dog - but one right after the other, my two dogs continuously mount me immediately after the other has finished, not giving me a second of rest. Hard cock, huge knot, hot cum, again and again.

I don't know how much time has passed, could have been an hour of this, but as Kyzer fills me with his cum for the nteenth time, I hear a shuffling from across the fence... like the sound of someone...

I gasp! I see a shadow shift behind the fence, and it's not just Ranger's. I see the form of the black lab beside the larger, taller shadow. I can still hear the shuffling noise. My face burns red with humiliation. The shuffling sound, it's Marvin! He's jacking off, peeping on me from behind the fence.

My first impulse is to say something, to yell at the sick perv to get out of here, but I choke. I am the one knelt, chained to a tree in my own back yard, naked, fucked a countless number of times by my two dogs, getting fucked now, a dog's cock knotted inside me, my womb filled and filling with dog cum. Who exactly is the sick perv?

I bury my face back into my arms in the grass and cry, waiting for Kyzer to dismount and pull himself from me. It takes what seems like ages as I listen carefully for any sound that Marvin has left, but I hear none. I can only hope I've missed it - that's what I force myself to believe, even though I know better.

As Kyzer finally does pull free, with my adrenaline kicked into high gear, I jump to action. Warding off Mutt, I for the first time try getting this "tail" out my ass. Recalling Larry's warning, I don't dare use my hands, so unsure of what else to do, I contract my stomach, pushing out just like one would when trying to take a... well, you can imagine.

I know that the first bead is the largest and will be the hardest to dislodge. I push with all my might, grunting even as I feel the large ball press back against my clenching sphincter. The battle goes on, see-sawing back and forth, almost free before I have to regroup and try again, letting it suck back in.

I ball up my fists and groan loudly, like I'm constipated, pushing the hardest yet and hold it for a painstaking amount of time before finally, my ass is forced open enough for the first golf ball sized rubber bead to slip out. It pops out, just like the dogs' knots do from my tight pussy. I almost shout with triumph, but know I've still got a long ways to go.

I repeat the process. It takes just as long to get the next one out, but the following two slip more easily, and then after those, with one hard push, the rest of the smaller beads explode out of me, rippling their way out past my sphincter until the last, larger one catches. I have to rest.

That's all the dogs need. With the strand of beads hanging all the way out, dangling between the crack of my ass, Kyzer remounts me and fucks me hard. Mutt follows him. I'd never get out of here.

Kyzer looks as if he's ready to mount again after Mutt so I call him over and start to suck on him to distract him while I work on pushing the final bead out my butt.

When it finally plops out as well, it is followed closely by the insane amount of liquid Larry had injected up my ass. I can't begin to explain the sudden relief.

Triumphant, I sigh as I fall over onto my side, exhausted and feeling a bit strange. The two dogs come to investigate, sniffing and licking at the toy and my rear. They start nudging me, ready to go again, but I've done it. It's time to get out of here.

Remembering what Larry told me, I start to bark and yap like a little bitch. I don't dare look to the fence, if Marvin is still there.., "Ruff-ruff. RUFF-RUFF!" I feel like an absolute idiot, but I've got to get out of here before the dogs get me again.

Larry comes out laughing. "Ah, now there's a good bitch! I wasn't sure you'd ever get it out of you!"

Too late that. The dogs worked up, force me back up onto my hands and knees and fuck me yet again as Larry watches on.

In the process, Larry undoes the leash from the tree but not from my collar. As the dogs finish up, he uses it to guide me back inside, me crawling on all fours with the dogs close in tow. Larry lets them each fuck me again inside before he himself fucks me in the ass, then tells me to get upstairs and clean up.

"Be sure to put on plenty of make-up, fix yourself up real nice, I want you to look like a real whore. I've got a special night planned for you!" Great.

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Chapter Five

The shower is well needed and deserved. I lavish in it. Bent with my hands pressed against the wall, I lean into it, channeling all my anger and self pity away through it. With my head slumped, I let the water rain down atop me, soaking into my hair, curling about my face and chin and wind it's way down my nude body, letting it wash all traces of the most recent scandal.

Two months. 'Two and a half months,' I correct myself, before I am free of this, before I am my own self again. And he's got something "special" planned for me tonight. I feel sick and dizzy and on the verge of panic at the mere thought of it.

I know there is only myself to blame. I'd given Larry his blackmail, his hold over me. The Itch! And I'd pushed him by disappearing last night and Larry and his machoist, even slightly sadistic self, has a point to prove. That it is he who is in charge and that I'd better remember it. I can still see myself in that video he has of me. I wonder if he still watches it and it gives me the creeps. It's Larry, of course he does! I can never let him get that video out!

But in the same breath, I do not regret my decision last night. No, and in fact, I am quite proud of it. I haven't let him take full control. Oh, I'll pay for it all right, but I am resolved that it will all be well worth it. I can push and pull at him, just as long as I don't take it too far, just as long as that video never gets out. I don't care what antics Larry tries to pull, demand this, have me do that, it can't get any worse than it already has... can it?

The butterflies are there as if to prove my doubt. Larry's latest threat, playing over and over again in my head strikes at a nerve within me. My stomach feels like a bunch of knots. I am hesitant, but resigned. There is no avoiding Larry's threat... his promise. I am scared and nervous, but still, with the thought of the video and last night at Tish's... the itch is there, gnawing at me, stressing me, burning at me to relieve it.

I am scared, nervous, distraught even, but still, the anticipation... What will he do to me? What will

he have me do? What else is there he could force upon me that I haven't already done? The anticipation...

I lift my right hand from the wall and explore the collar about my neck, the symbol of my submission. I know there is no unlocking it, but still I've got to try. I eventually give in and as I bring my hand down, I find myself staring longingly at it, at my empty palm, up at my long, delicate, curled fingers. My hand feels drawn to the itch, like my body and instincts are overriding all my logic and will. The itch yearning and begging for relief. Practically salivating, I ogle my empty hand like it's my own would-be savior.

I sneer at the thought. I'm looking at it more like an addict does their needle.

I glance up at the shower head. It is able to detach, connected to a long hose looped down from it to the pipe. It's pulse is just about as good as any tongue or cock, if not better... 'NO!' I am abashed. I'd no more than looked away from my hand to find the shower head. I'm such a slut!

I remain, recalling my perfect life only days ago. Before Larry's tyranny over me, before the dogs, before this unyielding itch. It seems like so long ago, like I'd become a different person altogether. Like it was just a dream or something, some remnant of my imagination. I was at the top of the world, beautiful, smart, athletic, popular... but what am I now? Some slut only days ago I would have chastised and pittied, and if the worst be known... The minutes tick impatiently by, turning the hot water warm, then cold.

I am pleased as dogs don't bother me as I scurry from the bathroom to my own. However, I am startled to find that Larry's been in here and laid out some additional gifts for me across my bed. I even cock a smirk at it. I've always loved gifts, giving and receiving them, but all of the boys I'd dated or messed with seemed completely ignorant to a girl's love for presents. "Immature," feels like the right word. But Larry..! Ha! Larry has now given me a third in a day, how caring!

'What a romantic!' I laugh to myself as I eye the skimpy outfit laid out across my bed. It looks like some stripper's outfit! Red, the scant material looks like hardly enough to cover me. I almost laugh. There are also some black fishnet stockings set beside it and some of my own black high heels. I admit, at the thought of me all dressed up in this, I am almost turned on by the sexy ensembl. Larry has no idea just how lucky he is!

Left smirking, amused by my own thoughts, I leave the outfit for the time being and move to my vanity to tend to the makeup. If Larry wants me all dolled up, "slutty" I believe were his exact words, then I'll give him slutty, I'll show him sexy. I'll show him what a treasure he's actually getting, like he'd never believe, like he'd never risk losing.

I take my time, spending over a half hour on my hair and makeup alone. I know Larry's got to be growing impatient, but he hasn't bothered me yet and I am undaunted. In fact, I can't wait to see the expression on his face when he see's me!

Next I begin to dress, if you can call it that. I pick up the two pieces of red clothe that are to serve as my skirt and halter and literally laugh out loud. They're ridiculous. Looking to what's left, I am not surprised that there are no panties or bra to speak of.

First, I step into the slim tube of a skirt and pull it up around my butt and waist and laugh again. Turning in my full length mirror, I can't help but giggle at the sight of me. There's not even enough material to fully cover my butt, the bottom moons of my cheeks left exposed.

Sighing and shaking my head at Larry - what is the point with clothes at all for that matter? - I next

feed my arms through the small sleeves of my top. It is short as well, not even a midriff, more like a bra. It opens in the front with two, long, narrowing strips stretching out in front. After adjusting it to fit right, I take the two strips and pull them taut, tying them together in a knot between my tits. My cleavage is left busting out.

After admiring myself thus dressed, I pick up the stockings next, rolling each one individually up my long, slender, freshly shaved legs. 'Huh,' I think to myself, 'not bad.' They are kinda sexy on me...

Last are the high heels and done. I look to my mirror once again. I am both appalled and turned on by the sight of me. I look like a real life hooker, like I should be out on the street somewhere and I shutter for an instant that that might be exactly what Larry has planned for me, but then quickly shake it off. No, not even he would stoop that low, and besides, what would he have to gain from it. Did he want me to turn tricks for him? His whore, he my pimp? Ha! It is almost too funny.

"Alright, come on!" Larry finally yells up at me. "You've had long enough!"

Right. I knew it was coming and as I turn to leave, one last thing catches my eye atop my bed. My jaw drops. How had I missed it? Laying on my bed where I had collected my outfit is a tiny bottle of lube laid atop a brand new sex toy, still in its plastic packaging. I have, unfortunately, already learned all too well what this toy is. Another set of anal beads.

What? What does Larry want? He couldn't possibly intend for me to..? Of course he does. I'm tempted to overlook them, to just take myself on downstairs. No doubt at the mere sight of me Larry will be dumbfounded and forget all about his last little gift. But no... no he won't, and I don't need any more shit from Larry.

I stumble slowly over to the edge of my bed and pick up the packaged beads. I turn it over a few times in my hands, staring with revulsion at the beads below, picturing in my head what I am going to have to do with these. I mindlessly read across its crude labeling. "Bottom Beads, for the most erotic anal massage!"

Ha! I look further for some type of instructions, but alas, there are none. Only catchy phrases for sensual anal pleasure. No, I guess instructions with these aren't very necessary.

Then I become confused with my emotions. I am definitely pissed at Larry's nerve, though I don't know why, but I am also... intrigued? Flustered? Turned on even? My mouth begins to salivate and my pussy grows moist. What's wrong with me?!

Unnerved by all my hesitancy and flushed with adrenaline, I wedge my fingernails in between the tight plastic and wrench it open. It pops loudly and the blue latex beads spill out onto my bed. There's a rubber loop at one end and I hook my index finger through it to slowly retrieve them and hold them up before me to investigate.

I first run my fingers delicately over them, sizing them up. These, much like the last, start with a very tiny bead, no larger than a small marble, but each following seemingly doubles in size until the sixth is larger than a ping-pong ball, topped off by the loop at the end.

Not daring to give it any more thought, I hurry into action. I don't know if it's because Larry's already called for me or if I believe the best way is just to hurry up and get it over with, but before I can over think it, I spring to action.

I sweep up the bottle of lube and popping its cap, I turn it over and apply it liberally up and down the beads. Then, using my hands, I spread it all across until the strand is completely covered. I add a

second do to the finger tips of my right hand and unwantingly reach around behind myself.

Hiking up my skirt, I grab a cheek with my other hand and pry my crack open a bit as I wedge my lubed hand right in, deep down between. I clumsily poke and prod until I find my tight rosebud. My brow arcs uncomfortably from the sensation. As I spread the lube around it, exploring this hole for the first time with my own hand, I am intrigued. My butt tingles from the attention, unintentionally goading on the returning itch.

I can feel the taut muscle of my sphincter drawn tight beneath the scrunched folds of my skin. It performing it's solemn duty unwaveringly. But I will have to defeat it. My itch demands it of me, begging me, burning deep in my loin for me to press forward and release it. And I do. I press my finger harder into the slim crater, testing myself, testing the pressure and the determination of my puckered hole to keep out would-be intruders.

At first I am too tense and get nowhere, but after taking a couple of deep, long, calming breaths, I slowly feel the muscle begin to relax and little by little, my very own finger begins to slip within my very own ass.

The sensation is... weird. It feels... odd, but good at the same time. I've obviously been fucked here several times by now by Larry and Marc and Justin, but those times were hard and fast. This... sensually, slowly... it begins to entrance me.

I am swept up by it. Closing my eyes, I let go my butt cheek and lean over onto my bed, working more and more of my own finger up into my ass. My breathing deepens. My wetness spreads. I can feel my ringed muscle clench in a rage of protest over and over again about my finger at the intrusion. My channel feels warm and smooth and the tingling sensation spreads deeper and further throughout my loins, forcing me to push deeper and harder and faster. It feels so good about my finger!

There's been many times I've wished I had a boy's dick, just so I could know what it feels like. Pressing, feeling my warm, welcoming ass over my finger now only deepens that desire!

"Brandi, lets go!" Larry calls out loudly again, waking me from my trance. Right.

Trying to ignore what I had just been doing, I slip my finger back out and taking up the now freshly lubed beads, I hold the first and smallest between my fingers and quickly feed it into my butthole. My body shivers from the stimulation, but it is not too difficult.

The first enters me easily enough, as does the next. The following is a little more challenging and I have to struggle with the fifth. The last and largest is almost impossible. It takes me several attempts at controlling my breath and muscles, pressing in, letting my muscle stretch beneath the pressure, see-sawing back and forth, ever loosening, ever adjusting before I finally calm myself enough for it to successfully slip in and my enraged sphincter slams closed behind it. The last little inch or so of latex strand attached to the broad loop is all that is left as evidence, sticking outside of me.

I am outright panting by this point. I hold my position for a moment, leaned over my bed, as I let the awkward sensation of my ass filled with anal beads set in. I then try standing erect and it is even more uncomfortable. I try taking a step. It's just too weird. I waddle awkwardly back in front of my mirror and turn around, pushing out my butt. And then sure enough, I can see the little loop sticking out my clenched sphincter, awaiting me to pull them all out. Another shiver runs down my spine.

I frantically pull back down my skirt, shifting it into place enough to where it would cover the loop and then standing up erect once more, you can't even tell they are there. ...But I sure as hell know

they are! I give myself another moment to adjust to the invasion before I begin my awkward trek downstairs.

As I make my way carefully down the stairs, I am semi-surprised the dogs aren't hurdling up after me. In fact, I am surprised they weren't awaiting me outside my door. My suspicions are answered as I get down to the kitchen and can hear them out back, but that though is not what stops me in my tracks. Laid open across the kitchen table is Larry's unfolded poker table. He's hosting a game. People are coming over. I outright panic!

"Well, well, well, if it isn't miss..." Larry trails off speechless at the sight of me, just as I had planned, but all my glory is cheated me as I nearly crumble at the sight of the poker table. What does Larry have in store for me? The question plagues me over and over again but I cannot move, much less speak to demand it of him.

The two of us standing around dumbfounded, Larry recovers first and seeing my angst, answers my fears. "That's right, I'm having a game tonight..." Larry unnecessarily informs me, but then stops as if he's struggling to find the right words. "Fuck it," Larry mumbles to himself. "Brandi, how would you like to cut another deal?"

Another deal? "About as much as I would like a hole in the head," I retort shortly.

Larry finds this hilarious. "Bahaha!" he bellows. "Well, guess I should have known better, but this one is just a little side deal. I can give you something you want."

"What?" I ask doubtingly, determined it cannot possibly be anything I'd be interested in, but what does it matter anyways? The sick perv already has full sway over me.

"I need your help," Larry starts, further arousing my suspicions. "I've invited over some of these ritzy fuckers from around the neighborhood for a high stakes game of poker tonight and I want your help."

"Sorry dipshit, I'm no good at cards," I mock back at him.

"Ha! No, I don't want you to play you smart ass! I want you to distract them. I want you to take off for right now, here," Larry rummages into his pocket and pulls out several folded bills. He peels off a couple of twenties and hands it to me. "Here's forty bucks. I want you to take off, do whatever it is that you do, but I want you back here in a couple of hours acting all drunk and flirty, like you've been out for a good time and are excited to see them all here. I want you to fuck with them. Fuck up their heads. Get them thinking about anything and everything but their cards and I'll take care of the rest. Do you understand me?"

I simply stare back at him puzzled. What is he talking about. "But... what am I supposed to-"

"Ah, come off it!" Larry yells at me. "You're a smart bitch! Figure it out. These are all older, married men that have been with the same tired woman for years. One look at you're little sweet ass all dressed up like this, it ain't gonna take much."

I nod hesitantly, still unsure of what Larry expects me to do.

"Listen, I've got a lot riding on this. You help me out, you make sure they can't think straight and I win and I'll give you the day off tomorrow to do whatever you want..." Larry pauses a moment to let the offer sink in.

“Ha! A day off?! How special!” I mock him, but in reality, I day off these days didn’t sound like such a bad deal. No fucking Larry? No fucking dogs? Freedom. That’s almost too good to be true, but still, Larry seems desperate so I push it. “I want to go shopping,” I say.”

“So,” Larry spouts off, “go shopping, I don’t give a fuck.”

“I need money.”

“Ha! My little swindler!” Larry smiles approvingly at me. “Alright, hundred bucks.”

“Two.”

“Two hundred?!” Larry feigns outrage. “Bullshit. You already got to do as I say, I don’t got to give you shit!”

“Then I don’t care how hard I try.”

Larry must really have a lot riding on this. After mulling it over for a moment, he finally relents, “Gawd dammit, alright, two hundred.”

Two hundred bucks and a whole day free from Larry and those damned mutts! And all I’ve got to do is put on a little act for these old men, get their heads out the game and onto me. Now at least I know why Larry’s got me all dressed up like this and at least I’m not out working the streets! Ha!

“Alright, a whole day without your stinking ass and two hundred bucks. Sounds like a deal to me, daddy,” I add the last part sarcastically and fully for Larry’s benefit, and he gets a real kick out of it, chuckling hard.

“Good. Here,” and to my further surprise, Larry hands me the keys to his truck. I can’t believe it. I fold the forty he’s given me up and go to fetch my purse. On my way out though Larry stops me by the arm.

“Wait,” he says as he reaches down behind me and hikes up my skirt. “Bend over.” I immediately know what he’s up to and am relieved I’ve got nothing to fear. I amuse him and bend obediently over just a bit. Larry then works his hand in between my butt cheeks and a huge smile spreads across his face as he hooks a finger into the loop of the anal beads hanging out my ass. He gives it a few good tugs to ensure it’s lodged in tight and it is. It doesn’t budge a bit.

“That’s a good girl,” Larry mocks me, patting me on the head as if I am one of the dogs. He’s lucky I don’t kick him in his balls, I most certainly want to. “And one last thing,” Larry turns as serious as I’ve ever seen him. “Like I said, I’ve got a lot riding on this game. If you fuck this up for me, well, no matter how sweet that tight little pussy of your’s is, I’ll have no choice but to sell that video of yours,” Larry warns me. “You got it?”

“Whatever,” I roll my eyes at him, pulling my arm free from his grip and make my way out the house. I don’t show my fear of this, but I don’t doubt him a bit and for the first time, I feel an angst of fear. What if I can’t pull it off? There are consequences. I’ve got to pull it off.

I jump into Larry’s truck - gawd it stinks worse than he does - and take off with no particular destination in mind. I don’t want to go too far, I’ve got to be back in a couple of hours and I certainly don’t want to go anywhere I might run into someone I know dressed like this, and most of all, I need some alcohol. If I am to pull this all off, I am going to need lots and lots of alcohol.

With that in mind, I head to a little spot I know only fifteen minutes from the house. It's a hole in the wall kind of joint. Grungy, probably not too safe for me dressed like this, but easy enough for me to get some drinks and not be too far away.

I regret my decision though upon entering the place. All the air seems to be sucked out the room as I enter. There's only a handful of people inside, a bunch of old and ugly men and a few even uglier women. I've got to be half the age of the next youngest person in here. All turn to stare me down as I enter.

Their eyes follow me to the bar. I spot a couple of idiotic but innocent enough looking men and decide they'll serve well to buy me free drinks - I've got no intention of wasting the forty Larry's given me here.

"This seat taken?" I ask shyly.

The men turn to me dumbstruck, speechless. They both look back over their shoulders to check to see if I was talking to someone else behind them. Seeing no one there, they turn back to me and in unison, each points stupidly to their own chests as if to ask, "me?"

"Yeah," I say giggling, "but if you don't want me to, I can find somewhere else..."

"Y-yes, of course, p-please!" the one closest to me hurriedly dusts off the top of the seat next to him, pretending the part of a gentleman.

"Thank you," I say.

And they're not bad company either. They make me laugh with their stupid jokes and hilarious attempts at crude compliments and pick-up lines and I get my free drinks. I drink the heavy stuff, vodka and soda, and we even share a few shots. And for their company and free drinks, I give them a few good glances at my more intimate areas in return.

Before long though they start to get a little too drunk and touchy-feely and I decide it's time to go. They act quite distraught as I at eleven o'clock, insist I must be off to meet my friends, and like Cinderella late for her Ball, I scurry back out the place before one dares enough to grab me.

I'm pleased with myself as I hop back into Larry's truck. The hard part is still coming up but at least I've managed this first part with perfection. I've managed to get drunk, which should greatly help me, and I hadn't had to spend a dime. Already the stiffness and nerves I had felt earlier have left me as my confidence swells.

Driving isn't wise but I pull it off and get safely back to the house. I pull into the driveway and cut the engine. My breathe is heavy. I'm drunk but now that I am here, those evasive nerves creep back to me. My body feels light and my head lighter. I look back hesitantly over my shoulder to the street to confirm that there are only a couple of cars parked out front, which is promising, but Larry had already told me he was inviting several from around the neighborhood, so no doubt some simply walked. There is just no telling how many are inside, four, six, maybe even eight? I am nervous.

I slip out the truck and stumble a little as I walk to the front door. I feel even more drunk trying to walk again. High heels and too much alcohol don't mix! Maybe I'd had a couple too many?! Ha! More like ten too many! Should have stayed away from the shots! Oh well, too late for that. Plus, I'm sure I'll be needing them in only a moment.

With my hand on the knob, I take a moment to collect myself. There's a group of drunk men inside.

I'm about to walk in half naked, dressed like a hooker and have to hit on them. On the upside, all Larry has asked me to do is distract the others from the game to help him win. On the downside, there is just no telling to what lengths I'll have to go to pull this off. What if I can't? What if I fail? The video. No, remembering the old men at the bar and how easy and natural it was for me, I won't fail.

'Well, here we go,' I think to myself as I turn the handle and ease open the door. You can see straight through the entry, into the kitchen to the dining table where they are all playing at. And just like in the bar, all eyes turn to me as I walk in.

Several do a double take. Their eyes bug out at the sight of me dressed like this. Jaws drop. It takes everything I've got not to mimic them. There's a lot of them! And worse than that, I more or less know each and every one of them. I've lived in this house most my life and had at one time or another run in to one of them, been to their house for a party, babysat for them, or at the least passed them by along the street. This is not going to be easy.

I immediately recognize Marvin, our next door neighbor. The very neighbor who's kids I have babysat for, and the very neighbor who only hours ago, I am almost sure, caught me out back with Kyzer and Mutt! My cheeks go red. I want to turn and run... but I can't.

"Hey," I say sheepishly, purposefully avoiding eye contact with Marvin. I'm nearly dying of shame, but at the sight of their lustful eyes and drooling lips, I feel more confident and the first tinge of my clawing itch returns to me. I'm in too deep to turn back now. "Sorry daddy," I add daddy for Larry's benefit again, "I didn't know you were having company over," I do my best to play the part.

"No, no, that's just fine. I'm glad you're home safe," Larry plays the nice fatherly type. "Did you have a good time out tonight?" he asks with pretended interest.

"Oh, it was okay, nothing special," I smile. All are staring at me but none at my eyes. All of theirs have dropped to my tits. "What are y'all playing?" I ask as I approach them, trying my best to walk steadily to not give away how drunk I am.

The intensity of the situation magnifies as I near them. What the fuck am I doing?! I know all these men and after tonight I'd have to see them all again and again! Well, at least for a couple of more months, then I'd never come back!

There are neatly stacked poker chips in front of each with more scattered across the table and beer cans and half drunken and empty whiskey and liquor bottles strewn throughout. Looks like they've been doing their fair share of drinking as well, and that's not a good sign!

"Just invited some friends over from around the neighborhood for a little poker," Larry answers me, talking gently and sweetly as if he were my loving father and I his sweet little innocent daughter.

"Oh," I say with amusement. "All the boys my age like to play this, I've always wanted to learn!"

"That's nice dear, but this is a serious game. I'll show you some other time," Larry gently dismisses me, but not really.

He's better at this than I would have thought to have given him credit for as immediately one of the men speaks up, "Nonsense Larry! This is y'all's house, she is more than welcome to join us, learn a thing or two!" Several of the others mumble their agreement, still unable to pull their eyes from me no matter how obvious they are being.

Larry feigns concern but then gives in. "Oh, alright, but just for a little bit!"

“Evening Brandi! I can’t believe how much you’ve grown! Seems like only yesterday...” the one who had spoken up, Darrin, greets me first. I know Darrin well. He lives only three houses down and has a son just a year older than me. He is a big man, tall and husky. And his watery eyes betray his sobriety.

Next to Darrin is Paul, a much older, slimmer man from around the block. I’d never really gotten to know Paul, we were all scared of him as kids. He’s got to be in his sixties. He is a sour, grumpy ol’ son of a bitch.

And then beside him is John, a younger and much fatter version of Larry. He and Larry have hung out here before, so I know John well enough, and I have certainly caught him ogling my tits and ass before. He just has the look of a nasty perv, and at any given time you could catch him sitting out front his house in a lawn chair with a twenty-four ounce clenched in his fist. I don’t like John, he’s a loser.

To the right of Darrin is Craig, a built black man that looks to be in his forties. He and his family are the only blacks in our neighborhood and as such they keep mostly to themselves. I’d never talked to him much besides the formal, “Hello” and “How are you today?”, but I’ve always regarded him as a nice man.

Beside him is Luke, the youngest of the group who is easily the most attractive. I and all the girls of the neighborhood know who Luke is. We always kidded and fantasized about him. I even know Becky, his wife pretty well as she is only three years older than me and we’d been at the same parties before.

And then of course there is Marvin. Damn you Marvin, why do you have to be here?! I can’t bring myself to look at him. From the corner of my eye I can tell he is squirming with angst in his seat and practically drooling on himself as his eyes continue to harass me up and down my body. But then again, all their eyes are.

I look around for a free chair, but there are none. Seeing my predicament, Darrin dares offer me to sit with him.

“You’re welcome to sit here with me,” he motions to his lap. “I’ll show you my cards and teach you how to play!” All look to him with envy and I know that this is the perfect opportunity. I don’t mind Darrin and being drunk and tipsy, I eagerly accept.

I slide onto his lap, attempting to hold the hem of my extra short skirt down, but there’s just not enough of it there and it inevitably rides right up around my butt regardless. I’ve got to be careful. As drunk as I am, I still haven’t forgotten all the rubber beads pressed up inside me. How can I? What if they see the loop hanging out?! I’ve got to be careful.

With my exposed pussy pressing down against Darrin’s lap, I feel his dick come to life beneath me and strain back up against his jeans. I glance back, giving him a knowing smile and he simply smiles back and shrugs, as if saying, ‘what do you expect?’ And he’s a big boy too!

All the guys settle back into the game, though stealing glances at me continuously. The next hand is dealt and Darrin shows me his cards and leans over to gently whisper into my ear about them. I giggle and whisper an “oh” or an “ah” as he does this, pretending to care.

I begin my mission by wiggling my bare butt around in his lap, teasing him. Through three consecutive hands, Darrin’s play becomes sloppy and he takes some heavy losses, but he only laughs about it like he doesn’t care. His thoughts are not on his cards.

Larry and I eventually catch eyes and he nonchalantly nods to me. It's working. Not caring about my age, they gladly offer me more drinks and we all go on, drowning ourselves with alcohol. Feeling the further effects, I dare to take it a step further.

While the table hides our laps from most everyone's view except for Paul and Craig's who sit on either side of us, I slowly wind my hand down between my legs and across one of Darrin's thighs. He jerks with surprise at my touch but does not say anything or stop me. I rub my hand upward until I can feel his thick cock beneath my fingers and I then clench and massage at it. If it's even possible, he grows even stiffer. I can feel it throb in my grasp. Darrin loses hand after hand, and mostly to Larry.

"What are you doing Darrin, teaching her how to lose?" Luke jokes with him. "Why don't you come over here Brandi and really learn how to play?"

Luke. So dreamy! Darrin's already lost half his chips and judging my work here done, I accept the offer with an apology to Darrin. I'm almost sad as he frowns at my decision. Poor guy. As I stand up, I'm too gone to care about pulling back down my skirt, but instead give them all a nice little show as I wiggle my now half exposed ass for them as I move over to Luke. All eyes follow my rear closely but none, not even the old geezer Paul, protest my indecency. Go figure!

Luke's already sporting a raging hard on that I can immediately feel as I slide into his lap. I turn and give him a wink as if to say 'I feel it and I like it!' Luke grins back from ear to ear.

As the next couple of hands are dealt, Luke wraps one of his arms tight about my waist and pulls me back against him to whisper closely into my ear, explaining this, telling me that, just as Darrin had done. Just as if I really care. And just as with Darrin, I reach down between my legs and dare to massage his thigh, up to his crotch and across his hard cock. I'm half expecting, him being a fairly newly married man, to stop me, but he of course doesn't dare. Men! And then soon, just like Darrin, Luke quickly begins losing hand after hand. It's almost too easy.

With Luke's failures, others offer to teach me. I move from Luke's lap to Craig's, the only black man. I play the same game with Craig, but am astonished as his cock grows and grows and continues to grow beneath me. The sayings must be true, black men are huge!

Craig gets into a big hand with Larry. Seeing this as an opportunity, I go all out. While massaging his massive cock with one hand, I grab one of his with my other and slyly guide it across my bare thigh to my crotch. Craig is flabbergasted and loses big to Larry.

The game goes on. Craig, with my encouraging, slowly begins to explore my inner thigh and eventually his fingers find my uncovered slit. He practically jumps in his seat from the surprise. I myself even grow flustered as his large fingers begin to explore my wet crevice.

From their glancing eyes, I can tell that Darrin and Luke can see all that is happening and distracted, they continue to play almost as badly as Craig is. Eventually, totally consumed by me and not able to take it any more, Craig foolishly goes all in with Larry with a not so good hand and loses it. Out of the game, frustrated and assuming I will be moving on now, Craig thanks Larry for a fun game and announces he's taking off. Not really interested in sitting in any of the other's laps, Marvin's, the fat man's or the old geezer Paul's, I come up with an idea.

"I'm sorry Craig, I must be bad luck," I frown innocently at him.

"Nah, that's nonsense!" Craig tries to reassure me, sharing our little secret of under the table play.

“Well, I think I’m done too. Why don’t we go into the living room from some drinks and turn on some music to wait for the others to finish?”

It works perfectly. Not only is Craig speechless, the others look back and forth between us with angst. Living room? Drinks? Music? With you?! Craig looks to Larry for permission and Larry nods. They are all done playing cards now, all but Larry.

Craig gladly excuses us to the others’ dismay. Their eyes follow my butt closely as we exit for the living room.

Craig fixes us the drinks as I turn on some hip-hop. He comes back in smiling, “I like your taste!” he compliments, approaching me with a quick double step and a spin.

“Ha!” I laugh, “that was awesome!” I do a little move of my own, stepping and turning, popping out my half exposed butt to him.

He laughs and steps up behind me, grinding his pelvic into my rear. Craig’s a giant, well over six feet, and I can feel his hard cock running down all the way from my lower back onto my butt. He’s so huge, I can hardly imagine it, but imagine I do.

I’m horny, there’s no denying it. My itch is burning full force now, steadily eroding any and all of my inhibitions. I can feel my pussy leaking. There’s a strong desire yearning in me to spin around right here and now and pull out his meaty cock and jump right onto it, but my more reasonable side still restrains me.

Craig then wraps one of his massive arms around me and hands me my drink. I carefully slurp at it, anything to get the raging thoughts of sex with Craig’s huge cock out of my mind! Too much more of this I’d I’m liable to lose all control, if I haven’t already.

We get more into it, setting our drinks aside, I let Craig’s large hands roam freely across my body as it moves with his. He runs them up my back and neck and into my hair. He sweeps them back down over my shoulders and across my slender arms.

With my young ass grinding firmly back against his stiff groin, Craig then dares to run his hands forward across my chest and grasps my young tits firmly within his large palms. He unabashedly begins to knead and massage at them. I feel like I should say something, that I stop this, that if I didn’t all hell is about to break loose, but I can’t. The itch is already burning to fiercely. A stream of my juices are leaking out onto my thighs. I am getting hot!

Craig then dares to grab hold the front of my shirt and peels it right down, exposing my teenage breasts and tucks it safely beneath them. With my tits now laid bare, he kneads them with a fervor once again, almost being too rough, and this time he starts to pinch and pull at my nipples to slight moans and grunts of delight from me.

His hands then begin to explore further down, running over my belly as we move our bodies still sensually together, and my own hands entangle upwards about his neck. Craig glides his across my hips and over my thighs, hiking up my skirt even further until it is hiding nothing but my hips. Without any sign of protest from me, he presses one hand back above my groin, grinding my ass even harder onto his pent up cock - we’re practically dry humping by this point - as his other dares to slip between my slender legs.

“Yess,” I moan softly up towards his ear, the heat of the moment overtaking me. One of his large fingers caresses my slit before it breaks into them, teasing my hardened clit. I spread my legs and arch my back further for him and he prods back to my leaking hole.

"Damn girl, you so tight!" he mumbles back to me with excitement. "Come on, I've got to get a taste of this sweet pussy!"

Before I know what's happening, Craig's got me slung across the couch and he dives between my legs. He's not even to my pussy yet before he pulls back and looks up to me with a huge smile across his face.

"What's this?" he asks me.

At first I don't know what he's talking about, but before he even gives it enough time to register, I feel a slight tug at the beads inside my butt. I freeze with shock. NO!

As bad as it is, it immediately gets much worse. "Holy shit, looks like we're already missing out on the fun!" I hear Luke from the entry way calling a second. Hustling up beside him in awe is Darrin. "We both just busted out," he speaks to Craig. "Mind if we join you?" Luke asks with a coy smile.

As if I didn't have a say in the matter, Craig answers boldly. "Get over here, you guys wouldn't believe this shit! Check it out!" and with that Craig effortlessly flips me over so that I am now bent over the couch with my knees on the floor and my butt facing the fast approaching Luke and Darrin. I bury my face in the cushions with shame.

Craig knocks my legs further apart and with both hands, he spreads my butt cheeks as wide open as he can get them, open for Luke and Darrin to see.

"What the..." one of them starts. "What is it?"

"I don't know but she's apparently had it in her all night. Only one way to find out!" I can hear the smile in Craig's voice. One of them then hooks the loop and gives it a gentle tug. I squirm in position, the beads going no where.

"Pull harder," Craig tells him. He pulls harder.

"Ugh!" I grunt as my ass bows painfully outward, my tight rim refusing to give.

"Come on Brandi, just relax. Let us see," Craig tries to soothe me. It hurts, so I try relaxing if just for self preservation's sake, but it's also not exactly that easy while splayed out helpless before three grown men like this. All the same, there's something overwhelmingly kinky about it too!

My assailant pulls harder and harder until with a pop, accompanied by a loud grunt from me, the first and largest of the beads pops out my rosebud.

"Holy shit she's got anal beads stuck up her!" Darrin awes with amazement.

He pulls the next one out. "Damn, you are a little slut, aren't you?" Craig asks me. I don't answer. Darrin pulls out the third. Hearing me grunt again, Craig asks me, "You like that you little slut?"

I don't particularly care for the way he's speaking to me, but whatever, I can't deny it, it does feel good. And I'm his hooker and I'll let him play out his little fantasy as long as I get paid. Again I don't dare answer.

Craig then though takes over from Darrin. He tugs one more out before he then thrusts them back up into me. One, two, three, four, he quickly pops them back in and I scream from the sudden intrusion.

"I couldn't hear you," Craig taunts me as he pulls the first and largest back out.

"Ugghhya!" I scream.

"You like this slut?" he quickly pulls the next two out in succession, rippling my poor asshole, but I cry out not only because it hurts, but because of the erotic sensation rattling through me that I can't begin to describe!

"Y-YESSS!" I finally manage to cry out.

"That's better," Craig says chortly, while slowly slipping them all back into me. "Come here, Brandi," Craig stands up beside me.

I obediently push myself up off the couch to face him but stay submissively on my knees. Craig need only to nod and gesture to his crotch and I know just what to do. I am a slut.

Ignoring Luke and Darrin there beside us, I reach for Craig's fly and unzip it. I then unabashedly reach in to fish out his huge member. He's so big that I can hardly manage it. I am hungry for it!

At first I am stunned by the sight of it, it's got to be a foot long and thicker than my wrist! But with an "Ehem!" from Craig, I nevertheless attempt to wrap a hand around it and sink it past my overstretched lips.

I can hardly fit the head in as I twirl my tongue about it. With Craig's sudden moans of delight, entwining his fingers into my hair, Luke and Darrin don't intend to be left out and each eagerly fish out their own cocks. While Craig takes ahold of me by my hair to help guide my mouth across his cock, I mindlessly lift either of my hands to the other two's raging members and begin to jerk on them for them.

We don't get too far along with this, I only just swap to Luke when I hear yet another coming from the entry. "Hey guys, what's going..." and then Marvin stops as he chokes on his words. From the corner of my eye I can see him pull up with shock. He's caught me twice now today. The sight of my neighbor makes me want to jump up and run away, but I'm just too far gone at this point. I need these men and their cocks just as much as they need me and my young pussy. With this many, what's one more?

It doesn't take Marvin long to recover and he goes fast to work. He stumbles forward, fumbling with his zipper to get his own cock out. He walks up right beside me with the others and eagerly awaits his own turn.

I'm not pleased about it, but after having polished off Craig, Luke, and Darrin, it would just be rude to deny Marvin, so I turn to him last. He's not a bad size, not that thick, but not too small either. He copies the rest and after having to wait so long watching the others get sucked on, he's a little too aggressive as he slams my face forward on his cock. I choke and grovel a little, but I don't stop him. Let them have their fun.

From behind me, someone steps up and runs their hand down my backside into the crack of my butt. They play with the toy a little, spinning it inside me, watching me squirm as they pull out the biggest of the beads, only to shove them back in. He soon though moves on to my pussy, cupping and swirling his fingers around my sex, causing me to buck and squeal over Marvin's cock.

"Damn she is wet!" I hear Luke say as he slips a finger into me. "And tight! I've got to get a taste of this!" And with that Luke grabs me by the hips and pulls me to my feet. Wasting no time. He lines his

hard cock right up with my glistening hole and immediately begins to work it in.

I moan loudly about Marvin. The itch is burning and screaming at me to relieve it! I push back against Luke, eager to feel him deep inside me. I need him, I need him to scratch my itch!

The show goes on. Craig and Darrin have me jerking on their cocks with my hands when I hear another voice from the entry way.

“Larry, you better get in here!” It’s Paul, tattling on me! Larry slowly comes in though, wearing a huge grin across his face, soon followed by fat John.

“Holy shit!” John trips over himself at the sight of the orgy taking place.

“Yeah, I always knew she was a little slut. Anyways, John, you ready to get back to the game?”

“Take the chips,” John mumbles as he stumbles forward into the living room, already working on shedding some of his clothes. And having Larry’s condolences Paul joins in as well.

They all start shedding their wardrobes at this point. I’m passed from cock to cock, sucking on one while jerking off another two, while a fourth fucks me from behind and plays with the beads in my ass. I’m not denied. I receive my first orgasm of the night.

It finally comes to John, who’s managed to strip down to his birthday suit now, and regretfully I oblige him and take his puny little cock into my mouth. I’d be embarrassed to show all these guys my little cock if I were him, but whatever. And he goes fast too. I’d sucked almost everybody but Paul and Larry by this point, and none had yet cum except for John. After only about thirty seconds he tenses up, grabbing me harshly by my hair, crushing my face into his groin. I know what’s coming, I try to push away, but it’s useless. John fills my mouth full of is nasty cum and there’s nothing I can do but swallow, so I do.

They all give John a hard time as he backs away. I would have found it funny except that the old man Paul is next to step up before me. Darrin also switches out from behind me and let’s Craig have a turn. I freeze. He’s too big.

“Come on girl, you’re gonna have to loosen up or I’ll never get this in you,” Craig teases me as he runs his oversized cock up and down my slit, causing me to writhe with anticipation. Paul steps up however and grabbing me by the hair, he forces me to turn back around and down onto his disgusting, shriveled penis.

Except for Larry who’s now the only one fully dressed, Paul is the only one without a raging hard-on, and it’s because he’s too damn old. His pubes are as white as the hair on his head and his skin is all old and wrinkly and his cock is flaccid. The look on my face has to be that of repulsion, but Paul only smiles an eery smile at me and determined, pushes my face closer and closer to his ugly cock.

I give in and just close my eyes and slip the shriveled thing into my mouth. He even tastes old! Craig however wedges his cock into my entrance but instead of pressing forward, he loops the beads and starts to pull me back against him by them.

My asshole burns in protest and I am forced to press myself onto his spit. But it is hard, he is big. This distracts me from everything else. It hurts. He’s too big. He begins to push and prod back into me, but still, nothing. My hole won’t give. I’m even trying my hardest as Craig pulls tautest yet on the beads and with the familiar plop, the beads give way first. Frustrated, Craig pulls me by the arm, back over to the couch.

"Hey," Paul protests losing his cock sucker, but Craig ignores him. Instead, Craig plops down before me and beckons me to straddle his lap. I obey him. Craig stands his cock up straight and I align my hole with it's mushrooming head. I groan as I sit down on it, slowly letting my weight go as Craig eagerly pushes down on my hips. And then I cry out loudly as his engorged member suddenly slips into me.

"Oh yeah, that's nice! Nice and tight!" Craig moans with ecstasy.

I slowly, painfully begin working my hips up and down, but Craig's patience is wearing thin and he soon starts to push me harder and faster and grinds himself up into me. I can't help to cry out with every move. He's too big!

Paul, not yet finished with me, comes up beside us on the couch and directs my mouth back to his semi-hard, old cock. Lost in the sensations of Craig's giant cock stretching me open, I eagerly suck him right back in, right down to my throat.

"Hell yes, that's a good little slut!" Paul talks nastily to me, taking me hard once again by the hair, he starts to face fuck me as Craig thrusts all the harder up into my poor pussy. I become delirious. Craig is wrecking my pussy. I can hardly breathe. If Paul was any bigger, I would choke. He mercilessly jack hammers his hips into my face, slapping his low sagging balls into my chin and neck, as all I can hear is the sloshing, bopping noise made by my mouth as Paul fucks it.

And then another gets into the action. I feel someone tugging at the beads again and I glance back to see that it is Marvin. "Marvin, damn you!" I want to yell at him. I grunt over Paul as Marvin pulls a couple of the beads out, then pushes one back in. It feels so strange this time, having Craig now buried in my pussy, I can feel the beads rippling along his dick, separated only by that thin membrane inside me.

Eventually Marvin pulls them all the way out to hold up and show off around the room. "Look at these!" he mocks me. "I can't believe she had all these up her butt all night!" Several chuckle their agreement.

"Here, give me those!" Paul reaches out his hand. Marvin gives him the beads, curious as to what he's up to. Paul then thankfully pulls his wrinkled cock out my mouth, but to my horror, holds the dirty beads up to my lips. I recoil in disgust. And then to my further astonishment, the old geezer has the nerve to slap me! I gasp with astonishment.

I'm about to start telling him off but he then grabs me forcefully by the chin with more power than I could have imagined. "You're gonna clean these off slut!"

The others look a little shocked - Craig and Larry are just smiling - but no one is coming to my aide. I give in. I squench my eyes closed and pucker my lips. Paul feeds the first of the beads to me. I suck it in. It's nasty. I can mostly only taste the latex, but the lube is slimy, and I don't want to think what else... Paul forces several more of the beads into my mouth as my tongue washes around them.

Bent over Craig, practically squatting, my rear is left wide open and I can feel my sphincter slightly gaping from Marvin and the rest pushing the beads in and out my ass. As I continue to clean the last of the anal beads with my mouth, under Paul's close supervision, I feel Marvin place a hand on one of my butt cheeks and I tense up, expecting what's coming.

With his other hand, Marvin guides his long but thin cock to my clenching rosebud. Already left slightly open with a ton of lube from the beads, it is nothing for him to press into me.

Two cocks pressing into me, using me, fucking me, filling me completely! I cum at once. I've never been so turned on in my life!

"Come on! Fuck me!" I beg them as Paul pulls the now spit shined beads out my mouth, only to replace them once more with his old, dirty cock.

They all become increasingly more aggressive. Between the alcohol and testosterone, they are violent even, as if in a competition with one another to see who could fuck me the hardest! There is no stopping it and I don't think to try. I am too busy enjoying myself!

We're all growing louder, me moaning and gasping and shrieking from their abuse, they grunting and shouting. The pace is quickening. Three cocks, one in each hole, pound my body as fast and as hard as their masters' can manage.

And then it happens like a chain reaction. I cum yet again and I cum hard, howling and pleading for them to "fuck me harder!" and just as I reach my ultimate climax, Craig cums.

His big black balls shiver and quiver and explode into me an insane amount of thick, steaming hot cum that can only have been matched by the dogs! The warmth and the flood of it deep inside me takes me to even further heights.

And then Marvin cums, quivering across my back, filling my rectum with his cum. There's no going any further at this point, I'm just about to pass out. And then Paul cums. It's horrid, as old and as bitter as the balls it cums from! But there is no escaping it at this point. I drink it down and it strikes at my senses like smelling salts, reawakening me.

And then before I know it, Marvin is standing up and I can feel him pull his cock out of me. Paul then pulls his limp cock out my mouth but is sure to smear it all across my face before he hops off the couch. Old bastard!

Next thing I know someone's got me by the arm and hoists me to my feet. I can feel a lot of Craig's semen follow out his long cock as I slide off it and it is joined by Marvin's. I'm too weak to resist, to do anything.

Darrin turns me towards him and lifts me up by my ass with my legs wrapped around his waist. My pussy is wide open from Craig's assault and Darrin has no problem slipping right in.

"Damn Craig, you fucked this pussy up!" Darrin mocks me. They all laugh.

Luke then comes right up behind my splayed ass and has no trouble sinking his cock into my unprotected butthole. They bounce me like that for awhile, pistoning their cocks savagely into my two abused holes at once! I go with it, panting and muttering incoherently the whole time. Could have been thirty seconds, could have been thirty minutes, but they both eventually cum inside me.

They drop me right to my knees between them on the floor. I can feel more cum leaking out of me as they both force me to clean their soiled cocks.

"Bring her over here!" Craig says, still sitting on the couch. Not needing any of their help, I struggle to crawl over to Craig of my own fruition, but by this point, it isn't easy.

I watch with confusion as Craig brings his groin to the front edge of the couch while he sinks his body back deep down into the seat of it.

"Come here Brandi," he says as he reaches forward, grabbing my head to force me to suck him once more. There is no need to force me. I suck him in eagerly.

But then he leans further back again, forcing me down his shaft to his massive black balls. I lick and suck at each in turn, to Craig's obvious delight.

In the meantime, fat John has managed to get hard again and has apparently decided he wants a piece of me too. As I slobber across Craig's balls, John takes his pick of my holes and unceremoniously rams his entire, puny cock into my butt with one hard push.

His brutality should have hurt, but it doesn't. I'm too loose and drunk by now and he's too small. I can hardly feel the little thing, but I moan a few times just to keep him happy. I know it's important for men's ego to think that they are pleasuring their woman.

John does his best to really give it to me, to make up for his premature ejaculation earlier, but it's Craig who is up to no good. As John flops behind me, Craig hoists his own two legs up into the air, scooting his butt even further out and starts to push my head further down. I have no idea what he's up to, so I resist.

"Come on baby, lick daddy's asshole!" he smiles down to me.

"WHAT?! NO! GROSS!" I want to scream, but I'm choked. With John trying to ream me out back there the best he can, Craig persists, pushing harder until he forces me down. I panic, not sure what to do, so I just close my eyes and stick out my tongue like a foolish schoolgirl.

I cringe as I can taste his musty skin, running down behind his balls, until I feel his butt's cheeks press against my face's and then my out-stuck tongue sinks into the crevice of his puckered butthole.

"Oh yeah, that's it you slut! Lick daddy's asshole!" At his encouraging, I start to twirl my tongue about his rim. I hear several of the others guffaw at the sight of this.

"Holy shit man! I can't believe she's doing it!" One can't contain himself.

"I think she likes it!" another comments.

"Look at her go!" I can hear Marvin as I flicked my tongue back and forth to Craig's writhing delight.

It's not as bad as I would have thought. Seeing Craig's reaction and knowing how good it feels to me, I really start getting into it, pressing my tongue hard forward until it slips into his ass to wiggle around. I pucker my lips and suck and slurp across his wrinkled asshole. That is until John slams into me, breaking me from my trance, cumming hard in my ass.

From the corner of my eye, I see Marvin leaned over the recliner with Larry in it, whispering into his ear. And all the while, Larry is just smiling and nodding in agreement. Marvin then stands back up, glances once back at me with a shit-eating-grin spread across his face, before he then disappears back into the kitchen.

I'm not left a moment to ponder what he's up to. Much to Craig's chagrin. John catches me by the back of the hair and pulls my face from Craig's ass and shoves his ass soiled cock right into my mouth.

I only manage to bob back and forth a couple of times, running my tongue up and down his short

shaft, when I hear with panic the tell-tell sounds of dog nails clicking across our hard wood floors. My heart sinks as I hear their heavy panting echoing through the entry way. As I expect, then come bursting around the corner Mut and Kyzer!

I freeze with shock, but Larry's up now and he grabs me by my hair and pulls me over and forward so that I'm now on my hands and knees.

It all happens so fast, I don't even get the chance to plead with Larry not to do this, not in front of all these men, my neighbors! The words are no sooner on my tongue than Kyzer's hits my pussy and they are gone. I gasp and lunge forward, but Larry's still got a tight grip on me.

Skipping the formalities, Larry pats my butt, calling "up!" over and over again until Kyzer gets the idea and mounts me. I can hear all in the room gasp at this. All but Larry that is. I can hear him laughing.

Kyzer must have been turned by all the sex in the air cause he immediately starts going at me hard and fast, humping frantically atop my back. His speared cock is slamming into everything, causing me to shriek and jump, but I can't escape his clutches and left gaping, I'm afraid he'll hit the wrong hole with a lucky jab!

My options few, I arch my back for him and with just a couple more attempts, Kyzer's dog cock finally finds my open pussy and he slams it into me. It's all over from here.

I'd scream but the forceful attack from Kyzer robs me of all my air. Kyzer jackhammers me with a ferocity so intense and mind blowing and his thrusts are so fast and succinct, I don't have a chance to regroup.

I am left spinning out of control, blubbing and sputtering nonsense as an explosion erupts inside me. I become an animal and playing the part of a true bitch, my blustering becomes howling and yapping!

All the guys are hooping and hollering, cheering Kyzer on while calling me every degrading name they can think of.

"This why she wears that collar?!" old man Paul asks Larry.

"Yep! Caught her awhile back fucking them on her own accord!"

"You're kidding me?!" blurted out Darrin.

"Nope."

"He's not," confirms Marvin. "I saw her in the backyard just earlier today." Everyone is shocked, including me, but there is absolutely nothing I can do about it right now. I'm too busy getting my brains fucked out by my dog, again.

"Really?!" Larry acts surprised. "You hear that Brandi, you are a dog slut!"

As if to prove it, Kyzer ruts me in the most forceful mating I've experienced yet. It's too much, everything's too much. I black out.

I don't know how long I'm out, but I awake only to find Kyzer still across my back. As my senses return, he's now still, though panting and drooling... and throbbing, though he is still. The large

bulge I can feel inside me tells me that it's over. That large knot is probably what knocked me out.

As I become more fully aware, everything turns towards the throbbing, pulsing inside me. He had knotted me in front of all of them. What had I done? And he is cumming. He is cumming a lot.

In the background, I can begin to hear the guys commenting once more, whispering back and forth, some chuckling, some outright laughing. All saying the worst and most humiliating things about me: "dog slut, whore, bitch, cum-lover," it goes on. I hide my face in my arms, ashamed. I can't even move if I wanted to. "I'm knotted to a dog!" I want to scream, but I don't. I don't because the itch is still there, it savoring each pulse of Kyzer's seering cock and I can't stop it.

"Watch this!" I hear Larry above me. "Mutt! Come here boy!" Clicks on the floor. "Good-boy, good-boy!" he lavishes his dog with praise. "Come here, Brandi, show Mutt here a little love as well."