

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Marcy came home from college, expecting to go on a nice summer vacation this year. Unfortunately for her, her parents had the vacation all planned. They were going on their second honeymoon. She was welcome at her uncles house while they were gone. She pleaded with them to stay at their house, but some renovations were taking place and it would be without water and electricity for a while. Marcy was plenty pissed at her parents. And as far as she cared, they could go and have fun, as long as they remembered how terrible it was for her. Teenage side of Marcy coming thru, as she went up to her room to sulk. Her Dad reminded her to pack for being on a farm for a couple of weeks or more. Marcy screamed and ran to her room. Her parents were tired of her attitude and hoped that some time on a farm doing hard work would help straighten out her life. She had become, well for the lack of a better word, a snob. The parents made their money through good investments and successful business start ups. They were now successful enough to live well, but always were ready in case things changed. Marcy was pissed. She went through her stuff, packing it like a kid. Her Mom finally came up and helped her organize her stuff and make sure she had everything she would need.

Marcy tried to work her way out of it again. But her Mom was upset at her last two semesters grades, the amount of money she was spending on alcohol and who knew what else, and that she had even managed to damage the car, and claimed she had no idea how it happened. Nope, she needed to straighten out, before she got hurt bad or worse. The two sat and talked. Her Mom told her that Uncle Blake had been in the military and had done some hush hush things while in there. She needed to learn how to listen to him and do as he expected. Marcy was upset, she would actually have to do work. Her Mom was unphased, "You are so right, everyone else should bow to your Highness, because you have accomplished what? Nothing is what you have accomplished!" Marcy was taken back. "I have done a lot Mother." "Oh, you are so right. You wrecked the car, almost lost your scholarship because of your grades, thanks to some expensive lawyers, we got those tickets reduced and paid, and generally your a mess! No get your lazy butt down stairs, your Uncle will be here soon! Now I would not recommend pissing him off. Don't forget your bags, because I am not your maid!" Her Mom stormed out of the room. Marcy was aghast at what she had said. It hurt her bad, but her mind refused to except any responsibility for her own actions. Her Mom found her Dad and hugged him tight, "I hope this works, I don't want to lose her to drugs, alcohol and the bad elements out there." The Dad hugged her back, "Don't worry, if anyone can change Marcy, Blake can. He knows how to handle bull headed people." A few minutes later, a car pulled up to the front of the house. The last part of luxury that Marcy would see for a while. A man got out and Marcy's Dad talked to him, handing him a large tip. The man got Marcy's bags and put them carefully in the truck. He opened the back door for her and she got in, to upset to hug or kiss her parents good bye. The man got in and left with her.

The Town Car cleared the neighborhood and got onto the highway. Marcy sat in the car and pulled out cell phone. She was going to call someone, but what would it matter. She thought about what was going on and decided she would talk to Uncle Blake. She was sure they would talk things out and then she would be able to get her life back. She had been on his farm when she was younger and she remembered him as being very nice. She put the phone away and grabbed her book. She started to read it getting draw back into the story. She suddenly felt the car rock, looking up, seeing that they had turned on to a dirt drive way. Wow, time had flown, having completed about half of the book. She grabbed her cell to call her Mom and noticed it said no service. She tossed it back in her purse. The car finally pulled up to the house. The driver got out and set her bags on the ground in front of the stairs. Uncle Blake came out of the house and descended the stairs. He talked to the driver for a moment and shook his hand.

The driver came back to the car and opened her door. Marcy got out and hugged Uncle Blake. He

hugged her back tightly. Marcy looked back at the driver which was closing her door, "Umm Sir, can you take my bags to my room?" The driver got into the car and left. "What a crappy driver! So Uncle Blake," as she walked ahead of him, "what are our plans for this summer?" Uncle Blake walked in behind her. He showed her the room she was to use. She turned expecting him to have her bags. "When you get my bags, put them there for me." Uncle Blake turned and walked away laughing. Marcy waited in her room, trying to figure out what was so funny. Several minutes passed, she went out to the house and looked around. She saw her Uncle outside in the garden. She went to the front of the house and looked outside.

Her bags were still sitting where the driver had left them. She was upset again and had to move them herself by making three trips to get them in there. She put her stuff away, went out on to the porch to watch the day go by and reading her book. Her Uncle walked by, "Hope you are not hungry. Because if you don't work, you don't eat!" Marcy was pissed now. "Listen Uncle Blake, lets work this out. I just got back from college and was expecting to go on vacation. But instead my parents decided to force you to watch me. So how about we give each other some room and this will all pass easy enough for the both of us." Uncle Blake stopped cold in his tracks, turned and looked at her. "Listen here you little brat! I care enough about you to try and get you to being a good person again. Your parents and me talked about what you have been doing and what they believe you may have been doing. So you are here, and God help me, I am going to straighten you out! NOW GET OFF YOUR ASS AND GET IN THE GARDEN WEEDING AROUND THE CORN AND SQUASH! "

Marcy sat there, transfixed to Uncle Blake. Her mind was lost. What in the world do they think they can do, but upset me more she thought. "NOW!" Marcy popped up, setting her stuff down and going to the garden. She started to cry. She would show them, she would take off, and call a friend to come get her. She went into the garden and started to pull a couple of weeds. She watched Uncle Blake walk into the house and she took off out towards some trees she saw along the far side of the garden. God this was a big garden. She finally reach the edge of the woods and dashed in. Uncle Blake watched her go. He chuckled. He walked outside and whistled. To large German Shepherds came bounding towards him and stopped at his feet. He spoke to his boys and pointed to where Marcy went into the woods. The dogs took off fast and closed the distance to the woods quickly.

There they jumped the fence and entered the woods. Following her scent they went wide around her and approached her with teeth bared, growling at her. She froze. The dogs slowly crept towards her. She backed up slowly, telling them she was sorry, and she would leave their area. They acted like they were herding her. Directing her back to the garden. She found herself at the fence. Crawling through the fence, and back into the garden, still backing up when she hit a large object, and then dogs sat down. She turned and looked at her Uncle and began to cry. Her Uncle stepped back, giving her a little space, "Do you want to eat tonight?" Marcy wiped her eyes, nodding yes. "THEN WEED THE CORN AND THE SQUASH!" She jumped. She got down on her knees and started to weed the row of corn. "If I have to take time out of my day to retrieve you again, you will rake the whole damn drive way! Do you understand me?" Marcy nodded again. "Do you understand me? Answer me!" Marcy was crying hard now, "Yes mmmm, Uncle Blake!" And just like that his voice changed. "Please make sure that you only pull the weeds and put them in a pile so it is easy to gather when done, Okay?" Marcy was caught off guard. "Umm yes sir." She was humble at the moment. "Drake and Curt, watch her!" Both dogs sat up, and watched her intently. Uncle took off to do something else. Marcy looked at her fingers. She could not believe how bad her nails were looking already and her hands were getting a bit wrinkled. She moved over a bit, and the dogs just watched her.

She worked in the corn, pulling the weeds out. Hmmm, the dogs had laid down. She moved over a bit. Pulling more weeds. She moved again, sensing she could run to the house and be free somehow. She bolted towards the house, both dogs responded in a snap. She slammed on her brakes to avoid

hitting the one in front of her. The dog bared its teeth at her again. She backed up again. She went back to the corn and started to pull the weeds again. This time a dog sat on each side of her. She decide she had no choice and did as she was told. Finally her Uncle returned and told her to come along. She followed him up to the house. The dogs trailed behind her. They went into the house and he told her to sit at the dining room table. He went into the kitchen and brought back two glasses of water. He sat one in front of her and set the other where he took a seat. She took a sip and set it on the table and pushed it away. "What, is that not good enough for you?" "Well Uncle, I drink bottled water that is clean, not tap water." Her Uncle started to laugh again. "What is so funny this time?" Marcy looked at him pissed. "Well you stupid little girl, most all the bottled water is filtered tap water. This is pure, clean, unadulterated water. No crap in it. From the snow pack above. The best water for you! So drink it." Marcy looked at him, "I am in college. I am not stupid!" "One of these days you may get some brain cells to think for yourself. But just because you went to college does not make you better or smarter than anyone else." Marcy got up and sat on the porch. She picked up her book and started to read.

She was there for a few minutes. Not noticing anything, the book flew out of her hand. Her Uncle looked at the book. "You like this stuff?" Marcy was surprised. "Give it back you asshole!" "I asked you a question, NOW ANSWER ME!" Marcy shrunk, "Yeah" she said quietly. "I asked you a simple question that deserves a simple answer, now are you going to answer me properly, or do I need to ask again?" Marcy cleared her mind for a second. "Yes, I like this book." She looked down. Her Uncle looked through the book. "So, why do you like this book?" Marcy would like to have died at that moment. "I like that stuff." Again a very quiet response.

"What is the kind of stuff you like?" Marcy realized he sounded like a drill sergeant. She thought for a moment, as he studied her face. "I would like to get into the master and slave life. It seems really cool." Her Uncle was caught a bit off guard, but you never would have noticed with his stone hard exterior. "So you want to make a deal Marcy?" She had hope coming back to her. "Yes sir." "Well I will make you a deal. You do as you are told and I will let you be my slave. Or you can continue to argue with me, you can complain and bitch. But if you wish, you can live out your wish and learn how to act properly." Marcy thought about it. She realized it was still her having to do as she was told, but she would be able to be a submissive. "Yes please." Her Uncle looked down at her. "How much of a submissive do you want to be?" Marcy was surprised, did he know about that sort of life style. "I am treated as a pet of yours, until I can gain your trust and earn your approval to be a higher level sub." Blake thought for a moment. "So you really want this and you understand that your failure to follow directions could cause you to be punished more severally?" "Yes, I understand." Marcy's hands started to tremble. Blake looked around, then thought for a moment. "Okay, you will be my sub and from now on you will call me Master, unless there are people around. Do you understand me?" Marcy pursed her lips, "Yes, I understand." Blake looked down at her. "Stay here." "Yes Master." Blake almost fell over. Damn she was into this. He could use this to make her a responsible person easily. He left to the shed. He got out a leash and a collar from his dogs stuff. He walked back to her. "Let's go to your room." They both walk to her room. "Yes Master." She followed behind him as they went in. Into the room he went. He opened up the drawers and her luggage. He found her uniform for now. She needed to feel exposed and insecure. He grabbed her bikini and tossed it to her. "Change into that and then come see me in the living room." "Yes Master."

Blake left, going into the living room. He got up and got some stuff from his closet. He came back in to the living room. Marcy stood there waiting for Blake. He looked at her and could plainly see that she was nervous. He told her to stay still. He put the collar around her neck. Next he told her to spread her legs a bit. He fastened on knee pads to her. The he took his biking gloves, and put them on her hands. "Okay get on your hands and knees." Marcy swallowed hard, then got down on her

hands and knees. "Okay good dog. Now as a dog, you are not able to speak like a human. You may bark and whine only. If you want to eat or drink, your bowls are the green ones. Now heel." She moved next to him. He connected the leash to her collar. He walked forward, "Heel." She tried to stay next to him as he walked out the back door. He slowed going down the stairs, and then walked her over to a cage next to the shed. Once at the shed, he told her to stay. He next untied her bikini bottoms and removed them. "Need to do that in case you need to go to the bathroom." He brought her in the cage and removed the leash. He told her to stay again and he got out of the cage, locking it behind him. He walked away. Marcy was so confused. What had she done? She looked around the cage and found a blanket in the corner. She saw the two bowls sitting there. She saw her Master coming back. He had two more bowls with him and opened the cage. He placed them inside, and called for Drake. Drake ran up and the Master let him in the cage. "You two get comfortable. I will see you in the morning." He walked away. Marcy wanted to say something, but thought better of it. He went in the house. She then remembered she could have barked. She looked over at Drake. He was taking a drink. She looked around her.

She was going to have to get comfortable. She laid on the blanket on her stomach. Drake came over by her and sniffed around. He laid down next to her and she snuggled up to him, trying to get warm. She started to think about the book she read, were the sub was taken by the Master and used for his pleasure. She heard a vehicle start and then saw a truck drive off. She went back to thinking about the book. She was getting hot thinking about it. Drake was licking his chops. She went back to her thoughts. Drake got up and moved over to her rear which was exposed. He licked at her. Marcy came out of her daydream. Drake licked again, forcing his muzzle between her legs. Marcy was trying to figure out what he was doing. He raised his muzzle, lifting her rear. He shoved his muzzle between her legs again.

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Blake drove into the town and went to a clothing store. He found a couple of uniforms for Marcy to wear to keep her covered. He did not like her being completely exposed all the time. He went over to another store and picked up some more supplies. Checked his list and got back in his truck for the trip back.

Marcy was unsure what to do. Was Drake there to make her his? She was nervous. In the book she read, the sub was made to please the Masters dogs. So maybe, Uncle Blake had read it and she was supposed to do the same. She tried to think on the good side of this. For certain the dogs tongue was starting to feel good. Marcy was surprised. Drake was really tonguing her good now. His tongue slipped in. Marcy realized that she was not just liking this, but she was getting very hot from it. She was moaning as Drake tongued her out so deeply. She almost came, then he stopped. She tried to catch her breath and then Drake mounted her back.

Blake thought on his way back. If she got with some bad people in to dom/sub thing, she could be in real trouble. He decided that he needed to satisfy her need here. Thinking he could use it to correct attitude and other problems she's exhibited. He hoped that Marcy was warm and had used Drake for some extra body heat. He had a few blankets now he could give her to keep warm. He started to work over a plan to break her down completely, to rebuild her, and make her a very well-mannered person that was happy to be alive like her parents, and not afraid to move ahead in life. He turned on to his driveway. He drove up to his house and got out of the truck. He decided that he should bring Marcy the blankets to keep herself warm with first. He walked around back and could see something weird going on. He was hearing Marcy making a lot of noise. He ran over to her, thinking something was wrong. He stopped about ten feet from the fence, his mouth dropped wide open. He would not have believed anyone if they had told him and had pictures. There in front of him was his dog Drake, using Marcy as his bitch. And to really make it worse, the noises that Marcy was making

was all pleasure as Drake made her his. Blake was at a loss for words once. He saw what was going on and it was blatantly obvious that Marcy was loving every minute of it. Blake finally closed his mouth, and make matters even worse still, he was getting a hard on from it. Blake started backing away, to the front of the house. He unloaded the pickup and took it all inside. He did not turn on the lights to let her know he was back. He kept thinking what should he do.

Marcy gasped hard as she felt Drake`s cock slightly enter her. Not painful, nor weird, it felt good for about a split second. Next she felt Drake slam the rest of his hot cock deep inside her, taking her breath. He thrust her like mad. Euphoria hit Marcy fast, closing her eyes as Drake used her so hard. He was taking her at an unbelievable speed. She was moaning hard and being very vocal about it. She could not believe how good it felt, and her body was starting to tense up, ready to hit her with a major orgasm.

Marcy`s full moans and groans carried along with her into her orgasm as Drake continued to savagely rape her. Drake appeared to be not effected by all of her vocals as he worked to complete his mission. Marcy was in the throes of her orgasm, clenching her toes and hands grasping at the ground, she felt the true dominance of him using her and the pleasure it was providing.

Blake sat at the kitchen table with his face in his hands thinking about his next actions with Marcy. Blake realized the delicacy of this new situation and the fragile means he would need to deal with it. Blake, after thinking about it for quite some time, got up from the table and looked out towards the kennels. He could clearly make out Marcy on her hands and knees, but he was unsure where Drake was at the time. Blake walked out to the kennel straight towards Marcy, knowing that he needed to be very careful with exactly what he said.

Marcy was overcome by the whole act between her and Drake, all to suddenly she felt Drake tie with her and his hot cum filling her. Her mind was absorbed with everything going on and losing track of time, when suddenly he unmounted her. She felt the tugging deep within her as they were now butt to butt. She fell into her beastly bliss as she continued to feel him pumping deep inside her. Stopping suddenly. Marcy realized she could hear the sound of crunching gravel in front of her and she jerked her eyes wide open. Standing in front of her with his hands on his hips was the impressive figure of her uncle Blake. The expression on face was not his typical stone cold look.

Blake had walked quickly up to the cage not expecting to find them still connected. Struggling with his thoughts he looked her straight in the eye. The look on Marcy`s face was at first shock and then changing rapidly into one of having done something good. Blake quickly found his words to say, "Marcy you are allowed to speak as a human now. What the hell are you doing?" he asked her strongly. In a lustful response she replied, "Doing as you asked Master." Blake`s outward expression never flinched even though his mind just about exploded by her response. "When exactly did I tell you to copulate with the dog?"

Marcy suddenly felt uneasy and unsure of her actions. "I did just what the book had said, umm, in the book where she, umm, well" she paused for a moment. Taking a deep breath she continued, "You know in the book where she is made to be the dogs bitch as part of her training." Marcy looked down at the ground as she was still tied with Drake.

Blake again was taken aback with her words, quickly thinking and responding "I never read the book Marcy. I just knew it was about the whole S&M lifestyle. When you are done with Drake please come up to the house so we can talk." Marcy nodded towards the ground, her face still looking down. Blake turned around and headed back to the house to wait for Marcy to join him there.

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Blake walked the rest of the way up to the house and into the kitchen. He sat down at the table thinking what he needed to do to help change Marcy into a good person and somehow deal with her sexual deviance.

Marcy was at a loss, as to what she was supposed to be doing. She felt she had been doing the right thing but apparently she had been all wrong. She started to stress out, thinking that her uncle would tell her parents. She suddenly felt Drake slide out of her and his cum start running down the inside of her thighs. Marcy stood up and grabbed the towel she had been laying on before and cleaned up the mess running down her legs and from her well used pussy.

Marcy walked to the entrance of the cage, unlocking it, let herself out and made sure to close it behind her. Marcy looked down at the ground as she walked to the house to go talk with her uncle. Her mind was in high speed with all the possibilities of what he may do to her. She stepped up onto the porch and into the house to talk to her uncle.

Blake looked up seeing her come inside and came unglued. A loud bellowing roar emitted from his mouth at Marcy. "GET ON YOUR HANDS AND KNEES, YOU BITCH! I allowed you to talk like a human not walk like one! My two dogs, Drake and Curt, listen better than you do. You're lucky that I even allow you to be a dog for as poorly as you act", Blake's voice sternly finished. Marcy immediately dropped to the floor on her hands and knees quivering and afraid he might strike her.

With a strong, but calm voice he continued "Tell me Marcy, why did you let him do that to you?" Marcy was completely caught off guard, hesitating, unsure how to respond after he just barked at her. Blake waited a few seconds for her to respond and then in a strong hard voice, "I AM WAITING FOR YOU TO RESPOND."

She looked around at the floor trying to answer his question, with a meek response she began "uncle I was... ". "I AM YOUR MASTER!" His voice slamming her hard with its thunderous roar. His voice transformed back to the strong calm voice, "Why did you let Drake do that?" Marcy's mind was trying to grasp at anything to help her answer. Then finally her answer quietly began to emerge from her mouth "Master, I thought I was doing what you wanted me to do." Blake anticipated a response from her like that. "I only sent Drake in there to keep you warm. I never meant for you and him to do what you did. Please tell me that was something you wanted to do, not something you assumed that I had expected you to do just because it was in your book." Marcy blushed after hearing his response. "Master I did it cause I thought it was something you wanted me to do, but it was also something..." her voice trailed off. Blake looked at her, waiting for her to finish. Finally saying, "it was something...What? You never finished your answer." Marcy felt her power growing with in her, sensing that he may be slipping from his powerfully role, "Master, if I let you know my deepest desires, what may I earn for that?" Blake's eyes burned her own as she felt his wrath being let loose upon her again. Blake exploded off of his chair and was standing beside her in less than a second, he barked a command, "HEEL BITCH!".

He walked to the door, exited and held the door for her to follow. Marcy's jaw almost hit the floor from her uncles response, her body responded immediately to heel next to her master. He walked her down, off the porch and out to the garden. Once at the entrance, he ordered her to stay. He reached down grabbed the garden hose, next he turned on the water valve, he walked within five feet of her and with a scoldingly cold voice, exploded at her "I DONT MAKE DEALS WITH BITCHES. I DONT MAKE DEALS WITH MY DOGS. MY ANIMALS ARE GRATEFUL FOR ANYTHING I DO FOR THEM OR ALLOW THEM TO DO." Marcy was scared, she did not expect him to respond this way. She started to cry somewhat, unsure of what was to happen and what he was going to do with her. His cold voice emitted a single word "Stay!" Marcy froze. Her body screaming to run away as he lowered the garden hose at her. She screamed at her body to run, but something deep within her

held her fast. She saw the water flying out of the hose at her, as if in slow motion. Fearing the water hitting her, the yelp flew out of her mouth as the icy water hit her slide and almost knocked her off her hands and knees.

Blake started to thoroughly wash her body off, avoiding her head, pussy and asshole. After he had finished rinsing her off, Blake shut off the valve, and went into the house leaving Marcy there shivering. He quickly returned with a hand full of towels and used one to pat her dry. After he dried her off, he again told her to heel. He walked her to the kennel next the one she was in before. He put her in the cage and laid the towels down. He looked at her and with his calm voice said, "you may only respond as a dog would." He walked out of the cage and shut the gate.

He grabbed the lock hanging on the fence and locked the cage shut. Looking back at her again, "If you are a good bitch, I may let the boys spend the night with you. Your food and water dish are in the corner. Try and get some sleep tonight. You have a lot of work tomorrow."

Blake walked back into the kitchen, grabbed her book and thought he'd look through it to see if he could decipher what she was into. After reading thru a good part of the book, Blake decided to go to sleep since he needed to be up early in the morning.

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Blake woke as usual, before the sun came up. He got himself ready for the day, then proceeded downstairs to make himself a breakfast. He fixed himself a big country breakfast and made a little extra for Marcy. Blake sat down and eat his meal while thinking what he needed to do for the day. He got up, cleaned his dishes and took a plate of food out to Marcy's cage. Quietly he unlocked her cage, opened the gate and placed the plate by her head. Silently he backed out of her cage, closing and relocking it. He noted how Marcy had completely rolled herself up in the towels. He walked over to Drakes cage and opened it for the dog. Next Blake proceeded to the shed and quietly opened the large door. He then stepped into the shed gently bringing the door nearly closed and then gave it a hard slam in hopes of waking Marcy.

Marcy's eyes flew open hearing a large bang. She tried to get up and look around to see what the noise was, but found herself wrapped tightly in the towels. She struggled a bit to get free of the towels, then her mind and nose alerted her to the presence of something that smelt really good. Slowly she worked her way out of the towels and found a plate with scrambled eggs, some sausage patties and 2 biscuits with gravy. Marcy looked around for a fork or some other utensil to eat with. She then recalled that she was a dog, at best, and that they don't know to use those things. She found herself making a whimpering noise, causing herself to giggle, thinking she sounded like an upset pup. She got up on her hands and knees, lowering her head down and began to eat a very delicious breakfast. Marcy was surprised when she cleaned the whole plate up, at first she thought that there was too much food for her. Marcy realized that she was thirsty, feeling embarrassed, she walked on her hands and knees to her water bowl. She found the water cool from the night air and drank some of it. After getting her drink she looked up at the cage noticing the lock still on it. Still on all fours, she went back to her towels and curled up on them. She laid there for quite a while dozing some of the time, waiting for her uncle to get her.

Blake finally exited the shed after several hours of hard work. He walked directly over to Marcy's pen and unlocked the lock. He looked at Marcy as she was looking directly at him and said, "Time for you to do some work and earn that breakfast you ate." He opened the gate and said "Heel." With his solid voice. Marcy quickly got up and stood next to him on her hands and knees.

Blake led her to the shed leaving her at one side and ordering her to stay. Blake shut the door



behind them and told her to heel as he led her to another door further back in the building. Marcy realized that there were small-like railroad tracks that went from the door at the rear to a door to her left. Blake opened the door in center of them and told her to heel as they walked through the door into what looked like a mine tunnel.

She could see the tunnel ahead. She saw it split in two directions and was relieved that there was plenty of light. Blake led her into the tunnel going deeper into what she assumed was the inside of the hillside behind his farm. As they walked back into the tunnel she noticed lots of pipes and wires running into the tunnel from the overhead. They walked on to where the tunnel split and went to the right. The tunnel seemed to weave and go up and down as they followed it deep underground. As they walked, Blake told Marcy how this was his proverbial gold mine. She was noticing when walking past what looked like small rooms with wooden structures inside them.

They finally came around a bend and saw a large wagon sitting on the rails full of rock. Blake saw Marcy's face look in wonder at what was in front of them and told her this was her exercise plan from now on. He brought her in front of the wagon and told her to heel facing away from the wagon. Blake quickly hooked up a shoulder harness to her carefully making sure it would not slip on her and cause her injury. Blake looked down at her and told her, "your job will be to pull this ore car to the shed for emptying." Marcy almost spoke but bit her lip and looked down at the ground. Blake told her "pull" and she took a strain with the harness and began to pull it towards the shed. She kept her mind on her job not realizing that her uncle was pushing another cart behind her. After what seemed like hours she found herself pulling the car into the shed. She stopped when she got to the door where the tracks went under the door. Blake walked past her and opened the door to the other room. He looked at her and told her to pull the car into the room. As she pulled the car past her uncle he said, "you might have a visitor tonight if you keep up this hard work."

Marcy pulled the car along the track, running of the possibility of Drake spending the night with her through her mind. The car stopped up against the wheel stops bringing her to a sudden, jolting end. She looked behind seeing Blake pushing in a larger ore car behind her. He came up to her and disconnected her harness from the ore car. He led her out of the room closing the door behind him. He told her to stay at the entrance to the mine. She watched her uncle maneuver two large flat cars onto the rail. She watched him connected them together and roll them towards her. When the first cart was next to her he told her to get on. Once she was on the first cart he told her to lay down. Blake started pushing the carts into the mine and he assisted it rolling all the way to the end of the shaft.

Blake had her get off the car and then he hooked her up to it. She looked back over her shoulder watching Blake bring several wooden boxes to the front car and setting them on it. As he brought a couple of more onto the front cart her eyes caught a brilliant blue rock sparkling under the lights. Her eyes looked at the way the light played with it, and was caught off guard when her uncle told her to pull.

Marcy braced herself for what she thought was going to be something hard to pull, but it pulled real easily. She pulled them up the rails and Blake had her stop at the first side room. Her uncle quickly went into the room, after a few minutes came out with two flats that he placed on the second car. He told her to pull again and they stopped at the next room. This continued until they stopped at each room, with Blake bringing out crates from each room.

Blake told her to pull the cart out of the mine and up to the shed. Marcy began pulling the two car again. She was feeling her body aching from all the exercise and being on her hands and knees the whole time. She was unsure of where her strength came from but she managed to pull the cars into the shed. Blake unhooked her from the cars and told her to stay. She watched him unload the cars,

taking the wooden crates with rocks in them off to the side. He off loaded the second car with the small flats on it and placed them by the door leading outside. She saw him set the first one down. She realized the flats were full of mushrooms. After he finished unloading the last car he removed the harness from her. Blake told her to heel and walked her back to her cage. Blake told her what a good job she had done. He put her in her cage and locked her in.

Blake left her in her cage and walked up to the house. Marcy went straight for water dish and drank a good amount of eater. She then went over to her towels and laid down exhausted and sore.

Blake cleaned himself up then proceeded to make a large lunch. After he completed eating his meal he took a plate down to Marcy. He unlocked the cage and placed the plate next to her. On his way out, he removed the old plate, closed the gate and locked it.

Marcy got up and looked at the food he brought her. On the plate was a steak cut up into nice small pieces, mash potatoes and some green beans. Marcy was surprised with herself as she quickly emptied the plate. After eating, she laid back down on her towels and watched her uncle back his truck up to the shed.

Marcy heard her uncle close up the shed, after that he walked over to her cage, unlocked it, he then went in and grabbed her plate. He told her what an incredible job she had done so far today. He stepped back out of her cage and yelled, "Drake!" Seconds later Drake came bounding up and stopped at her uncles feet. Blake ushered Drake into Marcy's cage. He closed the gate and locked it. Blake said to Marcy, "You two have fun. I have to ship out these goods."

Blake got in his truck, started it up and left.

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Blake took off in his truck trying to figure out what he was going to do. He wanted to see his girlfriend again, but she always came over to his place so they could have fun. His girlfriend, Becky, loved to play S&M games and some of their times she had even played with her favorite pooch, Curt. Blake thought back to one day when Becky had had a good amount to drink and she had him take her up to the bedroom to have a long session of hot sex. Afterwards she asked Blake to lock her in one of his big cages with both of his dogs for the night. Blake still clearly remembered seeing her nude body laying in the cage with large amounts of dog cum leaking out of her. As Blake continued driving he thought about whether Becky would want to join in with Marcy, since he knew she was into that sort of stuff. He came up with an idea of how to ask her and when he got closer to town he would give her a call.

Marcy listen to the truck fade away and this time she had no question as to what she was allowed to do. Her body being so sore she wanted nothing to do with Drake and yet still craved him. Her body so sore from all the work she had done so far today but yet her lust screaming to be fed. She though deeply about what she wanted to do. Not sure whether to allow herself the much needed rest or to again be Drake's. She thought about the way her body ached from all of the work, the way her shoulders and back hurt, and the pain in her hips and legs. Drake decided to help her in making up her mind. She felt his hot breath directly on her pussy followed quickly with licks.

Blake saw he finally had cell phone service once he got closer into town. He grabbed his phone and gave Becky a call. As he delicately tried to explain what had been going on with his niece. He silently prayed that she would not hang up on him. Blake almost wrecked his truck when Becky interrupted him and asked if she could join in the fun. Excitedly, he set a time to pick her up after he had completed his chores in town. He continued to talk to her about everything that had gone on until he

needed to hang up and take care of his business.

Marcy gasped as Drake's tongue licked a crossed from her clit to between her cheeks. Her hands again, grasping at the ground, as his tongue kept on licking her and eventually slipping inside. Fighting her body as it tried to spasm. Drake persisted in driving her crazy with his tongue. She realized how much better it was this time because she knew what to expect. Marcy was biting her lip as his tongue dove deeper and deeper into her, as he retrieved her delicate honey. She could not stop it any longer, her body succumbed to a massive orgasm. Drake tentatively licked her a couple of more times, her body shook strongly from this first orgasm. She barely noticed a change in what Drake was doing, until she felt him on her back. Remembering from her book, Becky reached back and guided him to her need. Her orgasm subsided for a moment as she felt him slightly enter, then push headlong deep into her. Her breath left her from feeling him take her so harshly. Drake paused for just a moment as he re-adjusted his hind legs and then started to take her like that of a jackhammer.

Blake was relieved as he finally left the grocer with last of his mushrooms. Quickly he texted Becky that he was on his way to her place. By then she had already gathered what she would need to stay over at his place for a short time. When Blake arrived at Becky's, hopped out of his truck and finding himself rushing to her front door. She opened the door before he got to it and handed him a suitcase. She turned around closing the door and locked her house up tight. Blake looked at her, seeing that she was ready and that she was wearing just a yellow bikini. They quickly got into his truck and headed off to his place. Once on the road, Becky explained to Blake how she wanted him to treat her as a sub. Blake said, "Are you sure you want to do this. If so, when would you like to start?" Becky blushed just a little bit and responded, "Yes, I am." Small pause as she gathered her breath, "How about now?"

Blake looked at her quickly, then told her "Okay. You are now my sub and you will do as I say. And you will ONLY speak when I tell you to." Mike took his eyes off the road again, looked at Becky and saw her head nod yes. Blake looked straight ahead at the road for a while, finally he said, "Take off your bikini top, then take out my cock and suck me off." Becky grinned as her arms reached up and began removing her top, exposing her firm C cup breast.

Marcy tried to keep herself from falling forward as Drake took her so savagely this time. She kept going in and out of orgasms as he continued to slam her body, she felt his knot firm against her as he tried to drive it deep into her. She was experiencing a very good pain as she felt his knot push deeper with each thrust. She finally let out a gasp for air as his knot ultimately entered her and staid locked. She felt the incredible warmth of so much of him inside of her and the feeling of his knot rapidly growing within her.

Drake held on to her tightly as he started to shoot his cum deep in his new bitch. Marcy fell into a mammoth orgasm as her body shook and spasmed. Her toes curling and her fingers gripping at the ground as she lost herself into the fantasy she dreamed of. Her mouth emitted guttural moans and groans as her body continued to move through the orgasm.

Eventually Drake was able to slide out of her and go about trying to clean her some. Marcy was unable to take much of this because of how hypersensitive she was. Drake finally left her alone after she kept trying to evade him. Marcy was so tired and sore that she laid down on the towels and quickly fell asleep.

Blake was happy he had his large truck as he drove down the road allowing Becky to easily get into his pants. Becky had taken him out of his pants and started to stroke him. He quickly got hard in her hands and she then engulfed his cock with her mouth. She slid her mouth up and down as her hand

tried to fondle him through his pants. She sensed he was not going to last long this time because of everything he had told her about.

Blake had a death grip on the steering wheel as his breathing quickened. He let out a low moan and then a harsh gasp for air as his body released his cum into Becky's wanting mouth. She sucked hard on him as she savored his cum blasting into her mouth. She did not loose any of his juice and was very proud of it since he came so much. Blake came out of his orgasm slowly and was happy he was able to keep his truck on the road while she satisfied him. She sucked and licked him clean and gently put him back into his pants and closed them up. Blake thanked his sub for serving her master well. Becky sat herself back upright, leaving her top off, as they traveled down the road. She savored his cum that was still in her mouth, slowly swallowing a little at a time. Blake suddenly reached over and gave her nipple a tweak, causing Becky to giggle and swallow what was left in her mouth.

Blake finally broke the silence, "You are allowed to talk and I have a question for you." Becky turned to look at him, "Yes Master what do you wish to ask me?" Blake stayed focused on his driving and asked, "I want a response from you, not my sub, as to what your uniform should be?" Becky thought for a moment of the options she had available with what she brought. She finally responded with, "I believe since I am your lead bitch I shall have a dog collar and my leather bra, and of course my gloves and knee pads."

Blake thought that sounded good and asked another question, "Where should you spend the nights at?" Becky grinned inside of herself and said, "Well I guess that will be up to you depending on whether I have been good or bad". "So you would not mind spending the night in one of the cages?" Blake questioned. "Oh, of course not, especially if I had company and, how shall I say, keep me 'warm' at night. May I ask you a question now?" Blake looked at her and said, "Certainly". Becky thought of her question, "Since I am Marcy's "superior", how far can I go with her?" Blake thought for a second, then promptly responded with, "Well, that is probably going to have to be something you figure out between you and her." Becky absorbed what he said, "Okay, That makes sense. And she is not allowed to talk right now, correct?" "Ya, she's only allowed to make the noises that a dog would make." Blake responded as he slowed the trucked down and turned into his driveway. He looked over at Becky and asked her, "Anything else?" Becky's breathing had increased realizing she was going to be living out more of her love for S&M. "No, I think that's everything." Taking control again Blake says, "Good. You are my sub again and be quiet unless you are told to speak and when we pull up to the house we will take your bags to my room where you will change into your uniform."

A few minutes later the truck pulled up to the front of the house and they took her belongings to his room. Blake sat down on the bed as Becky removed the bottom to her bikini and put on her leather bra and collar. Blake was looking at her body, seeing her supple, smooth skin and feeling so lucky to have her. After she was done he took her by the hand and walked her out to the cages.

They both walked up to Marcy's cage, seeing her laying there sleeping and noticing cum leaking from her pussy down to the towel. Becky unconsciously let out a low mmmm. Blake looked at her and whispered, "You've missed Curt haven't you?" Becky looked up at Blake for a second then back down at the ground and nodded yes. Blake moved over to the empty cage, opened it and said, "On your hands and knees bitch and get in your cage." Becky had butterflies in her stomach as she moved down on her hands and knees and got into her cage. Blake was looking around and finally gave a short quick whistle. A few seconds later Curt came bounding up to Blake. He petted him quickly and put him into the cage with Becky. Blake grabbed the lock from the fence and locked her cage shut. He whispered to Becky, "Have fun Baby" then turned and walked to the house.

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Becky watched Curt as he walked slowly around her. Curt kept checking the air for her scent and catching a whiff of her excited smell, he slowly circled in towards her, focusing towards the smell. Becky watched him over her shoulder as he slowly got closer to her. Her mind racing almost wanting to beg him to take her. Curt lowered his head in checking her scent only an inch away from her wet pussy. Satisfied, he suddenly licked her, causing Becky to let out a moan. He held back a bit making sure that she would not stop him. He took another tentative lick and paused for a moment. Becky wanted Curt to just start and take her, but realized that it had been some time since their last fling.

Curt started licking her in earnest, his tongue sliding from her clit to past her pussy each time. Becky's breathing quickly increased as his tongue urgently stoked her fire. Her moan returned with vigor as his tongue began to enter her.

Becky lowered herself to her elbows, leaving her butt still up and hoping that Curt would know she was ready for him. He continued licking her deeply, getting out all the last tantalizing bits of her honey.

Drake had been sitting there watching what was going on in the other cage. Drake walked over near Marcy watching Curt contently. He lowered his head down and took a deep sniff of Marcy's exposed pussy. He gave her a good lick and then looked back over to Curt which looked like he was licking his lips.

Becky held her breath as she felt Curt stop licking her. She bit her bottom lip waiting for Curt to take her. Drake watched as Curt suddenly mounted Becky. Becky was relieved to feel him finally on her back and feel him trying to find her wetness. Curt was shoving himself forward, feeling himself bumping against her until finally he felt his cock slide into a tight hole. He shoved hard into her, making Becky his bitch once more. Becky responded with a loud orgasmic moan as his cock entered her hard and fully.

Drake got to see Curt take Becky and decided he wanted to take his bitch now. He lowered his head down and started to lick Marcy in earnest. Marcy started to stir, feeling Drake's tongue bring her back to the living. She slowly got back up onto her hands and knees, and was more than happy to be taken again.

The commotion in the other cage grabbed Marcy's attention as she saw Curt taking a lady. She was transfixed watching him savagely taking her and listening to her moans of pleasure.

Becky held on for dear life as Curt started a marathon of jack-hammering on her. Her moans were being interjected with raspy gasps of air. Becky was crescendoing into orgasmic bliss as Curt's knot began to try and enter her. She held on awaiting the wonderful fullness she would soon have.

Marcy was in awe watching it unfold before her. She was suddenly pulled back to what was happening to her as Drake mounted her and enter her in one swift move. She relished the feeling of being Drakes' again and added on to the excitement by being able to watch Curt take his lady. Marcy listened to the long orgasmic moan come from the lady and realizes Curt must have just knotted her.

Becky was not sure what all happened but she knew Curt's knot was well inside her and his pulsing hot loads of cum were filling her. She babbled to herself as she went through orgasm after orgasm, while Curt held on tight to her hips trying to fill her.

Marcy's orgasms took her quickly as Drake took her so much more savagely this time. Marcy lost her grip on the ground causing her chest and face to hit the grass and Drake already impaling her with his cock, to come forward hard, shoving his knot deep in her. Marcy lost herself in the mind

blowing orgasm as his knot entered her and was quickly followed by his cum.

Both ladies kept cuming as the dogs continued to fill them with sperm. Finally Drake slid out of Marcy, licking her clean and then leaving her alone. Marcy laid down watching and waiting for the other lady to be free. After several minutes, she saw Curt's dick slip from the lady, followed by several blops of cum fall to the ground. She watched as Curt's tongue cleaned her up, causing the lady to twist and turn from it all.

Marcy watched the other girl lay down and called to her, "Hey, What's your name?" Becky opened her eyes again and looked over at Marcy and gave a low growl to her. Marcy's mouth immediately went dry from the stare that the lady gave her and the fact that she growled like an upset dog. Marcy realized that she had just made a very bad mistake by trying to talk to the other girl. Becky closed her eyes and got comfortable to try and take a nap again. Marcy lay there thinking and telling herself that she had nothing to worry about since the other lady must not be able to talk also.

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Becky rested gently through the night, having quickly adjusted to being outside with Curt again. Marcy tried to have a good night, but she was nervous about having tried to talk to the girl in the next cage. She was getting more concerned about what was going to happen if Blake found out about it. Drake tried to snuggle up to Marcy several times through out the night, but this only managed to get her more nervous and make her mad.

Marcy started to wonder if this new lady was somehow to make her feel bad, or that her position was now threatened under Blake. Her mind dissected everything going on, and with her lack of knowing what was happening, she was coming up with a lot of wrong conclusions. It wasn't until early in the morning, that Marcy finally fell asleep, but it was very restless, and gave her more dreams that concerned her more.

Blake walked out towards the cages with fresh food and water for his two slaves. A grin emanated from his face, and a little swagger to his walk joined him on his way. Gently he opened up Becky's cage, replaced her bowls with two fresh ones, one with nice clean water, and the other with scrambled eggs, sausages, and hash browns. He ushered Curt out to go scout the property. Next he opened up Marcy's cage and did the same for her, also allowing Drake out to assist Curt in their patrol of the property. Blake thought about that for a second, it occurred to him quickly that he would need to keep one of them out at night in case anyone came around at night. It was not a common thing to happen, but he had caught a guy on his property once, that was trying to get into his shed.

Blake walked back up to the house with the dirty bowls and cleaned them up good. He looked out at the cages and saw nothing really going on. Then he noticed movement in Becky's cage. He walked to her cage again and found her finishing up her breakfast. He watched her, and she whined a bit. He extended his hand and she laid her head in his hand, rubbing gently against him. She felt the rough skin of his hand. It made her hot, the masculinity he exuded outward, but the gentleness he always had for her.

"Hope you had a good night Slave."

Becky gave a slight bark back. Then she looked over at, and extended her arm towards Marcy, then looked back at Blake, and gave a low growl.

"Oh, has the little slave been bad?"

A quick bark came back from Becky.

"Okay Becky, you can talk like a human again."

Becky cleared her throat, and then spoke quietly, "Well last night, she saw me and wanted to know my name, so I gave her a rough growl, and looked at her harshly, as I laid down for the night."

"Well well, my little slave has been bad again."

A loud bark came from Marcy.

"She was good after that, she was quiet, but you could see she has a spirit that is not broken yet."

"Thank you my Slave, you as usual, have been a credit to your position. Go ahead today and walk on your legs, and please look after my garden."

"Yes Master, thank you." It was a quick and crisp response, followed with one of demur. She walked away quickly, and went to the garden.

He turned his attention to Marcy. The gentle, and kind face turned to that of a Drill Sargent. His look hurt her, she knew she had done wrong, deep in her mind she told herself to not speak. "Well, you don't seem to understand me very well." His tone grew harsher. He grabbed a leash from outside of her cage, and brought in with him. He hooked her collar with a yank on it, then she heard the click. "HEEL!"

She snapped up next to him, eyes began to tear up. A whine came from her, but she was unsure as to how she made the noise.

He walked quickly forward, and the leash pulled tight on her, as she lagged on keeping up with him. "I SAID HEEL!" Again he walked forward, then cut left quickly. That lost Marcy, she had focused on being able to keep up in the straight line, but she got her arms off on the turn, and face planted into the dusty ground. He slammed on the brakes, but the leash still pulled harshly on her for a just moment. Tears were flowing hard now, and she was sniffing a lot, but tried her best and got right back on her arms and knees. "Well I am glad you are trying Slave, but think the mine is calling your name today. That should help you remember your place." He squared off to her, "And that other Slave, well she is on a much higher level than you. You will obey her when she asks you to do something, but if you wish to ignore her or not follow her directions as though they were mine." A small pause came to him and there was a sullen look that came to his face as his voice began to boom again, "I will have to deal with your insubordination again. Do you understand me?"

She barked back at him once, as she backed a bit away from him.

"Good, now finish your breakfast and then you will work in the mine." His tone was back to normal. It truly fascinated Marcy as to how he could switch instantly like that. She went quickly to the cage and started to eat her breakfast. She consumed it quickly, and then gulped down some of the water. She felt an urge, and visited the back of the cage. There was a spot that she was aloud to urinate. She thought about for a moment, then squatted down, and relieved herself into the hole in the ground. She got done and moved up to the gate to wait for her Master.

She sat there for a while, then a deep and powerful boom came from the ground. She was shocked, she felt it. There was another long wait, then her Master emerged, all covered in dust. He walked over to her cage and opened it. He walked back to the shed. She did not need to be told, she heeled immediately. He walked over and got her harness. She saw him coming back with it and got ready

for him to put it on. It was much quicker this time.

Blake told her to get on the flat bed cart, and then he pushed them down into the mine. She saw a light haze throughout the mine that seemed to grow thicker as they proceed down. They finally came to the end of the track and he told her to get off. He moved the flat car off to the side, and then hooked her up to the mine cars. He dug through the rubble and place several pieces into the last of the two cars. He worked quickly but efficiently. Other rubble he tossed into the first car, which made Marcy jump several times at first. He grabbed a shovel and loaded more debris into the first car, intermittently stopping and going through it, and placing a few more pieces into the last car.

Blake stopped what he was doing. He had a rock in his hand, he looked at it. She watched him stare at it. Then he suddenly moved over to a bucket and dipped the piece in the water. He pulled it out quickly, and her eyes bulged. There in his hand was something that looked like a rainbow of colors on a gold surface. A grin moved onto his face. "Gold?" She was not certain where it came from, then to her panic she realized she said it.

"SHUT THE FUCK UP BITCH!" Tears flooded her eyes, as she shrank down away from him.

He went back to looking at the specimen. He placed it gently in the back car. He searched more, and he grabbed several more pieces from the rubble. He went through more of the rock, and loaded more rubble into the first cart. She looked back, and to her astonishment, the car was heaping with rock.

"Pull." He said it so straight forward, but with no feelings whatsoever. She took a breath and pulled at the cars behind her. Slowly they began to move. She felt her muscles working hard now. She heard him doing something behind her. Shortly he yelled to her to not stop till she was in the shed.

She looked down and kept pulling away at the cars. It got easier, and she found that if she remained steady at pulling on them, it became much easier. As she moved along, she had a sudden thought, it almost made her stop. She had been complaining about the work that she had done, and she realized that her Master must be doing all this work with no help on a regular basis. She felt like shit now. She was starting to remember how she had come out here when she was younger and had helped with a lot of the chores here. She started to wonder if she had changed that much, and maybe not for the best.

Blake push the flat cart up to the top. She looked back, seeing a bunch of boxes stacked on it. She saw the side of them, saying fresh mushrooms on the side. He rolled the cart up to the other cars, and locked them in place. He unhooked her, "You did an okay job today. You pulled the cars very well without any help, but your mouth is going to ruin you if you let it." He took off her harness, and hung it up.

Blake left the shed, and she heard the truck back up a few minutes later. He opened the doors and started to load all the mushrooms into the truck. Next he took the pieces out of the end car and placed them in wooden crates. He carried several out at a time. He then took the car full of debris, and rolled it to a door on the side of the shed, and dumped it through it. He cleaned things up, then abruptly, "Heel." Her body moved this time. She was next to him in a second. Her muscles ached from the pull, but she did not mind anymore.

He took her to her cage, and locked her in again. He walked up to the house and made lunch for everyone. He looked out to the garden and Becky was nearly a quarter through, and she just kept working. He took the food and water out to Marcy, and then walked Becky's out to her in the garden. Marcy could hear them talking, but she did not know what they said.

Becky finished her lunch, and thanked him. She moved to the next spot to weed, when Blake said "On your hands and knees. She did as he instructed her. He moved up behind her and got on his knees. She heard his pants open. She gasped suddenly as he took her. He went all the way in her. He grabbed her mid waist, and started to take her hard and savagely. She pushed back at each of his thrusts. She knew this was going to be a quickie, but she was going to use it for all she could. His moans grew quickly. Marcy turned and watched, hearing the moans in the distance. Her mouth grew wet as she watched her Uncle take the other lady. A bit of jealousy hit her.

Blake lunged hard into her. Becky felt him cum deep in her. He held her, his hands moving up her, as his body lowered to hers. He kissed her back. She whined a bit, having been so close to an orgasm, then him finishing. "Sorry Baby, did you not get to cum?" She looked at him. He saw her face, no verbal answer was needed, her face said it all. He pulled away from her, and stood up. He fixed his clothes and then yelled, "Curt!" A minute later the dog ran up. Curt sat right at his feet looking up at him.

Blake turned and looked at Becky, a small smile on her face. "Curt, breed your Bitch." Becky almost came right there. Marcy was now very jealous as she watched what was going on. Curt moved behind Becky and began licking her soaked pussy. The dog went wild with how wet she was, and the other juices in her. Blake watched for a moment and went back to his truck. He got in and slowly went into town with his products.

Becky gasped at how urgently Curt licked her. He licked her hard and deep, almost pushing her forward. She was crossing the line quickly as the feelings came to her. Curt flinched at first when the orgasm first hit Becky. He continued his oral attack on her. She was cumming hard this time. Her groans grew in volume as Marcy watched from a distance.

Curt licked her as clean as he wished. He jumped up on her back, grasping her, and shifting forward. She was still in the middle of an orgasm, but she adjusted her hips for him. He trust at her, and she felt where he was and adjusted again. He felt the tip enter her, she adjusted again, and he took his bitch fully.

Marcy watched, she wished that was her. She cursed herself for talking. Her hand went to her pussy, and started to play with herself as she watched the dog take the other lady.

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Marcy watched intensely, putting herself in Becky's place. Her mind never thinking that what she was doing would upset her master, but her carnal needs were making the demands and they were not being denied. She went on to both knees, as both hands were now working her kitty. Two fingers held open her lips, as the other hand placed two fingers deep with in, thrusting along with Curt. Her eyes were transfixed, and she did not notice that Becky had caught her watching and playing with herself. Becky went back to being Curt's bitch, and she was planning on making sure that Curt would always be hers.

Becky and Marcy both let out a loud groan then Becky's turned into a howl, as Curt started to cum deep in her. Marcy fell forward as her orgasm hit her, spasms rocked through her body, and she ended up smacking her head on the fence at one of the poles, feeling disoriented.

Becky stayed there smiling from ear to ear. Her body was bathed in being totally satisfied. She glowed, as the look on her face showed how content she was. Becky's breathing heavy from Curt taking her so well, but her energy levels were still high.

Marcy felt very strange, since the orgasm left quickly, so she went and laid down on her blankets. It

was a shame to her that the orgasms felt good but was no replacement for the real thing. As she settled in, she found that her head hurt. She gently rubbed her forehead and found blood on her hand. She looked at it in some disbelief, then she realized she had a good amount of blood on her hand. She put her hand back up to her forehead, and she felt the welt on her head. She felt carefully as her hand slid around and over the bump. She gasped, she could feel a big rough spot on her forehead which was very sensitive. She felt it more, as the pain started to hit her now. She closed her eyes as her fingers were touching the wound, as she felt warmth come across them.

Curt had shrunk sufficiently and quickly pulled from Becky. She stayed there for a bit, savoring the feeling running through her body. She slowly moved back to the job of weeding again, but looked over towards Marcy, she was not visible anymore. She continued to pull weeds in the garden, smiling as her mind went over what she just did. Every so often she would look over to where Marcy was. She decided she must have laid down since there was nothing to watch now.

Marcy's head was pounding more now. She pulled her hand towards her face again, as she saw that blood was all over her hand this time. Her mind only thought of the pounding that was getting louder in her head. She stood up, her hand going back to the cut. The other hand grasping the fence as she stood, and she steadied herself as the pain grew along with the pounding. She teetered on her feet as she focused on trying to stand. She finally stood up completely as the pain grew and a loud noise screamed in her ears.

Becky looked back to Marcy again, and she saw her this time. Her mind thinking how unbelievable it was that she was standing. Her eyes focused as she realized that something was wrong as she saw her body seeming rather lethargic. She stopped, focusing more, seeing Marcy get fully upright on her feet. She held there for a bit, then dropped to the ground like a limp rag falling to the floor. Becky stayed where she was, as what she saw slowly registered in her head as her mouth dropped open. She rose slowly as she expected Marcy to pop back up. On her feet she paused, then slowly began to move towards the cage, increasing in speed as her mind realized that something was very wrong, catching the attention of the dogs, which they proceeded to go towards the cages also.

Marcy did not remember much, other than that terrible noise that grew in her ears, then the world going dark. Her body laid there on the ground as Becky ran up to her cage. There before her, a large amount of blood was on her forehead and on the ground. She stopped for a moment, and thought. She ran into the shed, and grabbed the keys on the wall. She came back out and unlocked the cage. She ran in and knelt next to Marcy. She gently looked over her for other wounds she might find. The gash on her forehead was rather large. She gently moved her a bit, and found her blood covered hand. She grimaced as she looked at the condition of Marcy.

She ran to the shed again and grabbed a wheel barrow and took it to the cage, putting Marcy into it. She then took her up to the house as the two dogs had come along following them. Gently she lifted her up and as best she could manage, brought her into the house. She took her to the floor of the kitchen. The two dogs moved in the house behind them, and slowly moved around at a safe distance sensing there was something wrong, and staying out of the way. Becky had not noticed the trail of blood that had smeared on the porch when Marcy's hand drug along for a bit. She grabbed a towel hanging on the oven, and got it wet in the sink, then started to wipe the blood off of her. Gently cleaning the area, and looking at the cut more closely. She grabbed another towel and retrieved ice from the fridge. She gently placed it on the knot on her head. She watched her for a while as she noted the swelling remained the same.

Becky watched her closely, and looked at her for other things she may have missed. She washed her body carefully, looking for marks from a bite on her. She could not find anything what so ever, other than the damage to her forehead. She slowly stood up as she made sure the ice stayed on her

forehead. She went up stairs and into the master bathroom. Her mind thought of how it was a guys place and she would be lucky to find a Band-aid. She opened the medicine cabinet and nothing but some razors, aspirin, and other over the counter pills. "Shit!" She looked under the sink. Her eyes lit up like she found gold. Not one, but three first aid kits sitting there. These weren't the little ones you grab at the store, but big military type ones. She grabbed them all and went back to the kitchen.

She placed them down on the floor, one on each side of her, and one on the other side of Marcy as the dogs seemed transfixed by what she was doing. She opened up the two on each side of her. She felt like she walked into an operating room. Her eyes looked across at the vast amount of medical supplies. She found some gauze pads and opened two. Then she found some iodine wash and added that to the pads. She pulled the ice away and cleaned the wound carefully, but thoroughly. She concentrated on what she was doing, and missed the noise of the truck pulling up.

Blake had decide to cancel the trip to town and turned around. Having watched his girl getting nailed by Curt really left him horny again. He pulled down the driveway and parked next to the house. He walked up to the back porch. He stopped there looking towards the garden, his eyes scanning. Then he looked at the cage. "What the hell?" he thought, the girls are missing, and the dogs are too! Why is the wheel barrow is here, he thought. He looked towards the door into the house. His heart sank. There was blood smeared on the wood going towards the door. His eyes tightened, as he slipped back to his truck, reaching in and grabbing his gun.

Moving slowly and quietly, he slid to the porch again, silently approaching the door. He could see the dogs sitting there. Tails plastered to the floor, not panting, just looking at something where he could not see.

Becky leaned down and looked closely for any debris that maybe still in the cut. Becky let out a blood curdling scream as the back door flew into the house with a thunderous boom, crashing into the dinning room table sending chairs off in different directions. The dogs slammed into each other trying to escape the carnage, and slipping on the floor as whimpers came from them. Blake flew into the kitchen with his gun leveled right at Becky. She was silent, but the puddle she created between her legs exclaimed her panic. Blake's eyes bugged out, and he slid the gun onto the counter.

"WHAT HAPPENED?" Panic was in his voice this time.

Tears poured from Becky, as she looked at him, then down at Marcy. Gasps and sobs came from her.

"Baby, I am so sorry, I saw blood all over the porch, and you two were missing and the dogs did not even notice me. I thought some bastard had come and killed YOU TWO. I WAS SCARED!" His hand grabbed hers. "Please Becky, tell me what happened!" His eyes were kind, but his concern was there with it.

"She stood up in the....." Becky was still shaking, "and she fell, and blood was there...." Tears poured down her face.

"Marcy," his voice was very soft, "Marcy." He grabbed a flashlight out of a first aid kit and looked at the cut. "Damn, that must have hurt." He looked at Becky again, "Baby, I am so sorry. Please help me, and then I will get you taken care of." a pause came from him as he looked into her eyes, "PLEASE." His eyes pleaded with her.

She nodded her head. The tears slowed as she grabbed the towel she had used to wash off Marcy and put it in the puddle she left. A few sniffles but her voice was not fully back under her control. "Yes, yes" a bit of a pause, "what can I do?" Her voice came out cracked and unsteady.

His smile appeared to her from the corner of his eyes, as his hand held her for a moment again. She calmed more. "She was watching me," her voice coming back stronger, "and when Curt and me were done, well she was missing. I went back to weeding like you said, and I saw her stand. Her knees were all wobbly, as she rose, then she just dropped." She started to cry again feeling somehow responsible, "so I ran to her, and saw the blood on her." she took a few breathes as he looked over the cut fully.

His eyes showed Becky great care. "So you brought her here to try and help here?" She nodded. "God your amazing Becky. Thank you!" He glanced at Marcy's relaxed face. "Did you look to see if she had any other injuries or bites on her?"

She nodded her head. "Yes. I didn't find anything, but she is really dirty too." Her eyes went back to Marcy laying there.

"Well lets see what we can do." He grabbed several of the gauze pads and the bottle of alcohol. He cleaned off her face, and used the flashlight to search for any marks that may have been missed.

Becky started to clean the arm directly in front of her, slowly working along. She grabbed another flashlight and looked closely. They both went along her body looking for anything else. After about twenty minutes her whole front was clean and nothing was found. They worked as a team and checked her backside for any marks or bites.

They laid her back down flat and Blake got to his feet, then lowered down and lifted Marcy up. He carried her to her bedroom, where Becky pulled back the covers and he laid her down gently. He slowly covered her with the sheet. He placed the ice on her forehead and grabbed the chair from the desk. He looked at Becky. "Honey, go ahead and get yourself cleaned up, I owe you big for this."

She kissed his check, and smiled, "You only owe me for scaring the piss out of me." She went back to the kitchen and grabbed the first aid kits, bringing them to Marcy's room.

"Thanks, that is a great idea." Blake grinned as he grabbed the kit and opened it. He got out more gauze and placed it between the ice and wound. Becky stepped back and saw him gently wrap the ice pack onto the wound with a gauze roll. Becky walked away and took herself a shower.

Blake studied Marcy's face closely. "Marcy." His voice was soft, but at a good level. "Marcy, wake up honey." Her face seemed so relaxed, and his words brought no movement to her. He looked back at the kit, and grabbed out a little jar with little things that look like pills in it. He unscrewed the top and took out on of the items. He held it in his fingers and placed it below her nose. It snapped from his pressure.

Marcy smelled something that brought her some what back, she stirred and the smell left. A voice sounding far off said her name. "Oh God." her mind screamed as the smell was back, and her face crunched up as the smell and the pain from the wound hit her harder. A moan escaped her lips now.

"Marcy." His voice was filled with care. Her eyes slowly opened. "Welcome back baby!" A smile came to his face as she stirred more, and her eyes began to focus. "Just lay still, okay, you have a nasty bump and cut on your head."

Her eyes opened more as she began to realize where she was. She felt the sheets from the bed against her, as she slowly turned and looked at her uncle. "Whhhaat is" her voice dropped, as the pain hit her harder, closing her eyes.

"Shhhh, it is okay, your in your bedroom Marcy. You got big cut on your head. Just relax, and lay

there. How is your head doing?" He looked at her eyes as she reopened them. He saw the look of pain in her. "You want something to help the pain go away?"

It was like magic words she wanted to her, as her eyes teared up and she nodded her head slowly. "Look at me first, Okay?" He took the flashlight and looked at both of her eyes, and was satisfied with her pupil responses.

"Okay, give me a second." He opened up another kit, and slipped out a syringe and a small vial. He pulled some of the contents from the vial into the syringe and set it on the dresser. He grabbed a cotton swab and added a little alcohol to it. "Okay Marcy, I am going to pull the covers back a bit and roll your hips to the side, then I will give you a shot that will make you feel a lot better, okay?" His voice was upbeat a bit, giving her confidence in what he was doing.

She nodded yes, and he lifted the covers from the side exposing her hip, then he gently turned her a bit exposing her butt cheek. He swabbed her butt, then stuck in the shot, slowly injecting it into her. He wiped the spot clean again and laid her down flat, placing the covers back again. He moved up next to her again. "Okay, you should feel it hit you shortly. Just relax." He took her hand and watched her.

She tried to focus on other things, but it was hard. The head was pounding more, and she tried to not move at all. She found it eased the pain a little to remain still, and his firm, but gentle touch helped her feel better. That was some relief. She laid there, and she kept waiting for the pain to disappear. It was taking forever she thought, then it started to happen. I tingle there, and one there. The pain was there, but she found that she did not care about it anymore. She knew she hurt, but it did not matter. She thought how strange it was. She was tired already, but she slowly drifted off to sleep. Her mind trying to understand why the pain was there, but it was not bothering her, as sleep took over.

Blake got up and tucked the sheets in around Marcy. He cleaned up the mess from the kits and gently removed the ice. He took it to the bathroom and got a clean towel, bringing it back to Marcy's room. He half closed the door as he left the room. He rubbed his eyes, finding he had a headache from all the stress. Arriving in the dining room the mess with the door caught him off guard, having forgotten what had happened. Then he pushed the chairs back to where they were suppose to be, along with the table. He grabbed the door, and lifted it up. The hinges were still in the frame, as chunks of wood from the door hung in the doorway. He set the door on the back porch. He then went into the kitchen and grabbed a bucket and a brush. He filled the bucket with hot soapy water, and went out to the back porch again.

Becky gasped, causing Blake to look at back to her. "Oh my God! I did not know that there was blood all over the porch."

"Yeah, there is a good amount here." He placed the bucket and brush on the floor and walked over and held her tight. It was a long healing hug. It finally ended when they looked into each others eyes, and kissed. "God I love you Becky." His hug was firm, and she loved they way she felt safe in his arms.

"Love you too!" She looked over his shoulder again. "No wonder you stormed in like you did. If I saw that walking up, I would have shit myself."

"Sorry Baby!" He held her longer. She held him tight also.

"Nothing for you to be sorry for, I fully understand why you did what you did. Let me help you clean that up." He smiled at her and they kissed again. They both got down on the floor and cleaned, then

they tackled the kitchen. Blake went to the shed and brought back the door that he had been making to replace that door already. He was thankful for that luck. He could varnish it when he had a bit of time. Becky fixed up some dinner for them as he put the door up. He loved the new door. Frosted glass on the door. Solid oak other than the glass windows. It was much heavier, and he struggled a bit putting it up.

She placed their food on the dinning room table, as Blake came in and sat down. "Mmmmm, smells, and looks great Honey." A smile beamed from his face.

"Thanks Baby. Hope you enjoy it."

"I am sure I will." He looked at her, "I don't remember saying that you could wear clothes."

She looked at him, then started to remove her robe she had on. "Stop, stop," he chuckled, "just messing with you." She closed it back up, grabbed the napkins and tossed them at him.

She stuck out her tongue, then laughed with him. They ate quickly, as their hunger drove them. They cleaned up things there and then Becky went to watch Marcy as Blake got cleaned up.

She sat there and watched her sleep. The bump on her head had reduced in size a lot. It still looked nasty to her, but it was better than before. Marcy stirred and looked at Becky, her eyes showed her panic. Her mouth opened as she started to move.

"It's okay Marcy, just relax." A smile came to Becky's face trying to calm her. She held her hand, and she asked her how she was doing.

Marcy was very groggy, and her speech was very slurred. Becky grew concerned that there may be something seriously wrong.

"It is okay. I gave her a shot. She is rather out of it." Blake had come in quietly.

Becky frowned at him. She almost jumped out of her skin by the noise of his voice suddenly hitting her. Softly she turned to him. "Why the hell, can't you make some noise coming into a room, you scared me again!" She kept her voice low, as she was settling her heart again.

"Sorry, I saw the look on your face in the mirror." He smiled at her.

"I see you have taken up to wearing my uniform now?" She looked at him in his robe.

He laughed a bit, "Well you did look comfortable, so why can't I be comfortable?"

She got up and hugged him. "She is definitely out of it you know. You want to go back to your room BIG BOY?" She said it softly, but her sultry voice had come back to life.

"Mmmm, I would love to, but I need to wait a bit, so I can give her another shot in about an hour. Can you wait till then?" A look of hope was on his face.

"Yes of course, I would hate to wake up to that headache too." She hugged and kissed him some more then she let him know that she would watch her for a while. He thanked her and got them some drinks after feeding his dogs that were being a bit skittish around him now. He petted them a bit and they responded back well. He knew he scared them half to death. They ate as he walked back up to Marcy's room, bringing the drinks along.

He grabbed a chair, and sat next to Becky. She looked at him. "You know she is a very pretty girl."



"She is also my niece."

"Okay, it is not like she is your daughter." She smiled at him, as a devilish smirk grew across her face.

"No, never, I will never touch her like that." His voice remained quiet, but it was very stern.

Her smile disappeared. "Sorry, I was just messing with you."

"It's okay, sorry, just stuff I have seen and stuff people have talked about. It just is not right in my book." He looked back at Becky's eyes. "She is my niece, and to me, no matter how pretty she is, she is off limits, and two, I have been around her since she was a baby. Even changed her diaper. This whole S and M thing, as I said before, I was just trying to use it to help me to get her to be responsible, follow rules, and get her to understand that her actions may have dire consequences."

She kissed him, and leaned over and hugged him. "You know, she is very pretty. Bet she got hit on a lot at college."

He looked at her, "You are talking like you may wish to play with her." He looked at her questioningly.

"Well, if something came about, and she wanted to shall I say be with her, am I allowed to play?" Becky knew she was walking a thin line, but she was bisexual, and Blake knew it.

He rubbed the back of his neck. "God, that is a tough question. You are not related to her, but maybe in the future depending how we end up. I guess it is up to you. I can see why you would want to do that, God, and you are almost young enough to be my daughter." He held his hands, thinking.

"How about I just hold myself back, and if she decides that she wants something, I will see how it feels before I do anything." Her eyes watched his face.

"Yeah, can see that, thanks." He was looking at Marcy, then turned to Becky, "If she wasn't my niece, well, I will just leave it at that."

Becky laughed quietly and hugged him. They waited together till it was time to give her another shot.

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Blake and Becky watched Marcy sleep. She did not move much, and the bump on her head slowly went down. Blake kept placing ice on the knot for about ten minutes, then off for another twenty. This went on until Marcy started to stir.

"Marcy." Blake said her name, wanting to see how she was doing before he gave her another shot.

She stirred more, as her eyes slowly opened as she looked at him. Her head still hurt plenty, but the pain was less. "Hi Uncle." Her voice was slight, as she was still very tired.

"How are you feeling?"

"Less pain, but my head is still throbbing." Her voice was returning slowly.

"Marcy, I know this might give you a worse headache, but let me look at your eyes again, okay?"

She nodded. Blake grabbed the flashlight and watch her pupils react to the light. It was still good.

"Do you want some more pain medicine?"

"Yes Sir, please." her mouth was dry, as she licked her lips. "and can I have some water."

"Certainly." Becky got up and went to get her some water.

"I will wait till you can have some water so you can re-hydrate yourself, before I give you the shot." Blake loaded another syringe with the pain medicine, and set that on the kit that along with the cotton swap and alcohol. "Can you remember what happened Marcy?"

"Your going to be mad at me."

"No Marcy, just need to know so I can see how serious the injury maybe. I won't get mad at you, I promise." His voice had sympathy in it, and she knew she could trust him.

She averted her eyes, "Well I saw Becky and Curt having fun, and....." she stumbled on her words for a moment, "Well I needed some action too." Her eyes went back to her Uncle. "I kind of took things into my own hands, and at one point I was on my knees, and fell forward." She looked like her mind was regaining the information of what happened, as her eyes seemed vacant.

"Yes Marcy." He was glad she was on her knees, rather than standing.

Her eyes came to life again, looking back at him, "I know I hit something, but everything seemed so weird." Her eyes looked harder at him. "Ummm, like I was not really in my body. I saw the blood on my hand....." Her eyes slowly closed some.

He held her hand. "Rest Marcy, Becky will have the water for you in a sec, and then you can have the shot." He smiled at her, and his hand brushed some strands of hair away from her face. He knew she was pail, but with all the blood she lost, that was understandable.

Becky came in and helped Marcy sip some water through a straw. It was a slow process, but Marcy drank a bit.

"Okay, you ready for the shot Marcy?"

She nodded her head. Becky moved around the bed as Blake pulled the cover out from having been tucked under the mattress. Becky pulled the sheet back exposing Marcy's kitty.

Marcy blushed a little, "Guess I should have shaved." She smiled a bit.

Becky looked up at her, "Well in a few days that can probably be taken care of, but you need rest more than anything right now." She lifted Marcy's hip towards herself and exposing a cheek to Blake. Becky felt how soft her skin was in her hands. He swabbed her tush again, and gave her the shot. Wiping her clean again, he helped lower her hip back down. He looked up towards Becky to get the sheet, catching her staring at Marcy's kitty. She fumbled for a moment, and then gave him the sheet. Blake smoothed it out, and tucked her in again.

"There, that will help you sleep again, you have a good rest Marcy." Blake gave Marcy a kiss on the forehead, and took the needle to his bathroom and left them alone.

Becky sat back down in her chair looking intently at Marcy. "You feeling it yet?"

Marcy had seen the way Becky had looked at her. "Did you like what you saw?"

Becky was caught off guard. "You need your rest, we can discuss other things when your better."

"I saw they way you looked at my pussy, do you like it?"

Becky was way out of control now, "Ummm, it is very nice, I like the way yours looks."

Marcy was feeling bolder, "Is there some lotion to rub around it, the hair is so very itchy."

Becky's mind screamed "Shit!", this was not suppose to happen like this. "I will check real quick."

Marcy spread her legs apart, and then started to sit up in the bed. She felt her head pound louder and gave a moan as she laid upon the pillow again.

"Marcy! Lay there, you need your rest. Ahhhh, here's some lotion."

"I guess there is no reason for the lotion, I can't rub it in." Her eyes went to Becky at the end.

Becky was in turmoil, she knew she was being setup, but she knew it probably did itch a lot. "I will help you."

"Thanks."

Becky pulled back the sheet again. She sat down by Marcy's hips and put some lotion on her hand. She could not believe it, she was shaking. "Okay just relax and I will rub this in real quick." Her hands was placed above her clit, and slowly worked through the stubble that was now growing.

Marcy held from saying anything, then a change in breathing caught Becky's attention. Marcy felt her hand stay away from her clit and entrance. "That feels better, can you make sure that it all is covered in the lotion."

Becky knew what she meant. Her hand slid along the folds, working the lotion back and forth in the stubble. Her hand moved over her clit and a finger worked around it, applying the lotion around the clit, causing Marcy's breath to become more labored. Then her hand slid down between her lips, and rubbed the lotion in there. "Is that better?" Becky swore it just got a lot warmer in the room.

"Maybe a bit more, further....." a pause happened as Marcy tried to figure out how to get her to finger her. "deeper...." Her voice was soft, and her breath was a even more labored.

Becky closed her eyes, as Becky's finger slipped deeper, and gently pushed into her entrance. Becky felt Marcy's hand touch her rear. Her finger rubbed slowly in and out. She felt how wet Marcy was. Her hand pulled away and she suddenly tucked the sheet back in. "Baby, I know what you want, and when you can handle, I will be happy to be with you in bed." She kissed her cheek, and then her lips.

Marcy knew the medicine was coming fast, so she pushed it just a bit more. "Thank you. And when I am ready, will you help me clean up and shave?" Her eyes looked at Becky with a hint of lust, as the medicine started to hit her.

Becky saw her eyes loose focus, "Yes my dear, when you are better." She watched as Marcy seemed to fight the sleep that took her back to rest.

Becky slowly got up and went to Blake's bedroom. She was nervous now, since he had seen her looking intently at Marcy's pussy. But it was so nice looking. Damn, what was she doing. Her mind

kept flaunting with the thought of getting in bed with her. She took a breath and pushed things out of her mind, walking into the Master's Bedroom.

Blake was sitting on his bed, and he still had on his robe to the disappointment of Becky. She looked at him, "Sorry, but she is so damn sexy to me." Her eyes welled up a bit.

"I know, but could you at least wait till I am out of the room?"

"Sorry, yes."

"So what now?" He looked at her.

"Well it is up to you Master."

"I am guessing, she got you all hot and bothered, and so now you're in need of some, shall we say, a good way to relax?"

Becky smiled ear to ear. "That would be wonderful Master."

"How much are you in need of right now?" He grinned at her.

"I could go all night long Master." Her voice oozed sex, as she looked at his crotch.

"Well I can try to help you relax some, and then let some others relax you after I am done. If that is okay?" He was not into the Master and Slave thing too much at the moment, but he was horny. "So any special requests?" His eyes twinkled a little at her.

She grinned, "Ummm, hard and fast, and left for the follow up lovers?" Her voice was deeply needing a fuck. The lust dripped from her words.

"Leave you for the follow up lovers?" His eyebrows shifted, questioning her words.

Her body language was screaming fuck me, and she wanted it to start and never stop. "I am not sure, I just want one after another, after another." Her voice became almost desperate. "Damn Babe, I just want to get the living shit fucked out of me, and just....." her voice faltered as she looked for the words. "I guess I want to be used and abuse, and be forced to take it."

"Wow!" He chuckled, "She got you going. Just one more question Honey, 'Forced to take it', what does that all mean?"

She bit her lip, her voice became very quiet, and she looked around him, not wanting to meet his eyes. "Well, so I can't get up and leave, like when you have tied me to your bed before." Her eyes focused on Blake, "I don't care if you leave me there all night, I will deal with it." Her face showed her desperation.

"Well my little sex kitten, hope you realize what you're asking for?"

"Yes." the sex in her voice along with the strong need, enveloped her voice again.

"Okay, well wait here, and remove your robe, I will be back in a few."

She was trembling, as she began to take off her robe. She was nervous, but she was so horny. The sight of Marcy, that close, and then touching her soft skin and feeling her wetness. She wished she could have just thrown the sheets aside, and sucked and licked her for the rest of the day. Her eyes

closed, bringing the sight of Marcy back to her. She heard a noise, and she opened her eyes up quickly. Curt was at the door, as the little clicking noises from his nails on the wood, pulled her out of her day dream. "Guess your going to have fun in a little while Stud." She laughed. She had seen the tired look on Blake's face when she walked in. The stress of the day was probably weighing heavy on him.

Blake went to the kitchen and grabbed a water from the fridge. He took a big drink of it. His mind whirled about the request. It was one thing to tie her to the bed, but leave her for the night like that. He needed to think about it. And where could he do that? She would be leaking cum from the dogs. And if he knew those dogs, she would have a pool beneath her by morning. He chuckled to himself. But where could he do it? He thought long and hard about it. He went to the shed and looked at several things in there. He caught a glimpse out of the corner of his eye. An old table that was designed for working on large pieces of material, that had holes all over it to allow you to secure the item to it.

He looked around the shed a bit more, and moved the table to the center of the shed, than he stopped and thought for a second, he put it back. He grabbed some rope and went back to the house. He went down stairs and grabbed some tent spikes with a hammer, and a small stool. He went back outside and looked around a bit. He walked over to the far side of the garden, out of sight if anyone came to his place. He drove two spikes right by where the woods started. Then he visually measured out a space, and drove two more spikes into the ground. He place the stool firmly on the ground, making sure that it was stable. He walked back to the house and up to his bedroom.

Blake looked at Becky, "Your beautiful Baby. Use the bathroom real quick, okay?"

She nodded and found herself able to use the bathroom. She was wet though. She came back out looking at Blake. "Ready."

"So, do you need anything before we go to start your relaxation?" The grin on his face was massive.

"What do you mean, need? I have you, and I am sure you found some volunteers to help with this."

"I meant, do you need lube in any spot, just in case of a male missing the mark?"

A devilish look came across her face. "No. I want it as it is given to me." Her voice again was getting heated.

He reached out and took her hand. They walked down to the edge of the woods. They were both quiet. He had her kneel on the stool, and put her chest on a towel he brought along. He carefully tied each of her hands to the spikes near the woods. He made sure that they were not too tight. Then he tied her legs, splayed far apart. Her legs were spread nice, for her to be easily taken. He rubbed her back, as he opened his robe. He was already kneeling between her legs, as he moved up close to her rear. Her breathing was already fast, and the air was starting to cool as the sun began to set.

"You ready?"

She nodded her head. And he heard her breath jump a bit. His hands rubbed her skin. He could see the glint of how wet she was, as her dew moistened her entrance. His cock pressed against her, as it slipped between her folds. A gasp came from her mouth as he pushed fully in. His cock was in heaven, as he felt her grip him with her muscles. His hands grabbed her hips, and he began to thrust in and out. She started to grunt with each of his thrust, pushing back against him. Her lips pulling back, exposing her teeth, as her wild energy took a hold and she sucked in air through her teeth.

He started to slam into her harder and harder. His hips smacking her ass. His grip increased on her, pulling hard as he continued to take her. "Mmmmm, that ass of yours looks good baby!" His thrusting was making her moan and grunt now.

She was on fire, she needed it all. Her body was already sweating, as she responded. "Then fuck it!" Her voice raged in it's heat, the sultry sound she had. Her body was in dire need of a strong, hard fuck.

His cock was slamming in and out, as he saw her anus open some. He took that advantage, and on one out stroke, pulled fully out, and pushed it in her ass. It went in past the head of his cock immediately. Then slowly he sank all the way in. Her groans where burning, as she shuddered while his dick drove into her completely.

It was so nice and tight to him. He rammed her ass now, as he held her by her long hair. She loved it, being used like that, naked, outside, and she could do nothing about it. She shuddered hard. Blake felt her ass clamp down on him. Her orgasm slammed her, as he took her ass. He was getting close himself, keeping up a fast pace, as she began to cum. Her groans were strangled in agony almost, as she tried to scream, but her body took the breathes it needed. Her hands had grasped the rope securing her wrists, pulling hard against them as she could. Suddenly her ass felt empty, as Blake pulled out and moved in front of her. He laid on his side and took her hair in his hand, lifting her head. She opened her mouth as he pushed his cock in. He felt his orgasm start, as she sucked hard, and her talented tongue stroked him. His hands grabbed her head, as his body jerked. His first shot splattered in the back of her mouth. She savored his cum, as more flew in. Sucking him, and using her tongue, she helped him finish off. She could feel her juices running down the inside of her legs at the same time, wishing she could touch herself.

Blake rolled back, his cock slipping out of her mouth, as she swallowed the last of his cum. He stood up looking at her face, as she watched him stand with the grin of her unmet needs. Her face said it all it all to him, her lust was in total control. She had surrendered to her carnal wants. He grabbed his robe and put it back on. "Mmmmmm, you were incredible Honey." his hand stroking her rear. "Your next companions should be here shortly." He laughed a bit, then he let loose a loud whistle. Becky almost jumped from it. But instead it got her even more wet.

Moments later the two dogs came running up and then watched as Blake pet them. Their excitement was great as their tails wagged hard. They could smell Becky, and their cocks began to come unsheathed. They knew what was about to happen. Blake stood up fully, then looked at Becky for a moment. He slowly turned back to Curt and Drake. "Take the bitch."

Curt knew he was first, she had been his before. He got behind her and started to lick her drenched pussy. Quickly driving his tongue deep with in her. Drake walked around them, watching, knowing he was next. Blake walked away, saying, "You have a great night Honey." She watched him leave, as Curt licked her. Her body responded quickly to being left alone, and tied down outside took her over the edge. Her pussy clamped on his tongue, as she climaxed again. Filling herself with more tasty honey for Curt. Her eyes rolled back some as a guttural groan came from her. Her body pulled and strained at the ropes, but they were secure. Her orgasm grew in intensity from this.

Blake walked into the kitchen and grabbed another water. He then went up to Marcy's room, peeking in and seeing that she was sound asleep. He went to his bathroom and took another shower. He let the warm water relax his body. Slowly and unwillingly, he got out and dried himself off. He could have stayed there for hours, but he knew he needed the sleep, and had to get up early. He laid down in his bed, and found that he could make out the slight sound of Becky, moaning in the distance. He smiled, he knew he could hear her if there was a problem, and it was sure to cause

some interesting dreams.