

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter One

The three conspirators sat together on the deep red leather sofa, eyes intent on the large plasma screen monitor above the fireplace.

"As instructed, I had the mobile phones and computers of the five subjects you picked at the last meeting hacked and monitored." said the middle aged man in the middle. To all outward appearances, he would seem to be a respectable professional gentleman - maybe a solicitor or a bank clerk. In a sense, he was a kind of solicitor.

"of course, the young man I hired has no idea why we want the subjects monitored. I told him I was representing a private investigation agency hired by a wealthy client looking for a prospective wife for his son. He didn't ask for any further details, and I suspect he didn't need that much, but it gave him a vague idea of what to look for."

"Show us subject nineteen first." Said the dark haired woman wearing the blue sarong that clashed garishly with the sofa.

Michael skipped the powerpoint presentation to the fifth and final subject.

"I thought this one the most promising subject myself" Michael said. "That's why I was saving her til last."

Charles nodded. "That was my favourite too. You can show us the rest later, but I'm keen to see what you managed to get on her."

The presentation showed a few screenshots of social network pages, several photos of a young blonde haired girl, and a statical analysis chart. Some of the pictures looked as if they had been taken covertly with a telephoto lens, but most were images that the girl or her friends had posted on various websites.

"As you already know, she has just graduated from the all girls school that her parents had sent her to, and begins University next term. She turned eighteen just five weeks ago, and I can now confirm she has had sex just twice. Her first time was with a young waiter whilst on holiday two years ago. The second time was with a short time boyfriend last year. She broke off the relationship when she found out he was dating another girl whilst she was at boarding school."

"What about other girls?" asked Roxanne, unconsciously licking her lower lip in expectation.

"She has been making out with her best friend and a girl she shares a dorm with, but it's not something she shares online - we got that from her diary and a text message. She does not consider herself to be a lesbian, but does derive a guilty pleasure from it."

"Almost but not quite innocent, and with little experience. Could be just the right balance." Charles pondered. "What do you think my dear?"

"I agree." replied Roxanne. "a complete innocent would have nothing to compare to, and possibly too inhibited."

"That was my thinking" added Michael. "If her private blog is anything to go by, her experience with men has been limited and something of a disappointment to her. Her boyfriend was not well endowed, and a somewhat selfish lover, leaving her wanting more, and never giving her foreplay."

"No male staff at her school? Boys from the village? Nobody willing to satisfy her needs?" Charles asked.

"There were a couple of male teachers and an elderly caretaker. She did in fact have a crush on her music teacher, but he never responded to her mild flirtations."

"A preference for older men?" Charles raised an eyebrow.

"Down boy" Roxanne said teasingly.

"Oh yes - I'm pretty sure I mentioned her "pinups" at the last meeting." Michael replied brightly.

"Of course" said Roxanne with a sly grin. "To be honest, that was one of the reasons we both expressed a liking for this one." The thirty-four year old woman smiled seductively to her forty-seven year old husband, who subconsciously stroked his short greying hair.

Michael continued his lecture. "Anyway, as it happens Mr Barton is gay, and probably wasn't even aware she was flirting with him." He changed the presentation slide. "given the proportions of her small collection of sex toys, I'm not surprised her only two male lovers were unable to measure up. It all adds up to one sexually inexperienced, but very frustrated pretty young woman."

"Very pretty" observed Charles. "And quite athletic too. Hockey, tennis, riding."

"Hmmm, riding." Roxanne began thoughtfully. "Has she had any ..... experience with male horses?" The emphasis she put on experience left no doubt as to what she was inferring.

"Not that I could discover." Michael replied. "Of course, she does spend a great deal of time in the stable grooming the horses. She would undoubtedly have witnessed a stallion's erection at some point, and may well have been tempted to have a feel, but she has never put anything in her blogs, other than what magnificent beasts they are etc."

"And dogs?" Charles asked.

"She likes dogs, and her family has a dog at home who she misses greatly. There is no evidence that she has ever been intimate with a dog, and I couldn't find evidence of her having visited any zoo porn sites. I would say it has never even crossed her mind."

The middle aged couple seemed disappointed.

"Of course, I cannot say for sure that she never fantasizes of such things. It is something she would never dare speak of, and as the school has a parental lock on its servers, she wouldn't be able to find porn if she wanted to."

They spent the rest of the evening looking at the other four profiles Michael had furnished them with. One girl looked rather promising in that she frequently surfed porn sites, and had blogged that she frequently serviced her German Shepherd dog, but she was somewhat overweight and unattractive, and had a little too much experience for their liking. Also they all felt that she was too shameless and careless to be easily controlled.

Another young lady seemed to be quite promising, but was a complete virgin and somewhat too fanciful. The sort that wants the fantasy, but would recoil in horror at the reality.

As they expected from the start, subject nineteen - Jennifer - was the perfect choice.

"All we need do now is plan how to ensnare our young flower." Charles said.

"That should be quite easy." Michael told them. "She is hoping to get a part time job through the

summer holidays before starting Uni. My niece is a close friend of her room mate at the school, and she has already given her (and several other girls) my number. I spread the word that I know a very decent professional couple who are looking for a trustworthy girl to look after their house and dogs for a fortnight. I can call her tonight and tell her she has the position."

"Perfect, my dear Michael you think of everything!" exclaimed Charles as he clapped his hands.

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## Chapter Two

Michael picked Jennifer up at the station and drove to the house. As he knocked on the large wooden door, Jennifer stood in awe of the building. She hadn't expected anything quite like this. When Suzie's uncle had told her that his clients had a house in the country, she was expecting perhaps a cottage or a gatehouse, but this was an Edwardian Manor with a half mile drive leading to a courtyard. She wondered if the owners also owned the vast area of farmland surrounding it too. She half expected the door to be opened by a butler, but in fact it was Roxanne who opened the door and welcomed Jennifer with a friendly hug.

"You must be Jennifer, so pleased to meet you at last."

"Thank you Mrs Enderby."

"Please - call me Roxxie. I'll introduce you to Charles."

She explained to Jennifer that The house was normally looked after by a live in housekeeper, but she was unable to stay around at the moment due to a death in the family, so they needed someone at rather short notice to keep an eye on the place whilst they were away on holiday.

"Michael says you come very well recommended, and are from an excellent family, so we know we can trust you." Roxanne said warmly. Jennifer was flattered, but a little puzzled as she had only met Michael twice, and only vaguely knew his niece.

"of course, we don't expect you to do all the housekeepers chores, but you will need to take good care of the dogs, and put away the groceries that the weekly delivery van brings."

"I'm afraid we are quite remote out here." added Charles. "We have most of our needs taken care of by a delivery van from the village."

"And there is a boy comes up on his bike twice a day to take care of the horses" Roxanne said "but he shouldn't be any bother."

"You can give him a hand if you like." said Charles, "do you like horses?" of course, he knew full well that she did, but didn't want her to know just how much they already knew about her. In fact, thanks to Michael's psychological profiling, they probably knew more about her than she knew herself.

"Yes - riding is one of my hobbies" Jennifer told the handsome man, who though she judged to be her father's age, she found quite attractive.

"Oh wonderful!" exclaimed Roxanne, "then you must take Samson for a ride now and again. He gets so bored if he isn't ridden regularly."

It was beginning to look more like a dream holiday than a job, and the list of chores they gave her to do were quite frankly nothing more than breaks in the tedium of living alone in the big house. Charles introduced her to the two Great Danes that she was to sit for, and though a little taken

aback by their size, found them to be extremely friendly and good natured.

Most of the chores were simply to take care of the security – switching on the alarm system at night, making sure the fence was secure, checking the CCTV was operating etc.

Charles also explained the entertainment system to her. “you will need to know how it works” he told her, “after a couple of days you will go mad with boredom.”

“I find all those buttons so confusing.” Roxanne joked. “But Charles has the most enormous DVD collection, you shouldn’t get bored – nobody can have watched all those movies.”

They showed her to her room, and then invited her to join them in a final meal, apologising that they would have to leave first thing in the morning.

Jennifer enjoyed a most delicious meal that Roxanne had cooked herself, and then they all drank rather too much wine before retiring to bed.

The next morning Jennifer arose early to bid her employers goodbye, already feeling they were good friends. They both gave her a hug and kiss on the cheek, and she felt a slight guilty thrill as she felt sure Charles had given her bottom a slight squeeze. Nothing overt – it could even have been accidental, but it thrilled her none the less.

To be honest, she still felt a little fuzzy from last night’s wine, and it was still very early, so as soon as their car had disappeared at the bottom of the drive Jennifer lay down on her bed and fell asleep again.

She awoke two hours later, and after feeding Errol and Max (the two dogs) she took a morning shower. Wearing only a bathrobe, she went back downstairs to make breakfast for herself. It looked like being a very warm day out, so Jennifer contemplated a spot of sunbathing. There was a garden and a small outdoor pool at the back of the house, with a couple of sun loungers already out by the pool.

Jennifer opened the French windows and stepped onto the patio. The sun was already quite warm, so she gingerly walked across to the pool, picked up a pair sunglasses that had been left on the small plastic table, and lay down on one of the loungers, letting her bathrobe fall open to expose her naked flesh. She began to vaguely recall the conversation she had with Roxanne and Charles during last night’s dinner. She had the impression that her two hosts led an active and uninhibited sex life, despite their age difference, and seemed very close. Looking back on it, Jennifer got the feeling that the pair had been flirting with her, but it was hard to be certain as she had drunk rather more wine than she is accustomed to. Not that she was a teetotaler – there had been many illicit drinking parties in the dorms, but being under-aged, the girls rarely had anything more potent than a few litres of cheap cider.

Suddenly, Jennifer’s reverie was interrupted by the sound of an approaching motorcycle. She quickly covered up her breasts with the bathrobe and rushed indoors to find some clothes. She had completely forgotten about the stable-boy coming! By the time she had got to her room, the young man had parked his bike on the front drive, and was walking towards the stables. She quickly slipped into a T shirt and pair of shorts, then put on a pair of sandals and ran downstairs.

By the time she had reached the stables, she was panting and beginning to perspire.

“Hi. I’m Jennifer. I’m looking after the house”

“Oh yeah” said the young man in leathers. “They told me they was gonna get a girl in. I’m Tom from

the village.” Tom was not much older than Jennifer, had a mop of unruly mouse coloured hair, and what looked like an attempt to grow a beard, but was in fact just a few wisps of wiry hair. He spoke with a west country accent, and was quite clearly a local lad. He took off his jacket to reveal bare arms and a faded T shirt with several holes and stains. It would be foolish to groom horses and clean out stables wearing one’s best clean clothes – something Jennifer realised rather quickly as she helped the young stable-hand.

They chatted amiably whilst attending to Samson and Delilah, Jennifer gradually overcoming her natural shyness among young men her own age. Jennifer wondered if he was allowed in the house as she contemplated inviting him in for a cup of coffee, but he had other jobs to do anyway, and bid her goodbye before quickly riding off on his motorbike.

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### **Chapter Three**

Jennifer went back into the house, dirty and smelling of the stable, so stripped off her clothes, put them in the washing machine, and then went upstairs for another shower. Errol and Max watched her curiously. So too did Roxanne and Charles, sitting in a large van equipped with sophisticated surveillance equipment.

“Excellent – she’s taking another shower” observed Charles, watching her through the hidden camera. “How long before the pheromones take effect?”

“The dogs should start to smell them now. If she uses that shower gel three more times the smell on her will be strong enough to drive them wild.” Roxanne replied.

“Let’s hope she’s ready for them by then.”

“We could sneak in and switch the gel whilst she’s asleep. We’ll see what happens next – she’s going to need clean clothes.”

Stepping out from the shower, Jennifer was feeling fresh and invigorated, and realising that she hadn’t unpacked her suitcase yet, went to her room. There weren’t many clothes left in there, and she realised that with hindsight she might have packed a lot more. She hadn’t reckoned on the house being so remote, and had thought she could shop for more clothing once she was settled in.

As she opened the drawer on her dressing table to put the remaining clothes in, she discovered a hand written note from Roxanne:

“Dear Jennifer.

I doubt you will have enough clothing in that small valise of yours to keep you dressed throughout the entire fortnight. I have a great deal of casual wear that shouldn’t be too big for you – at least something to wear about the house. Please help yourself to anything from the grey chest of drawers in my room.

Love Roxxie”

“Good. She’s found the note.” Roxanne leaned forward and flicked a few switches on her console. “Now let’s make sure she picks the right drawer.”

Reacting to the remote instruction, the top drawer locked, and the middle and bottom drawers unlocked on a chest of drawers in Roxanne’s bedroom.

Jennifer had no trouble finding Roxanne's room - she had pointed it out last night, and it was unmistakable, having "Roxxie's Den" on the door. She opened the door to a luxurious boudoir with a large four poster bed, a set of mirrored sliding doors opposite the bed (presumably wardrobes), and a beautiful moulin noir dressing table with an ornate arched mirror. To the right of the bed was a dark metallic grey chest of drawers that looked a little out of place compared to the deep red of the bed, the dark dresser, and the deep red and gold of the walls and ceiling. The rest of the room looked rich and ornate, but the chest of drawers looked kind of plain and modern - more minimalist. There were many works of art on the walls too, a large oil painting, and several smaller pictures in glass frames - prints depicting classical Greek mythological scenes, and some unusual woodcuts.

There were a few statuettes on the chest of drawers that drew Jennifer's attention. Again, classical looking - a nymph in the embrace of a rather lecherous looking satyr, a unicorn nuzzling a naked young woman who was stroking his mane, and what she first took to be a nymph being attacked by a wolf. The figurine didn't look quite right to her, and her next thought was that it looked more like the wolf was fucking her, and she was in the grip of ecstasy rather than terror. She giggled at the wicked thought, and tried to open the first drawer, but it wouldn't budge. Jennifer couldn't see a keyhole, but nonetheless, the drawer seemed locked.

Trusting that for some reason that drawer was not meant to be opened, she tried the next. Inside was a simple blouse, a short one piece dress, a mini skirt, a pair of hot pants, and a pair of culottes. Jennifer picked out the latter as being most practical, and tried for the third drawer. In there she found a bikini (useful for sunbathing should she not want to be found naked by Tom), a scanty red and black lace bra and matching panties, a pair of ordinary looking pink knickers, a pair of black fishnet stockings, a black lace leotard, and what looked like a rolled up pair of jodhpurs.

The underwear seemed like a rather strange mix, but the jodhpurs would be just perfect for horse riding - if they fit. She pulled them out, and as they unrolled, several objects fell to the floor. Jennifer regarded them with curiosity before picking them up to put back in the drawer. One was not entirely unexpected - a riding crop. But also rolled up in the little bundle was a ball gag and a dildo. Jennifer didn't recognise the ball gag at first, but then remembered seeing something like it in a book on S&M that one of her dorm pals had shown her.

"What sort of kinky games does Roxxie like to play" she asked herself with a little giggle. But it was the dildo that really piqued her curiosity. Of course, she knew straight away what it was - she had a few dildos herself, and recognised the tell-tale battery cap and function button. But the shape completely baffled her. It was not a cheap plain one with unrealistic colour - it was textured with veins and was a realistic ruby red - but it wasn't like any cock she had ever seen. Not that she had seen many cocks, but she had seen her brother's a couple of times, and had seen her ex-boyfriend's cock on numerous occasions. She had also seen the occasional porn magazine, and once saw a pornographic video, so knew that the shape of a man's cock didn't vary all that much.

This one had a thin, conical tip, a veiny bulge in the middle, and a bulbous swelling at the base that looked wholly wrong for a pair of balls. Why make a dildo look so realistic, but with such a bizarrely unrealistic shape? Jennifer was both puzzled and fascinated. She felt a little guilty at prying into her employers private life, and yet turned on at the same time. Gazing at the peculiar dildo, her mind wandered as she wondered what it would feel like. Maybe some imaginative genius had specifically designed it this shape to give the maximum pleasure. She licked the shiny tip, and then slowly ran it over her pussy lips. Closing her eyes as she squatted down by the drawers again, she eased the tip of the strange dildo deeper between her lips, penetrating her wet cunt with the long conical head. It felt good. She worked it deeper, switching it on to feel the vibrations tingle through her sex, and gasped in pleasure.

Suddenly, she felt a pang of shame, and wondered what on earth her employers would say if they saw her now - not realising that they were in fact watching her quite intently. She opened her eyes to find herself looking directly at the wolf statuette, and realised that that her impression that the figures were engaged in an act of sexual congress was in fact correct. The wolf was fucking the plump nude maiden, the base of his penis being just visible between her sex and his underbelly. Looking around the room, she noticed that all the pictures followed the same theme, of a sexual union between women and some manner of beast or mythical creature. She blushed scarlet as it slowly dawned on her. Picking up the wolf figurine she turned it over and around to examine it more closely.

It was heavy, and seemed to be cast in bronze or some such metal, but the detailing was exquisite, and between the perfectly represented shaggy fur of the wolf's hind legs she could see the beast's balls, a shaggy sheath, and a protruding member which looked exactly like the strange bulbous base of the dildo she was using. She stopped masturbating with it immediately, and switched it off. Feeling suddenly quite strange, she rushed to the small wash basin in the corner of the room, and washed the shocking device that was now sticky with her juices. She dabbed it dry with the hem of her bathrobe, and hurriedly put it back in the drawer before putting on the pink knickers and jodhpurs.

Jennifer finished drying her hair, then taking a bra and another T shirt from the drawer in her own room, finished dressing. A pair of white ankle socks and a pair of trainers, and she was fully dressed and feeling decent again.

"That went well I thought" Said Roxxie with a satisfied smile. "She seems quite shocked and ashamed, but it has given her something to think about, and in her present state of arousal she will be soon faced with the conflict of either giving in to a new fantasy, or struggle with a growing frustration."

Soon it was time to feed the dogs again, so Jennifer went down to the kitchen, poured out their bowls and called the boys in from the back garden where they had been playing. The huge beasts came bounding in, almost knocking her off her feet. The dogs sniffed at her before starting their meal, and seemed satisfied, but kept looking back at her every couple of mouthfuls, as if not sure of her.

"Are they smelling the bitch hormones on her, or her own sex?" Charles asked.

"Maybe a little of each" Roxanne replied. "But mainly they are smelling me on her clothes. I thought if she smelled of "Mistress" rather than bitch on heat the boys might be a bit more respectful and less likely to try to rape her."

"Good idea. We don't want to scare her off."

As soon as the dogs had finished eating and drank their water, they began to take more of an interest in Jennifer, sniffing her legs and butt. They knew she wasn't Mistress, but she smelled of Mistress, and yet also smelled of something else. They were curious and excited, so with the certainty that she was at least friendly began to explore just how friendly.

At first, Jennifer was a little intimidated the sheer size of the two dogs - even on all fours they came up to above her waist, and were very strong. But they were very friendly and playful, and she could not help but fall in love with the adorable beasts. As they were getting a little frisky in their play, she led them out onto the patio, and finding a rubber chew toy was soon playing a tug of war game with them, which they would frequently allow her to win (she knew with their strength she would not stand a hope of winning if they were in earnest). Soon they developed a little game that whilst one



dog would make a play of trying to grab the chew toy from Jennifer's hands, the other would jump at her and knock her over, after which he would lick her face to show there were no hard feelings.

Jennifer soon cottoned on to this tactic, and put up more of a struggle to hold on to the rubber donut that was the prize. Eventually the struggle would end in a little wrestling match which stretched out a little longer each time, until the boys mobbed her each time, and the toy became incidental. During the friendly wrestle Jennifer suddenly caught a glimpse of something that made her pause for thought.

As Max rolled over, she caught sight of his belly, and a glistening red rocket was protruding from his furry sheath. She stopped tickling his tummy and turned to look at Errol, and saw that he too was showing a ruby red tip. Was she getting them turned on sexually? Was she being too intimate with them? These were fully grown adult intact males after all, not puppies. It had never occurred to her before today that any animal would have a sexual interest in another species - but after seeing those pictures and the statuettes in Roxxie's room .....

Wriggling out from the tangle of dogs, she quickly changed the game to a game of fetch, and picking up a nearby ball, threw it across to the lawn, shouting "fetch boys". The two dogs dutifully ran after the ball, Errol being the first to reach it and ran back to Jennifer with it. Jennifer kept the game of fetch going until the boys were finally tired out - but by then she was pretty exhausted herself. She could see the two dogs were going to be quite a handful.

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## **Chapter Four**

Charles sighed. "I thought something was going to happen then."

"Be patient" soothed his wife. "It's only her first day. The longer it takes, the better the result."

Jennifer poured herself a cold drink of juice from the kitchen, then retired to the living room to relax for a while. Glancing at the clock, she saw it would be another two hours before Tom would be dropping by, so she picked up the remote and began to watch the huge TV.

There must have been a fault with the reception, because she couldn't pick up Sky at all (Charles had mentioned that the reception is bad sometimes), so she looked for a DVD to watch. There were a dozen well known movies in the DVD cabinet, but she had seen them all before, and didn't feel like watching them again, so opened the door to the small box room that was Charles's legendary DVD library. There were literally hundreds of movies, and one rather large shelf was full of pornographic movies. Jennifer considered them for a moment. She had only ever seen one before, and had to admit she was curious. She was also feeling quite horny - there had been a yearning itch in her crotch since she had discovered the strange dildo in the drawer.

Feeling naughty, she took one of the porno DVDs at random, and placed the disk in the DVD player, then sat on the red leather sofa to watch the movie. There were no real plots or scripts as such - the disk she had chosen was a compilation of short films called Xtreme Bizarre #22. After watching the first three films, Jennifer was astounded that there could be another twenty one disks in the series.

The first film graphically depicted a middle aged woman being fucked in every hole by six very well built Afro-American men - none of which possessed a penis smaller than eight inches long, and one who had a member at least ten inches long and ass thick as Jennifer's wrist.

The second film was an S&M movie that showed a red haired woman in black pvc sticking pins into a hairy middle aged man wearing nothing but a hooded black face mask and leather straps, which

were used to bind him to a metal tubular frame whilst the dominatrix used a large strap-on dildo to fuck his ass.

Film three also had a S&M theme, but this time a blonde woman was strapped into a harness and then subjected to a machine with moving parts that fucked her pussy and anus at the same time with very large dildos. Her harness also had small chains that were attached to piercings on her nipples and labia, so every movement stretched them painfully.

Film four was a cluster fuck movie. A pale and fairly petite young woman with a somewhat voracious appetite begins by giving seven men quick blow jobs to get them in the mood, and then takes more and more at once. Within just a couple of minutes she is felating one man whilst masturbating two more as she leans over a leather sofa, and a fourth man is fucking her pussy from behind. He withdraws after only a few strokes, to be replaced by another man - this one with a very large cock. The scene shifts, and one man is lying on the sofa with the girl on top of him. As he fucks her pussy, another man comes up from behind and starts fucking her arse, whilst she greedily takes another cock deep into her throat. After a few more position changes, the girl eventually has the well endowed gentleman deep in her cunt, whilst two generously sized cocks are filling her rectum, and she is alternately taking cock after cock in her mouth.

Jennifer's head was spinning. She had not thought it possible for anyone to be able to accommodate so many men at once and in such a way. Of course, she did not envy the poor girl. Even though she appeared to be enjoying every minute, it must have been terribly painful, and she imagined the girl would have been unable to walk straight for a week. All the same, Jennifer was very wet between her legs and had her hand down her pants.

"She really seems to have an itch to scratch doesn't she?" Charles commented with a smile. "She should by now" replied Roxanne. "both the jodhpurs and the knickers are impregnated with a mild irritant. Its slow acting, but by now the chemicals should be working on her sweet slit to drive her cock crazy."

Roxanne was right. As the fifth film on the disk began, Jennifer pulled down her jodhpurs and knickers, and started to masturbate properly. This time the scene was of two women - one a young blonde in her early twenties, and the other another blonde woman, but a little older - late thirties or early forties. It was a lesbian scene, the two women were laying on a large blanket on a lawn engaged in heavy petting and passionate kissing. Jennifer was reminded of her own forays into sapphism as she got off on seeing the women perform cunnilingus on each other.

Suddenly an Alsatian dog ran into the scene, and the two women immediately turned their attention to fussing over him. The dog quickly began licking the cunt of the older woman, and the younger woman fondled the dog's sheath until its thin bony penis began to emerge. The camera focussed on the girl as she at first licked, and then began to suck on the rapidly growing member. Jennifer saw how the small red rocket quickly became engorged until it closely resembled the dildo she had been playing with earlier. So it was modelled on a canine penis!

As the two women enjoyed the eager dog, Jennifer's mind thought back to how Max and Errol had begun to show their gifts to her on the patio. The idea was there, planted in her mind and would not go away. She knew it was wrong, but the itch between her pussy lips was getting stronger and she could not stop rubbing her clit as she watched the dog on the big screen fucking each of those lucky women. She stared at the screen as she masturbated furiously, but at the moment she climaxed her eyes were closed, and in her mind she was imagining herself on her knees with Max and Errol taking turns to stuff her tight little slit with their huge members. As the juices ran through her fingers, she knew she would be unable to feel satisfied until she had tried it for herself.

Burt then she realised it was getting late into the afternoon, and she didnt want to get caught watching perverse films by Tom (even though Tom was unlikely to come into the house and find her). She took another shower to clean herself up and cool herself down at the same time, and by the time she was dried and fully dressed, she heard the now familiar sound of the motorbike on the drive.

“She used more of that shower gel.” Charles pointed out.

“Doesn’t matter now - I think she’s ready. She certainly will be by the time Tom has finished.”

It had been a very hot afternoon, so as soon as he got to the stable, Tom took off his biking leathers to work in just shorts and a T shirt. Jennifer helped him in his tasks again, eager for some human company and someone to talk to.

She tried to find out Tom’s hobbies and to subtly find out if he had a girlfriend. She was still feeling horny and wondered how she might begin to flirt with the young man. Jennifer had very little experience with boys, and didnt know how to flirt, but as it turned out she didnt need to - Tom quite readily flirted with her. True, it was a hot day, but there was something very calculating in the way he took off his T shirt to expose his bare sweat glistened torso. Jennifer found it hard to keep her eyes off the teasing line of hairs that ran down from his flat stomach to that tempting bulge beneath the line of his shorts.

As Jennifer brushed down Samson, Tom leaned over her rather closer than he needed, so she felt the warmth of his body against hers.

“Magnificent beast isnt he?” Tom said, “such power and strength in those muscles.” He stroked the horse’s bulging thighs, drawing Jennifer’s attention to the stallion’s nether regions. s

“Would you like a ride?” Tom asked her. She nodded readily, even though she wasn’t exactly sure what he meant. She would certainly like a ride on Tom.

But Tom meant riding the horse, as was evident when he threw a saddle onto Samson’s back and asked Jennifer to fastened the straps. As she began to do so, she became embarrassingly aware that the beast had dropped his shaft. The huge sinewy member twitched a couple of times as she pulled the straps under his belly, making Jennifer blush.

“You have a talent for that” Tom said with a grin. She involuntarily glanced towards his crotch and tried to make out the shape of the bulge in his shorts. It was certainly a large bulge, and she was very tempted to reach out and feel it. Before she could act on her feelings, Tom led Samson out of the stable into the courtyard.

As she mounted the horse, Jennifer felt a slight thrill as Tom placed a helping hand on her bottom to lift her up, and giving it a friendly squeeze at the same time. He smiled warmly at her and said “ride him to the other side of the yard - I’ll join you in a moment. As Jennifer trotted the horse to the other side of the courtyard, Tom threw a saddle onto Delilah and led her out to where Jennifer was waiting.

Between the large garage and the other end of the manor house was a gate sitting between a wooden fence. Tom opened it and Jennifer rode through into a small field with a few jumps and obstacles in it. Tom mounted Delilah, and the pair exercised the two horses for around twenty minutes before returning them to the stables.

As they brushed down the horses, Tom continued to flirt with Jennifer, and it seemed he was leaning over her, accidentally touching her, or pressing his body against hers at every opportunity. All the time, his conversation became more and more suggestive, leaving Jennifer in no doubt what he had in mind. The smell of his sweat amongst the musky smell of the stable was getting to her, she felt hot

and light headed. There was already a damp patch between her thighs as the rhythmic pressing of the saddle against her pussy had brought her to a small climax during the ride, but it left her wanting more. She needed Tom's cock inside her, and wondered when he would make his move.

Maybe he was waiting for her to make the next move? Damn! If only she had more experience in these things. She cursed her over-protective parents for sending her to a girl's school. Suddenly, Tom proclaimed the heat to be too much, and lifting a tin bucket of water over his head, emptied the entire contents over himself, and then proceeded to refill it. Jennifer could see every contour of his body through his thin clothes, as if they were merely painted on. As he turned, her eyes were drawn magnetically to his shorts, making her gasp as she saw the shape of his erect penis through the wet material.

"Sorry. Does this shock you?" he said, looking down to his groin.

"No" she replied, "not at all. I was just .. surprised."

"pleasantly I hope" he grinned as he took a couple of steps towards her. She slowly walked closer to him, then tentatively reached out to touch the prize. She gently ran her fingers along the shaft to feel the bulging crown through his wet shorts. He eased the elastic over his throbbing member and allowed his manhood free of the wet confines. Jennifer grasped the stiff penis in her right hand and gently pulled back his foreskin as she bent over to kiss the swollen head. Tom sighed with pleasure as she parted her lips and took his throbbing cockhead into her mouth. This was what she needed, this was going to be good. Her cunt ached to be fucked by his nice big cock. It was bigger than Kevin's had been - almost eight inches long. She sucked long and hard to make him ready, and was just about to pull down her pants and demand to be fucked when they were both rudely interrupted by a loud cheering coming from just behind Tom.

It startled Jennifer, but she calmed down a little when she realised the sound came from the pocket of Tom's jacket that was hanging from a peg behind him.

"Sorry" he apologised. "I'd better get this" and he quickly rummaged for his mobile phone.

"Yes? Mum? What now? Yes, of course. I'll be right over." Tom looked flustered.

"Fuck!" he exclaimed. "There's an emergency at home, Mum's in a state. I gotta go."

"Of course" Jennifer said weakly as Tom quickly struggled back into his leathers and gave Jennifer a long passionate kiss before putting his full face helmet back on, and hopping onto his bike.

Roxanne stifled a laugh as she put down her phone. "I feel almost guilty about that." she said, with little sincerity.

"I'm sure you will make it up to him." Charles grinned. "He did perform very well didnt he?"

"To the very letter." agreed Roxanne. "He was worth every penny."

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## **Chapter Five**

Jennifer stood stunned for a couple of minutes, then went back into the house feeling so frustrated it hurt. She wondered what on earth could have happened that was to call Tom away at such a moment. Though feeling terribly rejected, she had to admire the boy. How many young men would put their family before a screw? Now that was loyalty.

It didnt help her mood though. She felt like her cunt was on fire with desire and need for cock. She thought of the dildo upstairs and ran to fetch it. She looked for another porn movie - picking one in a

plain black case in hope of something special. She was not disappointed. As she turned on the vibrating dildo and played it over her pussy, the film began with quite a surprise. A masked and blindfolded woman was kneeling on all fours, with her hands and feet cuffed to a padded stool sort of thing. Then a masked man led a dog onto the scene - a large sandy coloured great Dane just like Max and Errol. Jennifer wondered for a moment if it was one of her boys. Did Charles and Roxanne make their own movies? The big dog was led to the front of the kneeling woman, and rested his front paws on her back whilst she licked the ruby shaft that peeked out from his sheath. Jennifer then watched in amazement as the member grew to enormous proportions whilst the restrained woman sucked the shiny conical tip. The cock was dripping clear liquid over her face, and with an instruction from someone off set, he quickly pranced around to the other end of the girl, and proceeded to mount her.

By now, Jennifer had the dildo deep inside her, stretching her cunt wide as she imagined herself to be the girl cuffed to the stool. Moments later, the huge dog was on the girl's back, and that enormous dick was thrusting deep into her. The camera panned round to give a full view of the girl's rear as the massive organ pumped in and out, stretching her lips wide with the incredible girth. After a couple of minutes of thrusting, the dog pulled out its enormous member, to let the girl's gaping vulva release a stream of clear fluid, prompting Jennifer's orgasm.

As soon as she recovered, Jennifer looked for more films of this kind. She kept thinking back to Max and Errol, and how their penises were beginning to show during their play. Had they fucked humans before? Did they fuck Roxxie? It was pretty clear that Roxxie was fascinated by this perversion, and Jennifer found it hard to believe that she hadn't tried it at least.

She thought the dildo might have satisfied her lust, but she was beginning to feel horny again, and wanted a living cock inside her, not a piece of silicon. Why try to find satisfaction from a fake dog cock, when there were two real ones out the back? Dare she? She knew it was very wrong, but she was curious, and it was clear from the evidence she had seen, that such a thing was not impossible. Maybe lots of girls do it - it's not as if they would say.

Pulling up her pants, she slipped outside into the back garden. Max and Errol were laying stretched out in the sun. as she approached them, they got up and ran to her, licking her face and knocking her over in their enthusiasm. She hugged them, and stroked their fur, then nervously began to rub Max's tummy. He stood there panting, as though waiting for something. She slid her hand towards his sheath and gently held it in her hand. It was quite large and heavy, as though it packed something very big. As she hoped, he readily showed her just what, as a long red tip began to emerge. It did not look very large yet, but from what Jennifer had seen of those movies, that is just the tip of the iceberg. As she began to massage the hot member, it quickly grew in her hand, and almost magically swelled into a huge monster of a dick. The tip was a deep red, but the shaft was a pale blue white, suffused with a myriad of tiny red veins.

Soon it was bigger than the dildo she had used, and Jennifer became scared. Surely a cock this size would tear her apart? Suddenly terrified she ran back into the house and closed the French windows, leaving the dogs feeling frustrated and confused. Jennifer was confused herself. She wanted to let the dogs fuck her - but they were so huge. Most of the dogs in the movies she had just seen were smaller. Except that last one - that was a Great Dane easily as big as Max and Errol.

Jennifer frantically searched through the DVD collection, trying to find as many featuring girls with dogs as she could. Fast forwarding through them, she found several that had dogs as well equipped as Max and Errol fucking women, even men, both holes. She gasped incredulously as she watched a film with a Japanese girl smaller than herself being fucked anally by a huge Great Dane. She watched it slowly, frame by frame, and came to the conclusion she could do it.

Nervously, Jennifer opened the french windows and called to the boys. Max and Errol eagerly trotted into the living room, and smothered Jennifer's face with licks. They soon caught the scent of her pussy, wet with excitement and with the unmistakable pheromones of a bitch in heat. A thrill ran up Jennifer's spine as she felt Max try to lick her from behind, and she obligingly eased off the knickers and jodhpurs that were now quite damp. The dogs sniffed at the discarded clothes, curled back their lips to catch the scent, and then turned their attentions to the girl.

At first, she just lay back on the big red leather sofa and spread her legs apart so they could get a good sniff. Max was the first to dive in, and within seconds his big tongue was working her eager cunt into a frenzy. This was quite unlike anything she had experienced before, even when her friend had gone down on her. Errol wanted to get at her snatch too, but there wasn't room, so Jennifer rolled over onto her tummy, and knelt down in front of the sofa. Soon she could feel Errol's tongue licking her asshole, whilst Max's tongue greedily lapped at her dripping pussy. She turned to sneak a glance at the dogs, but could only see their heads.

With mounting curiosity, she left the comfort of the sofa to get a view under Max's belly, and saw a bright red penis beginning to protrude. Manoeuvring her head under his chest, she gently took his sheath in her right hand, and guided the long tip of his cock towards her mouth. It tasted different from Tom's cock, but she didn't find it unpleasant - but it was very much hotter than Tom's. As if on cue, Max rolled onto his back, as though exposing his belly for a tummy rub - though it was clear by the growing and twitching red member that he was expecting something quite different.

Jennifer was happy to oblige, and taking his growing shaft by the base, she slid her mouth over the glistening hot tip, whilst Errol's tongue worked over her pussy and anus, driving her to new heights of ecstasy.

Soon Max's swollen cock was fully engorged and too thick for her to get inside her mouth completely. She licked and sucked on his long thin cockhead and cupped his swelling knot in her hand as he began to spurt hot seed into her mouth. Then came the moment she both dreaded and prayed for - she almost collapsed on top of Max as she felt the weight of Errol's huge bulk across her back, and seconds later felt the hot tip of his hard cock jabbing at her rear. Then she yelped as she felt him enter her. It didn't hurt at first - he was not fully erect and his tip was narrow, but with each thrust he buried his cock deeper inside her pussy, inch by inch.

She could also tell that he was quickly becoming as erect as Max, and soon his engorged shaft was stretching the walls of her vagina. She could feel something hot and wet slamming against her cunt, and glancing down at Max's cock in her hands realised Errol was trying to force his knot inside her. Surely it would never fit? Was Errol's knot as big already? It certainly felt big as it slammed against her pussy. She thought to try to wriggle out, but Errol gripped her firmly, and was too strong and heavy. Max's glistening red organ looked huge - ten inches long, and almost as thick in the middle as the cricket ball sized knot that nestled in her hand.

Max wrapped his front paws over Jennifer's shoulders and neck, and forced her head down onto his huge tool. At that very moment Errol had thrust his groin forwards with all his strength, making Jennifer scream as he forced his knot into her yielding pussy. Or rather she would have screamed if her mouth wasn't already stuffed with dog cock. She was too shocked to even gag as the huge member filled her stretched mouth, the long thin tip filling her throat and pumping hot cum into her belly.

For a moment she passed out, but was quickly awakened by the rough fucking her cunt was getting from the huge great Dane. Max had finished thrusting his groin into her face, and she could feel Errol's huge knot wedged firmly inside her. Then she felt his hot seed hose her womb, and

experienced the most powerful orgasm in her life. She knew she had taken on more than she could handle,, and was afraid the big dogs may have damaged her, but it was too late for regrets now. She coughed, and Max released her from his grip, allowing her to remove the huge cock from halfway down her throat. As she slid the hot member out from between her aching jaws, it spurted more hot cum in her face.

Jennifer sobbed; not from fear or shame, but from sheer ecstasy as Errol continued to fill her aching belly with the warm cum. His huge member filled her so completely she could feel his pulse throbbing in the veins of his impossible cock. She could feel his knot throbbing at her cervix, and she ached for release, but her young cunt was too tight, and he couldn't pull it out of her if he wanted.

her head was spinning, she felt drunk, and yet for all the pain she could feel another orgasm building as Errol continued to throb and spurt inside her. Finally, he finished, and must have begun to deflate, because as he dismounted her he gave a sharp tug, and with a loud pop he pulled his dripping cock out of Jennifer's punished snatch. She gave a sharp squeal of pain, then collapsed in a dead faint.

"Yes!" exulted Roxanne. "First day - I win my bet."

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## Chapter Six

Charles and Roxanne were worried at first. They weren't surprised that Jennifer flaked out after her first session with Max and Errol, as they had been a little rough with her and she was almost a virgin. But after she failed to move thirty minutes later they began to fear something was wrong.

"Should we go in and check up on her?" Roxanne wondered. "The boys might have gotten carried away and hurt her."

"But what if she's just sleeping and we wake her? That would ruin everything."

"She might need medical attention."

"If she does, things will look very hard to explain."

"We could call Tom. If she wakes up he could say he'd forgotten something, or wanted to see her again."

"Okay. Tell him if she's unconscious or in need of attention to call us back. I can get Doctor Peterson over here in an hour."

Roxanne was just about to call Tom when Max started licking the girl's face and she began to stir.

"Hold on!" Charles said quickly "I think she's okay."

Jennifer would not have shared that opinion, she felt far from okay. She felt like she had been hit by a truck. Her body ached with numerous bruises, she had deep scratch marks on her thighs and wear Errol's claws had broken through the thin T shirt, and her belly ached. As for her cunt - she felt like she had just given birth.

She sat up, then tried to stagger to her feet. Her head throbbed too, and she was feeling dehydrated. Had she really let Errol ravish her, or had it been a dream? The scratches on her thighs and the dried cum smearing her thighs told her it was no dream. She felt utterly degraded and disgusted at herself; how could she have let it happen? Worse than that, she hadn't let it happen - she had made it happen.

As she stood up, she was sure she could feel the doggy cum slush around inside her. She felt weird -

slightly disgusted, yet slightly turned on. She stumbled up the huge staircase and took refuge in the bathroom, stripping off the tattered remains of the T shirt and then running a hot bath. She was too unsteady on her feet to take a shower.

Soaking in the hot bath, she scrubbed the filth from her body, but could not get the smell of dog off her. She lay back in the relaxing water, thinking it over. What had she done? What had she become? She wasn't a normal girl anymore, she was a filthy dog slut. She would never be normal again - she had crossed over a line that should not be crossed.

Unless it was normal. She remembered when her friend had told her the facts of life, of how men and women make babies, and she had not believed it. The idea that her parents had laid naked whilst her father put his toilet parts in her mother's toilet parts had so grossed her out she almost threw up.

Then when her best friend had shared a proper kiss with her, and they enjoyed each others bodies in bed the way only a husband and wife should - that too made her feel weird and unnatural at first. Until she learned that nearly all the girls in her school were at it. It was just one of those secrets you don't let on about.

Was this too one of those little secrets? How could it be so bad yet feel so good? Okay, it had hurt, and she felt like she had been beaten up - but that was surely because she had been stupid enough to arouse two of the biggest dogs you are ever likely to meet. And there was no denying she had experienced the most intense orgasm ever.

Kevin and the waiter (whose name she could not recall now) were nowhere near as satisfying as her canine lovers downstairs. Maybe boys couldn't satisfy her needs, maybe only a beast could do that. Had she always been that way? Was this what she had been waiting for all that time?

She wondered what would have happened if Tom had not been called away. Would he have satisfied her need, releasing her from the grip of insatiable lust? Or would he have been yet another disappointment?

The water turned cold, and eventually Jennifer climbed out of the bath to examine the damage to her body. She had several bruises, but they would heal by the time her employers returned. More alarming was the deep scratches on her thighs and belly. She hoped they would not leave permanent scars as she dabbed disinfectant on the wounds, and then stuck a couple of plasters over them.

She then remembered that not all the girls in the porn films were naked - some of them wore leather chaps, or wore jeans with the bottom cut out. Also, some of the dogs appeared to be wearing socks on their paws. Now Jennifer realised why.

"I'll have to remember that next time." she thought to herself. Oh my god! Where did that thought spring from? Was she really contemplating going through that again? Well of course she was. #]How could she turn back now? Once she had bitten into the forbidden apple, there was no spitting it out, not when it was so sweet and juicy. She could swear to herself never again, but the thrill and pleasure of being taken by a dog would always be with her, always haunting her, always beckoning her back.

"I can resist.," she said out loud.

"We shall see." laughed Roxanne, still watching Jennifer, and listening in to her words.

Jennifer dried herself and slipped on a clean bathrobe, making a mental note to do laundry



tomorrow.

Limping wearily downstairs, she went to the kitchen to make a sandwich and poured a glass of wine. A soft padding noise behind her told her the dogs had followed her into the kitchen. At first she was afraid they wanted to fuck her again, and she was certainly not ready for that yet, but then she realised it was time for their evening feed, so opened a couple of cans of dogfood and stood back as they wolfed it down hungrily.

Leaving the boys to finish their meal, Jennifer sat down to enjoy her sandwich and wine, whilst listening to some music. Her employers tastes were quite eclectic, and she couldn't even guess which were Charles's CDs and which were Roxanne's. But the Enya albums she put on helped calm her, and pretty soon she was feeling quite relaxed. The two dogs let themselves out through the open French windows to relieve themselves in the garden, and Jennifer set about doing the security checks. There was a small room at the end of the house with three monitors, which could be flicked from one camera to another. It occurred to Jennifer that one of the security cameras might have picked up her antics with the dogs, but after checking each camera in turn she satisfied herself that the only cameras that could pick up the patio was (like the indoor cameras) only programmed to film at night, when activated by motion detectors. She made a mental note to never try anything risqué after she had set the night security or before she had deactivated them in the morning.

She wondered if she should shut the boys out or let them in. Roxanne had told her that they usually slept outside in the summer.

"But they might feel lonely the first couple of nights, and I'm sure it will be a comfort to you to know they are there to protect you. Just make sure you give them enough exercise in the day."

Well, she had certainly done that. She noted from the security cameras that there were none in her room or the bathroom. Mostly they were in the hallway, on the landing and stairs, and the downstairs rooms.

So even if the boys did get frisky and start something in her bedroom, there would be nothing on the cameras. As she observed the monitors, the living room camera became active as the two dogs let themselves in through the French windows. Jennifer went through to shut them, and after making sure all the doors were locked, went back to the security room to activate the alarms before going to bed.

It had been a very eventful day, and she fell asleep almost instantly, but she had troubled dreams.

Jennifer stood in the stable brushing down Samson, the morning sun beaming through the doorway. Suddenly a shadow fell across the stable, and Jennifer turned to see Tom standing at the doorway. Strange, she hadn't heard his motorbike.

"Are you ready to finish what we started yesterday?" he asked. Jennifer dropped the brush and took a step towards him, excitement mounting. She hadn't really expected him to return this morning, so hadn't bothered to dress - she was still wearing the bathrobe she had put on after her morning shower, and nothing else.

Tom grinned as he stared at her pert breasts, and popped the button on his jeans, slowly and deliberately unzipping the fly to reveal his manhood. Jennifer fell to her knees and eagerly took his cock in her right hand, then pulled back his foreskin to expose his swelling red glans to her hungry tongue. The shiny red tip grew and grew, extending more and more of a shiny wet cock patterned with a filigree of tiny red veins as it swelled in her hand, until it looked exactly like the members of Max and Errol.

With joy she took the hot organ into her mouth, and sucked on Tom's canine penis. Tom laughed, then picked her up and lay her over Samson's stall and began to fuck her from behind.

"Oh yes! Fuck me Tom, fill me with your beautiful cock! " she cried in ecstasy, "I want it all!"

Tom banged her pussy hard and furious, ploughing his hot cock deep inside her until she felt the sharp pain of his knot rammed inside her cunt. Furiously he hammered away with his loins making Jennifer climax. She wasn't sure if he was trying to get deeper in, or pull his firmly wedged knot out, but their fucking was making the whole stable shake.

Suddenly, just as Jennifer was screaming "FUUUUCK MEEEEEE!" the walls of the stable literally fell down and collapsed, leaving the fornicating couple exposed to a surprised crowd of people. Jennifer looked up in horror to see Charles and Roxanne with her parents, her brother, and the headmistress from her old school, all staring at her in shock.

"Is this how you abuse our trust?" Charles said sternly.

"How could you bring such shame on the family?" her mother accused. "Did we raise you to be a filthy slut?"

"It's all right" Jennifer pleaded, "We're in love - we are going to get married."

"Married?" her father said incredulously "You can't marry a dog at your age!"

"But I'm eighteen now, I can ... what do you mean, dog?" Jennifer felt a hot furry weight against her back, and looked down to see huge forepaws gripping her tummy. She looked around to see that it was not Tom who had mounted her, but Max, his huge canine head drooling over her shoulder as he panted in her ear.

"Errol loves you too." said Max in Tom's voice, "Will you marry both of us?"

Then he began to lick her face, and she felt Errol licking her pussy, making her cry out in orgasm in front of everybody.

Jennifer awoke to find one of the dogs was licking her face - it was Errol. Jennifer recoiled, shaken by the dream and feeling as shamed as if it had been real.

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## **Chapter Seven**

It was morning, and the boys were hungry. Jennifer slipped on her T shirt and a pair of pale blue panties from her drawer, and then went downstairs to feed Max and Errol, and make herself a coffee. She almost opened the French windows in the dining room, before remembering to turn off the alarm system in the security room. She wondered how long the dogs had been in her room, so reviewed the files. The cameras had activated at just after midnight, when they entered her room and then left again fifteen minutes later. She had been totally unaware of that, so they hadn't done anything that might awaken her. They activated again when the boys entered her room at 6.30 am - half an hour before she woke up. Had they done anything apart from lick her face? She suspected that at least some of the wetness on her thighs and bed covers might be saliva - in fact she was sure of it.

She switched off the night cameras, and went back to make breakfast. She wondered if Tom would be doing his usual tasks today, and began to fantasize about him fucking her in the stable. But that brought back memories of that horrible nightmare, and besides - how would she explain the bruises and scratches to him? She decided that even if he does put in an appearance, she can't let him see her naked.

It looked like it might be another hot day, but as the bruises still showed, she chose to cover up as much as possible, so wore a sleeved blouse and the pair of jeans she arrived in. After letting the boys out into the garden, she put all of yesterday's clothes into the washer. She was a little dismayed about how much clothing she got through in one day.

At just after 8.30 she heard the telephone ring - it was Tom.

"Hello? Is that Jenny?" She frowned at the contraction - she didn't like to be called Jenny.

"Yes. Is that Tom?"

"Yeah. Are you all right?" why wouldn't she be all right? Did she not sound all right?

"Yes. Why?" she asked, puzzled by the question. "Will you be seeing to the horses this morning?"

"I will if you let me in. The gate's locked." The gate! Of course, she had forgotten to unlock the main gate. She apologised and ran to the security room to deactivate the gate lock.

"Sorry about yesterday." he said, "Nan took ill, Mum was in a bit of a panic. The Doc wants her in for observation."

Jennifer nodded. "I hope she gets better."

"Er .. it means I won't be able to hang around too long I'm afraid." Jennifer was disappointed, yet relieved - there would be no need for him to see her naked for a day or two - time for the bruises to heal perhaps. After his chores were done, he thanked her for being understanding, and helping him get the chores done quicker, then giving her a quick but promising kiss, rode away again.

So she was to be frustrated again? In truth, she expected as much, and was hoping that her only worry would be how to stop the big dogs from jumping her at every opportunity, but she was already feeling that tell-tale itch in her crotch, and didn't relish spending the whole evening masturbating to a bunch of porno vids. She wanted to be fucked, and it seems the only males willing to do that were the very ones she was trying to keep off her.

Jennifer went back to the house and decided to take Max and Errol for a walk. If she tired them out, they might not be too frisky with her. At first, she had them on leads, but soon saw how futile that was. She had no intention of leaving the grounds, and they were far too strong for her. Better to let them walk or run at their own pace. Maybe if she wanked them off in a private unseen spot, they would be satisfied and not try to rape her. What was she thinking? Firstly, contemplating masturbating a dog as if it were no more than kissing a boy, and secondly - why on earth should she pleasure them just to deny pleasuring herself? Oh God! It was true - she had become a doggy slut. For all the shame she felt, and the horrors of that dream, she knew in her heart that she loved it, and could only be satisfied by dogs. Well one dog. She had only been fucked by Errol, she was still to enjoy Max.

There was that thought again, as if becoming their bitch was a foregone conclusion - her fate. Was that what was going to happen? She would be serviced by the two dogs every day for the rest of the fortnight? The very idea suddenly made her feel wet, and the only dark cloud now was what would happen after the two weeks was over and their owners returned?

There was a spinney with an old pond in the middle between the courtyard and the main gate, just opposite the field where she had ridden Samson, and she wanted to have a relaxing walk whilst giving the boys their exercise. She threw sticks for them to fetch, played tug-o-war with them, and tried to keep up, but her sandals were totally unsuitable for the wild and uneven ground. Then the idea struck her. Of course! Taking the boys for a run in the woods, wearing the wrong clothing. She took the dogs back to the house with a smile on her face and a idea hatching in her head.

She hung the laundry out to dry on the patio (the culottes "accidentally" obscuring the camera), then went to the security room to check all the views. The courtyard was too well covered, but she could

access the spinney through the small path running alongside the brook at the end of the garden. The night cameras were deactivated in daytime, and her washing had left the whole patio and garden a blind area for now. Jennifer smiled smugly, then went to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

"What is she up to?" Roxanne wondered out loud.

"Smart girl. She's making sure the cameras can't see her in the back garden. You know what that means?"

"Planning aforethought." agreed Roxanne. "So she's not even going to try to resist temptation - she is deliberately setting out to seduce the dogs."

"Unless it's just a precaution. Checking to make sure she wasn't spotted first time, and isolating the area with the most risk,"

"Do you think anything happened whilst she was out walking the boys?" Charles asked.

"We'll probably never know. I wish we'd thought to set cameras up there too."

"We could install a hundred hidden cameras out in the woodland, and still not see anything. Whatever she does out there is her secret."

In the afternoon, Jennifer took full advantage of her newly created privacy by stripping off and diving into the outdoor pool naked. Of course, the two dogs joined in with the game, and she did nothing to dissuade them. The temptation to let them breed her was strong, and with the only active camera in the back yard obscured, she could give in to it.

After splashing around in the pool for a while, Jennifer got out and lay on the grass to dry off in the sun. By then, the boys were feeling ready to join her, and after wetting her some more with a couple of shakes, began to lick her face and neck. No longer feeling quite so intimidated or inhibited, she not only let them, but gave them both a firm hug. Little did she know that there were many more hidden cameras dotted around the garden and patio, as well as every room in the house.

As soon as the dogs started to lick her pussy, she knew they were ready - and so was she. Crawling on her hands and knees to a small bag she had left by the pool, she retrieved the contents - two pairs of her ankle socks, and a bunch of hair ties. Putting them onto the boys' paws was easier than she imagined (probably because they were used to it, and knew exactly what it presaged), and she was relieved that they made no attempt to remove them.

"That's just in case boys - I'd rather you were more gentle this time."

The dogs were already beginning to show their red rockets, so deciding it was Max's turn to fuck her, she ducked under Errol's flank to take his ruby tip in her mouth. As she expected, Max took the rear, and soon she felt his big tongue on her pussy. Shivers ran up and down her spine as his magic tongue played her sex like a violin, until she was practically squirting her juices in his face.

Errol's cock was now inflating in her hand as she ran her tongue over the burning tip. Already she could taste his precum squirting onto her tongue. It was hot, salty, and to Jennifer, tasted like nectar. Her vulva dilated and opened to Max's hot breath, and every lick of his tongue made her belly scream for more. Then she felt his weight on her back, and she raised her ass high in the air ready to receive his gift. The first poke jabbed at her bumhole, and she was terrified he was going to thrust his huge monster cock in there, but the second jab was lower down, striking her perineum painfully. Then the third strike, and she felt his hot tip quickly part her lips, then withdraw. He jabbed again, in - out of her aching pussy. Gaining confidence, Max began rapid thrusts deeper at the spot he now knew to be the mark, and this time she felt his bony cock sink deep into her snatch.

A warm glow spreading through her lower belly told Jennifer that the hot doggy cock was swelling deep inside her, but the stretching feeling in her vagina already told her that, along with the pressure that was building up around her labia as Max tried to squeeze his knot inside her. Sliding

her mouth off Errol's glistening cock for a few moments, she took a couple of deep breaths and braced herself for what was to come. Max gripped her tummy harder and with an extra fierce thrust of his hips finally hammered his knot into her pussy, now dripping and sloshing with his pre-cum. Jennifer cried out with the pain, but it soon subsided, and left her with that over-filled sensation that would drive her over the edge.

Errol turned to face Jennifer and Max, then placing his paws on her shoulders, thrust his groin at her mouth. Jennifer opened her mouth wide to take his meat deep into her throat, and almost gagged as his knot struck her lips. She tried to control him with her hand, but their weight was too much for her to bear on one arm alone, so she had no choice but to kneel between them, spit-roasted as they humped her face and pussy.

Errol's hot semen squirted down her throat at the same time that she felt Max hose her womb with his hot seed, and as his swollen knot thumped against her G-spot, her whole body shook and trembled with the most powerful orgasm yet. Her body stiffened, and Errol withdrew his cock from her mouth just before she passed out, with Max firmly tied to her.

Charles and Roxanne were sweating profusely, and had both ejaculated at the same time as Jennifer. Roxanne swallowed, and said "Well... that was hot." Charles just nodded dumbly. "She is good. Very good." Roxanne acknowledged. "And all ours now." smiled Charles.

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## **Chapter Eight**

When Jennifer came to her senses, Errol was licking her face, and she was rump to rump with Max - still tied inside her. When she passed out, she just slumped forward, her chin on the ground and her ass in the air. She would probably have fallen onto her side had she not been joined so firmly to Max, and she wasn't quite sure how he had changed his position, but then remembered how in one of the films, one dog cocked his leg over his bitch's rump to stand bum to bum with her.

Jennifer's belly and cunt ached unbearably, and yearned to eject the swollen cock, but couldn't. She imagined that this must be something like giving birth is like - only worse. She tried to move, but the pain stopped her, and by the sound of the yelp behind her, it must have hurt Max too. Errol was sitting some distance away now, licking his rapidly disappearing organ. Jennifer marvelled at the size of it, even now, and knew that a throbbing organ exactly like it was nestled deep inside her.

She felt utterly vulnerable, and wondered how she would manage if Max couldn't untie. What if her pussy clenched so tight his erection wouldn't go down? How long would they stay trapped like this? What if Tom was to find them? That was the only serious possibility just now. If he couldn't find her at the stable, and she didn't answer his call, would he come round to the back to investigate? She wasn't sure he could get through to the back garden, other than by the path through the spinney. She was certain he didn't have a key to the house, and he might not even know about the path. Even if he did know, would he bother to use it? If he is in a rush to finish and get home, he might just assume that she was asleep, or sulking.

She decided it was best to just stop worrying, and enjoy the moment of being utterly filled by her lover's cock. In fact, it was only fifteen minutes later that Max was able to pull himself out with a messy plop.

Tired and cum-smearred, but feeling satisfied, Jennifer staggered to her feet and wearily limped back into the house, and upstairs for a bath. After which, she dressed in a pair of her own shorts, her least

favourite T shirt, and a pair of sandals. She went back downstairs, made a salad and poured a glass of wine, and enjoyed her tea. She finished the rest of the bottle of wine before going out onto the patio and calling the boys to her, removed the socks from their paws. After a little thought, she put one pair on her own feet, then slipped the loose sandals back on, and went back inside to get the leads.

She was feeling very light headed - partly from the sex, partly from the afternoon heat, but mostly from the wine. She had removed the sticking plasters from her thighs, so yesterday's deep scratches were clearly visible - but that would not matter soon.

"Max! Errol! Come on boys - walkies." she called to the dogs, once she felt they had recovered their strength. They eagerly sprang to their feet and ran to her, but were somewhat puzzled when she led them through the gardens to the little wooden gate at the end.

The path beyond was a small uneven path that turned right to follow the shallow babbling stream for a few yards, before turning right again into the spinney behind the back of the stables. It was an uneven, undulating path, and Jennifer stumbled several times. Eventually she stopped at a large and unpleasant looking bramble bush. She paused for a moment, the dogs looking back at her in puzzlement as to why she had stopped. Taking a deep breath, she bit her lip, closed her eyes, and threw herself into the sharp brambles.

Her yelp of pain and distress were quite genuine, and her two companions ran quickly to her aid. Extricating herself from nature's barbed wire was a tricky and painful business, and Max & Errol's attempts to help only made things worse, but the results were entirely satisfactory. As she slowly and painfully limped back home along the main drive, her clothes ripped and blood stained, blood pouring from various cuts, anyone would believe she had been attacked or had a very bad accident.

Charles and Roxanne had lost track of her the moment she left the garden, but picked her up again as she entered the courtyard.

"What in the hell happened?" gasped Charles, "surely the boys didn't do that to her?"  
Roxanne shook her head. "They wouldn't. They are too well trained. Not unless she provoked them. Anyway, look how protective they are over her - they're as concerned as we are."  
"Tom should be on his way there by now - give him a call and tell him to find out what happened."  
Charles suggested.

But there was no need - Tom's bike was thundering into the driveway as they spoke. Charles turned on the microphone built into the front porch camera to listen in.

Tom hopped off his bike and rushed towards Jennifer as soon as he saw her.  
"What the fuck's happened to you? Are you okay?" he sounded genuinely concerned.  
Jennifer sat down heavily on the porch steps. "I was taking the boys for a walk in the spinney - couldn't keep up with them. Lost my footing and fell into a blackberry bush."  
there were still bits of twig and bramble thorns in her clothes and hair, and her bare legs were covered in scratches.  
"You ran through the woods dressed like that? You bloody fool - no wonder."

Tom helped her into the hall and sat her on a leather reception type chair, then fetched a first aid kit from his saddlebag and began to clean her wounds.

"Ow! That stings" she complained as he fussed over her.  
"You could get an infection. You're lucky you didn't do yourself a serious mischief."  
It was pretty clear that his small first aid kit was nowhere near adequate to deal with all her

scratches, and he ran out of swabs before even cleaning one leg.

"It's probably not half as bad as it looks" she told him. "I'll take a bath upstairs, then clean any cuts still bleeding with the big first aid kit in the kitchen - just help me get up the stairs."

Tom half carried her up the large stairway to the bathroom and began to run the bath for her whilst she struggled out of her torn clothes.

"Isn't there a first aid cabinet in here?" he asked.

"Yes, but there's a bigger one in the kitchen. I'm going to need a lot of cotton balls for this I think. They're in the cupboard above the draining board."

Jennifer washed the blood and mud off her body whilst Tom was downstairs in the kitchen, and then examined her handiwork. Would Tom notice that the marks left by Errol were a day old? Probably not. She was a little alarmed at how much damage she had done to herself - the bath water was ghoulishly bloody by the time she had done cleaning herself.

Charles and Roxanne were relieved that their fears that everything had gone dreadfully wrong were unfounded.

"That was quite an elaborate plan." observed Roxanne.

"She might have just been too drunk - you saw her finish off that wine." Charles offered.

"No. That was just Dutch courage to go through with it. She deliberately did that to herself to cover up the scratches the dogs made when fucking her. She planned it."

Charles nodded. "I think you're right." They were both impressed.

Tom returned just as she was getting out the bath.

"I phoned Doctor Meakin in the village - he wants to give you a tetanus shot. He'll be .. over ... soon." Tom gazed at Jennifer's naked body. Apart from being covered in lacerations, many of them still dripping blood, her body was a perfect vision. He stared for a moment, then with the bag of cotton balls and a bottle of iodine in his hands said "If you let me dab those scratches, I'll write you into my will."

"Oh how galant! I'm suffering and bleeding, and you want to cop a feel." Jennifer snorted. She turned around. "You can do my back."

She winced a few times as Tom dabbed the iodine on her numerous scratches.

"Are these claw marks?" he asked as he dabbed the cotton ball on a number of linear scratches.

"Er.. probably. When they saw I was in trouble the boys tried to drag me out themselves. They know how to rescue a damsel in distress"

They put sticking plasters on the more stubborn scratches that didnt want to stop bleeding, and to his credit, Tom paid more attention to her badly cut legs than her completely unscathed breasts. Presently they heard the approach of a car on the drive, and Jennifer slipped into the one piece dress before going downstairs to greet the Doctor.

"You'd be surprised young lady, how many people die of tetanus from a few tiny scratches." the doctor said as he jabbed the needle in her arm. She had been a little nervous about a doctor looking at her. He would surely know the difference between a fresh cut and one that is a day old, but she had put plasters back on the old wounds, and having seen enough of the fresh wounds, the doctor felt no need to examine her completely.

"Make an appointment at the surgery if you start to get any infection." he told her. "And try not to run half naked through any more brambles. That's far too pretty a body to ruin with scarring"

Under the pretence of calling his mother to explain his delay, Tom was out on the courtyard calling

Roxanne to explain what had happened.

"Yes, we know." Roxanne told him, "You did well."

"Do you want me to stay with her?"

"No, I think she will be fine. But be a hun and take care of the horses before you go - I don't think Jennifer will be in any state to do that."

"Of course - I'll see to it right away." Tom ended the call, and headed straight for the stables. He didn't mind doing the stable chores on his own at all - acting was what he was paid for, but horses were his real passion.

After the doctor left, Jennifer poured herself a drink and flopped onto the sofa in the living room. She was going to be sore as hell for a couple of days, but she had pulled it off. There would be no awkward to answer questions about the marks Errol had made. The two dogs sat at her feet, looking up at her. They hadn't left her side since the "accident", which she found quite touching.

The pain was nagging at her, even after her second drink, and she realised with irritation that she wouldn't be able to tolerate close physical contact - particularly with anything furry.

"Shit" she said out loud, and tried to find a DVD that would not remind her of sex.

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## **Chapter Nine - Monday**

Jennifer woke up on the sofa the next morning with a splitting hangover. After setting the security system early, she settled down on the sofa with a bag of tortilla chips and a bottle of wine, watching some of her favourite movies. They were mostly Rom-Coms, and she also pulled out a few that she had never seen before, but had heard they were good. She hoped that a few glasses of wine might help her relax, and maybe numb the pain a little. It wasn't an agonising pain like toothache or migraine, but a nagging soreness like you might get from a really really bad sunburn. Too many scratches, too deep, and not clean wounds.

She found herself slumped on the rug when she opened her eyes, her back against the sofa, and Errol's head on her lap. As she tried to move, she became dimly aware that Max was resting his head on her legs. As soon as she turned her head, a dozen angry trolls in her head began beating away with their pick axes. Jennifer almost retched and swore never to drink again.

"Poor little girl" Roxanne said with mock sympathy.

"She only drank one bottle" observed Charles.

"Yes, but I wasn't sure which bottle she would drink, and we had no idea how much relaxing she would need."

"You spiked them all?" Charles was aghast.

"Well obviously not the good stuff in the cellar - but all the bottles in the kitchen. Every bottle is guaranteed to have her legless before daybreak."

"I still think it's a bit of an overkill. It would have been more fun if you just spiked one or two of them. It would have been like a game of Russian Roulette - never sure which bottle would part her thighs."

Jennifer fed the dogs and let them out to do their business, deactivated the night security, then tried to deal with her hangover. She hadn't even had time to shower and change when Tom arrived, and after tending to the horses was knocking on the front door to check on her. She limped painfully to the door to let him in.

"Hello. Jeeze, you look a mess." Tom said



He was right. Her arms and legs were covered in little scratches (and a few not so little scratches) that now had a scarlet glow around them.

"I brought some ointment that our Nan always put on us when we come back all scratched from blackberry pickin'." he added, holding up a suspicious looking jar.

After some arguing, Jennifer agreed to let him rub the ointment on her reddened skin, and led him into the living room.

"Why're you limping?" he asked.

"I lost one of my sandals in the wood, if you hadn't noticed. It's bloody painful walking barefoot on the gravel. I think I twisted my ankle a bit too. Weren't so bad yesterday, but its stiff as hell now."

Tom took a look at her foot, handling it gently.

"Well there's no swelling - probably not sprained, just a bit bruised. I'd rest it for a day or two though."

Jennifer was getting just a little bit aroused - her feet were an area that when touched by someone else always got her feeling horny. What was wrong with her? The past couple of days she seemed to be feeling constantly horny, and almost anything set her lust off. Maybe it was the heat. She did not know that almost everything she drank, wore, or even looked at was specifically designed to arouse her. There are no aphrodisiacs that will turn a frigid virgin into a cock-mad nymphomaniac, but there are many substances (both natural and man-made) that can subtly work on some individuals to arouse feelings of lust. Jennifer was one of those individuals, and therefore a perfect subject.

For instance, "Nan's ointment" that Tom was soon rubbing gently onto her arms and legs contained Ylang Ylang as well as Wintergreen, Camomile, Cayenne pepper, and Aloe-Vera. The effect was soothing, but also lulled her into an erotic mood. By the time he had finished, her pussy was almost dribbling. Pretending to be oblivious of her mood, Tom screwed the lid onto the jar and was back on his bike before she had even come to her senses.

"It's a little cruel, I know - but I couldn't let that opportunity to slip by." Roxxie explained to Charles. "I came up with the recipe a couple of months ago, and I've been dying to try it out on an unsuspecting subject."

"An aphrodisiac?" Charles asked.

"mildly aphrodisiac. It's mainly an analgesic and natural antiseptic, so perfect for grazes and scratches, but the subtle aphrodisiac content should get someone in the mood without being too obvious. It creates a relaxed state making someone much more open to any sexual advances."

The ointment had worked well - she no longer felt sore and itchy all over (well apart from feeling an itch in one particular place), and so Jennifer decided to take Tom's advice and rest her foot. Keen to enjoy the fresh air, she lay on one of the sunbeds by the pool, under the shade of a bright stripey parasol, whilst she read a paperback book.

It was not the sort of book you might find at the newspaper stand of a train station though - it was more like a home-made booklet such as might be found in an "Alternative Lifestyles" shop. However, this was not a treatise on aromatherapy or vegan cooking - this was something she had found in Roxanne's bedroom, and the title gave a clue as to the contents - "Slave of the Kennels".

There were no illustrations - even on the cover, but given the nature of the figurines and paintings in the luxurious room, it was a pretty safe bet that the novella would promise to be a foray into bestial erotica. The story did not disappoint her, and before the first chapter was ended, the young heroine (or rather victim) had been forcefully introduced to the "horrors" of being bred by dogs. Of course, Jennifer was well aware by now that the girl's ordeal was really a joy beyond all others, as in her own experience, dogs are far better sex partners than a man.

The tale described the misadventures of a young Victorian servant who is punished by her master for refusing his advances, and finds herself becoming a sex slave to a kennel, forced to have sex with a large number of ferocious dogs for the entertainment of her masters.

It was not particularly well written, but it was graphic enough to arouse Jennifer's passions, and before she was even halfway through she had her hand down her pants and was rubbing her clit. By the time she had finished reading, she was feeling so horny she knew she had to do something to fill that yearning in her belly. She considered utilising the peculiarly realistic canine dildo she had found in Roxxie's room. After all, Roxxie had obviously meant for her to find it - why else would she have directed her to a set of drawers that contained such personal erotic items?

Jennifer pondered (not for the first time) as to what Roxxie's motives might be. Jennifer wasn't widely experienced when it came to sex, but she knew what was merely slightly kinky and what was downright perverse, and she was pretty sure that fucking with dogs was illegal, and certainly not considered "normal". Why had Roxxie left so many obvious clues as to what turned her on rather than try to hide it? It would not have taken so very long to replace the pictures and statuettes and hide the pornographic DVDs. Putting that very explicit dildo in with the clothing was practically an invitation. Roxxie could easily have simply filled the drawers in Jennifer's room with suitable clothing, and kept her own room out of bounds. She quite clearly wanted Jennifer to see into her secret world of forbidden delights.

Jennifer had taken a guilty snoop around Roxxie's bedroom to see what other clues she could find to give an incite into her employers mind. The erotic paintings and prints were quite an eye opener - she had not realised just how many artists had taken the trouble to lovingly depict acts of bestiality. She was of course, well aware that several Greek myths explored the realms of zoophilia , but many of the pictures went well beyond Greek and Roman mythology. Jennifer was astounded by some of the images, and felt sure that in many cases they were just an expression of the artists wild imagination. For instance, there were many paintings of women being fucked by huge horses, and Jennifer knew from her own observations that even a pony had a cock that was as big as a man's arm. She remembered how once she watched her cousin assist with a mating, and was wide eyed in amazement when she saw the size of the stallion's flare .

Looking through bedside drawers and bookshelves she had come across a well thumbed magazine with Nordic text, but the numerous large photographs on each page made it quite clear about the storyline, such as it was. It depicted two blonde women, not much older than herself - first kissing and fondling each other in a stable, then teasing the huge cock of a chestnut stallion, playing with the shaft and licking and sucking the strangely shaped glans. The last six pages showed one of the girls first bending over, and then later lying on her back on a small wooden bench whilst the other girl assisted the horses cock in penetrating her friend.

Roxxie's collection was not entirely restricted to zoophilia - there were also many dominatrix and BDSM themed images, and several books that appeared to be about slavery and abduction. Jennifer recognised some of the titles and had read one of them herself once (one of her dorm-mates lent it to her). It was quite clear that Roxanne had some pretty wild sexual fantasies, and wasn't afraid to hide them.

Maybe Roxxie felt the need to share her fantasy with someone else. It occurred to Jennifer that for Roxxie, it may have been only that - a fantasy she dreamed of, and maybe roleplayed, using the canine dildo. Having shared sleeping quarters with half a dozen teenage girls with pent up passions for the past five years, she was well aware that some girls had some pretty wild and outrageous fantasies that they would never wish for in reality. She also knew that many young women would be unable to take the huge members of Max and Errol without extreme discomfort or damage. She

herself always favoured big sex toys that totally filled her and stretched her to her limits - something she realised would "spoil" her for any but the most well endowed men, but at least would make child bearing a little easier. Truth was, even at eighteen Jennifer knew she liked big cocks, and already had the capacity to take them.

That is not to say she was loose - her young snatch was still nice and tight, but once she was worked up and ready, she needed to feel totally filled. Her ex boyfriend had left her wanting more, and though she enjoyed giving him blow jobs, he never returned the favour by licking her out, and full on sex with him was just frustrating.

Whereas Max and Errol not only brought her to climax, but by the time they were finished with her they had left her utterly exhausted and completely satisfied. She tried to get back to reading the hot pornographic novel, but it was no good - she was feeling much too horny and her fingers just wouldn't do. Nor would the canine dildo, for although it was realistic in every lurid detail, there was more to the pleasures of sex than merely filling one's hole with a piece of rubber (or whatever it was that the sex toy was made of). She loved the feeling of one of those huge heavy dogs across her back, gripping her with those strong forelegs, and thrusting those powerful haunches at her backside.

Jennifer finally gave in. Right now she needed to be fucked by one of those lovely brutes - maybe both of them, and she was not going to be denied any longer. She quickly got up off the lounge and went indoors to slip into a bikini and get the socks she had used yesterday to prevent the dogs from clawing her. The bikini was one of Roxxie's, and quite predictably unhooked at the crotch to allow access. Access to whom? she wondered. Charles or her faithful hounds? Jennifer imagined Roxxie on all fours with the two Great Danes taking turns to fuck her whilst she sucked Charles off. She wondered idly if Charles had a big cock.

Jennifer found a jug of scrumpy in the cellar and quickly knocked back a couple of glasses until she began to feel a light buzz. She wondered if she might need a third glass before letting the boys have their way with her, but it began to have an effect quite quickly, and by the time she had placed cushions on the lawn along with the blanket she had decided to use to prevent getting grass stains on her knees, she was feeling woozy.

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## **Chapter Ten**

Eagerly, she called Max and Errol over to her, and hugged them both. Even before they began to sniff and lick at her pussy, she was onto her knees and reached out to grasp Errol's sheath in her right hand. Her head was spinning, and her body was feeling numbed - apart from a burning need in her cunt that yearned for the hot member that was growing in her hand. The crotch of the bikini was already unfastened to expose her sweet smelling pussy to the well trained dogs, and within seconds Max was lapping at it with his big tongue. Even drunk on extra strong cider, Jennifer could feel the rough tongue rasp over her clitty and probe into her love hole. She raised her ass high, pulled the cushion under her tummy, and assumed the submissive position as she waited for Max to mount her.

She did not have to wait long - the huge dog knew exactly what she wanted and was keen to give it to her. Laying his furry chest on her back and clutching her belly with his paws, he thrust his groin at her exposed sex, and soon had the gratification of feeling her tight wet vulva around his hot shaft. Jennifer almost wept with joy as she felt his hard pointed penis part her labia and penetrate her. He was so huge, so powerful, and so hot inside her, and she realised that it wasn't just the shape and size of his member that she loved so much, it was his great animal strength and passion, and the feeling of being utterly dominated by the beast. As soon as that realisation dawned on her, and she

gave in to the pleasure of being owned by these enormous animals, she climaxed immediately. Max and Errol weren't just her best lovers - they were her masters, and she loved that fact.

Errol licked her face and she happily opened her mouth to let his tongue probe inside and drool over her own. Her head was spinning from the potent cider and the high she was getting from having Max plunging his massive organ deep inside her, she barely even noticed that Errol had stood with his front paws over Max's back and was thrusting his furry groin over the top of her head. She tried to raise her head up to get the tip of his cock into her mouth, and soon felt her lips stretched painfully wide as he thrust his swelling cock into her mouth. She almost choked as the two dogs spit roasted her on the lawn, and then inadvertently took Errol deeper into her throat as she screamed in pain when Max forced his knot inside her pussy.

The pain was sharp, but soon subsided, and seconds later she was panting heavily as she felt the hot burning knot swelling inside her. It felt enormous, and she knew from the size she had seen it and held it in her hand just how big it grew when fully engorged. Jennifer was in a state of bliss as the throbbing monster filled her young cunt, and felt drunk as she eagerly sucked on Errol's equally big member. Hot semen filled her belly from both ends, shooting down her throat from Errol, and flooding her womb from Max. Jennifer was completely owned by the two dogs, and had never in her wildest dreams imagined how much she would love that feeling of being so dominated by a pair of animals. Never before had she known so much pleasure, and she wanted it to last forever.

She certainly lost all track of time, and could not say for sure whether she had been tied with Max for a few minutes or an hour before he dismounted and pulled his deflating (but still quite large) penis from her tired and aching pussy. All the time she had been licking, sucking, and masturbating Errol's throbbing cock with as much love and attention as she could.

After a while they recovered enough to swap places, and it was Errol's turn to mount and fuck her as she played with Max's cock, making it grow in her hand as she teased the hot red tip with her lips. The two dogs worked so well together in tandem that it gave Jennifer an enormous feeling of achievement when they finally ran out of steam and she had worn them out. She giggled as she lay between the exhausted beasts, hugging them tenderly in her arms.

She was somewhat amazed by how well they worked together - neither of them competing for her or fighting over her. Had they been trained that way? She was sure that dogs were not naturally that way inclined - she was sure she had read or heard that dogs usually have one alpha male that the others respect as the boss with first dibs on everything, but she had seen none of that in Max and Errol. Were they brothers? Jennifer didn't think so, as they looked quite different to each other. Errol was a little lighter and smaller than Max, and was a grey and black brindle, whilst Max was a stocky tan coloured dog - a little like Scooby Doo only a little lighter in colour. Thinking about this, she giggled to herself as she pictured Daphne and Velma getting mounted by Scooby in the back of the Mystery Wagon. She would never be able to watch the show again without thinking of that.

For a moment Jennifer was the happiest she had been in her life, but then started to feel sad as she realised that this would all come to an end in less than two weeks time. Then she brightened a little as she realised this was only Tuesday - she had only been in the house for four days, and there were ten more fun filled days to come. Leaving the boys asleep on the lawn, she stood up and then dived into the pool to freshen up before getting ready for Tom's evening visit.

"She's got stamina" Roxanne commented.

"She can't get enough of that doggy dick can she?" Tom said wryly. Charles was asleep, resting up ready to take the evening shift of monitoring the activity. Not that there was much activity in the night - Jennifer had so far spent every evening watching videos and going to bed early.

"See if you can tempt her to a bit of horse shaft." Roxanne suggested.

"She's already a dog slut. Isn't that enough?" Tom said. "She is totally addicted to the knot."

"Three days ago she was a naïve innocent - now she's a kennel bitch. I want to see just how depraved she can be."

"You're the boss." Tom acknowledged. "But I think you are trying to push for too much too soon."

Jennifer was pretty much knackered from the extended sex session, and ached like she had been hit by a bus. The dogs were very heavy (particularly Max), and though quite athletic, Jennifer was only an eighteen year old girl and not a thirty year old bricklayer. The cool water of the pool relaxed her as it took the weight of her body and spirited it away. She was too tired for a proper swim, but a gentle splash around was all that was needed to soothe her aching muscles, and after a while she felt up to facing the rest of the afternoon. As she pulled herself up the chrome steps she suddenly felt gravity take a hold of her again, and began to regret it. She lay exhausted on the marble flags for a few minutes before slowly getting up and making her way back into the house to pour herself a glass of milk. Looking at the wall clock in the kitchen she realised that Tom would be arriving any minute, so quickly fastened the crotch of her bikini, slipped a short miniskirt over it, and put her trainers back on just in time to hear the tell-tale drone of an approaching motorbike.

"Afternoon Miss Jenny" he greeted, "How you feeling now?"

"A lot better thanks - your Gran's ointment works wonders; I feel okay to help you out in the stable now."

"That's good to hear - I'd like a bit of company."

They sauntered over to the stables and after refreshing the horses water and hay, then went to the paddock where Tom had left them in the morning and gave them a ride around. The horses were very enthusiastic, and had probably been bored. Jennifer fell off a couple of times because she was still a little worn out from the afternoon's frolics, and Tom was trying to teach her to ride bareback.

"They really need more exercise." Tom said. "The weather is good at the moment, so they can probably stay in the paddock overnight. Do you mind taking them out there later tonight?"

"Not at all - I have plenty of time to spare." Jennifer replied as they led the horses to the stables for grooming.

Tom began brushing down Delilah leaving Jennifer to groom Samson. Whilst she was not looking he quickly took the stopper off a small glass bottle and waved it under Samson's nose, then swiftly stowed it back in his pocket. Samson snorted and flared his nostrils, baring his teeth as a strong whiff of pheromones filled his senses. AS Jennifer brushed his flanks, the stallion "dropped", his thick sinewy penis unfurling before her eyes.

Tom, who had been watching carefully, grinned as she blushed.

"Don't worry - he often does that." he told her. "Quite a randy bugger is old Samson. Quite handy really - makes the next job easier."

"The next job?" Jennifer asked with a puzzled frown.

"Yeah. Miss Roxxie is dead set on cleanliness - while he's erect it's easier to clean his nob."

Tom produced a small bucket of soapy water and a tiny sponge that he had gotten ready for the task. "Just use this to clean off any dried smegma and such." Jennifer was a bit hesitant. So Tom showed her how, running the wet soapy sponge gently over the stiff shaft and around the huge fleshy crown, then handed the sponge to Jennifer. She took the small sponge in her palm and copied Tom's actions. The sponge was very thin and barely covered her palm, so she felt the warm thick shaft of the stallion's cock throb and pulse under her hand. The long member grew stiffer and twitched a couple of times. Her heart fluttered as a thrill of pure lust and eroticism raced through her mind.

"Oh Samson likes you." Tom laughed. "You'll be his favourite now."

The huge mushroom-like glans flared in her hand as she glided over it, her fingertips gently tracing over its contours. She desperately wanted to lick it, to masturbate the horse until he spurted out his thick cum all over her. She tried to push the thoughts out of her mind, but Tom wasn't helping.

"Isn't he magnificent?" he said. "I don't know how poor old Delilah can take him. Can you imagine that huge thing pumping away inside you?"

Jennifer could imagine it - was imagining it. As Tom spoke the words that is all she could imagine. She saw herself bent over the wooden beam that separated Samson and Delilah's stalls, Samson's forelegs over her shoulders as his huge cock thrust deep into her, the massive cockhead flaring inside her belly.

Tom smiled as he watched Jennifer's eyes glazing over as her hands lovingly caressed the thick meaty cock that thrashed fully engorged in her grasp.

Samson whinnied as his massive crown erupted, shooting thick ropes of hot white cum over the stable floor. Jennifer had been too engrossed in her fantasy to realise she was masturbating the huge organ, and looked in shock and surprise as the stallion pumped at least a pint of cum before her eyes.

Tom laughed again. "Well done girl - he's never done that for me." he lied. In actual fact, he had made Samson cum many times - but that is another story.

Jennifer was shocked and embarrassed at having wanked off a horse to orgasm in front of someone else. If she had done this alone, it would have been yet another guilty thrill, but she was mortified to realise she had done this with Tom watching.

"Don't worry - that's a useful skill." Tom said. "You've just accidentally done what horse breeders Delilah have to do to collect sperm for AI. You could make a living from that."

Jennifer just stared in shock at the now rapidly shrinking member, still dripping with cum.

"Spurts a lot doesn't he?" commented Tom. "No wonder he's got such huge balls." He took the sponge from Jennifer's numbed hand, and wiped the last few drops of spunk from Samson's cock. A large glob of cum had gathered on the end of his forefinger, which he slowly and deliberately put into his mouth and sucked clean.

Jennifer's legs were shaking. What had just happened? She was still standing there staring at the huge puddle of cum on the stable floor when she vaguely heard Tom's motorbike fade away into the distance.

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## **Chapter Eleven**

It had all happened so quickly, it was all so out of her control. One moment she had been simply grooming the horse as normal, then without really questioning anything she had been induced by Tom into hand washing an erect horse's cock, and the next moment he had ejaculated. Gallons and gallons of hot thick horse cum all over her face and body.

Okay, that last bit wasn't strictly true - it was maybe one pint at most and it all went on the floor -

but in her mind she was seeing herself being hosed with gallons of the thick goo issuing from a gigantic flared cock.

She had seen the pictures and magazines in Roxxie's room of course, but wasn't sure if they were real or faked. A dog is one thing, but a horse? Surely it would be too big. Samson's cock was three feet long, as thick as a man's arm, and that flared crown was just impossible. Such a monster would tear her to pieces.

But the seed had been sown. The idea planted in her head was growing, just as Samson's penis had grown in her hands. Jennifer felt a yearning ache in her belly, a growing hunger.

Hunger! Of course. She was literally feeling hungry. It was time to feed the dogs, and she realised she hadn't eaten since breakfast. She retired to the kitchen, called the boys in for their meal, and cooked herself a fry-up. She was by no means an excellent chef, but Jennifer had been taught Domestic Science, and could cook a few basic meals. Fry-ups were a no-brainer that required nothing in the way of preparation, other than heating the oil, slicing the tomatoes and mushrooms, and cracking the eggs.

Back at base camp, Roxanne was debriefing Tom.

"I think you may have been right this time Tom." Roxanne was saying, "She seemed quite shocked - maybe we have gone too far." Tom smirked.

"Nah - you were right. You couldn't see the look on her face as clearly as I could. You didn't see how she handled Samson's cock. I know that look. She was totally into it, and in a fantasy."

Roxanne was a little unsure for once.

"Sure - she was really embarrassed coz I was there, and she was pretty overawed by Samson's cock; but she was totally turned on by it."

"What do you think we should do then?" It was uncharacteristic of Roxanne to ask for advice from an employee, but when it came to equine bestiality, Tom knew his subject.

"let her own curiosity take the lead - but keep a close eye on her to make sure she doesn't do anything stupid. Horses can be very dangerous lovers."

Roxanne nodded. She had never dared try full on intercourse with a horse, but it was something she definitely wanted to include in her plans.

Once she had a meal inside her, Jennifer was able to think a bit clearer about the events of the day. It had been a pretty full day - a relaxing massage from Tom, an adventurous delve into Roxxie's forbidden world, an afternoon of hot sex with the two dogs, and then that strange turn of events in the stable. Tom had practically coerced her into masturbating a stallion, and had treated the whole incident as if she had done nothing more than milked a cow.

Well, this was the countryside - people do things different here. She knew that vets had various ways of obtaining semen from farm animals for use in artificial insemination - maybe country folk take masturbating horses in their stride. One thing she was certain of, and that was her own reactions to the event. It excited her. To feel that powerful muscle in her hands throb and jerk, then ejaculate a heavy gush of hot spunk, and it was just for her. She wanted to feel that again.

Jennifer spent a couple of hours going through the DVD collection in search of horse porn. It wasn't easy because the hard core pornographic movies were mainly in plain black cases with no pictures on the front to give a clue as to what was on them. Most of them just had some sort of serial number on them, so unless she could find the catalogue, all she could do is fast forward through each one to find what she was looking for. She was pretty sure the catalogue would be on a computer - probably the laptop in the living room, but surely it would be passworded? Charles and Roxxie were pretty hot on security, so it seemed unlikely that they would leave a laptop lying around that was not password

protected.

Still - no harm in trying she supposed. She opened the lid and pressed the start button, then waited for it to boot.

"I can't believe it's taken her so long to try the laptop!" Charles gasped as he began his shift.

"I was wondering about that too" Roxanne replied as she readied for bed. "Maybe she is too polite to pry. Or too smart to think we would have anything juicy on it and not use a password."

Charles shrugged. "Or not smart enough to realise we want her to. Well, either way - she's trying it now."

As the windows logo sprang into life, Jennifer began to have second thoughts. Even if by some strange chance it was not passworded, how would she find the file with the catalogue - assuming it even exists? She felt guilty again, intruding on the privacy of her host and employer. She struggled to find some justification for what she was doing - but compared to what she had already done, this was nothing really. She had even searched drawers and cupboards in Roxxie's Boudoir for a diary, but had not found one. She had thought that Roxxie might use a blog, but also had the feeling she would keep something as intimate as a written diary. If she did, she had it very well hidden - or had taken it on holiday with her.

That made Jennifer wonder why Roxxie had not taken the laptop with her, but left it on the coffee table. Had she meant to take it, but forgotten? Or was this just a spare that was only ever used down here in the living room? Of course, it could well be Charles's laptop. Roxxie had referred to the DVDs as Charles's collection. Jennifer had not given a great deal of thought to Charles. She wasn't quite sure why - maybe it was because her discoveries had led her into developing an obsession about the vivacious middle aged woman with the peculiar perversion.

She rather hoped that Charles shared her tastes, and was very much involved with them himself. She suspected he did, or at least allowed her to indulge in her fantasies, as it was clear that Roxxie made no attempts to hide her passion for beast sex. Maybe Charles was the one who encouraged it.

Jennifer diverted her attention to the laptop. The custom wallpaper left no doubts as to what the laptop was used for - she was faced with a full screen image of a girl's rear end being penetrated by a large dog, his black furry balls pressed against her ass as a dripping shiny knot lies half in her stretched labia.

There were a few shortcuts on the screen - one of them labelled Library, which Jennifer opened first.

A spreadsheet opened - and still no password. Again Jennifer wondered why this was so easy, why everything was out there on display, as if she was meant to see it. Not for the first time, Jennifer felt as if she was deliberately being invited - no, enticed into a world of perversion and vice like none other she had ever seen. But it was too late to turn back now. She had tasted the forbidden fruit, and now desired nothing else. She had to see more, had to experience more. She was beginning to fantasise about becoming Roxxie and Charles's special friend, joining in with their games in some bizarre bisexual beast orgy.

As she expected, the spreadsheet was a catalogue of the "special" DVDs with their code numbers, a list of titles, and even a brief description of the content. She soon found what she was looking for. Disc XA17 -

1) Stable Relationship. Girl / horse (m), o/p.

2) Farm Sluts. Girl / girl, girl / horse (m) l/o/p

3) Barn Fun. Girl / horse (m), Man / horse (f), Man / girl, o/p.



#### 4) Juanita Takes Horse Cock. Girl / horse (m) p / o / a.

She quickly searched for the right disc and put it into the player, her hands trembling with excitement. Then she sat back in the big leather sofa to watch it. By then the boys had finished their meal, and wandered in to sit next to her, their heads vying for a place on her lap.

The film began with a twenty something dark haired girl with a tan going about her duties grooming a rather splendid looking chestnut coloured horse in a stable. She was not a good actress, and the theatrical look of shocked surprise on her face when the stallion began to drop his penis was so obviously fake and overdone. There were no subtitles, and the girl spoke few words, but they sounded Latin. The sound quality was not good, and the cheesy background music was too loud, so Jennifer turned the volume down lower. The girl on the film went from shock to lustfully massaging the huge cock with a wide smile in seconds. In almost no time at all she was on her knees and sucking on the thick meaty shaft. Jennifer noticed that the stallion was only a pony about twelve hands high, and was not as well endowed as Samson. All the same, it had a large member that the girl struggled with. The scene suddenly cut to another, with the girl now naked and standing up next to the horse, rubbing the thirty inch long cock over her thighs and pussy. She turned around, bent over slightly, and tried to force the wide cock-head into her wet pussy. The camera cut again to a close up of her backside, and Jennifer was amazed to see that the large crown had penetrated the girl, and at least five inches of the thick shaft was inside her.

"Shit!" Jennifer exclaimed out loud, "She must have a cunt like a bucket!" all the same, she was feeling immensely turned on. The film continued for several minutes, showing the girl with her legs wide apart, trying to feed the huge cock deeper whilst massaging it to keep it erect. Eventually the cock slips out, and a deluge of cum spurted from the girl's gaping pussy.

The second film on the disc featured two naked blonde haired girls in their mid twenties and quite pretty. One of them was a real beauty and could have been a straight model or movie star. Jennifer wondered how or why they had come to be making films like this. Some of the porn films she had watched featured people who were either plain, or unattractive, and usually looked pretty drunk or doped. She imagined a lot of porn actresses were like prostitutes, and only did it to support their drug habits. At least that's what she had been told by other girls at the school.

These girls were not only attractive, but also seemed wide eyed and alert, and very enthusiastic. They started out with a lesbian sex scene on a blanket in a field, then after a few minutes of performing cunnilingus on each other, started giggling and talking to each other in what sounded like German or Dutch. They stood up and wandered over to a dapple grey stallion tethered to a wooden five bar gate, and began fussing over him and teasing his cock out.

Soon they were both handling the long stiff member, and taking turns to lick and suck the bulbous glans. This beast was a little bigger than the one in the previous film - maybe thirteen or fourteen hands high. Eventually it was time to get fucked, and one of the girls helped the horse's cock to penetrate the other girl whilst she leaned against the gate. The stallion mounted the gate, and began thrusting vigorously, sinking its huge thick cock deep into the poor girl.

In the first film, the horse had not been very active, and its penis seemed quite soft and flexible. Only the first few inches had penetrated the girl. But this time the horse was very active, and Jennifer was pretty sure that at least nine inches of the stallion's stiff member had plunged into her cunt. Certainly, the pink patch on the topside of the penis had disappeared completely inside her. She was sure that the organ went in as deep as the preputial ring, and a couple of times might have gone in even deeper. When the horse dismounted, pulling out the huge flared cock, a flood of semen gushed out of the girl's vagina as well as still spurting from the horse. Jennifer was surprised it hadn't

caused damage, pulling her womb out or something, because the massive flare resembled a sink plunger when it came out.

Jennifer wondered how it felt to have so much horse spunk fill her belly. She didn't want to know what the flare felt like. Even though the cockhead was a lot smaller going in, it was still larger than any man's cockhead, and bigger than any of the toys she had used so far. But that was nothing to what it was like when it flared, and she was pretty sure that unless she was as well trained in horse sex as the girl in the film obviously was, it would rip her open to her anus.

Of course, it was no bigger than a baby's head - but babies come out gradually after hours of slow dilation, not ripped out in a second.

As she watched the next movie, she wondered if she wanted to train for that - to gradually build up to be able to take being fucked by a horse. She had already started to stretch her cunt bigger by taking the knot from two enormous dogs, and she had no intention of giving that up. She was determined that if she were never to see Max and Errol again, then as soon as she could, she would get a large dog of her own. Would she eventually get so used to the knot, that she would want something bigger? Would she eventually need to be stuffed with hot throbbing horse flesh in order to be satisfied?

She was now pretty well resigned to the fact that a man would not be able to satisfy her - she was now a beast-girl. Her experiences with human males had been so far disappointing anyway, but Max and Errol had spoiled her for any man now - nobody could match up to that. She wondered if it was that way for Roxxie. She couldn't imagine Charles being able to satisfy her like Max and Errol, and wondered how he felt about that, and what role he filled in the bedroom.

Of course, Jennifer had noted from the first night that Charles and Roxxie had separate bedrooms, but that was not unusual with wealthy people living in big houses. Maybe he just got off from watching. She knew that men like to watch, and get off on it more than women. At least so she had been told. She was very aware that she was getting very turned on watching the horse porn, and decided even before watching the last film on the disc that she was going to get a taste of horse cum before the night was done.

It was eight in the evening, and still warm and sunny outside. She had promised Tom she would let the horses out in the paddock before nightfall, so freeze-framing the DVD player, she made for the stables.

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## **Chapter Twelve**

Charles considered buzzing Roxanne to wake her up. She didn't normally sleep this early anyway, but had begun to fall into unusual sleeping patterns whilst they took turns to monitor Jennifer's activity. Of course, they would have the recordings, but he knew Roxxie liked to watch things happen live. He decided he would rather face her irritability of being disturbed than her scorn if he let her miss any good action.

"Roxxie! I think something is about to happen." Twenty seconds later his naked wife was sitting next to him.

"Sorry to wake you, but I didn't think you would want to miss this."

"I was only dozing - what's happening?"

"She watched those horse sex videos - just like you said. Then she stopped in the middle of one, got up, and made straight for the front door. At first I thought she got up to pee, but she went out to the

stables.”

Jennifer opened the stable door and took a deep breath. The musky smell of the horses assaulted her nostrils and started her adrenalin pumping. Her heart was beating so loudly she could hear it drumming in her ears, and was sure the horses could hear it too. She approached Samson and patted his nose, stroked his neck a couple of times, then moved her hands gradually down his flank and over his muscular haunches. She hugged his body and slid her right hand under his belly to feel his sheath.

It was warm and fleshy. She cupped it in her hand, feeling its weight, then played with the rim of the fleshy opening. Soon she could feel something soft, warm, and heavy emerge from the sheath and quickly grow. She bent down to look, and gasped in delight as the black and pink penis seemed to grow like magic from the fleshy stem. Jennifer ran her fingers over the shaft and began to massage it into stiffness. She could smell the strong musk as the strong muscular member became engorged. It felt silky smooth and warm to her touch, and she yearned to taste it. Squatting down on her haunches, she took the shaft in both hands and eagerly licked the glans. The hard cock thrashed a little as her tongue rolled over the fleshy crown, and then began to explore the protruding urethra.

She quickly struggled out of the miniskirt and bikini she was wearing, to stand naked apart from her sandals. She got back down under Samson’s belly, and worked on his cock again. He was bigger than the horses she had seen in the films - not just taller, but his cock was at least three feet long, and so wide at the base she couldn’t get her hands around it. Even in the middle, she couldn’t close her hand around the thick shaft, and his cockhead was bigger than her fist. She wondered if she would ever be able to learn how to get her mouth big enough to take it in, but seriously doubted it. She pressed her lips against that wonderful warm crown and kissed it passionately. Maybe one day she might be able to get it inside her pussy.

“We should have got a pony in for her.” Charles said. “She’ll never be able to take on a horse as big as Samson.”

“I never really intended her to.” Roxanne admitted. “To be honest even I am a little surprised by how quickly she’s adapted to all this.”

Jennifer rubbed the huge organ between her breasts as Samson began to neigh and snort, massaged it with both hands, and teased the flared crown with her tongue, until with a sudden twitching and thrashing she felt the hot thick fluid spit into her face. She tried to put her mouth over the spurting urethra, but the force of the ejaculation took her by total surprise, and she began to cough as the hot cum hit the back of her throat and filled her mouth. She sputtered as the pulsing member continued to spurt, drenching her face and chest with it’s warm sperm.

Jennifer felt dizzy and elated as Samson hosed her with his seed. His heavy balls had probably only produced a pint of semen for her, but a pint of thick warm cream can go a long way when it is liberally coating the face and breasts of an eighteen year old girl who had never seen more than a teaspoon of jism ejaculated before this week. To her this seemed like gallons of cum, and would fuel her fantasies for a long time to come.

Once he had shot his load, Samson’s cock thrashed about a little, slinging the last few dribbles of cum this way and that as his erection died. By the time Jennifer had come to her senses, the dripping member was nothing more than a six inch length of soft flesh, rapidly retreating into its sheath.

Jennifer ran her hands over her breasts, smearing the dripping semen over her nipples, then down over her belly. Her legs were trembling - she had been literally showered in horse cum, could smell the horse musk on her body, and could still taste it in her mouth. Her hair was matted with cum, and

it dripped down her forehead as well as over her chin. She wasn't sure what she had expected - obviously more than a little spurt like when she tossed off her ex-boyfriend. Maybe a cup-full perhaps, but she had not been prepared for the deluge that had soaked her beyond her fantasies even.

She imagined what it would have been like if he had actually fucked her. If that huge cock had managed to stretch her wide enough to thrust his massive member inside her, then cum inside her. She envisioned her belly swelling as the big lusty stallion pumped pint after pint of hot thick cream into her tight pussy, that flared cock-head plugging her passage so completely that there was nowhere for all that hot spunk to go.

Eventually she staggered to her feet, and led Samson out of the stable and over to the field where she had ridden him earlier, still naked but for a pair of trainers. Her body was still moist and sticky from Samson's deposit. She briefly wondered what anybody might think if they saw her walking naked with this magnificent stallion, his cum still glistening on her body. But she felt utterly safe in the knowledge that this was private land, and right now only she had any business being there. She smiled as she felt rivulets of horse cum trickling down her thighs. Nobody could see her.

Nobody but Charles and Roxanne, who had a perfectly clear view from half a dozen concealed cameras.

"That was quite a show - thanks for calling me in for it." Roxanne sighed, feeling quite turned on by the display.

"Shall I call you again if she gets up to anything else?" Charles asked.

"You'd better."

But Jennifer had indulged in enough debauchery for one day, and after leading Delilah out into the field to romp around with Samson (assuming he felt up to a romp), she went back into the house for a shower. After she came out of the bathroom, feeling refreshed and clean at last, she was sure she could still smell Samson on her. Maybe it was just her imagination - she certainly hoped so.

She wrapped a towel around her head and went to the kitchen to make supper. As she bent over to get some sliced ham out of the fridge, she felt a familiar snout poke between her buttocks and an enquiring tongue lashed over her pussy lips.

"Jeeze - you boys are insatiable!" she gasped. "Didn't you get enough of me this morning?" Obviously they hadn't because Errol was following her around the kitchen, his snout glued to her crotch.

"Well, I suppose it's my own fault for walking around stark naked all the time - it's bound to give them ideas." she thought to herself. She wondered what they behave like with Roxxie. Do they expect to get sex whenever Roxxie is naked? Or were they just smelling her heat? Her encounter with Samson had got her really turned on, and she still hadn't satisfied that need completely.

It was only nine thirty, and still light outside - far too early for bed. She playfully berated Errol for sticking his nose in uninvited and strolled into the living room to eat her sandwich on the sofa - but adding a slightly sexy wiggle to her hips as she walked.

As she sat down with the dogs either side of her, she unfroze the screen and continued to watch the movies she had started earlier in the evening. There was a half finished bottle of wine on the coffee table, but Jennifer felt she didn't need it, so nipped back to the kitchen for a glass of milk. Looking at the glass of white liquid reminded her of the white liquid Samson had gifted to her. Just thinking of it made her wet. This was not unnoticed by Max and Errol, who had followed her to the kitchen. Nor did it pass their attention that she had very purposefully ensured that the boys' socks were fastened

around their front paws, which could mean only one thing.

She supposed that the attention they were giving her was not to be unexpected if she was going to wander about naked, but this was becoming second nature to her, and wearing clothes were becoming more and more of an unwelcome inconvenience. It was rare that she could indulge in the luxury of wandering around completely naked, but staying in such a large empty house in the middle of nowhere was one of those golden opportunities she could not pass up.

Settling down again to enjoy the bestial pornography on the three plain disks she had singled out earlier, Jennifer enjoyed her supper, comfortable in the knowledge that if the acts of depravity on the big screen got her too hot and turned on, her two lovers would be more than willing to sate her lust. It was not long before she was in need of such relief, as she wasn't just getting turned on by watching the zoophilic scenes - with each film she was imagining that the girl being fucked on screen was her, trying to imagine every stroke and thrust as being in her.

She hadn't even noticed that Errol had moved from sitting next to her, to being crouched between her legs and busily lapping at her pussy with his rough tongue. She was barely even aware that her own right hand was gently stroking Max's erect cock just as the dark haired girl on the screen was pumping the cock of a large mastiff. By the time the second disc was halfway through, she wasn't even watching the screen - she was listening to the hot sounds of sex whilst she buried her head in Max's crotch, trying to deep throat his swollen organ.

Though she was no longer watching the screen, the screen was watching her most intently. Or to be more precise, Charles and Roxanne were watching her via the camera set into the top of the screen looking down on her. Charles had woken Roxanne the moment Jennifer had spread her thighs apart to allow Errol's head full access to her wet cunt, for which Roxanne was most pleased. By the time Jennifer was on her knees being mounted by Errol, Roxanne was so turned on she was begging Charles to fuck her hard and fast. Of course, her husband was not as well endowed or virile as the two dogs, but for a man of his age he was still able to perform, and given the sight of their two dogs lustily breeding the pretty young woman on their sofa, was as hard as iron and willing to give every inch of his manhood to his horny wife.

Jennifer was lost in lust. She greedily sucked on the hot pointed tip of Max's penis as the first spray of precum filled her mouth. She relaxed her muscles and arched her back, raising her hips to meet Errol's thrust, preparing to accept his full length inside her. Knowing she was ready, he pressed his knot against her labia, then thrust hard, pushing it past her hymen. Jennifer gasped as the hot knot filled her vulva and quickly began to swell and harden. Within seconds Errol was spraying hot precum inside her, sending waves of pleasure through her lower body. Her eyes rolled upwards and crossed as her first orgasm clenched the base of the beast's huge member causing Errol to ejaculate his full load into the girl's womb. She raised her head, releasing Max's spurting cock to howl like a well fucked bitch.

Later, after setting the alarms and locking the gates, she took the two huge hounds up to her bedroom and slept with them either side of her, just in case any of them should wake up feeling horny.

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## **Chapter Thirteen**

Jennifer dreamed she was kneeling in a small swimming pool whilst jerking off an endless line of horses and dogs, each one shooting their loads over her until the pool was full of thick cum that

congealed like warm jelly.

She woke up feeling horny, and in need of cock. Max was already awake and licking himself, so presented with the sight of his shiny red rocket, she wasted no time in sliding over and pressing her lips to his groin. The boney member quickly began to fill her mouth, swelling with almost frightening speed. It wasn't long before Errol was awake and beginning to take an interest in things.

"At fuckin last." Roxanne spat. "What's the fuckin point in letting the boys sleep in your bed with you, and then actually sleeping all fuckin night?" She had taken the 4 am shift, and had been bored out of her mind when nothing happened. Partly out of spite, and partly out of curiosity she decided it was time for a little experiment.

"Let's see how well trained my boys are." she muttered to herself as she pressed a button on her console. She turned the volume up full to ensure the dogs would hear the ultra sonic peep, and hoped that Errol would behave exactly as she had trained him.

Of course, Jennifer couldn't hear it, but Max and Errol sure did. She wondered why they suddenly started and looked up, their ears pricked and standing to full attention as if hearing their name called. Jennifer wondered if maybe they could hear a car approaching in the distance, and froze solid, her own ears straining to listen. But before she could even think about jumping off the bed and getting dressed, Errol had quickly and enthusiastically mounted her from behind and was thrusting his pelvis in her direction.

Something felt different this time, and she realised that he had not mounted her at exactly the same angle as before. Too late she felt something wet and hard stab at her cheeks, then on the second thrust she felt the tip of Errol's hot bony cock jab at her anus.

"NO! Not there Errol" she cried frantically. "Wrong hole ! Lower boy, lower!" but Errol knew exactly what he was doing, and as soon as he was sure of his target, he savagely thrust his hot bone deep into the poor girl's back passage.

Roxanne grinned as she heard Jennifer scream in pain, the sound turned up loud so she could enjoy every nuance.

"You'll get used to it in time." she giggled.

Even if Jennifer could have heard her, she would not have believed or taken comfort from those words. She had never experimented with putting her sex toys in that orifice, and was a complete anal virgin, so to be penetrated by the hard bony dick of the huge Great Dane was an ordeal she could never have prepared for.

Tears welled in her eyes as her virgin pucker was cruelly stretched by the rapidly swelling organ.

"Oh god! It hurts! Please take it out" she begged the beast, but he was just that and would not have obeyed even if he understood her words. He simply enjoyed fulfilling the task he had been trained to do.

This girl's tail hole was much tighter than that of his Mistress, and he had to thrust really hard to get his bone in, but once he was inside that warm hole, he was in for good. The more Jennifer's tight pucker clenched, the more Errol's cock swelled inside her, until her lower bowel was completely filled with the engorged organ.

Once she had gotten over the shock and the pain of being anally penetrated by the big dog, she soon calmed down and realised there was nothing she could do about it. The beast was far too strong and powerful for her to struggle against, and it would only make things worse for her - she had no other

choice than to ride this out and let Errol have his way.

She bit into her wrist and tried to relax, but she now had to contend with the discomfort of her gut being over-filled by the hot throbbing canine cock. The pressure of Errol's huge swollen knot in her rectum made her want to flex her gut and crap it out, but by now it was the size of a tennis ball and her sphincter just couldn't stretch wide enough to let it out.

She whimpered as she felt her belly fill with spurt after spurt of hot doggy cum, and prayed that the huge stiff member wouldn't damage her.

Errol finished his rutting fairly fast, as the rhythmic clenching of the girl's tight back passage milked his cock unintentionally. This quite literally came to a climax as Jennifer was suddenly rocked by the most powerful orgasm she had ever experienced. She was seeing stars and feeling as though her head was exploding she almost passed out with Errol clutching her belly, his burning hot cock throbbing inside her ass like a beacon.

Unable to pull his knot out of the tight ring of muscle, Errol cocked his leg over Jennifer's ass, and stood butt to butt with her, his huge organ still throbbing and pumping inside her flooded passage.

Utterly exhausted, she lay her head on the pillow with her ass still high in the air, held up only by the hot throbbing member attaching her to Errol's strong body. But eventually his knot deflated and he pulled his shrinking cock out of the girl's violated butthole with a loud sloppy pop.

Max tried to take his turn with her, but as soon as Errol was free, Jennifer's body collapsed like a pile of logs and the girl was out like a light.

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## **Chapter Fourteen**

"Do you think she's ready?"

Roxxie grinned like a fox eating shit from a wire brush. "She is - but I'm not."

Her husband raised a questioning eyebrow.

"Right now, if I marched in and said welcome to the club, I think she would leap at us with open arms, and even if she doesn't we have enough on her to blackmail her for the rest of her life"

Charles nodded.

"But I want more than that. I want her so owned by those dogs that leaving them to go back to her old life would be unthinkable. She will do or say anything at all to be allowed the privilege of being their bitch. She will be ours forever, and we can be certain of her complete loyalty."

"So we stick with the plan? Wait until next Thursday and then come home two days early to catch her at it?"

"Yes. She has reacted perfectly, quicker than I even dared hope, but she is too perfect for our purpose to ruin this by springing the trap too soon." She noticed Tom (who had brought their breakfast for tomorrow) was listening intently, and gave him a mischievous wink.

Tom wasn't sure what their plan was exactly, but he knew he wanted to be a part of it. He was puzzled as to why they were putting so much effort into corrupting a middle class college student when he could supply them with a list of whores and porn actresses who would be just as willing and for the price of a quick fix. The streets of most cities were littered with teenage down and outs that would do anything for the promise of a shelter and a warm meal.

Was it the challenge of turning a “nice” girl who had all the prospects of a bright future? Were they trying to get revenge against her parents? Obedient and broken sex slaves could be bought for a fraction of what they were spending on this girl. Of course, he knew it was none of his business, but he was intrigued.

“I’ve noticed she’s less interested in me now.” he pointed out. “At first she couldn’t wait to get her hand down my pants.”

Charles wondered for a minute, then asked “Could you fuck her really ineptly?” Tom pulled a face. “I could try.”

Charles explained his plan to Roxxie and Tom. “She’s not had a lot of experience. We know her boyfriend couldn’t give her an orgasm, but the dogs do it every time. She probably expects Tom to be quite a stud, but if he fails to bring her off, she may believe that no man can do it for her, and she can only get it off with dogs.”

Roxxie smiled. “I like it. Tom, I want you to seduce her – make it look good, make her think you’re the best lover that walked, but under no circumstances let her cum. Can you do that?”

Tom frowned. “I dunno – she’s not really my type, if you know what I mean.” “You’re a porn actor dammit! Pretend she’s a boy.” she grabbed the bulge in his trousers and said cruelly “if that doesn’t give you a stiffy, close your eyes and imagine Samson’s cock in your arse.”

Jennifer opened her eyes. It was still light, so she had not slept very long. The sheets were still sopping wet from the pool of cum that had gushed out when Errol pulled out, and still dribbled from her aching arse. It hurt like she had been kicked hard in the ass, and she was feeling violated. She had not been in control of the situation at all, and had been completely helpless as the huge dog had violently raped her virgin arse. Nevertheless, she could not deny that she had the most powerful orgasm yet, one that almost brought her off again just remembering it. How could something so terrible be so good?

She stood up and staggered to the toilet. She felt as though she was bursting to take the biggest dump of her life, but as she sat on the loo and released, all that came out was a sloppy stream of doggy cum.

She was worried that maybe things had gone too far, that Errol might have done her some serious harm, but a glance into the toilet bowl told her that there was no blood in there, so the aching she felt was just bruising. Unless he had torn one of her muscles. Her anus felt as if it still had something there, so she tentatively felt it with a finger, expecting it to be still gaping wide open, but she needn’t have worried – her pucker though a little swollen and sore was tight. Not quite as tight as normal, but that was to be expected after losing her anal virginity to a Great Dane’s knot. For twenty minutes she sobbed through shame and realisation of what she had become.

Still limping and unable to sit down just yet, she got dressed and tried to get on with the daily chores. She tried to avoid the dogs as much as possible, partly because she was too bruised and sore to let them enjoy her, but mainly because she no longer felt she was in control. She was a little bit afraid now she realised that they held the balance of power, and the more she thought about it the more she realised she had never really been in control at all. She felt utterly degraded as the experience had taught her that she was their bitch, and what made it worse was the fact that she had enjoyed it. Errol had given her the biggest orgasm she had ever had, and at least part of the reason was that if she was truly honest with herself, she really got off on being dominated by the huge dogs.



She was beginning to regret her curiosity. Tempted by the evidence of Roxxie's perverse kink, she had followed down that rabbit hole that she could never return from. Though she was avoiding Errol and Max for now, she knew full well that before too long she would be yearning to be bred by them again. What ever will she do after next week when the Enderbys return and the sitting job is over? Maybe she could remain friends with them and visit now and again. Maybe she could get a dog of her own. She began to think of Sooty, her parent's black collie. He was always affectionate, but he had never tried to fuck her. But of course, he had been neutered as a pup, so that may be why. Do all un-neutered dogs want to fuck their owners? She recalled how whenever she used to visit one of her school friends, their dog tried to hump her leg.

Back at the caravan, Roxxie and Charles were contemplating a choice of their own.

"So you definitely want to be a permanent member of our staff?" Charles asked.

"Oh yes, more than anything, ever." Tom replied enthusiastically.

"You realise your commitment must be total?" added Roxxie. "You won't just be an employee, you must agree and commit to being our slave. We will own you completely."

Tom grinned. "Yes Mistress!"

"Very well" agreed Charles, "I'll get Michael onto faking your death and arranging a death certificate. Jason Mackie will no longer exist."

"You can keep the name Tom if you like." Roxxie said in a moment of generosity.

"Of course, you will not be permitted to earn money, so we will have to arrange some other reward for your work this week." Charles pointed out. Tom was not particularly disappointed at that. The money he earned as a porn actor had not exactly given him the life he dreamed of and he had long since given up hope of mainstream acting. Being a sex slave to people who shared his own fantasies was a greater reward than most jobs could give him. He wondered what the special reward Roxxie hinted at could be.

By midday, Jennifer was starting to walk normally again, but still a little wary around the dogs. She had been in something of a daze over the past few days - it had all taken place so quickly she didn't really notice her slide from curiosity to perversion, and finally into total submission to a couple of beasts. A part of her wanted to quit and go back to her old life, putting all this behind her as a bad mistake, but she knew in her heart she couldn't.

As she watched the two dogs playing outside, she also realised that she still adored them, and still lusted for their strong bodies. She could almost feel their furry chests pressed against her back, and immediately wanted them.

After she fed them their dinner, they went outside again to do their business, then barely an hour later were scratching at the back door. She let them in, knowing full well what to expect. It seemed to her that they too sensed the change in her, and they seemed to be having a more dominant and demanding attitude towards her.

At their insistence, she got down onto her knees in the living room, and let Max mount her. To her relief, he was content with roughly thrusting his hot poker cock into her pussy and not her still tender anus, whilst Errol stood with his front paws on her shoulders as she serviced his hot tool with her mouth. Tears ran down her face as she realised she was doing this as much out of duty as out of lust, and knowing she didn't really have a choice.

All the same, she did lust for it, and did feel immense pleasure as she felt Max begin to swell up inside her. There was no denying that his hot throbbing member was ten times better than her biggest dildo, and she was already starting to orgasm as soon as she felt his knot stretching her cunt.

Her body shook spasmodically as his semen flooded her uterus, and as his front legs gripped her tummy tightly she knew that no man could ever compare to this.

A loud buzzing sound filled her head, which for a moment she thought was purely in her mind, until it stopped and then started up again a couple of seconds later.

Then again - a long drawn out buzz that stopped after a few seconds. That was a real sound! The gate! Somebody was ringing at the gate. Jennifer panicked. The delivery van - it was due today. Max's body was still heavy across her back, his knot still tied inside her, and the delivery man was here!

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## Chapter Fifteen

"So what do you have in mind for Jas... Tom's reward?" Charles asked once their handsome stooge was gone.

"A little something I've had in mind for a long time. Not necessarily with Tom in mind, but I knew it was something I wanted to get done." Roxxie said as she opened a file on her personal laptop.

After the Blender file opened, the screen displayed a 3D image of what looked like two harnesses joined together - a large padded one at top, and a smaller more complex harness underneath, connected by metal hoops and straps.

"Is that what I think it is?" Charles asked.

"Yup. Belinda told me she knows a discrete saddler who moonlights in the bondage-wear business. He's expensive, but very good."

Suddenly Charles noticed the flashing light, and switched to the gate monitor.

"Uh-oh. Looks like something is happening."

"Is Jenny still tied to Max?" Roxxie asked with growing anticipation.

"Ha ha ha. Looks like it. I wonder how she's going to handle this."

Jennifer was thinking the same thing.

"Get off me you stupid mutt!" she cried as she tried to struggle out from under Max. The great beast had finished hosing her womb with his seed, but hadn't yet deflated his swollen knot. Nevertheless, he obliged the girl by cocking his leg over her ass and turned around, enjoying the sensation of her pussy squeezing the base of his cock.

Jennifer crawled towards her discarded pants and top, dragging Max behind her by his cock, which was an impressive feat considering the weight and strength of the Great Dane. She struggled into her long T-shirt, and with her panties and skirt in her hand crawled on her hands and knees towards the security room, dragging the whining dog behind her.

Finally, with a yelp of pain and indignation, Max's knot popped out like a champagne cork, and Jennifer shot flying into the swivel chair. Quickly she flipped the switch to open the gates and let the delivery van in, then struggled frantically into her panties. Her pussy was still dribbling Max's cum, making her panties instantly wet, but hopefully her skirt would hide that. Just as she heard the van in the driveway she noticed she had doggy cum dribbling down both her thighs, and hurriedly tried to clean them off with a towel in a panic.

She opened the front door to find nobody there. Of course - he would be taking the delivery to the back entrance at the kitchen. She rushed through to open the back door for him. The slightly fat middle aged van driver staggered in with two large boxes of groceries and put them down on the large rustic dining table.

"Thanks miss - just got another three boxes if you don't mind helping me with one of them."

"Of course." she replied and began to follow him when she suddenly noticed that Max and Errol were happily trotting about the kitchen still sporting enormous bright red erections. Actually, they weren't completely red - just the dripping wet glans - the rest of the throbbing organs were a blueish white covered in a filigree of bright red capillaries.

Jennifer quickly ushered the dogs into the dining room and shut the door on them before rushing outside to help the delivery man with the last box.

"You must be the house sitter then?" the van driver said, hoping to strike up a nice friendly conversation. "The Enderbies said they were getting someone in."

"Yes. Sorry I took so long letting you in, I was ... a bit indisposed." she hoped he would assume she was on the loo or something, but she was well aware that she probably reeked of dog.

"Hope those ruddy great hounds aren't being too much of a handful for yer." he said. He almost certainly could smell the dog musk on her, but would he know it to be fresh doggy cum.

"They can be a bit boisterous" she smiled weakly. "I was just giving Max his B-A-T-H" she whispered. Excellent quick thinking she congratulated herself. That will explain her smelling like wet dog.

"Well I'll leave you to it then. " he replied. "To be honest, I'm a bit scared of big dogs. Miss Roxxanne seems to have them well under control, but dogs are the bane of a delivery man's life ya know."

"Well it's been nice to meet you Mister ...."

"George. Just call me George. And it's been nice meeting you miss. I was a bit surprised you're so young - I was expecting some tough old bird if ya know what I mean."

just then, Jennifer's skirt (which she had not properly fastened in her haste) came undone and dropped to her ankles. Jennifer blushed, and covered her crotch with one hand whilst bending down and trying to retrieve her skirt with the other. George gallantly pretended not to have noticed and bid her a friendly goodbye. She hoped that her T-shirt had successfully covered her damp cum stained panties, but wasn't entirely confident it had.

After that little episode she poured herself a large well deserved drink.

"Resourceful" Roxxie commented, quite impressed by how the girl had kept her wits about her.

"Also a bit careless to have come so close to discovery though." Charles pointed out.

"True. An entertaining test though, couldn't have been better had we planned it. Okay, so let's get back to that little toy you have planned for our Tom."

"Hmmm. OUR Tom? I think he's more your type than mine hun." Roxxie observed.

"Jealous already?"

"Not me hun. He's only got eyes for Samson you know."

"Well if he can take Samson's cock up his Kyber, he's too slack for me."

Charles indicated the harness on the laptop screen. "Is that what all this is for?"

"Yes - it's a belly-rider harness. The horse harness will be padded to make it comfortable, but firm so

there can be no slippage. The human harness is adjustable, so it can be fitted precisely, and designed to swing to allow a perfectly measured penetration."

Couldn't our team make that? Why bring in outsiders?"

"Our people make handbags and fetish-wear - they don't have the level of expertise to make a safety harness. It must be unbreakable under pressure, infallible. When the rider is under the horse's belly they must swing just enough to allow the erect penis to penetrate only a few inches. Too deep and it could cause a rupture."

"Ouch" Charles winced.

"Not Ouch hun - extreme agony followed by certain death. This has to be made by an expert."

"And Belinda's man is the expert? How much does this expert want to charge?"

"He e-mailed me an estimate yesterday" she said, and flashed Charles a number. Charles whistled.

"I hope Tom appreciates it."

"I'm sure he will. And so will Samson. And I think you will too when you get to watch them."

After a second large vodka, Jennifer returned to the kitchen to put the groceries away, then remembered to let the dogs out of the dining room. They couldn't understand why they had been hustled in there in the first place. Roxxie had trained the boys never to display their prizes in public, but George wasn't a stranger to them, and their own home is not a public place, so what's the problem?

Jennifer let the dogs out to play in the garden whilst she finished her chores. By the time Tom turned up to take care of the horses, she had finished, so went to the stables to help him.

Though gay, Tom was not overtly so, and like many gay men today seemed no different from any other man of his age. Being blessed with a darkly handsome face, and a fit body thanks to many hours in the gym, he was what most eighteen year old girls would consider a catch. He was of course vain and over-confident of himself, but being inexperienced and still quite impressionable, Jennifer could not deny finding that attractive.

So when Tom turned on the charm and openly flirted with her, he didn't have to try too hard to get her interested. For one thing, as lustful as they were, her current lovers were not in the slightest bit eloquent, and being of the same species as her, Tom had much more in common. His sly innuendos were quite cute when compared to Max and Errol's methods of seduction, and always at the back of her mind was the question "can a man do it for me, or am I just a dog bitch?"

Tom found himself slipping into the role easier than he thought, and having seen Errol bury his monster cock deep in her ass was turned on just by the thought. His innuendo became dirtier, and she responded equally, until their conversation turned to a sparring game of smut, culminating with "My cock can crow louder than your pussy can purr."

"Yeah? So why don't you put your cock where my mouth is?"

"I would, but he'd sooner peck at your pussy."

"Show us what you've got big boy"

Tom smirked and slowly unfastened his belt, then inch by inch lowered his pants until the erect penis straining at his jeans popped up like a jack-in-the-box. Jennifer licked her lips and reached out to wrap her hand around the eight inch shaft, gently caressing it.

"Fair's fair. I've shown you mine - now let me see yours."

Jennifer smiled wickedly and unhooked her skirt, then slowly teased down her panties. She was a little horrified to notice the damp patches on them, and realised she hadn't changed. Were they still

damp from Max's earlier deposit, or just damp from being turned on just now by Tom's teasing strip?

Tom faked a little gasp at the sight of the little triangle of downy fluff that pointed down to her puffy lips, already glistening with her juices. Tom moistened a couple of his fingers with his mouth, then gently rubbed her wet slit. Jennifer closed her eyes and gasped as she tightened her grip on his shaft. He hitched his fingers under her clit and inserting them deep into her cunt gently rubbed her tender clitty with his thumb. She bit her lip and groaned slightly.

Suddenly, he picked her up, carried her over to a hay bale at the back of the stable and lay her on her back. Kissing her passionately he pulled her T-shirt up over her head and teased her nipples with his teeth. Then he spread her thighs apart and guided his erect member to her moist vulva. Wasting no more time, he pushed forward and sank his throbbing glans inside her pussy, waited for her to become used to it inside her, then withdrew only to plunge again, this time deeper.

After the third stroke he thrust the full length of his cock inside her welcoming vaginal passage. Now came the hardest part of all. He was trained to hold back and keep fucking until his stamina gave out or the director called out for the money shot. This time he had to do the reverse - he had to climax before his co-star was ready.

He wanted to time it well. Not so soon that she thought he was just a really bad lover. But not so close that she could climax just as he was pulling out. He could fake it, but she might notice if he came out dry. No - just like in his movies, she had to see him come.

He waited until her breathing indicated that she might be close, then he recalled watching Errol fuck her ass, imagined that huge knot inside his rectum, almost pulling his gut inside out, then quickly he withdrew on the vinegar stroke and spurted his load over Jennifer's tits.

Tom had been gentle compared to the dogs, and though well hung for a man was nowhere near as big as Max or Errol. Nor was his cock as hot - it was pretty much body temperature, so she didn't get that hot glow radiating through her belly. On the other hand, he had technique and his masterful strokes played her cunt like a bow playing a violin. She could feel the orgasm begin to rise within her, his throbbing cock hit her G-spot at just the right rhythm and she knew she was about to.... and then he stopped and she felt the wet spatter of his cum land on her breasts.

"That was great" Tom said. "we should do this again - seriously that was the best fuck I've had in ages." he lied. "We are really great together aren't we?" he grinned.

"Yeah." she said, trying to hide her disappointment. "That was really good."

After they put their clothes back on and Tom rode off on his motorbike Jennifer went back into the house to find the dogs. Almost in tears, she dropped to her knees and waited for one of them to mount her.

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## **Chapter Sixteen**

Over the rest of the week, Jennifer fell into a steady routine. Each morning she would awake next to one of the dogs. She would love to have slept sandwiched between the two of them, but as each of the massive Great Danes were as big as she, there was barely room on her single bed for one of them. As soon as she was awake, she would reward whichever of the lucky dogs was in her bed with a loving blow job, then go downstairs to make breakfast. Then she would let both of the huge beasts fuck her, before taking her morning shower.

She would do her daily chores - dusting and hoovering - still naked. The only time she wore clothes now was towards the end of the day when Tom dropped by, but she kept a pair of knickers, a skirt, and a T-shirt on the hall table near the front door just for emergencies. The house was empty apart from herself and her two canine lovers, so clothing was merely something getting in the way.

Whenever Max or Errol started to sniff around her crotch, she would drop dutifully to the floor and allow them to mount her. This would happen at least two or three times a day, because they were very fit and active dogs with a voracious appetite - partly thanks to the pheromones in Jennifer's shower gel.

Relations with Tom had cooled somewhat. He didn't try to seduce her again, though he did keep dropping a few innuendos from time to time, and their conversations always tended to veer towards sexual matters. Had she tried this, did she do that etc. The conversations never seemed to lead to anything other than broadening her knowledge of sexual practices and making her horny. She was pretty sure he was trying to lead up to something, but she already knew he didn't have the staying power to satisfy her, so really as soon as she started to feel wet she would be impatiently waiting for him to leave so she could have her pussy filled by hot canine boners.

Her evening would be filled with relaxing with the friendly dogs whilst sipping wine and watching the rest of her employers porn collection. Some hot nights she would not go to bed, but sleep on the patio with the two dogs, and one night slept with Max in his kennel.

On Sunday evening Roxxie decided that Jennifer's arse had been given enough time to recover, so triggered the ultra-sonic signal again to tell the boys to aim for the tight little pucker above her Jennifer's waiting pussy.

Max was first to find the target this time, and as they had only just begun this session, he was not yet erect. Of course, having a baculum (or penile bone) a dog is always erect, but not engorged, so his relatively slender hot bony rocket had no difficulty in sliding past her ring of muscle, and this time she knew what to expect.

At first she clenched, but then quickly realised that would make things harder, so she tried to relax her sphincter and let Max thrust his whole length inside her. She breathed heavily, panting rapidly as she felt the warm organ invading her rectum. It wasn't hurting her, but she knew that very soon the throbbing member would begin to swell to enormous proportions.

Now she was more used to it, she was able to enjoy the sensation, and pushed back against Max to meet his thrust, and his still small knot popped inside her. Almost immediately his cock began to swell, and she felt the knot growing bigger and bigger against the inside of her anus. Soon the hard knot was as big as an orange and firmly wedged in her back passage, where it would probably have nested quite comfortably were it not for the fact that his cock was also growing huge inside her bowel, and filling her so much that the urge to crap it out was almost unbearable.

On top of all that, Max was still thrusting and fucking the living daylights out of the girl.

Incredibly, Max was able to force his massive hard knot past her sphincter and into her rectum, his massive cock buried deep into her bowels, but then he started to cum, hosing her gut with his hot seed. A powerful orgasm ripped through Jennifer's body, and she literally screamed out loud as her stomach muscles contracted and forced a backwash against Max's cock. The build-up behind his knot was too much, and with a loud wet pop his knot shot out of Jennifer's butt-hole like a campaign cork along with a torrent of their mixed juices.

Utterly spent, Jennifer decided that once you get used to it, anal is quite nice, and had decided she

might encourage the boys as she now thought of them to do this more often. Though she was about to get it sooner than she wished, as now Errol was impatient for his turn. Almost as soon as Max had dismounted, Errol was on her back and rapidly bucking his hips at her behind. Being well trained, his aim was perfect, and his hard cock was soon slicing through her brown eye like a knife through butter.

“OH!” she exclaimed “Oh oh oh ooh OH MY GOD!” she screamed as Errol’s rapidly swelling cock pushed deeper into her insides, his knot popping in with very little difficulty. The warm hard cock squeezed into her gut, shifting her insides about so that they pressed against her cervix. She instinctively clenched her anus, locking his knot inside her rectum as he rutted away at her rump, his balls slamming hard against her pussy lips. As the heavy beast gripped her tummy tightly with his forepaws and began spraying her colon with hot pre-cum, she felt another orgasm beginning to build up inside her. She moaned as her whole body started shaking uncontrollably, and a most incredible orgasm beginning in her lower tummy radiated out and up her spine to slap her brain into the stratosphere.

When she opened her eyes again a few moments later, it was as if her body was no longer belonged to her. She could feel her muscles contracting and relaxing, she could feel Errol on her back, she could feel his lovely cock deep inside her, but it was as if she was a spectator sharing the experience. Her belly gurgled as it filled with Errol’s copious puppy batter, and still he clutched her tightly. Eventually, after what seemed like an eternity of bliss, he tried to dismount, but Jennifer’s anus was no longer dilated, and clenched tightly around the base of his cock, preventing his knot from pulling free. His cum must have shot deep into her intestines, because there was not the strong build-up of pressure to force him out, so he cocked his leg over the girl’s rump and fucked her butt to butt. Even before the first orgasm was properly over, a second one took hold of her and she was seeing stars again.

Eventually, having thoroughly spent himself hosing Jennifer’s insides, Errol was done, and after about twenty minutes his knot began to shrink and he was able to pull out of the girl’s asshole. But by then she was so out of it she didn’t even notice, and was barely conscious and making a peculiar mewling noise. She was still lying there is a puddle of drying doggy cum on Monday morning.

She ached all over, and staggering to her feet realised she could hardly walk at all. Also, she had forgotten to put socks on the dog’s paws, so she had a fresh set of scratches all over her thighs, tummy, and ass. She fed the boys, then literally crawled up the stairs on all fours to take a bath, as she was totally unable to stand up in a shower. If the boys wanted sex today, they would have to be satisfied with a wank and a blow-job. Last night had totally wiped her out, and she was really paying the price now. But it was well worth the price. With a smile on her face she thought back remembering those fantastic orgasms that had ripped through her body like a tornado of pleasure.

Her friends at school had talked about the fabled multiple orgasm, but she didn’t really believe it was possible until now. Of course, they were talking about sex between two humans, not about being fucked senseless by large dogs, nobody had ever mentioned that. But why would they? It’s not something anyone would admit to is it? She couldn’t imagine any of her friends saying “The best sex I ever had was with my pet dog.” Something like that would be round the school in a couple of days and whoever confessed that would be the object of scorn for ever.

That thought made her wonder just how many of her friends were secretly animal lovers. Several of her friends complained about how much they missed their pets whilst they were at boarding school. She recalled a couple of girls she knew who were constantly pining for their ponies, and were constantly counting the days towards half term holidays.

Jennifer giggled as she pictured them bent over in the stable grunting as they took eighteen inches of horse cock. Well maybe that never happened, but then she never even imagined it before she saw those DVDs. Actually, that wasn't quite true. If she was totally honest, she had to admit that on several occasions out riding when she had seen one of the horses drop their impossibly long dicks her first thoughts had been "jeeze, just imagine what it's like to get fucked by that." In fact on at least one occasion one of her friends had whispered something along those lines - but only as a giggle surely?

Now she was beginning to wonder. There is no way she dared to tell even her best friend about what she had been up to this past week, so as far as she knew, they could all be at it. The secret passion that none of them dare speak of. She wondered if maybe she could subtly fish for hints amongst her closest friends. Tina was constantly sending her pictures of her beloved German Shepherd, and some of them were still on her cell phone. Jennifer looked through them as she sat in her room. She had deliberately kept her phone switched off throughout most of the week, and realised she had a lot of missed calls and texts.

She had tried to avoid contact with the outside world - partly because of the guilt and shame she felt about what she had become, and partly because she didn't want any distractions or intrusions into this private world. She had sent a few brief texts to her family to let them know all was well, but hadn't spoken to anyone. She had originally intended to send Tina and Cathy a running commentary on what she had been doing, but in light of what she had actually been doing most of the time, she had avoided that. Before this had all began she had expected her job to be somewhat boring. How wrong she had been.

Most of the images Tina had sent her were the same ones she had Tweeted. Jennifer scoured both her mobile and her friend's account on Twitter to see if in any of the pictures of Tina's dog there was any hint of an erection. Jennifer was torn between not wanting her dirty secret to be revealed, yet wanting to have someone to share it with. If two weeks ago when she saw Tina last, her friend had told her that she loves to enjoy her dog's cock, Jennifer would have been shocked and horrified, thinking her friend was sick or insane. Now she felt that if her best friend was also into doggy sex, it would be really awesome.

Of course, she had sent a couple of pictures of Max and Errol that she had taken on her phone, knowing how fond Tina was of dogs.

"U wud ♥ these boys" she had texted on her first day. "They b huge, but really playful - gonna b handful I think" How right she was. She blushed now at her then innocent words.

Charles was editing a compilation of scenes from Jennifer's lustful encounters, trying to interject different angles and cutting bits that were out of focus or obscured by objects, and using the software to zoom in on many scenes. Capturing something on a hidden camera does not have the same directorial quality as a studio setup.

"The more recent incidents are much better than those first few." he noticed. "Even when she chooses when and where the dogs take her, she has stopped taking precautions to ensure she is not in view of the cameras - even the ones she knows about."

"I noticed." replied Roxxie. "she's been walking around the house totally naked for the past three days. It's as though she wants us to see. She wants us to know, I'm certain of it."

They were right. Jennifer knew what her employers were into, and wanted to make sure that after she leaves they will know that she is totally up for it too. There's no way she can actually sit face to face and say to them "Hey, I know you are really into beast sex, and I think it's great. I've been



fucking your dogs and I really want to be part of your sex life.” she would die of embarrassment and shame, but she wanted them to know.

So being sure they would review their security tapes at some point, she hoped they would see her antics and want to invite her over for wild orgies with the dogs. Of course, there was a little niggle of doubt in the back of her mind. What if Roxxie has never really had sex with Max or Errol? What if it was just a fantasy they never took too far? What if she had only collected the pictures and the DVDs as research for something? There were so many what ifs to argue against the evidence that she had.

It was just paranoia born of her own guilt, she knew that. She had no doubts that her employers were totally obsessed with bestiality and will want to invite her over at weekends to watch her getting fucked by the oversized dogs. Almost no doubts.

But what if it was a trap?

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## **Chapter Seventeen**

The day passed quickly, and all too soon it was time to slip into her flimsy light skirt and T-shirt, and put on her trainers to go outdoors to assist Tom with the stable chores.

The skirt was a thin white cotton thing that barely reached her knees, and if she stood with the sun behind her it was quite plain to see she wore no knickers under it. Of course, Tom had already seen her naked and had known her body, so there was nothing really scandalous about her almost nakedness. She wasn't setting out to tease or seduce the boy - she already knew that he was a disappointment and had no desire to re fire his libido - she just didn't want the discomfort of clothes.

Nevertheless, nobody could help but notice the camel-toe cleft when a gentle breeze blew the light material against her sweat soaked mound, or her pointy nipples showing through as her young dimmocks strained against her shirt. Tom was gay, but he was not blind, and had been instructed to watch out for these signs. Jennifer may have lost interest in Tom, but not in Samson, and a thrill ran up and down her spine when the horse dropped for her.

Tom pretended not to notice Jennifer's legs trembling like leaves in the breeze whilst he took a bottle of an isotonic energy drink out of his bag, took a swig from it, then offered it to her.

“You looked like you were about to faint there.” he said. “Here, drink this - you'll dehydrate in this heat.” Jennifer took the offered bottle and gulped a couple of mouthfuls, little realising that it had been laced.

“I added a lot of benylin and a glass or two of vodka to it” Roxxie told Charles as they watched. “Just to make sure she doesn't have any nasty self control left in her.” she grinned.

She began grooming the huge stallion whilst Tom groomed the mare - he made sure he started on her before Jennifer could, leaving her with no choice but to centre her attention on the excited Samson. All the while she could not keep her eyes off the thick twitching member that swung below his belly. At the base, the shaft was too thick for her to get her hands around, but beyond his preputial ring his member was no thicker than her forearm. Being fucked by that would probably be no worse than being fisted - she could take it.

Tom may have noticed she was naked under the flimsy apparel, but Samson could smell her heat, and snorted as he flared his nostrils. Tom did not help to stem the dampness in her crotch as he

teasingly regaled her with descriptions of the mating habits of the stallion that was creating a growing curiosity in her belly.

“When he’s deep inside his filly’s warm cavity, his glans flares like a bloody great mushroom.” he told her. “You might think his cockhead is big now, but you should see it when it flares - it’s huge.”

“I’ve already seen - remember?” she reminded him of that day she had made the stallion ejaculate. “That was just a quickie - I’ve seen him bigger.” he boasted.

“Whilst he’s good and hard you can clean his cock for him” Tom pointed out “there’s a bucket of soapy water ready over there.”

It sounded like a challenge to Jennifer, so she went to get Samson’s bucket and sponge, ready to show Tom what a real erection looked like. As she bent down, Samson shoved his nose up the back of her skirt and gave her pussy a big lick. Jennifer froze, in horror of what Samson was doing to her in front of Tom, but also not wanting him to stop.

The thick tongue almost made her cum then and there, and she gasped, but didn’t move. As Samson continued to explore with his tongue, Tom’s phone buzzed. It was a brief text from Roxxie, urging him to initiate a plan they had discussed beforehand.

Jennifer was very hot and sweating - and not just from the afternoon sun. Also, she was well aware that was not sweat running down her thighs. Eventually she forced herself to stand up and return to the job in hand - literally. Samson’s cock unfurled even longer and stiffened as her trembling hands gently cleaned the shaft and head with the soapy water.

“Samson really likes the taste of your honey” Tom told her. “Look how big he is for you now. Just feel how hard he is.”

Jennifer was mesmerised by the long thick cylinder of sinewy flesh that sprouted from under the stallion’s belly. She couldn’t resist weighing those huge balls in her hands and feeling the hot testes shift in the bulging sac.

“They are aching to fill your belly with gallons and gallons of thick warm cream.” he said sensually, making her pussy itch to feel that silky flesh slide inside her. Tom slid his hand up her skirt and pushed two fingers between her labia as she massaged the throbbing horse cock. He worked her pussy loose as she moaned, lovingly running her hand up and down Samson’s warm shaft. She was feeling light headed, unbearably excited, her heart pounding away, her sex burning with desire.

As soon as he sensed she was ready, Tom gently bent Jennifer face down over a hay bale, and guided Samson over her body, then guided his twitching member between her thighs. Tom rubbed the throbbing glans over her gaping cunt, then wrapping his arm around her thighs, pulled her hips backwards, impaling her onto the stiffening horse cock. Samson snorted, and with a whinny, thrust forward, pushing nine inches of thick cock inside the girl’s wet vulva.

Jennifer squealed as her pussy stretched wide. The feeling of the massive head invading her vagina and hammering at her cervix made her squirt. It was not as painful as she had expected, and felt so warm. Tom guided Samson’s cock as it grew harder, and used his free arm to rock the girl’s hips back and forth, feeding the thick throbbing horse cock into her as deep as it would go.

Suddenly Jennifer felt the huge meaty cockhead swell and grow inside her. Her belly actually bulged as with incredible force the stallion ejaculated a full load of hot cum into her uterus. Her eyes widened in surprise as what felt like a gallon of hot cream hosed her belly and Jennifer was shaken

by her orgasm.

She felt a sharp pain briefly as Samson pulled his spent cock out of her, the mushroom head still flared and followed by a wet splosh as at least a pint of horse cum gushed out of the girl's gaping cunt.

Jennifer blushed with shame as she felt the warm semen dripping down her thighs and a cool breeze blew into her wide open sex.

"Ooh that looks so hot" Tom said. "I'd drop my pants and fuck you now, only it would be like throwing spaghetti into a bucket." Jennifer tried to speak, but couldn't think, so just made babbling noises. She felt vulnerable and shamed, but was too stunned to move. Tom said "Hold that pose." as he snapped a picture with his mobile.

Everything had escalated so quickly, she really hadn't had time to think. Now she had shown someone else that she was into sex with animals! What now? Her secret was out. Jennifer began to feel a little panicky - Tom had taken photos. Did he take a picture of her pussy being stuffed with the huge horse cock? Would he use it to blackmail her? What if he posted it on the internet?

The more she tried to think about it, the more her head swam. Hadn't he led her on? He practically instigated the whole thing. She realised that he hadn't just watched it happen - he had made it happen - all she did was bend over and let it happen.

Maybe he it was common out here in the country - maybe everyone was at it. Perhaps this was just some sort of local initiation. She knew that country folk were different from city folk, that they had different ways - ways that were often mentioned but never really talked about.

"Can you walk?" Tom asked, slapping her backside.

"uh. I dunno." she mumbled. She staggered to her feet and stumbled a few steps. Her tummy gurgled and she felt another warm deluge of horse cum run down her thighs.

"Better go and get cleaned up." he advised. Jennifer just nodded and staggered back to the house, walking as if ... well as if she had been fucked by a horse. As soon as she was out of sight, Tom cleaned Samson's cock - it needed even more cleaning now and Tom knew just how to do it.

Jenny tried to think straight as she stood in the shower. Her mind was racing, panic was beginning to rise again. Everything is changed now. Somebody knows about her, somebody has been there whilst she fucked a beast. No! It wasn't like that. She was a victim - Tom had helped the horse to fuck her. Why had he done that? What was his motive? She didn't really think the countryside initiation thing could be true - that was just her imagination clutching at fantasies.

This could ruin the life she had planned. How could she go to Law School with this hanging over her? What will he demand of her for his silence? Jennifer sat down in the shower and sobbed.

"I would say we have everything we need now." Charles beamed.

"I think so." replied Roxxie. "We'll give her two more days with the boys then we spring the trap."

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## **Chapter Eighteen**

The next morning Jennifer awoke with a blinding headache and cramp in her left leg. The bed felt hard, as though it was actually the floor. She must have fallen out of bed. But no, as she opened her

eyes and tried to get up, she banged her head - not on the bottom of the bed or a cupboard, but the roof of one of the kennels in the yard.

Now she remembered. She had gotten blind drunk, and spent the entire evening on the patio with Max and Errol. She vaguely remembered some fucking, though she wasn't sure which one had fucked her - probably both of them.

She had spent most of the night talking with them though, spilling her heart out, telling them of how that awful Tom, who was such a useless lover himself, had practically forced her into sex with Samson the horse.

"I didn't mean to do it." she explained to them. "I would never deliberately be unfaithful to you boys, cuz I really love you sooooo much." she explained drunkenly as she hugged them and begged them to forgive her infidelity. Then she remembered that she had been unfaithful a couple of days ago when she had sex with Tom, only it wasn't as good as she had expected.

"He's not as good a lover as you two." she whined. "His little cock is tiny next to yours." she said, wriggling her little finger meaningfully.

Watching on the screen with the sound turned up, Roxxie was almost wetting herself with laughter. Charles too was roaring with laughter, whilst Tom only sulked.

"It wasn't exactly stars and fireworks for me either." he protested. "I should have got an Oscar for my performance."

"It's all right Casanova - we know you intentionally put on a bad act." Charles laughed.

Jennifer felt lucky to have two boyfriends that were so understanding and such good listeners, and was so pleased with them that she sang a song to them before sobbing that she didn't deserve them, and then after taking a sup from her bottle, then a good long suck of Max's cock, then another sup of gin, and a nice long slurp of Errol's cock.

She vaguely recalled howling at the moon like a wolf with one of the boys on her back and a throbbing knot in her cunt, but the rest was a complete blur.

She ached all over, but was beginning to get used to that. A small price to pay for sex that was beyond her wildest dreams. Not that she had ever dreamed of being fucked by animals - at least not before this past week or so.

She crawled out of the kennel and tried to stand up. Right away some lunatic inside her head tried to break out with a sledgehammer. She lurched to the bathroom and showered, noticing that once again she had let the dogs claw her thighs, leaving fresh welts. She dabbed them with what was left of the liniment, and then stuck a couple of plasters over them.

Finally she considered the daily chores. She considered them too much fucking hassle, so skipped them, and slumped on the sofa to nurse her hangover. She couldn't remember everything about last night, but by the empty bottles lying about, it was pretty clear that she and the boys had indulged in one wild party - and she had a strong suspicion exactly who drank all the booze. By mid afternoon she felt well enough to make a half assed attempt to tidy up a little.

Tom arrived a little earlier than usual, and suggested it would be good for the horses if they took them for a little ride again, but he made no mention of yesterday's shenanigans. In fact he acted as if nothing at all had happened. At least at first.

Then, as they began to saddle up he said "Would you prefer to ride Samson this time? Or the other way round again?" Tom grinned as Jennifer blushed a bright scarlet. She tried to remind herself that it was Tom who had been in control the whole time, that he'd taken advantage of her confused state (she was sure that drink was spiked), and Tom that had practically made Samson rape her.

She tried not to think about that shameful event with her bent over a haystack with the big stallion's cock thrust inside her and filling her with his cum, but it was hard with Tom constantly bringing it up throughout their ride.

"You made it happen" she said accusingly. "I was ... confused. You forced him to fuck me - you put his cock inside me."

"I don't remember you protesting." Tom pointed out. "In fact you seemed to be really enjoying it as I recall. You opened up your pussy and let it swallow that thick horse meat greedily."

"I was quite surprised you didn't scream in pain when his huge cock stretched your pussy as wide as my arm." he said as the gyrations of the saddle ground between her thighs, getting her turned on with every step they took.

"You must practice a lot with really big dildos." he added. "Or maybe you've had horse cock before. Do you sneak down to the stables every now and then to let Samson service you like he does Delilah?"

Jennifer finally broke her silence and protested "No, that was the first time I've ever been fucked by a horse." She almost bit her tongue as soon as she said it. Why didn't she say the only time? First time suggested she would like to do it again.

"You certainly took him well. He really ploughed you good and deep before he planted his seed in your belly." Tom said, making the damp patch in Jennifer's panties spread.

"Somebody has done a good job of preparing your hole for being filled by a beast like that." he said with a sense of one who knows. "Couldn't have been one of those college boys. Maybe it was Max and Errol. Have those dogs been stretching your cunt with their huge knots?"

"No!" Jennifer denied rather too quickly.

Had Tom turned around he would have seen her face blush bright scarlet as she told the biggest lie of her life, and she would have seen the knowing smirk on his face.

"Really?" he said in surprise. "'Coz I can just imagine you kneeling on all fours on the lawn with your ass high in the air as those two Great Danes take turns in mounting your back and thrusting their bones deep inside your quim, then slamming away til their knots swell to the size of a cricket ball."

The rocking motion of the saddle against her clitoris and the image in her mind of the dogs fucking her was too much and she literally cum in her pants as she rode behind Tom. He heard her gentle moan and turned to see her biting her lip as she orgasmed. He chuckled to himself, though just loud enough that she could hear. He slowed down to let Samson overtake Delilah, noticing the wet rivulets running down the saddle.

"You should see the size of Samson's balls." he said in amazement as he looked beneath the stallion's tail. "I think he must be storing up another gift for you." Tom sniggered as he heard Jennifer let out a whimper.

They trotted into the field and Tom dismounted before helping Jennifer down from Samson. Tom gently grasped Samson's shaft that had begun to drop and waved it at her.

"Are you going to let him empty those swollen balls of his into that dripping wet hole of yours" he almost whispered into her ear. "or will you just watch jealously as he fucks Delilah? I could fuck you of course, but it won't be the same. I'm only a human, my cock cant thrust as deep as his. A mere man can't satisfy your lust."

Jennifer was sober this time, but the barriers were already down - she had done this before and she knew that she wanted it so much. She could deny it of course, she could take Tom up on his offer to fuck her whilst she watched the stallion mount his mare. But she also acknowledged that he was probably right about a man not being enough for her needs. She wasn't really sure that a man ever could satisfy her - at least not in her experience - but certainly not now she had been bred by beasts that were so much more endowed than any man could be, and with more raw energy.

Maybe if she had never tasted these forbidden fruits she could have learned to make do with having sex with men, maybe led a normal life - but it was too late. She had crossed that line and now could only achieve satisfaction with the beasts that could fuck with uninhibited wild abandon.

Her pussy tingled and itched to be filled as her soaked panties clung uncomfortable to her groin. She suddenly realised she had been unconsciously stroking the horse's stiffening organ all the time she had been thinking. She made up her mind and struggled out of her jodhpurs, then almost ripped off her soggy knickers.

Seeing the hurry she was in, Tom led Samson over to one of the hurdles that were kept in the exercise field, and told Jennifer to lean over it as he moved Samson nearer. Her wet and hungry vulva winked in the sunlight before Tom began to rub the crown of Samson's long thick cock over her labia. The enormous phallus stiffened even more and twitched as the stallion's strong heart pumped more blood into the lengthening member.

There was a brief pain as the cockhead thrust inside her, stretching the neck of her vagina, but she knew how to take it and pain soon turned to pleasure as she felt the swollen crown plunge deeper inside her. Tom helped guide the huge cock as the stallion buried his thick member deeper and deeper, making sure that it didn't go too deep or cause any harm.

"Get ready girl." Tom said, "He's about to empty those big swollen balls of his right into your belly" She didn't need to be told - she could feel his huge crown flare inside her as it pummelled her cervix, and her legs went weak and began to shake uncontrollably as she prepared for her womb to be flooded by warm horse cum.

The pressure inside her already stretched vagina was unbearable as the virile stallion hosed her uterus with what felt like a gallon of hot semen. Jennifer screamed in ecstasy as for the second time she was fucked almost senseless by a huge stallion in front of the farm boy.

Tom let Samson pull out with a loud messy splosh, and Jennifer slumped to the ground, sitting in a pool of horse cum that had just gushed out of her gaping pussy.

"You know, you'll never be any use as a wife, but you'd be great as a sperm collector for a stud farm." Tom said cruelly. "Your methods are a bit unorthodox, but you're damned efficient - I'll give you that."

"They usually have to get the stallion to cum into a tube to collect sperm to sell on the open market, but your method works just as well - just as long as you don't keep spilling it on the floor." he

continued. "If you like I'll ask around - see who's hiring."

"Oh god no! please don't tell anyone about this." she begged. Tom smiled.

"We'll see. There's people who would pay money just to watch you do this. You could make a career of it."

Jennifer knew he was tight - she had spent a lot of time researching bestiality on the internet in the past few days, and a lot of the sites were Pay to View. But that wasn't the future she had planned for herself. The thought of making her living as a porn actress in the most degraded niche she could imagine was not something she wanted. She had plans of going to University, studying law, and becoming a successful lawyer or solicitor. Even though it might be possible to hide what she had become, she could never face her friends and family just knowing that she was a porno queen.

Was Tom going to blackmail her? Was he going to pimp her out to perverts in return for his silence? Jennifer suddenly felt exposed and insecure. She couldn't control the two dogs any more - she was their bitch to take when they pleased. She couldn't control her own lust. Now Tom had something on her and she was potentially under his control. She had lost control of her life completely. She went to bed that night full of fears and doubts.

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## **Final Chapter**

Thursday morning Roxxie and Charles began to pack up to leave their hidden caravan and return home early and unexpected. It didn't take long, but the shower unit was very small and cramped, and they wanted to arrive fresh.

"Next time we decide to do something like this, we should build a comfortable chalet so we don't have to rough it for two weeks." Roxxie suggested. Once they had finished packing, they sat watching Jennifer on the surveillance monitors to choose the right moment.

It was mid afternoon. All the chores were done, Tom wouldn't be round for another couple of hours at least, and there were no deliveries expected. The prickly afternoon heat was starting to get to Jennifer, so she contemplated having a splash in the pool - unless the two Great Danes had better ideas.

They did. She was barely on the patio before they came bounding across the lawn and after dancing around her for a second or two, brought her to her knees as Max leaped onto her back. Jennifer dutifully raised her ass to let Max have full access to her body - or at least the part of her body he wanted to dominate. She was okay with that.

"Now's the time I think." Roxxie told Charles as she watched on the monitor. "Do you have the disk ready?"

"Got it here." Charles said as he closed the DVD case and slipped it into Roxxie's bag

"Everything ready?" Charles asked. Roxxie checked her list and nodded. Then as an afterthought, set a timer on the console and flipped a switch. "Ready" she grinned. Grabbing her bag, she followed Charles out of the caravan and down the dirt track to the lane where their car was waiting. It would take them about ten minutes to drive around the narrow country road to the front gates, then they could open the gate remotely and drive slowly up the drive to the front of the house. Roxxie hoped they would time it just right.

Ten minutes after Roxxie had set the timer, the house was filled with the shrill whistle that was so high pitched humans couldn't hear - but dogs could, and Max and Errol recognised it as the cue for

anal sex. Max had just finished breeding their human bitch, but Errol was keen and eager for his turn.

By now Jennifer was getting used to anal, and adjusted her position whilst relaxing her sphincter as she felt Errol's bone probe her brown eye.

"Oooh! Digging for nuggets are you boy?" she crooned. "Go ahead - I'm ready for you this time."

She flexed her ring and pushed back against Errol's thrusting pelvis so as to get the knot inside her whilst it was still manageable. The hot bony organ slid inside her like a knife through butter, and with a slight bump the hard knot was safely nestled inside her and beginning to swell.

With just a few thrusts he was quickly fully engorged and totally filling the girl's bowel. She was just getting into it and moaning in pleasure when she heard the car on the drive. She froze in shock.

Who could that be? It wasn't delivery day. The engine stopped, and a few seconds later she heard a car door slam. Jennifer panicked and tried to get up, forgetting for a moment that she was tied to the big dog by her anus. Acting quickly, she strained to push the enormously swollen doggy cock out of her back passage and jerked forward with all her strength.

The pain was unbearable, but she bit her wrist to keep from screaming and almost banged her head against the wall as she popped free of the giant dog. Errol was not as subtle and let out a pained yelp as his cock was yanked out of the tight hole.

She could hear voices in the hallway and recognised Roxxie's. They must have come home early!. Thinking quickly she rolled sideways into the pool, ducked her head under the water for a moment, then struggled out of the pool and grabbed a towel off the sun lounger.

She quickly pulled the socks off the dogs paws that she had put on to prevent them clawing her, and wrapped the towel around her middle, just in time as Roxxie and Charles walked into the living room and spotted Jennifer through the French Windows.

"Sorry" apologised Jennifer, naked but for a towel wrapped around her body. "I was just taking a dip in the pool to cool off. I wasn't expecting you back yet."

Roxxie was surprised not to find the girl still on her knees tied by her arse to one of the dogs.

"There was a problem at the hotel - staffing problems. So we came home early." explained Charles.

"How are my boys?" enquired Roxxie. "not too much trouble I hope?"

Max and Errol chose that moment to come bounding in and leap joyfully at their Mistress. Jennifer hoped nobody would notice that Errol was still sporting an enormous pink and purple erection, but being as big as her forearm, it was hard to imagine how it could go unnoticed.

In fact it was impossible to ignore as Errol stood up on two legs to give Roxxie a sloppy face lick, and at the same time rubbed his huge swollen organ against her tummy.

"Of course, we will pay you for the full two weeks, and we do hope you will stay over until after the weekend." Charles interjected.

"Thank you - I'd love to." Jennifer agreed, trying her best to act normal despite the fact she had almost been caught doing the nasty, her lover was now rubbing the cock that had just been stuck up



her ass against his Mistress, and her asshole was hurting like hell.

She was still gaping, and she hoped the wetness she felt dribbling down her thighs looked like water and not doggy cum. Or blood. She was really hurting and hoped she hadn't torn anything when she pulled that huge knot out in such a hurry. Making the excuse that she needed to use the toilet, she limped off to the bathroom. As she climbed the stairs and walked across the landing, Roxxie called out to her.

"You'd better put that pink sock away my dear." Jennifer wondered if she had dropped one of the socks she had used to prevent the dogs from scratching her, but they were white, not pink.

As soon as the door was shut, she dropped the towel and squatted down, grabbing a hand mirror to inspect the damage. She wasn't bleeding, but an inch of pink gut was protruding from her back passage. There didn't seem to be any rips, but it wobbled and hung from her bottom like a wrinkled pink .... oh god! A pink sock! Had Roxxie seen her prolapsed colon from below as she looked up at her? Is that what she meant?

Scared that she might have to walk around with her rectum hanging out until she could find an opportunity to see a doctor in private, she tried to push the distended rectum back inside her aching hole. Fortunately, it plopped back in quite easily, though her anus was still a bit slack and quite puffy. Once it seemed tight enough to keep her bowel from falling out, she stood up. Her ring still ached and felt like it was yawning.

There were no clothes to put on in the bathroom - she had loaded all the laundry into the washer earlier. She wrapped the towel around her body again, and after giving the loo a flush, she limped to her room to dress.

After slipping on a pair of panties and a bright orange and green dress, she limped downstairs to join her employers in the living room.

"Do come and sit down to watch this with us." Roxxie insisted. "We just have to show you where we've been - we always take a few vids of our holidays." Charles slipped a DVD into the player as they all sat back onto the sofa to watch the enormous screen. The vid being shown was actually one that they had shot last year at Morocco.

Jennifer politely watched the rather boring scenes of Roxxie and Charles taking turns to shoot each other at various sun soaked landmarks, markets, beaches etc.

"You know you can buy absolutely anything in Marrakesh - even people."

Jennifer tried to pay attention to the film, and ignore the aching pain in her sore arse, still smarting from having an engorged dog knot yanked out.

"Some people will do absolutely anything for money" Charles added. "You really wouldn't believe the depravity - put that disk on Roxxie - the one we got from that seedy little man in that dreadful caravan.

Roxxie opened her handbag and took out a plain looking disk that could easily have been a data disk, but for the words "Filthy Girl" scrawled on in a blue marker.

The movie started off with an out of focus shot of somebodies legs, but the person soon walks further away from the floor level camera and a girl comes into focus as she sits on the floor to begin playing with the genitals of a large sandy coloured Great Dane. Her face is out of shot at this point, but her hand is clearly seen teasing the big dogs bony rocket out of its sheath.

Jennifer blushed with acute embarrassment, as it reminded her of one of her first sexual encounters with Max and Errol. In fact, the girl was wearing a top just like hers. The dogs penis soon grew to an enormous size, and they could just see its myriad network of tiny blood vessels showing as a bright red against the blueish white of the shaft before it was obscured by the girls hair as she buried her head on the huge organ. Jennifer still couldn't see the girls face, only the back of her head, but chills ran up her spine as she was struck by the startling similarity between the girl on the screen and herself.

"Ewww!" exclaimed Roxxie. "What a disgusting depraved little slut. I wonder what her parents think of such a filthy whore."

The scene changed to show a raised ass from behind as a girl - probably the same one - knelt on a patio floor. Seconds later a huge dog - the same Great Dane was trying to mount her, and it was not long before his monstrous organ was buried deep into her quim.

"If he keeps banging her that hard he's going to bury his knot." Charles commented. Surely enough the beasts swollen knot was soon rammed into the girls hungry cunt.

"Yup - they're tied alright." said Roxxie. "She must have a cunt like a bucket to take all that."

"Yes " agreed Charles "I don't know how any normal woman could take all that with screaming blue murder - that dog must be easily as big as Max."

"What do you think Jennifer?" asked Roxxie "Do you think that dog is as big as the boys you've been looking after? How big do you think Max's cock is when it's fully erect?"

"I.. I.. I don't know." stammered Jennifer quietly, beginning to feel acutely embarrassed, but at the same time starting to get a little wet between her thighs. She wished the ground would open up and swallow her.

After a few minutes, the dog dismounted, and the girls labia stretched wide as the beasts huge knot plopped out, sending a cascade of doggy cum gushing out of the gaping cunt. The scene changed again.

This time it showed what was quite definitely a very familiar looking kitchen, as seen from one of the cupboards at floor level. A naked girl that was unmistakably Jennifer led two excited dogs that were definitely Max and Errol into the centre of the kitchen, then as they leapt up at her, she obediently dropped to her knees and let one of them mount her whilst she eagerly fellated the red hot organ of the other.

Jennifer watched in horror, stunned to see scene after scene of her getting fucked by the two dogs. She wasn't sure how long the film lasted - she lost all sense of time as the compilation of her "secret" trysts with the boys flashed before her eyes.

"Well" said Roxxie eventually as the movie came to an end. "That certainly explains why you absolutely reek of dog cum. You probably don't notice it now, but their musk is all over you."

Jennifer began to sob.

"So this is how you reward our trust in you? Take advantage of our dear pets to indulge in the most sick perversion? I wonder what your parents will think? I wonder what the police will think when they see this."

Roxxie smiled as Jennifer broke down.

"I suppose I should confess, we weren't entirely honest with you." Charles said. "I think you may be slightly relieved to learn we did not in fact buy this disk from a sleazy little man in Morocco - we put it together ourselves using footage from our security cameras."

"But of course, you do know what the consequences would be if this was ever to get out, or if we were to take this to the police?" Roxxie said. "Even if you were able to be lucky enough not to get a jail sentence, there is no way you would get into college or university - you'd be lucky if you get a job stacking shelves in a supermarket."

"In fact." Charles added "the only choice open to you really would be to hope to get sold as a sex slave by a sleazy man in Morocco."

"On the other hand, there is a much more appealing alternative." Roxxie offered. "You could be our sex slave here."

"You trapped me!" accused Jennifer. "You set this all up as a trap!"

"Yes my dear, we did. And you obligingly fell for it. But nobody forced you to do anything you didn't want to do, and we just sat back and gathered enough evidence to either destroy your life for ever, or to own you."

"So which is it to be? Do we turn you over to the police, expose you to all your friends and family or do you submit to becoming our property?" Roxxie asked. "Which is it to be? The choice is yours to make."

"I... I'm all yours .... Mistress." Jennifer said docilely.

"Good!" smiled Roxxie. A wise choice. Not that there was really any choice at all. Now let's get you out of your clothes and showered - you really do stink."

They cleaned Jennifer thoroughly, and applied fresh salves to her scratches, then put a black leather studded collar around her neck with Jenny engraved on its little silver plate. Roxxie attached a leash and led Jennifer downstairs, ordering her to crawl on all fours.

"Whilst you are in this house you will walk on all fours at all times and will only speak when given permission to do so. You must obey any order I or Charles gives you without question, and of course - you must service the dogs whenever they want to enjoy you."

"You are their bitch after all." smirked Charles.

"We will enrol you into Oxford and you may leave here to study law when the holidays are over." Roxxie surprised her with this.

"We are confident you will perform well - you are intelligent and think fast. These are the qualities we were looking for. When you graduate we will help you get a good position as a solicitor, or maybe even a barrister."

"You will learn to trap people as we trapped you, thus giving us leverage and influence." explained Charles.

"You will also do what you can to get people charged with bestiality off, and direct them to us." Roxxie explained. "We have a plan you see. We want to create a holiday park for zoophiles - people

like ourselves who need the love of animals or are titillated by live shows. We will need to employ the right staff of course. We already have a vet and a couple of performers, but we need someone in the legal profession. We knew from our research that you wish to become a lawyer, and you have high enough grades to look likely to succeed.”

“Ultimately, we would like bestiality to be decriminalised” added Charles, “and you could be instrumental in bringing that about.”

“But that will take years!” exclaimed Jennifer.

“Tut tut” admonished Roxxie. “We didn’t say you could speak. I’ll let you off just this once. You are right, it will take many years – this is a long game. Obviously at first our operation must be clandestine and our clients will have to be heavily vetted. No pun intended.”

“Michael has found a house to rent in Oxford that isn’t too fussy about pets. You will be sharing it with two other girls – again Michael is taking care of that end. We will provide you with a dog of your own so you needn’t be celibate whilst you are studying.”

“Be careful” warned Roxxie. “Don’t get caught fucking with animals outside these grounds. But if you can entrap other students, that could be useful – but pick your targets carefully. Don’t choose targets who might blab, make sure they make the moves, ensure that you are in the position to blackmail them, not the other way round.”

Jennifer thought about how cleverly they had set the trap for her, but also reflected on how she was the perfect victim to begin with.

“But enough talk for now” Roxxie said “There’s another two weeks of holiday at least, and Max looks like he’s feeling horny again, so bend down over here and see how well you can suck Charles off whilst the dogs take turns to fuck you.”

Jennifer dutifully took Charles’s cock in her mouth as Max began to mount her. As she felt his hot tip poke at her pussy, she realised that this was a life she would enjoy.

The End