

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



The following story-line was conceived in collaboration with another member here, Mandislut, she's dropped off for an unknown reason. She favored me with edits and we had some short fantasies in chat. I miss her!

Here is her note that set my imagination on fire.

*The party will be on a Friday evening, the engraved invitation call for all guests to be delivered by 7 PM, no limos may park at the villa....arrangements will be made for calling limos when pick up is needed. Only a very limited number of guests and their respective escorts will be invite not more than sixty or so in total. Dress is formal black tie with a twist. Exotic drinks and erotic hors d'oeuvres will be served... sit down dinner, multiple music venues, a variety of entertainments, an auction and a very special show.*

*The villa is located on a massive country estate, miles from the nearest neighbor surrounded by beautiful gardens and stables. The property is gated with security checking and a mile long drive leading to the entrance with its multiple French door... all the service male staff is formally dressed with exposed cocks and the females staff wear special maids uniforms with transparent top and buttock exposing micro skirts and seamed hose and heels....*

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## **Chapter In Which We Arrive**

The invitation came by currier, addressed to slut personally. In a brief telephone conversation with her later, she gave me the barest of details, indeed, she didn't know more than was printed:

By Invitation Only  
An Evening Of Fantasy  
Le Grande Fantasia Estate  
26 October, 7 p.m.

Formal Attire With A Twist Required  
Transportation Provided

Since slut knew of the estate, she was able to decipher the code and we could form a plan. You see, I am an expat and as such, the cultural differences between us need explanation, interpretation and discussion. Deciding that fantasy meant there were no boundaries, that normal sex between a man and woman would be considered perverse and rare while other forms of sex, even bestial, normal.

In a short moment of insanity, I suggest we wear matching outfits. A short pause later, slut says, that's a wonderful idea, here's what you'll be wearing...and proceeded to define my and her roles for that night. We will both be wearing silk stockings, thigh high's to me and stay up's to her, stiletto heels of 5" height, all black. Slut's nipples will be ringed with rouge and she will be leashed with a dog collar. She is a dog slut and will be presented that way. I am to be denuded of all body and facial hair, my face made up all white, ruby red lips and my eyes burgundy with extra long lashes... My cock will have my dragon jewelry to adorn it with its large butt plug/tail so I never forget that slut has holes only for dog cock, not mine. The head of my cock painted the same ruby red as my lips. I find the irony delicious that she likes me, but not my cock, and takes every opportunity to feminize me as if she'd like be better somehow if I didn't have that pesky appendage.

I arrive at her place early enough to help in her ablutions but beyond helping to dry herself from her

bath, she is reluctant. Looking her in the eyes, I ask if she's cleaned herself out and she says yes, though I say that I want one more cleanout for her. I prepare a two quart enema of warm, clear water and insert the nozzle into her rectum and fill her until she's squirming and looking daggers at me. But, she takes what I give her especially when I rub her pussy as she's being filled. She doesn't cum but she becomes aroused nicely throughout.

When she's done expelling, she assures me it was all clean and did I clean myself out? I gulp and make no defense when she prepares the same for me. I'm told to lie on my side and she grasps my balls to hold me in place, I'm rock hard from her handling, and gently eases the enema nozzle into me and starts the flow. I'm glad I arrive early as this is becoming fun and may take some time. She wants none of my nonsense and doesn't care about my need though and is all business making sure I'm as prepared as she. When the bag is empty, I am bid to expel and report back that I'm clean, I am.

We have a quick shower rinse and then she's choosing her clothes. It's black hose and black stiletto's, with a 3 inch black collar, how hard can it be? I ask. She pinches one of my nipples in reply. I like her best when she's in a good mood. I suggest helping with her hose and she holds one slender leg up, opening up her hairless pussy while I encase first one leg, then the other in black stay up hose. Her shoes are next and she can stand up and finish her makeup from there, politely inviting me to stand aside.

I'm left to fend for myself to don the same attire, hose and stiletto's. She is interested when she brings me my cock jewelry. A pewter design that looks like a dragon, the claws are actual points to pierce my skin and the tail is a butt plug. She likes to push the plug portion into me and once inserted is quite comfortable if slightly heavy. It fits best when I'm erect. I have a bow tie and tails, nothing but hose and heels below. With my stiletto heels, I'm a walking contradiction in terms but for a fantasy, will fit right at home.

Her gown is white, completely transparent and barely covers her sides but leaves her breasts open and exposed along with her pussy and tush. The contrast is striking and I'm appreciative of just how beautiful this woman is. I deftly fasten her collar, pearls adorn the circlet and a ring is sewn into its lining such that a light chain leash is haute couture in that setting. Sterling silver compliments the contrasts. Her lips are bright red, face white, eyes burgundy and blonde hair spiked straight up. Since I have pockets, I carry what she needs.

We have no time for photo's and both of us have long cloaks to shield us from prying eyes as we will have to run from a downtown flat to the street side limo. I am leading her by her leash in the street. She bends down to adjust the top of her hose and mischievous I playfully poke her ass. She smiles and straightens up and applies more lipstick to my lips and my cock. We'll have none of that, she says. My ass and pussy are for large dogs only, you know so don't get ideas. Though we are a universe apart, our smiles are comfortable and intimate together.

By then, it's time for the limo to arrive and transport us to the fantasy evening party.

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## **Chapter In which We Are Transported**

Once we were dressed, we could lounge around the flat doing various and sundry keeping ourselves occupied until the Limousine arrived. We received their call and when the driver arrived, he came to the door. His instructions, he said, were to inspect each guest he was to transport to ensure they were properly dressed for the occasion. In general, he approved as evidenced by the bulge in his

trousers when he examined slut. He looked at me fairly critically, assessing my transformation and accepting that we are attached. Maybe not a couple, but inseparable just the same.

I was wary of his intentions as I stood between slut and driver until I was satisfied he wasn't abusing her for his own fantasy. Still, he had his instructions and knew he could have some fun with me. With a glint in his eye, he suggested I have my toenails painted a bright, bright red as a subtle highlight to the black. My shoes are closed toe, I say, but he is insistent. Slut removes her own shoes and wiggles her toes at me and smiled sweetly, smug, at her own red-red toenails.

There will be service in the car, the driver says, just for these minor emergencies. I am relishing this thought as we don coats to hide us from prying eyes until we reach the car.

Attaching slut's leash to her collar, I say, "shall we go?"

The car is long and luxurious, spacious in its interior. Inside an attendant is waiting for us, a woman, dressed in a maid's uniform. We can see garter straps holding up her stockings. She isn't wearing anything else, in the dark she has small breasts with pert nipples. The driver lowers the partition and instructs her to paint my toenails as well as anything else she sees needing done to us, or for us, before we arrive at the party. The ride is about 45 mins we are told.

"Would you like something to drink, Champagne perhaps?" she asks, I wink at slut and ask the maid to find glasses, fill them ½ full. Slut is then instructed to scoot to the edge of her seat and fill the rest with her pee but hold the rest. We both like this potent cocktail and are refreshed as the car glides smoothly out of town.

"Sit back, the maid instructs me, she undoes my belt and pulls my trousers down then removes my stockings until I'm naked from the waist down save for the jewelry around my cock. My toes are painted bright red and I'm told not to move until they dry.

The maid's movements catch the eye of slut with her bottom first this way, then another while she serves us. Her naked pussy lips wink in the light, her arousal obvious as she works.

Slut spreads her legs and begins to rub herself. Her mound is denuded of all hair and smooth. She likes to see me being serviced though I won't cum here, teasing is allowed. The maid looks at slut and licks her lips. She puts away her tools and moves between slut's legs. "May I?" she says, "Please!" says slut and proceeds to spread her legs farther and farther until the maid is able to lick the glistening drip of slut's piss from her labia, and more. Slut has a wonderful pussy, with very pronounced and thick, meaty lips that drive me crazy. They drive the maid crazy too, it seems.

The maid spreads sluts labia and wraps her lips around slut's clit, then opens her mouth wider to allow her tongue space to tickle slut's urethral opening. Slut is a very happy girl indeed!

Slut grabs my arm and squeezes. She only does that when she's holding something back and I perceive that she must want to release into the maid's mouth. I ask the maid if she is thirsty and would like some fresh, warm, delicious pee, straight from slut. She shudders and for an answer, presses her lips ever harder against slut's pussy. One of her hands has found her own clit, rubbing it furiously.

The only sounds in the car are maid and slut and their womanly attentions to each other. One passive, the other aggressive.

Slut releases into the maid's mouth and I can hear her swallowing and watch her throat move with each swallow. Slut has her head thrown back and is savoring the attention from the maid, this slutty,

wanton maid. Apparently she was chosen for this service by her lack of inhibitions. I think she was well chosen. I would have liked to have seen that test too!

It doesn't take long. The maid finally sends herself into orgasm and muffles her ooh's and aah's into slut's pussy. She has on a giant smile when she sits back up, her nipples are rock hard. Slut has her mouth open and a disappointed look on her beautiful face, like she has just missed winning the lottery. I tell her that her time is coming, in all senses of the word. The maid dresses me in my stockings, then trousers, then heels. She brushes frequently against my hard cock and wipes my oozing with her tongue but I do not cum.

When all is in order, we all sit back, enjoy our cocktails, and wait to be delivered to our destination.

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## **Chapter In Which A Party Begins**

After a short while, the maid retreats to the front of the car and patiently sits, occasionally pinching her nipples, occasionally rubbing her pussy, occasionally sighing with contentment. Slut and I do not speak but occasionally I pull her leash so she is thoroughly conditioned to respond to the leash...until I release her that is.

We are stopped at a security gate and our driver checked, then waved through. The driveway circled around a hill, and climbed slightly until we reached a country estate, the house aglow. When we stopped, the driver opens handler's door. Slut must exit after handler. Though we are there for slut's pleasure, handler must be obeyed in this small thing.

When slut gets it into her head she is in heat, in lust, handler must take over so slut is sated in ways beyond her own imagination and to enjoy handlers imagination as well. Both X and Y, male and female libido's must be satisfied in this.

I have been sitting comfortably but in a moment of pique, maybe because I pull on her leash, slut turns and adjusts the jewelry around my cock...it's a dragon thing and the claws are sharp...she looks into my eyes while setting the thing in place. I remain impassive as I feel the points enter my skin and blood is drawn. She is very oral and collects a drop of my life blood and tastes its coppery metallic flavor. If there were a full moon, I'd swear she was a vampire out to rejuvenate her very soul. But there is no moon tonight, she simply ensures I'm connected to her and her alone.

With the lights, we can see a kennel barely visible and hear a stable behind the villa.

The door opens and the grand dame, our host, is there, dressed as magnificently and as decadently as is possible. Our senses are in overload. As women do, she is dressed but her genitals are exposed, She has taken normal dress and taken it to new depths of depravity.

Her shapely legs are encased in sheer stockings held up by piercings through the skin of her legs. Her vulva is bare and tattooed with a butterfly. Jewelry dangles from her labia, the hood of her clit is pierced. Her nipples are pierced, she has emeralds dangling from them. There is a diamond in her navel. The straps of her dress, open in front and back, are strings of pearls. Entry is gained by licking her as her whim dictates. Slut loves this. I admit that I'm intrigued and she suggests our licks are a topical ointment. She raises slut and kisses her deeply. She gazes at me and thoughtfully thinks that she may like to be sodomized by the metal around my cock, that if I draw blood, she may be extra pleased.

I smile and suggest that I'm to keep slut on her track to complete and utter debauchery this night.

The grand dame of the evening winks at me and says that she'll consider that. Perhaps she'll have me sodomize slut. I like how she thinks.

In the entry on our right, is the coat room and something interesting catches my eye. I lead slut inside and hold her arms. In front of her stands a woman with needles large and small. "Do you want your nipples pierced, slut?" I ask. It takes but a moment to decide yes, this is a fine start to the evening.

None too gently, I raise sluts arms and have her grab a high bar, her arms squeezing her breasts so they jut fully. Slut has lovely breasts. From there I fasten leather cuffs around her wrists. Her breasts are now prominently pointing, rouge and all.

I sterilize her nipples and give them a squeeze to deaden them ever so slightly and pull them out. The woman then takes a medium needle, for these are large breasts, and slowly pushes first one through, then follows through to the other with another. The pain is such that she gets weak in her knees and sags but the cuffs, and the bar are sturdy. I nuzzle her neck and bite her, enough so her eyes open and stands in indignation, momentarily forgetting the pain in her nipples.

"What would you like to adorn her piercings?" she asks me, as is proper. "I think Dog Slut on one and on the other, Beast", I decide. "Done" she says.

I give slut a drink of juice so she can revive, and help her out of the cuffs. In a short while, she is able to stand on her own and I lead her out and on deeper, deep into the villa. Her nipples adorned with her persona and tender to each movement, each sway, that a new step brings. I think we should walk far.

"What have you done?" slut asks me, "only what you wanted" I reply. "Tonight I will help you for even more of your desires, spoken of but never acted upon." "I'm so sore I don't know how I'll enjoy the rest of the evening" I chuckle at the irony of this lusty wench who has so frequently fantasized about pain, bristling at the experiencing of it.

There is a buffet table set up and naked men and women are arranged on the table with various delicacies and hors d'oeuvres and courses heaped on them. I wonder if it's carrots or celery that will be stuffed in their asses. I gasp when I discover one woman has an egg-plant stuck in her. The dining rules are simple, no hands allowed. One must eat off of the human plate. Yum!

One of the men is erect and oozing. I can see he is almost ready to cum and cover the salad around his cock with his dressing. Several men and women are enjoying watching and are ready to dive in to eat the cum covered greens. First a woman is sucking him, then a man takes over and so on. They stop when they feel he's ready then watch as he erupts with jet and stream of pearly white dressing. That salad is a feast.

Slut nudges me to have some. "Not my thing", I say, but I would like to nibble on the woman over there, have some strawberries and other fruit. Slut says she'd like that too. "Good" I say, "you need your strength kept up." Another woman has vegetables in various places that I teasing out of hiding, slut too.

A nibble here, a bite there and we satisfy our hunger.

As slut bends to nibble, another man attempts to fondle slut. I stand close and suggest that slut is a beast's bitch and that he enjoy another wench other than slut. I suggest that she is allowed to be touched in any way by another woman, or beast, but men can only watch her. Being lusted after turns slut on and slut squeezes her legs, rubbing her clit discretely. I can see she is getting hotter,

more steamed up by the minute.

Soon, I'll have to do something about that.

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## **Chapter In Which Slut Misbehaves**

We walk through the house and in the various rooms people are dressed differently, some not at all, some in formal attire without twist. I ponder this as we pass through, learning the layout of our playroom(s).

Since slut has repeatedly and firmly stated she will have none of me, I allow my eyes to roam, especially lingering on the voluptuousness surrounding us. Is that not why we're here? Slut does not like this and stops, forcing me to stop with her. I turn to her and she slaps me. With eyes blazing and hands on her hips, she says that I am hers tonight. Only hers. She's struck a pose but I can almost feel her toe tapping too and I'm amused by this violent outburst.

I think one of the things slut likes about me is my thick skin, my slow fuse so to speak. Too, on a deeper level, we abuse those whom we trust the most. Perhaps slut isn't as secure in her sexuality as I think. Perhaps that is why she wants me with her in the first place. Maybe it's because she cares for me and wants me to be satisfied tonight too....but first her? These things go through my mind. But, slut has submitted herself, to me, and others have seen her insolence. Now she must be brought to heel or our roles will have reversed so she is handler and I must become slut. That may be a story for another day.

I regard her calmly with unblinking eyes as she slowly realizes what she's done. Her shoulders droop, her hands drop to her sides, she hangs her head. And, what I previously imagined, she does for real and starts tapping her foot as if to say, "get on with it then." I must say that I'd much rather rein in thoroughbreds, than whip donkeys. Secretly I'm pleased with her spirit but it just wouldn't do to let her know that.

Is this love? The lash or some other perversion will be later.

In the center of the parlor are plinths surrounded by many people. I lead her into the center, into the forefront of everyone so her shame can be witnessed by all. Slut is docile as I pick her up and settle her down onto the plinth, the dildo, rising from the floor and into her ass. When she is safely impaled, she cannot raise herself up and off and is therefore parked there for me to, say, have a drink, sit and chat with the other guests, take my time.

Washing my hands from the remnants of our light repast is on my mind so I use the washroom to freshen. Slut says she'd like to freshen too, she is a fastidious slut. I say no, you are going to be used and as such should be increasingly aromatic as the night unfolds.

One of the guests has leashed her dog and I suggest he be released in front of slut to see what happens. The other guest laughs and says this is a trained dog and he'll do something; he'll either see her as a place to pee, or go right to her crotch and lick her... or both. I think this great fun. Slut turns red as she realizes she is the object of our discussions like she is a thing and not a person. She is an intelligent slut and not without feeling.

The dog goes right to slut and sniffs her pussy then starts licking, long lascivious licks. Licks inside her folds, licks to her clit. I can see the signs, slut is close to orgasm and I go behind her to hold her up in case her orgasm is intense and her knees buckle. I don't want slut harmed if she impales

herself too far onto the plinth. The dog is really going at it and his cock is extending. His warm tongue is deep inside her while his cold nose is held against her clit, a dildo is in her ass and strong arms encircle her. She leans her head back on my shoulder and opens her mouth. With a wiggle and a sigh, she comes a nice gentle, rolling kind of come that makes her glow. We hear brief applause of her performance, slut isn't the kind of girl to fake something like that, she takes her orgasms seriously.

The dog is re-leashed, I lift her off the plinth. It's another's task to keep the plinths clean and ready. Her pussy is a sopping mess. I sit down on one of the chairs with my legs spread and arrange slut to sit on me, her legs atop mine and spread. One of the guest women clapping the most is invited to lick slut, to lick the dog saliva mixed with slut's come juices from her pussy. She does and rises up to give her a deep kiss to share the taste, piquant in nature and flavor.

The woman takes slut's leash from me and bids her stand, the woman takes her place on me arranging herself identically as slut, legs spread, labia open and pulls slut's leash down. "Lick me, taste me, make me come," she says urgently. Slut is nothing loathe to perform and eats with gusto the woman's sex. She is shaven and has petite lips, her clit must be teased from hiding. She runs her hands up and down my stocking clad legs repeatedly and with each caress I can feel her tense in anticipation of her orgasm.

"It's coming, it's coming, it's coming..." she repeats. I can feel her wanting to close her legs on slut's head and I slowly close my legs, enveloping slut. Slut uses her hands too in a caress along her slit and anus. I think slut has figured out that I won't let her wash so she doesn't penetrate the woman's rectum and so accumulate any dirt.

The woman grabs slut's head and pulls her deep and hard into her pussy and releases a squirt of her woman-come onto slut's face. I can feel their combined juices running onto me as well. The woman's chest is heaving and she grabs one of her nipples and pulls it hard, she gives it to me and orders me to bite it, bite it hard. When I do that, wave after wave washes over the woman. She is vocal, this woman, and her companion is standing by closely watching, his cock hard and crystal clear pre-come oozing, then dripping from the end of his cock.

She leans back opening her legs again, and then pushes slut away and the man takes slut's place with his cock deep in the woman. She is so slippery that he is completely inserted in a single fluid push. He holds there then begins to move. I knead her breasts as he pounds her pussy. They kiss. She continues to caress my legs and the silky smoothness of the stockings, then the lacy tops. I can feel his hanging balls smack into her with each thrust.

He is breathing hard now and grunting guttural sounds that can only mean he is ready, his balls are full. He lunges forward and comes inside the woman, continually pounding her until I feel that combined juice too, dripping onto my own crotch.

After a brief moment, he stands and pulls his cock from her with a small squish and surveys the damage he's done to her pussy, she is a sloppy mess with come draining out of her pussy and a glistening mix of other juice covering her pubic mound. Slut has witnessed the whole thing and is licking her lips and looking at me but not moving. Slut knows that I value discipline and stays where she is.

I smile and beckon slut to clean the woman, make her ready for another lover, she obeys. The woman stands and thanks me, pats slut on the head. Slut remains kneeling between my legs, her face is a mess. I lean into slut, I taste the wetness on her face and savor the aroma that is her new olfactory identity.

"There", I say, "let that be a lesson to you!" Slut giggles, we share smiles, and then she has to pee.

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## **Chapter In Which I Swallow**

We stroll languidly among the guests, handler and slut. She is leashed and cum is draining from her sodden pussy and down her legs. I think this is incredibly sexy with her libido in overdrive. Of course, having multiple orgasms accelerates her need to fill all her senses. Taste, touch, see...just to name a few.

With our matching stiletto's, I'm towering over most of the other people at the party and dressed only in hose and some cock jewelry. She pulls me down to her mouth and purrs in my ear that she doesn't want me to miss out on any fun and to wants me to further feed her lust by sucking a man's cock until he comes in my mouth. "Will you do this for me, baby?" her hand is around my neck, pulling me down to her in a lover's embrace.

No, we're not lovers in the traditional sense, but I handle her as I wish. She submits to my own nasty mind, she knows we think alike with no holds barred; no holes that is, even acts. We do that for each other, we inspire what is considered debauched and hedonistic. She just doesn't care for men, only being a dogs' bitch slut, and women.

As I like women too, we have that in common and have accepted that my particular itch won't be scratched, at least with slut anyway. We perform this dance in that I always want her and she isn't interested...well, only sort of interested. Perhaps in a moment of her weakness, handler, me, will take her. I tantalize her, maybe from her perspective it's torture, but I tease and taunt, she does the same to me.

I tell her that in handling her, leading her to be bred, I won't always restrain myself and after her breeding, that I may fuck her as I wish...one day... I know too that if I fuck her, she may do to/with me as she wishes as is only fair. She once sent me a picture of a woman dressed in a huge strap-on easily as thick as my wrist. No words were necessary and with a smile, we have reached an understanding. But this new demand may change the balance of our dance in that if I do this for her, handler may become lover.

"Are you sure?" I ask. For an answer, she reaches between her legs to scoop the slut cum from her pussy, lasciviously licks the mixture then kisses me with her tongue deep inside me and her hand on my cock. I appreciate her lust and her taste. And, sucking on her tongue sends an electric charge straight to my cock. Does that make me perverted? It certainly makes me erect.

"Him" I follow her pointing finger to a man similarly dressed as I, in hose and stiletto's but his cock is unfettered and semi-erect taking in the various scenes around him. Leading me by my cock, she marches us over to where he reclines and asks if he would like to be serviced by her handler, to have his cock sucked until he comes. Would he like that? Is he free to make that decision? Of course, he says, and opens his legs invitingly. "Have fun boys," she says, and removes the leash clip from her collar and fastens it to my cock jewelry, reversing our roles and making me her whore while she is my pimp; I slut and she handler. She stands by, licking the taste of our kiss from her lips. I love her lips.

With a gentle tug of her leash, I'm ordered to get on with it, suck his cock, slut!

As I kneel in front of the man, going down on him literally and figuratively, my eyes never leave her, devouring her with my eyes. Slut has leaned down with me and I feel her hot breath on my neck, a

totally erotic feeling for me and the intimacy of the moment isn't lost on slut, er, handler. For a while she revels in this attention then abruptly changes her mind and tugs cruelly on my leashed cock. The points digging into my skin and into my ass, and it hurts.

Women are such capricious creatures!

She has given me to this man and to attend to him, adore him, adore his cock. She likes to witness my degradation and with my ass, my man cunt, in the air and lewdly open to anything or anyone, I open my mouth and take him. He's not allowed to touch me, other than with his cock, and not man-handle my head onto him as I'm an inexperienced cock-sucker. My handler protects me.

Other people gather around who know us and are intrigued by the tension in our relationship and know that I'm straight laced and very conservative. They like to see me cut loose from my normal boundaries and get down and dirty.

I suck his cock in deep in my mouth, not quite a deep-throat but I masturbate him as I suck and can feel he likes it very much.

My own cock is big enough, long enough that I can suck myself off and with the right stroking, can bring myself to orgasm quickly. The "man" feels this and I feel his balls contract and his cock is rock hard and as we testosterone laden creatures are wont to do in our excited state, ooze from our cocks.

He has no self-control, really, he is only there to be satisfied and his cock erupts in my mouth with jet after jet of hot cum. My mouth is full. I keep my mouth on his cock until even the last drop is in my mouth.

I look to her for direction, shall I swallow? Shall I let it drip down my mouth and onto my chest and down my body? Shall I hold it until we can kiss?

"Swallow..."

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## **Chapter In Which Slut Pees**

With all that has happened so far, slut hadn't said she wants to pee, to relieve her bladder. It's not that she had drunk anything much but I think she was in such stimulus overdrive that she could have simply leaked out and wouldn't have noticed so strong was our hedonistic surroundings. It overrode all other feelings and urges except to just dive into whatever was happening.

But now, she was literally dancing from one foot to another and rocking her hips trying to mechanically hold it in until she could go in gentle peace....or into someone's mouth as she likes to do, or something.

I chose to take her outside and into the dog run. There was only one dog there and he could smell us as we approached and became excited, prancing around in circles and lifting his snout to taste the pheromones wafting from between slut's legs. I think she had to go so bad she did leak a little bit.....perhaps on purpose.....

I open the gate and lead her inside, we find the discolored area where the dogs go and I say "here, do your business here." Slut squats and I tell her to open her legs wider, wider. Only then do I say she can go. I remove my jewelry and aim my own stream at her stream, her pussy, and anoint it until

it splatters onto her thighs.

Meanwhile, the dog has his nose behind her and is breathing in the bitter aroma leaving her body. His cold nose brushing and stimulating the nerves in her anal ring. He stops, lifts his snout, then lowers his head and breathes again. He's getting more and more excited by the minute the longer she flows. I'm finished long before her as I've been taking care of myself with more frequency and am not so full.

The dogs cock has emerged but not his knot and he hunches his loins in place and I can see the occasional squirt from the tip.

Slut is encouraged to reach over and cup her hand and catch some of the precious nectar and to hold it until she's finished, then to rub it onto her pussy lips, on her breasts and into her ass. I want her to be the most desirable bitch to the dogs we will undoubtedly encounter so they won't leave her alone for a second without sticking their cocks into her. A dog's bitch she wants, a dog's bitch she will be. On that we're clear.

Gently she lowers herself to his cock and wraps her hand around the knot, pulling his cock to her waiting, willing mouth. Wrapping her luscious lips around the tip, she starts sucking and sliding the shaft in, then out alternating in response to the dog's hunching in her hand.

"Suck him, slut" I intone and start rubbing her clit. She likes help and her hands are occupied now, this pleases me. I entertain the thought that I may put my cock inside her and she'll only moan but decide that I will honor what she wants, though she only a slut to be used for pleasure. Did I mention that our relating is complicated? I'm controlling myself, for how long, I don't know.

"Open your mouth, I want to see it squirt down your throat" all the while I'm stimulating her clit, and occasionally putting first one, two, then three fingers into her vagina. Her chest is heaving, her newly pierced nipples rising and falling as a sexual heartbeat. Her nipples are hard, taut with arousal.

She convulses as her orgasm hits and I worry she'll hurt the dog but she is gentle, eventually she pushes my hands away, "It's too sensitive" she says. This one is a hard, fast explosion that decimates the landscape and she drops to her hands while the dog squirts his semen onto her face and into her hair, some even goes into her ear. I laugh at her predicament which of course earns me a dirty look. I simply leer at her and stand.

I put my hand in her collar and haul her upright.

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## **Chapter In Which We Entertain Our Host**

By picking up slut by her collar, she was brought back to reality with prejudice. Hissing and spitting, she challenges why couldn't she just enjoy that moment, savor it? Why am I such a beast (!) and takes a swipe at me with claws extended. For a dog's bitch, becoming the feline comes way too easily for her. I manhandle her across my thighs and give her bare bottom a few choice swats, leaving distinct handprints on her fine, fine tush.

Once that's taken care of, purrs are heard and felt. Order is restored in the slut/handler universe. The imprint of my hand remains on her ass though. If I could paint it on, I would. If I were to brand her, it'd be my brand, though she would have none of that, she'd want a dog's brand or some other such illogical choice. Perhaps a tattoo would be better or we could decorate her pubic and butt crack

areas with some pretty cool ink. I could travel that route easily, just to see where it leads.

We walk around the grounds to dry and cool her off; we admire the layout and thought put into accessibility with use. Once, the breeze shifts and I get a whiff of her and was surprised at just how strong she smelled. "You smell" I observe, "all the better to fuck the Big Bad Wolf with" she says in a perversion of the fairy tale Little Red Riding Hood.

I lead her to the kennel where many animals are held. Slut is ready to climb into one of the cages immediately but I demur, I think something better is to let her be bred inside the house for everyone to enjoy. Of course in this, my thoughts are to what she must submit. She looks at the dogs, sees which ones are interested, or not. Unbelievably, some are not, she's so ready.

Back in the main house, the Grand Dame meets us at the door and wonders where we've been off to and have we been naughty. She notices my unfettered cock and slut's messy bottom. She admires the welt on slut's ass. With a lascivious pout, she hikes her dress off her own tush and tells me she wants one just like it on her ass...then plays hard to get as I grab for her, evading my reach then laughing as I almost fall from my shoes. Graceful I'm not but while she's laughing, I manage to grab her arm and pull her over my leg. Slut lifts her dress then tells me one sec, and inserts two fingers into the G'Dame's pussy. "Ok" slut says, and I give that creamy white ass a resounding slap.

Slut closes her eyes and gives an "Oooo, that was nice, I could feel that through her pussy." She licks her fingers then. She's such a slut. I'm erect too and though it bad manners, I jam my cock into the G'Dame's pussy only previously vacated by slut's fingers. Slut kisses the G'Dame while I am sliding my cock inside her. Our actions choreograph as if we've practiced but we simply understand the other's lust. Though it's not equality in our relating, it's certainly unity and the G'Dame is feeling it from both ends tonight.

From the kiss, the G'Dame braces herself against a convenient counter while slut slides down her body, playing with her breasts and nipples, her piercings, her in, until she finds her pussy and savors my cock pistoning inside our host. Slut licks her clit and pulls my balls around so they too, can join in rubbing a luscious clit. Slut moves more and keeps working breasts, rubbing breast-to-breast and clit to clit.

Slut loves to use her mouth, it's her most accomplished appendage and she doesn't disappoint tonight in a hummingbirds flit and float over the G'Dame so she feels serviced by a team. Her orgasm begins as a long low wail that rises as she nears.

I'm pounding her pussy very hard, almost lifting her from the floor with each thrust and slut is touching and teasing all those other wonderful erogenous zones so lovely on our host.

I bite her shoulder, I fuck her pussy. I embrace her hips. Slut does the rest. In a moment of shuddering release, our host vocally goes from wail to groans. Slut is relentless and kisses her yet again. She says that the G'Dame's lips are cold when she comes. Like the blood that should be in her lips is pulsating in her pussy, giving life and breath in never-ending heat.

Slut gently reaches behind me and pulls my balls. She slowly but inexorably removes me from that enveloping cavern I'm so hoping to impregnate. "Remember lover, you're here for me" "I'll give you permission when, where and in whom, you may come inside" a not so subtle reminder.

I think slut wants my fluffy cock to be a dangling trophy to all who see it, as it hangs halfway down my thigh. Even in this, slut wants the admiration of all the women, whether gay, straight or bi, all of them and my cock is merely a tool. I think slut aspires to be the Grand Dame herself....one day.

I don't understand this strange competition but in any case I'm a slippery, sloppy and oozing mess that everyone loves to see. Slut only smiles ever the coquette.

The Grand Dame resumes control by taking slut's leash with my cock and draws us both to her for one lascivious kiss after another. She knows that slut isn't interested in men and puts our lips together.

We can only obey, and enjoy.

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## **Chapter In Which Slut Is Bred**

Whether from us or something else, we leave the Grand Dame in all her glory somewhat dazed and still lustfully leaning on us. Slut gropes me when I kiss the G'Dame. I wonder if that's all she can do to get my attention, she's only a slut after all and doesn't speak. I think that to her means every other venue of communication is to be used. If she can't use her mouth, her hands will have to do.

Our slut, she is never docile!

I lead slut, really, I parade us both, boldly through the house and into a sitting room/den and there is a "horse," a padded, raised and rounded bar to comfortably lean over for discipline. Also there, is a loveseat of sorts which I think best for my purpose.

"Do you see that, slut?" She straightens her back and eagerly nods her head. It doesn't matter there are no pets present, her imagination is zeroing in on what she came for, to be bred like the bitch she is, to be taken without remorse in a relentless coupling of the bestial sort. For her bitch pussy to be plugged, filled, with creamy, hot, dog come.

A dog is brought into the room, a long haired German Shepherd with beautiful markings. He excitedly prances around the other guests present in the room, making friends everywhere and also....sticks his snout into the crotch of the women there and men too, that have had sex. Whether it was sex with women, men or beasts, the dog checks the scent of us all.

I lead slut over to the horse and bid her assume the position. She loves this position though doesn't like to be mounted there. I love it too as her ass is in the air and her pussy open. I squat in front of her and keep her down as the dog commences to lick her, from her tailbone to navel, and up/down her legs as anything that has run down and dried, the dog knows and tastes. Good boy!

He is really going at her and his tongue reaches deep, deeper into her hole. Slut widens her stance and bends her knees, a sure sign she wants to open herself to the fullest for this wonderful tongue. Even I like it too and my cock is witness to my arousal. Big, fat and proud, it stands sentinel in front of slut's face. I secretly hope she'll look at me with her mouth open in invitation so I inch closer so its mushroom head is almost touching her ruby lips.

She doesn't disappoint. Her lust is fired up to the point she doesn't care who or what, she's lost in need, craving cock, any cock. That it's mine makes it all the sweeter.

Her hands are free and she grasps my cock, and then leans her head into my chest to steady her. I'm to use her mouth as a succulent pussy and thrust into her. Her other hand massages my balls. Her touch is a caress and a magical connection. As my arousal rises, so her fingers rise until she finds one of my nipples and she toys with me until I cannot hold back, I don't want to hold back, and erupt into her mouth. She lets my come run down the shaft and onto my balls but the taste remains. When

I'm finished, she cocks her head and beckons me down for a shared kiss of deep sharing. To her, this is the ultimate debauchery (and therefore the ultimate partner qualification) and I can taste my own come on her lips, laced with her saliva and other women's pussy. A veritable cocktail of tastes that we share. She shares readily with any woman but so far, I'm the only man in recent memory to be treated.

Slut is truly bent, kinked and if not severely twisted, she's well on her way to being there. I'm pragmatic enough to understand this and enjoy what she gives. In her own way, that's as good as it will get unless something changes in her head or chemistry. She does savor that I want her for my own, but that's another component of the tension between us. She keeps those feels deeply buried. For now, I'm content to be sucked off by this beautiful, lesbian, dog slut.

She comes during our kiss, our sharing of juices and this too, is a gift from her reserve, a departure from estrogen and into testosterone's world.

When her shaking subsides I help her stand, I lead her over to the loveseat and lie her back with her heels up. The dog is there in an instant and mounts her. He's oh-so furry with his long hair, his muzzle finds the erogenous zone of her neck. I think she perfumed that very spot! He licks her swollen nipples and she gasps in exquisite pain as his raspy tongue disturbs a healing process.

I guide his cock into her hungry cunt. I walk him slightly forward so his aim and hunching are spot-on. Once he feels hotness and wetness at his cock, he lunges forward and sinks up to the slowly engorging knot. Once, twice, three times he pushes and the knot disappears inside her body, inside her hot cunt. I hold him in place so the knot can grow without pain but slut doesn't care. But I care, I want to see her knotted, spitted on a knotty cock. I want her to groan with the fullness she feels.

I want her to be helpless, to feel despair of the wonderful instrument impaling her depths. I want her to lose control of her own body and find relief in knowing that helplessness. I want her well and truly fucked.

He hunches her hard and I can see her glistening pussy contract around his cock, his knot, everything is deeply imbedded inside her. I can see her lover's balls, his testicles, squeeze and pump into her.

Her belly distends as she is slowly filled with hot, dog semen. Slut closes her legs slightly in controlling his depth into her but momentarily she opens herself again the closer she comes to orgasm.

Creamy rivulets of semen are escaping her and running down her ass and pooling underneath her. Slut is very vocal now with incoherent moans, words and cries. "So deep", she says "big" and "hot" other times in a running commentary of her approaching crisis.

The crowd has gathered around her and silence hangs in wonder and awe for this amazing girl woman who so fully embraces her dog lover. Who disdains all but a clawed paw. If she could, she would carry his litter to term and feed them from her own breasts, with her own milk. So long as she can have a never ending access to that amazing cock, and more amazing knot. Then do it again.

With a wail ending in a moan, she comes and comes and again. Shuddering and writhing underneath her lover. By then, he had stopped all hunching and was drooling on her chest. I could attest to a bestial smile by the dog as he completed his animal instinct to mate.

He dismounts from her and turns around, sending her into frenzy and allowing a gush of semen from around the knotty plug and out of her belly. I hold him in place; she lies back, exhausted and spent. I

wait for his knot to shrink.

I think I'd like to see him drag her around by his cock and her pussy but alas, it's not to be. I have my own perverse streak. Perhaps another day.

Eventually his knot comes squishily free and slut's pussy drains. She holds her hips up to keep as much semen inside her as she can.

All of the men present are erect and are ready to fuck her full pussy but I stop them. Until slut says Ok, only dogs can fuck that hole. Only dogs can fill that need. Is that decision in her head? Absolutely! Is she messed up? Of course and aren't we all but this is her wish and I'm there to protect that wish.

Eventually the crowd disperses and I'm left alone with slut, in matching clothes now stained and soiled. I lift her up and step behind her and pull her into the embrace of my arms. She leans back and sighs a big contented sigh. A sigh seasoned with security.

With that, we are content.

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