

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Chapter One

Sometimes it takes something cataclysmic to make you realise who you are. Sometimes you need to make a big mistake.

I certainly did that, and if I had a clue as to what I was letting myself in for, I would definitely not have made that leap into the abyss. But then I would never have lost myself, and in losing myself I found myself. So no – I don't regret it one bit. I am so thankful that I made a terrible mistake.

I should start at the beginning of my adventure, because that is where the tale begins.

I was on my way back home from a conference, standing on the platform of a train station, waiting for my connection. I had a long wait, and after a long day I was feeling very uncomfortable in my stale sweat stained suit. I don't normally wear a suit anyway, and stewing in polyester is not my choice.

I'm not a suit person – I'm a jeans and T-shirt man, so my driving urge was to become me again. The station had shops – snack shops, souvenir shops, and a little shop selling T-shirts. They also sold boxers, and as mine were mingling with sweat, I bought a pair of those as well as a shirt and hurriedly sought out the station toilets to change into something comfortable and fresh.

Luckily there was an empty cubicle, and the floor was actually quite clean – obviously the toilets here had a regular cleaner. The seat lid was also clean and intact, so I put it in the down position and placed my newly acquired shirt and underpants on the seat. The walls were a little neglected though – there was a lot of graffiti on the wall and door, and as I put my foot on the toilet seat to untie my laces I noticed the glory hole. In the left hand wall at about waist height someone had cut a hole about two inches diameter, and I could see an eye observing me.

I was about to cover the hole up with a sheet of toilet paper when something stopped me. Why spoil someone's fun? What harm is there in letting somebody get off on seeing my junk? To be honest, I got a slight thrill at the idea, so I deliberately put on quite a show of slowly stripping in front of my audience. After completely removing my shoes, I turned to the wall as I unfastened my trousers and let them fall to the floor before stepping out of them. Then, slowly and seductively, I eased down my Y-fronts. They were still a bit moist and clingy from the sweat of a long day, and became rolled up and reluctant to get past my knees, so I had to struggle to get out of them, but I made sure that I turned my back to the wall as I bent over, giving my audience a view of my ass.

Then I did something a bit silly. I decided that as I no longer wanted the sweaty underwear, that I would make a gift of them to my "fan" and pushed them under the eight inch gap between the wall and floor. Then I stood up to give him a good view of my groin and my now semi aroused cock. I was enjoying the attention and getting off on either his voyeurism or my exhibitionism. Probably both to be honest. Anyway, a few seconds later a rolled up piece of paper was slowly pushed through the hole, which I duly took and unrolled.

Very neatly written on the scrap of notepaper was "That deserves a reward – put your cock through the hole."

My heart was beating fast. I haven't done anything like this in years. I had tried cottaging a couple of times when I was exploring my sexuality in my teens, but since then never taken the risk of engaging in something so potentially dangerous. Anything could happen. I could get caught and arrested for indecency. I could fall victim to a predatory homophobe. I've heard about people that

set honey traps for gay men, then as soon as they are sure they've caught one either signal to their friends to grab the victim and give him a beating, or they mutilate his penis as soon as he puts it through the glory hole. That's not even touching on the risks of catching an STD, or even contracting AIDS. And if you are feeling especially paranoid today, you can even add deranged serial killer to the list.

My mind was racing. I could just get dressed and leave now. I should. But I was so excited and curious now. How far would this go? How far was I willing to let it go? My cock was now very hard, and I realised my choice was to either go ahead or leave the public convenience with an embarrassing hard-on straining through my pants. So I stood close to the wall and pressed my throbbing member through the hole.

I shivered with a thrill as I felt unseen lips kiss my cockhead. Those warm lips slowly spread as they worked their way over my glans and tighten on the shaft below. I almost came as a probing tongue traced over the underside of my swollen glans and play over the opening that I am certain was now dripping with my pre-cum. I gripped the top of the wall with both hands and almost wept as the unseen stranger tormented my penis with his tongue for what seemed like an eternity. Eventually, when I felt certain I could take no more, he began to move his mouth back and forth on my shaft, felating me until my balls felt as if they were going to explode, and as my buttocks clenched I ejaculated with more force than I can remember for a long time.

And then I felt him sucking hard, trying to milk every last drop, licking my cockhead so dry it hurt. As soon as his mouth released me, I staggered back, then sat down exhausted on the toilet seat, my head spinning. Then, as I slowly came to my senses, I saw another roll of paper slowly push through the hole. I reached out to take it, then as I unrolled and read the note a chill ran down my spine. It read:

"I hope you enjoyed that. Now it's time for my fun. If you want your pants back, do exactly as I say."

I looked down to the floor and realised that at some point he had reached under the wall and taken my trousers!

Okay, what to do, what to do? I still had the fresh new boxers, but I would look very silly and conspicuous walking out in those. Besides - my money, train ticket, and mobile phone were in my trouser pockets. Ironically, I kept them in my trousers because one of my friends advised me that it is easier for a pickpocket to steal from a jacket than trousers. Of course, it never occurred to him that I might lose them during a random sexual encounter in a public lavatory. My only choice now was to do as I was asked - no, told - and hope the thief keeps to his word.

Another roll of paper arrived, in the same neat handwriting.

"Kneel down and suck me off." I looked up to see a purple headed cock emerge through the hole. I dutifully knelt on the cold flagged floor and tackled the organ before me. I tried to copy how he had felated me - first kissing the warm glans, then slowly sliding the glistening head into my mouth. It was warm and already fully engorged, throbbing with lust.

I teased it with my tongue, gently sucking as I rolled the tip of my tongue over the warm throbbing crown. I could feel it pulsing in my mouth, and it actually tasted rather good. I wanted to hear him groan and whimper with pleasure as I had done, so gave it my very best. Occasionally I felt something touch my thighs and my balls, but paid it no heed as I concentrated on giving the best blow job of my life, and just hoped that Michael (my current partner) never gets to know about this. The glorious member that was blessing my lips was noticeably larger than either mine or Michael's,

and in spite of my predicament I was thoroughly enjoying the meal.

Eventually the warm cock between my lips grew even stiffer and pulsed strongly as it swelled to fill my mouth. He was ready to cum! I took the pulsing monster deep into my throat, ready for the sudden deluge as I worked the shaft with my lips. I almost gagged as the hot cum shot down my gullet, but I was used to deep throating and considered it my special talent.

Even before I had a chance to lick him dry, the spent cock disappeared back through the hole, and moments later a mobile phone appeared between my knees. It wasn't mine, but almost as soon as I picked it up it started to ring. I pressed the call key, and a text message appeared - sent from my phone.

"Not a bad start. You have a nice face." Attached to the text was a shot of my face from below with a mouth full of cock. He must have used a selfie stick or something. The message continued:

"Keep my phone until I am done with yours. Now turn around and present your arse to the glory hole for me."

I was not totally surprised by this new demand. Obviously I had hoped a good blow job would be enough to satisfy him, but I had wondered just how far this would go. Now I was about to find out, and there was no going back or chickening out for me. To be honest, a piece of me was wanting to feel that large organ inside my gut.

I stood up, turned around, and bending over I prised my butt cheeks apart and lined my anus up to the hole before pressing my buttocks hard against the wall and waited. Soon I felt something cold and moist against my pucker, and something thin and hard pushed past my ring. A lubricated finger began to wriggle and probe inside me. Interesting - my assailant was being very considerate. Another finger entered me and soon my rectum was loose and relaxed.

The phone rang again, and I received another message:

"Use the phones camera to take snapshots of your face as my cock enters you."

This confirmed that he was about to fuck me - I suspected he would, but there was nothing I could do to prevent him. I held the phone in one hand, the camera pointing at my face, and steadied myself against the wall opposite the glory hole and braced myself for what was to come. The fingers stopped working my ass and withdrew. I tried to keep my anus dilated as I waited. After a few seconds of nothing happening I was beginning to think he was just toying with me (which he was of course), then I felt the warm soft pressure of the tip of his penis pressing against my opening. Of course, it yielded easily, and I took several quick snapshots of my face as he entered me.

Naturally, I exaggerated my expression - I didn't want it to look like I had a hole like a wizards sleeve, or that his cock was small, however I didn't need to exaggerate too much as his cock was pretty big. The toilet wall was cheap and barely two centimetres thick, so he didn't lose much length. With a few thrusts straightening my gut he soon had a good seven to eight inches deep into my back passage. I didn't have to fake the pleasure I was getting from the thrusts of his hard meaty organ, and as well as my face, I tried to take snapshots of his cock burying itself in my ass.

After a while my belly was beginning to ache as he relentlessly hammered away at my guts, and despite trying to keep as quiet as I could, I found myself gasping and crying out in a mixture of pain and ecstasy. He was so much bigger than Michael, and seemed insatiable, still as hard as iron, stretching me to my limit.

Suddenly he stopped and pulled out. I didn't know at that point if he had used a condom, but I was pretty sure he had cum. I felt a warm fluid run down my thigh, but I had no idea if that was mine or his. To be honest I was past caring. I sat down on the seat panting, exhausted by the experience. I noticed cum dripping from my now flaccid cock and realised he had made me cum.

The phone rang again - another text and a short vid sequence taken from between my ankles of his thick cock fucking my ass and withdrawing - naked and dripping. So he didn't use a condom. That was a little scary. The message read "Well done - a nice hole. Here is your reward - swap phones."

he pushed my phone and a pair of what looked like black rubber or pvc underpants under the wall. I gingerly pushed his phone under the wall and quickly grabbed mine. Wrapped up in the panties was a purple butt plug, about four inches long. It was sort of an elongated egg shape, with a wide blunt bottom, a thin one inch stem, and a smooth crescent shaped base. It felt quite heavy, and on close inspection there appeared to be a jack socket on one end of the crescent. No other break in the smooth silicon form, and no buttons, but it was clearly a rechargeable vibrator type. As I examined it my phone buzzed. It was a text from him.

"You have been very obedient, so soon you will get your trousers back. But first I want you to insert that little gift I've given you into your juicy little hole, then put on those nice panties,"

After that thorough fucking, sliding the modest sized butt plug into my anus was quite easy, and though I could feel it in me, it was not too uncomfortable. It's design was such that insertion would be easy, but the bulbous bottom above the thin stem would mean that my sphincter would close and keep it in - as long as I kept it clenched.

The black pants though (I think they were silicon) were rather tight, and were quite uncomfortable. I could see his eye at the glory hole, so I did a turn to show him I was wearing those damned tight pants. He must have been satisfied because my trousers were slid under the wall within seconds.

I quickly put them on, and then put on the T-shirt and my jacket which I had hung on the door hook. Just as I was putting my shoes back on, I heard the toilet door slam as my tormentor left his stall. Was that it? Could this finally be over? I quickly tied my laces and also vacated the restroom.

As I stepped out into the station I looked around, wondering which of the people out here was the man who had just fucked my ass. Nobody seemed to be staring directly at me - maybe he was keeping a cool head and ignoring me, or maybe he had slipped away too quickly.

Was it that man at the newspaper stand buying a copy of the Mail? No, he's wearing trainers and the man that fucked me had black shoes. All I knew about him was he wore black shoes (maybe size 11 or 12), argyle socks, dark grey trousers, and had bluish grey eyes. Oh - and a very large cock.

I glanced around at the people around me, looking at every man with grey trousers and shoes, trying to gauge if the bulge below his belt betrayed a large semi erect member. But the station was too crowded for me to check them all out.

Maybe that was it - he had had his fun then made a hasty retreat, and I would never hear from him again. If I didn't hurry now, I'd miss my train, so clenching my anus to ensure that plug stayed deep inside, I made my way to the platform for my next connection, but just as my train was arriving at the platform, my phone buzzed, and I stopped dead in my tracks as at the exact same moment I felt a strong vibration deep in my gut. ? I squirmed and clenched my cheeks as I answered my phone. Another text message from him.

"Surprise! That's a remote vibrating butt-plug - can also be activated by phone. Now don't get that

train just yet – I want you to go on a little shopping trip for me.”

I ended the call and tried to board the train, but the phone buzzed again, and the vibrations inside my ass intensified to the extent that I stumbled. I read the message.

“DO NOT TRY TO GET ON THAT TRAIN! I have lots of interesting pictures, and I now have all the contact numbers on your phone – would you like me to send them?”

Damn it – the bastard had me over a barrel. I couldn’t even report him to the police because those pics could get me arrested. Seems like I was still his plaything.

“OK” I texted back. “I’ll do as you say.”

The vibrations subsided. Several people were staring at me now, and I hoped they couldn’t hear the buzzing. I could hear it loud and clear, but then the source was inside me. I stood up and walked away from the platform. The vibrations stopped until I reached the exit to the station and the phone buzzed. Again I felt the plug in my ass vibrate at the same time. A new message.

“Before you leave I’d like you to buy a bunch of flowers from that stall by the exit. Have the note attached say “Thank you Big Boy. Love from Snugglebutt.” and use your credit card to pay.”

I ended the call and with the butt-plug still humming inside my rectum, I minced to the florist on the corner and bought a bunch of flowers, then with a red face asked her to make out a fancy note using the exact words I had been told to put on. I’m pretty sure I looked like I was about to crap my pants, and that plug would definitely have worked loose and shot down my trouser leg if those damned tight pants weren’t holding it in place. As I left with the flowers I received another call.

“How nice and romantic. We must plan something special. There is a sweet little shop just a couple of streets West on Saxon Road – number 37.”

I was not familiar with this city, but there was a street map displayed on the wall of the station, so it didn’t take long to locate it. Walking was becoming very difficult now. I was starting to become used to the buzzing on my ass, but my guts were of a different opinion – my rectum was trying to move that plug along and push it right out. But of course, those tight rubber pants made that impossible, so there was now a reverse tug of war between those tight pants and my determined guts, with that slippery vibrating plug as the object of their concern. Now and again my sphincter would score a victory and open wide to pass that purple hornet, but after just a little stretching those pants just pushed it back up inside me. I was close to ejaculating again, as with every step I was helping that plug to fuck me.

About fifteen minutes later I was at the address – a shop called XXNo-LimitzXX. Unsurprisingly a sex toy shop. I glanced behind me, but couldn’t see anyone following me. Where was he hiding?

As soon as I entered the shop my phone buzzed again, and I gave a slight whimper as the vibrations inside me intensified again. My balls were aching and my guts churning as the plug buzzed against my prostate like an angry hornet. The message came through.

“Pick out a pair of handcuffs, a large tub of lube, a gay BDSM video, and the biggest dildo in the shop – make sure you pay by card.”

I browsed through the shop, almost bent over as the butt plug tormented my bowel and was practically rattling around loose inside me. I tried to concentrate as I surveyed the gay porn movie cases, and picked one with two guys wearing leather bondage gear – I didn’t even read the title. I

blanched at the size of the giant dildos – they were huge, big enough to make a stallion feel inadequate. Gulping, I struggled to speak, my breathing was fast and erratic by now.

“I.. I’ll have the Jumbo Maxx Destroyer p.p..please.” I stammered to the man at the counter. I added a pair of furry cuffs and a large container of lube from the counter to my basket, then paid with my credit card, as ordered. The demon inside my rectum must have been loud enough for him to hear, but he said nothing – just grinned as he handed me my purchases in a large silver and red striped bag.

I assumed my tormentor was waiting for me to leave the shop before calling me again, so I left quickly, eager to get this over with one way or another. Standing outside the shop, still no call, so I made my way back towards the station. I was halfway there when the call came through.

“Are you ready for a romantic evening together? Are you wet yet? Do you ache to be fucked?”

At this point I desperately wanted to be fucked – the constant buzzing in my gut was driving me insane. I was visibly weeping and sobbing out loud “YES!”

another message was texted to me.

“Oh you insatiable little slut. I need time to recover, but I have a friend in need of relief. Turn left at Barnsley Street and look for a white van, knock on the back door and say Mister B sent you.”

Oh jeeze – now he’s farming me out? At this point I don’t care, I’m desperate for relief and I dare not disappoint him. He has enough on me to destroy my life.

I soon find the white van, and as I knock on the back door, it opens and a heavy set dark skinned man says “You sent by the phone guy?”

“Mister B – yes.”

“At last!” he grumbles and drags me into the van, slamming the door behind me. “I’ve been waiting nearly an hour – you’d better be worth it.”

The huge man starts to pull down his trousers and pants. I’m guessing he’s probably a bouncer, because he is nearly seven feet tall, broad shouldered, huge muscles, and a shaven head. I unbutton my trousers quickly, trying not to stare at the monster between his legs, but I can;t help it. Even semi hard, his member is nine inches long and two inches wide across his bulging cockhead. He pushes me down over a square stuffed pouffe and pulls down my underpants. Immediately the still buzzing plug shoots out across the van and rattles in the corner.

“Ha ha – he’s right, you really cant wait to be filled. Well brace yourself bud – here it comes.”

As moist and horny as I was, I wasn’t ready for that monster cock. I screamed as the huge member plunged deep into my gut. His cock was so thick I felt like my sphincter was going to rip. The giant man laughed as he grabbed my hips and rammed into me as hard as he could, then almost pulled my insides out as he withdrew ten inches of meat with an audible pop, and promptly thrust back in again. It hurt at first, but with each stroke my anus stretched and dilated to accommodate him, and by the time he cum, I was begging for more.

“You want more cock in yer ass?” he asked

“Urgh yessss!” was all I could say.

“Hear that Ty?” he called to the driver. “He’s so cock hungry he’s offering us a freebie. Get yer ass back here and empty yer balls into his sweet hole.”



"You sure Lee? Mister B said this was your reward."

There was a brief scuffle as the driver of the van clambered over the seats, then I felt something warm and fleshy press into my still gaping hole. Ty wasn't as big as the black bouncer who had just reamed me but he still had a good length and was as hard as iron as he thrust his cock into my wet hole. He also had staying power, and was thrusting his ramrod in and out of my back passage for so long I thought he would never finish. By the time he was done, Lee (the well hung giant) was ready for seconds, and my tired anus was once more being stretched wide as he buried his two inch thick salami deep into my gut. By the time he had finished I was close to passing out. The two men were talking about maybe fetching some guy named Al, but then a phone buzzed. I don't know if it was mine or theirs, but I heard Lee say "We gotta take him round to the shed - he's ready for him now."

They helped me dress, putting the butt-plug back in my ass, but it had humming now. Maybe it needed recharging, or maybe my tormentor had turned it off. Ty climbed back into the driving seat, and the van pulled out of the back alley. By now it had grown dark, and I didn't have a clue where I was. I was beginning to worry that this would never end, that I would never be free.

Eventually the van stopped and the men helped me out of the van. I never really got a good view of Ty, but he was pretty well built, about six feet tall, and had a well trimmed black beard. I wondered if I would ever see them again as the van drove off, leaving me standing outside a shed under a bridge. A standard sized door in the big shutter opened and a dark shadowy figure told me to follow him inside.

I was surprised that what looked like any ordinary garage or lockup from the outside looked more like a photographic studio on the inside. There was a large white screen on the back wall, red velvet drapes on the side walls, and studio lights in front of the rolling shutters. Plus, of course, a large metal frame bed in the middle of the room, and a camera and tripod to the side.

My host was dressed in a full leather gimp suit, and a gas mask obscuring his face. I was a little disturbed by his appearance, but also a little comforted. If he was wanting to remain anonymous throughout, then that supposes he was willing to let me go - eventually. He silently took the flowers off me, and relieved me of the silver and red bag, taking out the contents and admiring them. It was impossible to say whether he was pleased or disappointed with my choices, as he said nothing, and I couldn't see any expression through the mask.

He walked over to a laptop on a table in a corner and pressed a key. An electronic neutral voice spoke - probably reading out from a pre-typed script.

"Tonight you will be mine. I will not harm you, and tomorrow you may return home. But know this - I now own you. I will permit you to carry on with your life as normal, but whenever you get my call you will obey me explicitly. Fail me and I will expose you. If you understand and accept this, take off your clothes and lie on the bed."

Well what else could I do? If he sends those pictures of what took place today, I would lose my job, my reputation, my friends and family. I began to undress. When I got down to removing those tight black pants I blushed with shame as the butt plug fell out of my ass to splash in the cum filled pants. My host put those to one side, and neatly folded my own clothes, placing them safely in the bag. As I lay on the bed he fastened my wrists to the bed posts with two sets of cuffs. This was the moment I feared the most - now I was completely at his mercy.

He picked up a beaded wand vibrator from a box of "toys" and began to tease my cock and balls with it. As soon as my cock was hard and beginning to drip, he lifted my thighs and traced the buzzing toy



between my balls and anus, and as I groaned in pleasure he inserted the small buzzing wand slowly into my ass. Pressing the tip against my prostate, he placed a bolster in front of my ass to prevent me squeezing the vibrating toy out, then straddled my chest. He unzipped the crotch of his outfit to release his throbbing eight inch cock, then leaned forward to press the tip of his penis against my lips. I knew the drill by now, and lovingly ran my tongue over the glistening glans, giving his crown little kisses until he was ready to press his cockhead fully into my mouth. I sucked on his cock, let him feed more and more of it; length into my mouth until the head was deep in my throat.

Then, just as I thought he was going to shoot his load down my throat, he withdrew and dismounted. He took another toy out of the box - a gyrating "rabbit" vibrator with little rubber spines. As he removed the wand from my pouting hole and replaced it with the new toy I actually squealed as I felt the buzzing penis shaped device wriggle inside me. The small rubber nubs clung to the inside of my bowel, intensifying the movements as it gyrated. I gritted my teeth, my sphincter muscles dilating as much as they could as this invader played with my insides like nothing I had felt before.

"Aaaarh Aaaarh! For chrisake fuck me!" I screamed at last, unable to take this teasing anymore. But he responded by pushing it deeper in me until the vibrating rabbit ears were tickling my balls. By now I was literally sobbing, and wetting the bed sheets with mucus. Then he put my legs over his shoulders, pulled out the vibrating toy, and hoisted my knees up to my ears as he plunged his cock deep into my hungry hole. I wrapped my ankles around his back and rolled to meet each thrust, greedy to take his meaty cock deep inside my guts.

"Fill me!" I screamed, fuck me deep, fill my belly with your cum" I demanded. Oh my god - did I really say that? Yes, I did, and I meant it, I wanted him to totally possess me. And he did. He fucked me hard, and then cum deep inside my gut and not stopping until it leaked out of my asshole in a foamy mess. And even then he wasn't finished with me. He returned to his infernal toybox and brought out the new mega dildo I had bought from the shop. My eyes widened in terror as he broke open the plastic seal and brandished the two foot long monstrosity. It was shaped pretty much like a human cock, but several times bigger. It was slightly tapered, but all the same the cockhead was as big as a fist, and the shaft was as thick as Lees arm.

He scooped a dollop of lube and smeared it liberally over the dildo before trying to push it inside me. I screamed, he strained, but could not get the monster in - my sphincter had reached it's limit. He suddenly had a thought and returned to his toybox. This time he brought out what looked like an average sized dildo, but with a tube and a bulb attached. He thrust the inflatable deep inside me, then started pumping. At first I felt wonderfully filled, but then the pressure grew making me want to force the intruder out. He pumped it some more, and the discomfort grew. A few more pumps of the bulb and I was in pain, my stomach bloated and my anus felt like it would rip apart.

Suddenly something won and something gave, and with a relief so great that I ejaculated,, the inflated dildo was forced out of me. My master held up the swollen dildo to show me how big it was, and I swear he was grinning behind that mask. He deflated it and began again, pushing it deep into my ass and pumping it up until it could no longer be contained. It was uncomfortable and painful inside me, but the feeling I got from pushing it out was truly orgasmic. I was afraid though - I was helpless cuffed to the bed, and i'm sure he was pumping it a little bit more each time. What if next time the dildo won and my gut lost? What if my insides ruptured?

After the fifth time, he rammed a big dollup of lube up inside my ass with his fingers, and tried the jumbo maxx destroyer once more. This time as he pushed the head against my poor sphincter, he slapped the base of the dildo hard with the palm of his hand, and with a sickening wave of pain I felt it breach. He hit the base hard again, and it slid inside me a few more inches. It was less painful this time, and after giving me a few seconds to get used to it, he began working the huge dildo back and

forth, stretching my anus so wide I passed out.

When I awoke my head was throbbing and my throat was dry. I don't know how long I had been out or what was done with me whilst I was unconscious, but there was nothing in my ass now. My host was gently cleaning my body with a warm sponge, and as soon as he realised I was awake, poured me a glass of juice. I noticed that his computer screen was showing an ever changing slideshow of myself being fucked by himself, Lee, Ty, and numerous sex toys. He pressed a mouse button on an icon and the fake voice read out a new message.

"Well done - I knew you had it in you to satisfy me, and I knew you would enjoy it. You are the right type. We will have many fun games together you and I. And a few special friends. Don't worry - I will call when I want you."

I felt abused, violated, used. And he was right - I liked it.

I'm not sure I will stay with Michael. I love him dearly, but truth be known our relationship had gone a little stale and he was beginning to bore me. Now I had a double life to lead, and Michael might make that difficult. At first my ordeal seemed like a nightmare, a bizarre fantasy, but now it seems like my ordinary life is just a façade, and my encounters with the unnamed, faceless man are when I am truly alive.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Two**

It was almost two weeks later when I got my next assignment. I found a parcel on my doorstep when I got home from work with a note. The note simply said "Go jogging in Victoria park at 7:30 pm. Clothing inside."

I opened the parcel to find a cheap thin tracksuit, a pair of PVC pants, and a medium sized black butt-plug. There was a note with the plug saying to lube it well before inserting, then wear the PVC pants under the track suit. It was already 6:40 when I opened the package, so there wasn't much time. I undressed in my living room, lubed up the butt-plug, and squeezed it into my ass. It was pretty uncomfortable because I hadn't time to prepare myself first, but the tight PVC pants ensured it wouldn't come out whilst jogging. I slipped on the track suit, then took a peek at myself in the hall mirror. It was a thin material, but not see through thin, so I wasn't going to make a fool of myself or get arrested, but I could tell there was something flat in the top left pocket. There was a cheap mobile phone, which I presumed was to be my means of contact.

I was right - as soon as I turned it on it buzzed and at the same time the butt-plug vibrated inside me. Obviously linked to the mobile (or the mobile of whoever was calling me) and I had an incoming text.

"Are you ready for a new game? If you proceed with this you are committing to completing the mission. Failure is not acceptable, so either back out now or agree to the mission."

I needed some excitement and intrigue in my boring life, so foolishly I agreed.

I slipped on a pair of white socks and a pair of trainers, then with my house key round my neck on a string I set off for the park.

I'd forgotten to put my watch on, so I wasn't sure if I had reached the park gates in time. I must say, I felt very uncomfortable jogging with a butt-plug in my ass, and was working up a hell of a sweat. I looked around, and then started jogging around the park waiting to be contacted. I didn't have to wait long, because after barely three minutes there was a buzz in my top left pocket, and

simultaneously a strong buzz deep inside my rectum that almost made me stumble.

I took out the mobile and read the incoming text message.

“Well done – you are fit aren’t you? Can you jog to the car-park before my next message? You have two minutes.”

I put the mobile back in my pocket and began jogging as quickly as I could. I knew where the car-park was, but I was not at all sure I could get there in two minutes. Particularly whilst jogging with something big in my ass.

I must have looked quite a sight with my strange mincing jog – rather like someone in desperate need of the toilet. I thought of just clenching hard and running to the car-park, but my instructions said to jog, and I knew that anything other than a jog would very likely involve some forfeiture and might look dodgy to anyone watching me.

I jogged a tight curve around the pond, then made a bee line across to the gates, my heart beating furiously as I tried to ignore the ache in my shins. Almost there – I’m through the gate and just five yards from the car-park, I’m going to make it! But no. I feel another buzz in my chest that I might have mistaken for a heart attack if it weren’t for the stronger, more insistent buzz in my back passage that literally brought me to my knees.

My anus dilated involuntarily, which would undoubtedly ejected the butt-plug had those damned tight pants not held it in. That just enabled the little buzzing toy more freedom to jiggle around inside me. I fumbled for the mobile and turned on the message. Gradually the vibrations died down as I read my next message.

“Too bad – you didn’t quite make it. Your forfeit is waiting in the toilet block – don’t leave him unsatisfied.”

I picked myself up and jogged over to the public convenience at the edge of the car-park. On the way I passed a familiar looking white van, but this had a “Mystery Machine” decal on the side. I was expecting to meet Lee again, but as I entered the gents I was in for a surprise. Immediately, the butt-plug started buzzing and vibrating inside me, but I didn’t feel the phone buzz. Had I dropped it outside? I put my hand to my chest and felt the shape of the little mobile in the top pocket still. Obviously I was meant to use my own initiative here.

There was only one man at the urinals, and it wasn’t Lee or Ty. I approached the urinal and stood next to him, turning around to see if the stalls were occupied. One was. So who was my assignment – the man in the stall or the man at the urinal? I looked at the man standing next to me. He was grey haired, slightly balding, with a weathered face, probably in his late fifties to early sixties I would guess. He was of average build with a biggish beer belly and holding a semi-erect cock in his right hand – I assumed I was to finish the job, so tentatively reached out to touch it. He let go of his penis and turned to face me as I fondled his stiffening dick. The vibrations in my ass were tickling like crazy, and sounded so loud to me. I wondered if the tell-tale buzzing could be heard by others or whether I only heard them because they were coming from inside my own body.

I glanced over to the stall and could see an eye peer through a hole in the door. Someone was there for the view, and I wondered if it was my tormentor. I bent down and pressed my lips to the now erect penis in front of me. I circled my tongue around his crown, flicked the tip of my tongue on his frenulum a few times, then took his throbbing cock in my mouth. I slid the shaft in and out between my pursed lips, sucking on his glans and working it with my tongue. His hands ran over my head as his fingers played with my hair, then he grabbed the back of my head and forced his cock down my

throat. At first I started to gag, but then learned to relax and just imagined I was swallowing a sausage. His thrusts suddenly became wilder and more frantic, and I was about to gag again when he suddenly ejaculated.

I coughed and spluttered as his cum splattered my throat and then my face as he spurted again. Once I had recovered I sucked the cum off his cock and stood up. He eased his cock back into his trousers, smiled and pointed to an empty cubical with a carrier bag inside. "change into the clothes in the bag" he said.

I entered the cubical and struggled out of the track suit which was now soaked in sweat. In the bag was a mop-top wig, a red mini skirt, an orange turtle-neck sweater, and a large pair of glasses. There was a pocket in the inside of the sweater just large enough for me to slip the mobile phone.

"You can keep the pants on." the old man said. I would have anyway, because they were the only thing keeping the butt-plug from literally rattling out of my ass. Once I was in the ridiculous outfit, he told me to follow him. I felt kind of silly in the cheap wig and the ridiculous short skirt, but I knew better than to disobey.

I put the tracksuit in the plastic bag and followed him outside, expecting him to lead me to the van, but instead he led me to an old yellow Datsun. An Asian looking man in the driver's seat opened the passenger door and told me to get in. He looked around thirty or forty, thin build, but tall.

"Ever been dogging? He asked in a slight Indian accent. I told him no. "Well you are now." he grinned.

I sat uncomfortably next to him as he pulled out of the car-park and drove out of town. The butt-plug had changed it's vibrations to a rhythmic pulse, and by now my cock was hard and dripping in those tight PVC pants that were starting to feel squishy. We drove out of town and onto the motorway for about twenty miles, then turned off into a town I wasn't acquainted with. The butt-plug continued with it's pulsing buzz, making my anus dilate and ache for a good fuck.

Twenty minutes later we were pulling into another car-park in the middle of a retail park that was surprisingly active for this time of night. It wasn't dark yet, but the sun was setting. Looking around I saw that some of the cars had couples in them making out, and others just had lone drivers sitting at the wheel, watching. I unbuckled my seat belt as my driver did the same - it was pretty obvious this was our destination and I had a pretty good idea what was expected of me.

My Indian driver unzipped his fly and eased his trousers down to his knees, then pulled his dick out from the top of his boxers. I took my cue, and immediately began to make his cock hard with my mouth. To be honest I was a little disappointed that his member wasn't a big fat monster cock - it was average girth, but soon grew very hard and of a decent length.

As soon as it was hard enough, he told me to turn around and kneel on the seat facing the passenger door. As soon as I did, he pulled down my sweaty PVC pants, and jiggled the butt-plug around before pulling it out with ease.

My gaping anus felt a cool breeze before he swiftly filled it with his cock. By then I was desperate to be fucked and rocked back towards his hips to impale myself on his hard organ.

"Not so fast." he said. "Open the door."

I shuffled forwards and opened the passenger door to find that a number of men had gathered around the car and were watching us.

"You know what to do." he said, and I understood perfectly. I edged towards the door and reached

out to grab the cock of a man who was standing close with his trousers round his knees. He stepped closer so I could suck his cock whilst my driver fucked me. His cock may not have been big, but he could fuck real fast, and so deep.

The man I was sucking off was already hard and had been wanking off to us, so it wasn't long before his throbbing cockhead exploded with cum in my mouth. I sucked him dry, then called for the next. My next "customer" was a tall and very well toned negro who obviously worked out. I ran my fingers over his abs before settling around his thick shaft, then took his big purple glans into my mouth and sucked on it like a plum as I held his huge balls in my hand. Gradually I felt the huge organ stiffen and grow to an impressive nine inches long. The girth was so thick I could barely get my fist around it, and knew I wouldn't be able to deep throat him.

I didn't need to worry, because my driver thrust once more into my anus and emptied his swollen balls into my gut. As he pulled out, I turned in my seat and began to clean his dick with my mouth as the black fellow by the door grabbed my ass and pressed his huge cockhead against my wet hole.

After having a vibrating butt-plug in my ass for over two hours and being nicely fucked by my Asian driver, I was ready for this, so as big as he was, the huge negro easily slid his throbbing cock inside me. His pounding was slow, but deep and filling, his thick shaft stretching my sphincter wide as his bulbous bell-end hammered my prostate. With each stroke he straightened out my gut and thrust deeper and deeper until he was slamming all nine inches into my hungry bowel. That wonderful feeling as his huge cock slid in and out of my arse was so good I actually cum before he did, and was panting hard by the time he hosed my colon with his sticky love juice.

Finally sated, he pulled his big cock out of my ass, and it was quickly filled by the next man. I raised my head to look around through the window to see just how many men I was to service, and noticed that white van parked besides us.

I barely felt the next cock, and the next three men that fucked my ass were just slipping in and out of a well oiled hole. Then the phone buzzed. I read the message whilst being fucked: "Not a bad display I suppose - but the real show is yet to come. Time to change vehicles - your next lover is in the back of the van. Make sure you satisfy his needs."

As the last man pulled his dick out of my dripping anal cavity, I took the pants off from round my ankles, and exited the car to a round of applause, then walked round the back of the car to open the back door of the van. Then I got a real shock that stopped me in my tracks.

In the back of the van was a mattress, the old man from the park toilets, and a large cage up at the cab end of the van. In the cage, which the old man was in the process of opening, was a large Great Dane. Surely they weren't serious? The phone buzzed.

"It's time for Velma to give Scooby his treat. What are you waiting for? If you don't do this, you will be abandoned here and everything goes public."

I had no choice but to go through with it. I climbed into the back of the van and slowly approached the huge dog, not knowing quite what to do or what was expected? Should I masturbate the huge hound? Suck him off? I looked between his legs to see a heavy sheath with a bright red pointy member sticking out, and a huge pair of balls behind.

"Just get down on all fours" whispered the old man, "we'll take care of everything else."

The murmuring of the crowd died down and silence fell as at least eight men and three women gathered around the back of the van to watch me get down on my hands and knees on the mattress.

I felt someone lift the short red skirt up over my back and the cool breeze played across my bare buttocks. Something rough, warm, and wet rasped against my ass – I presumed it to be the dog's tongue. His nose tickled my ass a few times, then I felt his enormous weight on my back as he mounted me. Something hot and wet prodded at my ass, then I felt a sharp stab as his hard dick penetrated my anus. I could feel the hound's breath on my neck as he thrust his hips at my ass, burying his bone deep inside my back passage. His front paws gripped my belly tightly as his cock throbbed and swelled inside me.

At first his cock was hard and thin, and penetrated me easily, but it was swelling quickly as it became engorged. My face was flushed bright red as everyone watched me being fucked by the huge Great Dane, and I couldn't believe I was actually letting this happen. He thrust hard and I felt my anus stretch wide as he pushed his hard knot inside my rectum, and his hot pre-cum dribbled out of my anus and down my thighs. His wild thrusts were really strong as his now enormous cock filled my gut, and it felt oh so hot, burning in my belly. Tears ran down my face, tears of shame as I let a dog fuck me in front of an audience, tears of pain as the beast roughly fucked me with his enormous canine cock, and more tears of shame over the fact that I was loving it. I felt so utterly filled as his big cock throbbed and pulsed inside my gut, rutting fiercely and without mercy.

Then I ejaculated as I felt him flood my belly with his hot cum, and the audience cheered. The heavy dog lay across my back for a couple of minutes as he shot spurt after spurt inside me until my aching belly was swollen, then eventually tried to dismount. At first he couldn't pull out, and for a few painful minutes we were butt to butt as he tried to pull his enormous swollen knot out of my ass. Eventually, he gave a big heave with all his strength, and with an audible pop, his massive organ was free. There was a round of applause from the audience, but it hurt like hell. I yelped in pain, feeling like my arse had been kicked by a hobnail boot. At least a cupful of his cum gushed out of my gaping hole to splatter against the mattress.

I turned my head to see Scooby licking his cock, and was amazed that something so huge had been inside me. It was a strangely shaped organ – bright pink at the pointed tip, turning purple at the bulge in the middle, then getting very narrow before a huge bulbous pink knot at the base. I collapsed with exhaustion as several men gathered at the back of the van to wank over me, and was soon covered from head to toe in their cum. They treated my like a filthy slut, and I adored it.

They carried me exhausted and sticky to the car and I was driven home. Once I felt able, I staggered upstairs to the bathroom and took a long shower. Even after the shower I was convinced I still reeked of dog, and lay on my side thinking.

This had gone too far – things were way out of control. What depravity would I be forced into next? How could I bring this to a stop?

~~~~~

### **Chapter Three**

I was worried about all those pictures that were snapped during my last escapade. I don't know whether the people at the dogging site were all acquaintances of Mr B, or just random doggers that happened to be there. If the latter then I might be able to trust their discretion, but if the former then with all those pics, there's a good chance of one or more ending up being shared on the internet.

How well did a wig and a pair of specs disguise my face? Could I be recognised? It was getting dark by the time I was in the back of the van with.....

They had flashes though. Most of the time I had my head down or turned away from them .... I think. Could I be identified? Could I be recognised by someone who knows me? I kind of doubt that people who know me are going to come across those images by accident – but if they were sent to them? I was tempted to do a search on the internet to see if I crop up under “man dressed as Velma” or “Scooby Doo rule 34” but I was afraid of what I might find.

Damn it! Why did I agree to go ahead with it? Why didn't I back out? What he had on me before was embarrassing and could have cost me my job, but what he has now could put me in prison and totally destroy my life.

I was feeling tired and exhausted, so went to bed – but was plagued by a dream of being fucked by a hoard of strangers who turned into huge dogs in the middle of the park in broad daylight with people looking and staring.

I woke up late and aching all over. Thankfully it was Saturday and I didn't have to worry about work. I had a lunch date with Michael at twelve, so I took another shower, convinced that I still reeked of sweat, dog, and semen. Even if I didn't still carry the scent of my depraved evening out, there was another problem. That damned dog had left claw marks on my thighs and belly. How do I explain that to Michael? Would he believe I fell into a hedge? It's ten times more believable than the truth.

“How did you get those scratches Alan?”

“Oh – I was fucked by Scooby Doo whilst dressed as Velma.”

“Very funny – now tell me the truth.”

Well there's one childhood memory ruined – I'll never be able to watch that cartoon again.

Of course, there is no guarantee Michael will see me naked before they have healed. We haven't been seeing as much of each other lately, and there was no indication that today's lunch date would be anything more than a shared meal together. Should I dress smart or casual? Does it matter? To be frank, I rather hoped that nothing would come of the date, because I really wasn't feeling up for a shag, and I certainly wasn't in the mood for being romantic. I decided on casual.

Just as I was deciding which jacket to wear the phone rang out, playing the Scooby Doo theme song. How the hell did that bastard change the ring tone?

A new message giving me a link to a website, a login name of SluttyVelma, and a password. I followed the link and logged in (apparently I had a platinum account) to an adults only site that was dedicated to pornographic images and cartoons of the Scooby Doo gang called “The XXX Adventures of Scooby and Pals”. Right in the centre was a big circle with a photo of me dressed as Velma standing by the van. The picture had been photo-shopped to slightly distort my face, create breast bumps on my jersey, and to make the van green.

I tapped on the circle and was taken to a new page which displayed several photos of me being fucked by men, sucking them off, and climbing into the van. Then several photos of me being fucked by the Great Dane. Fortunately my face was not clearly visible in most of them, and in those that did show my face it was distorted a little to resemble the cartoon character a little more..

my heart sank and I felt sick to the pit of my stomach – my shame was online. At least I couldn't be recognised. It was also kind of cool that in pictures where my dick or balls were visible, they had been photo-shopped to look considerably bigger – presumably to make it extra clear that the Velma in the sequence of shots was a trans man or androgynous.

Most of the pictures of me and the dog were side on images due to how we were positioned in the van, but the photographer had managed to get a few from other angles to give a better view of my ass being penetrated, and at least one three quarter view of me face on, grimacing as the huge beast



humped my rear.

After a while I was quite disturbed to realise I had developed an erection whilst looking at the images, and was getting turned on. I quickly turned the phone off and slipped it into my jacket pocket before leaving the house - now running a little late.

Michael was clearly getting pissed off when I turned up at the bistro where we had agreed to meet. I apologised for being late, to which he sneered "Glad you decided to turn up - I was beginning to think you had stood me up."

"Oh for chrissake Michael, it's only ten minutes."

I noticed that I had obviously made a mistake in dressing casual, as Michael had uncharacteristically opted for a suit with waistcoat and tie.

"Nice of you to make the effort to dress." he commented sarcastically.

"I have to wear a suit every day for work." I said "the weekend is my time to relax and be myself."

"And who would that be?" he asked. I know what he was getting at - and he was right, I had changed.

then I added rather unnecessarily "You look like you're dressed up for a job interview."

Yeah - that was a bit bitchy. He was trying to be romantic and I just had a dig at his unemployed status. Below the belt. I felt bad as he visibly flinched. I might just as well have slapped him.

I ordered a couple of white wines whilst we decided what to have from the menu. I forget what Michael finally picked but I would have thought if he was bored waiting for me then he would have chosen his meal already rather than making such a big show of not making his mind up for fifteen bloody minutes whilst I patiently put up with his passive aggressiveness. He was beginning to irritate me.

We both attempted to make small talk a couple of times during the meal, but mostly ate in awkward silence.

"Any plans for the weekend?" he asked eventually.

"There's an Iron Man movie on at the Flics." I replied

"Seen it - went with Angie on Thursday."

"Any good?"

Michael shrugged. "Okay I guess."

this pretty much ruled out extending the date to going to a movie together, which to be honest was a relief. Another ninety minutes of us sitting together not speaking would have added to the discomfort. This was more than him just being in a mood because I was ten minutes late. He resented being here, which means either he's seeing someone else, or he suspects I am. Which in a sense is true. I considered making more of an effort, but was torn as to whether I felt it was worth it or not.

"Going to Sparkles tonight?" I asked. I suppose I could have worded that differently - Do you want to go to Sparkles tonight? Shall we go out tonight? He shrugged.

Well, I tried. Maybe not very hard, but Michael is too much work, too insecure and high maintenance, but above all too passive. I have changed - or at least know myself a little better now. I need someone who is dominant, and Michael just isn't that person.

I finished my meal and paid both our bills, then said "I'll see you around". I think I heard Michael start to sniff as I turned to leave, but it was pointless to do anything about it.

I did my weekend shopping then returned home feeling somewhat depressed. When I got home, I found a note pinned to my door. It was typed (or printed) and read:

"Sorry your date didn't go too well. Never mind - I've found you a new boyfriend to keep you happy

and safe.”

WTF? It’s pretty obvious who left the note, but how did he know that my meeting with Michael had gone so badly? Was he stalking us? Silly question, of course he was. I still have no idea who Mr B really is or what he looks like, but by now it was pretty clear that he was observing me a lot closer than I realised. It was somewhat scary – in fact it was terrifying, like something out of a slasher movie. And very exciting.

Common sense would say go to the police now, but I daren’t. How could I go to the police without revealing what I did last night? Until the dog incident, everything else was just an embarrassment that would jeopardise my job (and I was close to getting a promotion), but the dog sex was an illegal act that would get me a prison sentence even though it was allegedly under duress. Now I was truly trapped.

As I unlocked the door I noticed something for the first time. The key turned smoother, and the lock looked shinier. I looked at my Yale key – it was new! Icy fingers ran up my spine as I realised that at some point during the night (maybe whilst I was out being fucked), someone had changed my lock, then planted the new keys on me without me realising.

In the hallway there was an envelope stuck to the mirror. I opened it with shaking hands and read the note inside.

“Your home security wasn’t very good and I was rather concerned for your safety – so I’ve made a few upgrades. New locks of course (you must take better care of your keys), security cameras (please don’t remove them – I want to be able to keep a close eye on you), and of course your new best friend who will keep you safe.”

I heard a padding sound come from the living room.

“Scooby is yours now (or rather you are his – he’s definitely made you his bitch) – there is a book on the coffee table instructing new owners on how to take care of a Great Dane.”

I turned my head to see the huge buff coloured dog who raped me now sitting in my hallway.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Four**

I’ve never owned a dog before, but I’m not particularly afraid of them – normally. In this case though, we are talking about a dog almost as big as myself and who literally raped my ass last night. Still – he didn’t look all that ferocious, so I tentatively approached him.

“Hello Scooby.” I said softly. He responded immediately and stood up to greet me with his big wet tongue. Well he was certainly trained to be friendly – he’d only met me once and was already greeting me like an old friend. I felt an overwhelming urge to give him a big hug and suddenly he was my dog. My Scooby.

Maybe it was because my meeting with Michael had left me feeling sad and lonely, but as this big soft giant slathered my face with “kisses” I realised just why dog owners had such a bond with their pets. They are a sure tonic for anyone feeling blue.

It was after hugging him for a good solid ten minutes that I realised he was a little bit aroused – a bright red shiny tip was just beginning to peak from his furry sheath. Was he horny for me? Before

now I wouldn't have dreamed of touching an animal's genitals, but seeing as that cock of his had already been buried deep in my ass and filling my belly with his love juice, I felt that barrier was already down, so prompted by my curiosity I reached down and gently stroked his warm sheath.

Right away, more of his red rocket poked from the pocket of fur and began to dribble. Trying hard not to, I moved my hand up to stroke that wet quivering flesh. I was surprised at how warm it was – much warmer than human temperature. Scooby tried to hump my arm and I soon found I had a massive throbbing monster cock in my fist. Scooby started to get very frisky as his cock became engorged and was soon too big for me to get my hand around. I was sitting on the floor trying to wank him off but he had other ideas and tried to mount my face. I began to suck on the end of his hot cock, but it was big and his fierce thrusting scared me – he could seriously damage my face with that weapon. He seemed to know exactly what he was doing, and I was pretty sure I was not the first human he had fucked. Maybe he had been trained for this from an early age, or maybe his previous owner had got into the habit of allowing him to be too amorous, but there was no doubting he had experience.

I struggled out of my slacks and pulled off my boxers as he jumped all over me – there was only one way this could go now. I had merely intended to jerk him off, but he wasn't going to settle for that, and he had already determined who was the dominant partner in this relationship. Now half naked I hugged him again, this time wrapping my legs around him as well as my arms, then fell back as he lunged forward. I curved my back and raised my ass towards his thrusting groin, and yelled in pain as his hard bone jabbed my taint. That hurt, but an inch higher and he would have smashed my balls, so it could have been worse. I put my hand between my thighs to guide him home, then felt a sharp pain as his hard member stabbed my anus.

I should have thought clearer – last night he penetrated me whilst still small and not engorged, after I had been holding in a butt-plug for two hours and then been fucked til my hole was gaping. Now I wasn't even lubed. Fortunately he was spurting enough pre-cum to help that, but it still hurt as he rammed his glistening red torpedo into my rectum.

He filled me completely, even though he couldn't get his knot inside me to tie (I felt it hammer ruthlessly against my ass), his hot penis was huge and throbbed inside my gut as he humped me. I was panting harder than he was and arched my back, bringing my knees up high as he fucked my arse deep and hot. I felt his drooling wet tongue in my mouth, but didn't care – this was pure lust – a goddam fucking sex machine.

He seemed to go at it forever, and as I ejaculated I began to wonder when he would stop. Did he just keep fucking until he had enough, or was there a command to tell him to stop – a command I did not know. I could feel his hot cum sloshing about inside my guts, so I knew he did just stop once he'd cum. After a while my insides were aching from the constant battering they were getting from his cock, and my sphincter was starting to become loose again. My head was spinning and I was beginning to feel nauseous, but eventually he seemed to have had enough, and slid off my body, pulling his now shrinking cock out of me.

I lay exhausted in a puddle of doggy cum that leaked from my arse, whilst Scooby sat licking himself. I don't know how long we had been fucking – I lost all sense of time, but when I picked myself up and limped to the living room it was almost 5pm.

What had I done? Last night I had an excuse – I was being blackmailed, and had little choice but to let the dog rape me, but this was different. True, it could not be said that I was in full control, but I initiated the contact, I had every intention of masturbating the big horny dog, and totally allowed everything to take place because I wanted it. Okay, so what happened last night broke down a

barrier, but the perversion that lay behind that barrier is totally my own. Another part of myself has been revealed to me – I am a zoophile and I love to be fucked by dogs. Well a dog at least. As I lay back on the living room sofa, Scooby came padding into the room and sat in front of me, his head cocked to one side as though waiting for me to do or say something.

I took a wild guess and patted the seat next to me saying “okay boy.”. Apparently that’s exactly what he was waiting for, because he jumped up onto the sofa next to me and began licking my face again. He looked kind of comical trying to act like a puppy, but being like weighing 150 pounds.

“Awww – who’s a big softy then?” I said as I hugged him, then let him lie with his head on my lap. Yeah – this was love. Maybe not love at first sight, because to be honest the first time I saw him he scared the crap out of me, but now I was totally over that and felt a real happiness. Totally forgetting that in order for him to be here someone had to illegally enter my home, change the locks, fit hidden cameras, and almost certainly tamper with my belongings, violating my privacy.

The TV reminded me. Yes – the freaking TV! The forty inch wall mounted screen suddenly switched on, flickered to life, then displayed a message. Bright green text scrolled down a black background.

“”You were quick there. You couldn’t wait until you were out of the hallway even – you had to have his canine dick right there. You didnt even get changed, you horny slut.”

How the hell did he do that? How does he just hack into my TV? Okay, I’m not the most technically savvy guy, so I’m going to assume he’s fitted some sort of receiver device between the DVD recorder and the TV, and rigged some sort of remote or a timer so he can activate it from a van outside or something. Or maybe my stalker is still in the house somewhere? I was a bit freaked at that idea, but couldn’t take my eyes off the screen. The text message was replaced by a very clear video image of my hallway, I knew it was my hallway because I recognised the carpet and the coat-stand by the door. And I recognised the wristwatch on my wrist as I tossed off the easily recognisable big sandy coloured dog in the middle of the hallway.

I wasn’t at all surprised that I had been spied upon, though I must admit I was surprised by the picture quality – that is some impressive camera. The text screen returned.

“I am so glad you like your new friend, and i’m sure you will take very good care of each other. I should point out that Scooby is a very special dog (as i’m sure you have already discovered) – he is very smart, and has been very well trained. He know’s so many commands and phrases and will respond unfailingly to them. It’s such a shame you don’t know them.”

the picture switched back to a scene in the hallway, with me on my back and my legs over Scooby’s back as his huge dick pounded my ass.” then the text returned.

“Maybe if you please me, I will teach you some of the commands. In fact, as a reward for being so friendly and welcoming Scooby into your home, I will let you in on a little secret. He answers to two names. If I were you, I would only use his other name when in public. Yes – he has a double persona. Call him Duke and he will behave himself like any other dog. But call him Scooby, and he will be a bit more affectionate shall we say. When you get him to respond to that name, he knows that you are available to him. Just a helpful tip – you dont want him mounting you during walkies do you?”

Well that’s useful to know. I looked closer at Scooby’s collar, and in particular the diamond shaped medallion. There are a couple of little tags on the edges, and when I pressed them in, the SD in the centre swivels round so the medallion reads D instead. Clever.

I’m still not sure how I feel about my stalker. So far he has not actually harmed me, and I feel so

much more alive. He has blackmailed and threatened me, but not actually exposed me. He teases and torments me, but i'm loving that. What scares me is his methods and his behaviour - for all I know he could be a serial killer. Maybe if I displease him or he gets bored of me he might give some command phrase to Scooby to make him turn on me and rip my throat out. Now there's a scary thought. I looked down at the huge head resting in my lap. This beast is so strong, with the element of surprise in his favour I wouldn't stand a chance.

I wonder what he meant by "please him"? Will he reward me every time Scooby and I put on a little show for him? Or will I have to do more assignments like last night? It dawned on me that I can never again enjoy privacy, that everything I do in my own home will be observed by this manipulative weirdo. Every time I enjoy a naughty moment of tenderness with Scooby, my stalker will see it all. At least I assume so. I don't actually know just how many secret cameras he has hidden - but I must assume he has every square inch covered, and even when he's not watching live, he will probably be recording. I'm living in a private pervy peep show.

Again, I discover something about myself. This doesn't creep me out or sicken me - it excites me. I was beginning to suspect that I might be a true exhibitionist ever since our first encounter, but now I was sure of it, and felt comfortable with it. So there we have it - the excitement of a double life, and a journey of self discovery all in one. I think that is worth some sacrifice.

I noticed the big hardback book on the coffee table that shouldn't be there, next to my open laptop, and leaned forward to pick it up. It's the book mentioned in the hall note about taking care of Great Danes, so I decide to read it and learn as much as I can. Speaking of which - did I leave my laptop open this morning? Maybe I did, maybe I didn't - either way I feel it is highly unlikely that my intruder didn't do something with it - if nothing more than to copy my files and look at my browser history.

Another thought occurred to me. Just how long has he been stalking me? He made himself known to me just a couple of weeks ago in a public lavatory in a train station forty miles from where I live. Was it just a random encounter, or had he already been stalking me secretly for months or years? Secretly breaking into my home, hacking my laptop or computer at work, gathering information about me. Is he somebody I know, or have met at some time?

I continued to study the book whilst cuddled up on the sofa with my dog and best friend.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Five**

Sunday morning Was meant to be a lazy lie-in day, but Scooby had other ideas. I don't know where he found it (I never saw it when I came home Saturday), but he was standing by my bed with a lead in his mouth.

"Yeah I get it boy - you want walkies."

I got out of bed and pulled on yesterday's slacks and a fresh T-shirt, then fumbled under the bed for my socks and trainers. Somebody had been playing with them it seems. I threw on a leather jacket, slipped the front door keys in my pocket, and took "Duke" for a walk around the block and down to the canal tow-path. It was less populous than the park, and I didn't feel confident enough to walk him amongst other people yet.

Maybe it was because we weren't used to each other yet, or maybe it's because he was having difficulty in seeing me as the master, but I had a great deal of trouble controlling him. He kept

tugging on the leash and trying to walk faster than me. Maybe I just need to know a few of those commands Mister B was telling me about.

Speaking of whom – I wonder if he was watching me now? I kept glancing back, but couldn't spot anyone shadowing me. There were a few narrow boats on the canal, and a couple sitting together on the patio outside The Mariners, but nobody that I suspected as spying on me. I looked up at the sky and squinted in the sunlight to see if I could spot any drones above me. Could it be that I was actually alone and unsupervised here? I felt a kind of freedom, though ironically I was actually less free to pursue my own passions out here than at home.

By the time the headstrong animal had dragged me back home, I was tired and aching. I got the feeling that I really should have taken him to some place where I could have let him off his leash to run and play. The car was back from the repairshop now, so I could drive him up to Fern Hill where dog's are allowed off their leash – but I wasn't yet confident enough that he would come back to me when I called, so instead I just drove to the supermarket and bought the dog food that was helpfully added to my "to do" list that someone had helpfully pinned on my kitchen wall.

I have a high garden fence and a decent sized lawn behind my patio, so I played a game of catch with him in the late afternoon, until I noticed that whilst he was obsessed with gaining ownership of the rubber donut, I was becoming more and more distracted by the heavy swing of his genitalia, until I decided to put his energy to better use. His ears pricked up suddenly when I said "Time to play indoors Scooby." and led him through the French Windows into the living room. Making sure the curtains were closed, I told him to wait on the sofa whilst I nipped into the bedroom to change into the Velma costume I had kept.

I examined the angry red marks left by our first encounter and fished out two pair of socks to tie onto his paws. As soon as I appeared in the costume he seemed to know what was in store and became excited, making it difficult for me to get the socks on him, and by the time I was done he was already trying to jump onto my back. I quickly squeezed a glob of lube onto my hand and greased my hole for him. He was very eager, and it only took him a couple of tries to find the target. I experienced a warm thrill as his emerging rocket slid into my anus and out again. I took a deep breath and braced myself as he poked his bone inside me again, this time a little deeper. He clutched my waist and drew my ass towards his loins as he began humping, and I felt his hot dick slide deeper inside me, this time a little bigger as he became more erect.

I flexed my sphincter as his swelling organ thrust deeper in me, and then felt him slam his hard knot in my loosening hole. Now he was firmly inside me, his knot locked behind my ring and swelling quickly as his huge penis quickly became fully engorged. He was so huge and so utterly filled me like no human ever could. He's a very heavy dog, and had difficulty carrying his weight on my back, so crawled forward a couple of yards and lay over an eighteen inch round leather pouffe that I usually rest my feet on when watching the telly. His thrusts literally took my breath away, I was soon seeing stars as his huge throbbing meat hammered my prostate and began filling my gut with his hot precum. Canine ejaculate is several degrees warmer than human body temperature, so I could feel the warm rush as he spurted inside me.

My gut was over-filled and I felt an urgent need to empty my bowel, but even if Scooby had been willing to pull out of me, it would not have been possible just now as his huge knot kept his monster cock locked inside me. I heard him whine in my ear as he ejaculated inside me and the pressure in my bowels built up. Eventually he tried to dismount me, but his organ was still inside my ass as the tie was too firm. He continued to spurt and the pressure built up more. I could feel my anus stretch as the base of his round knobbly knot tried to force it open. My aching belly was swollen with an unendurable bulge of hot throbbing canine cock and doggy cum and my anus stretched wider and

wider until with a wet pop and a feeling of relief that made me cum, my ass gave birth to the swollen organ.

I awoke to Scooby licking my face and realised I must have passed out for a while. I hugged my canine lover, and lovingly kissed his slobbering face before grabbing his slowly deflating penis and sucked him clean. I ached all over – my back and legs from supporting his weight, my arse from being ravaged by his massive cock, and my belly from being over-filled and battered from the inside. But I felt an intense satisfaction and sense of fulfilment that is impossible to describe.

If I let Scooby fuck me like this every day, i'd soon have an arsehole like a clown's pocket. What then? Would I need something bigger to satisfy me? Would I end up with a permanently enlarged anus? Would I eventually wear out my ring and need to wear a diaper? I'll cross that bridge when I come to it, but for now I was happy to enjoy the most intense sex of my life for as often as Scooby is happy to oblige. So far, it was looking as if I would have trouble keeping up with his demands rather than the other way round.

Later I got a phone call from Michael – voice not text – asking me if I could meet him at The Queens Head on Wednesday evening at around 7.30. I said sure, and asked him if he wanted me to be casual or dressed up. He said whatever, so I'm figuring it's not a romantic date. Maybe he wants to apologise for Saturday, or expect me to apologise, or he wants to break up. I'm really hoping the latter because it takes the strain off me.

The next three days were quite busy, and I was relieved that I didn't hear from the stalker, apart from being sent video clips of edited highlights of my sexcapades with Scooby. It got to the stage where after each session of hot canine sex I looked forward to reviewing the home made porn. Every evening I checked the website that Mr B had created for me to watch "the xxx Rated Adventures of Scooby and Pals." Though I obviously had a free pass, it was a pay for view site and was getting a lot of hits, so Mister B was raking it in by exploiting me.

I didn't mind though – I rather enjoyed the attention, and there was no danger of exposure as the clips and pictures were always digitally altered so my face was unrecognisable. In most cases even the background was changed – usually swapping out my living room for a creepy forest or haunted house. Also, my promotion came through so I had no financial worries.

Wednesday came swiftly enough. I went straight from work (well after picking up a fresh bag of kibble and a dozen tins of dogmeat from the supermarket), so still had my suit on.

"You're wearing a suit?" Michael said, surprised.

"Don't get too excited – I haven't been home yet. Had to work late, and then do a bit of shopping."

"You're dressing up for work a lot these days."

"Have to now – I got moved up. I'm Geoff's P.A. Now."

"Well you have been doing that job since Thompson went on extended leave anyway."

"Yeah, I know – but now it's official. There's been a re-shuffle in the department, and Stephenson has got my old job."

"Musical chairs with jobs." Michael snorted.

"Yup – that's the way it works. Julie is moving out of Human Resources to fill his position, and Anne is moving out of Parks and Utilities. That means there will be a vacancy coming up for a filing clerk there. I can get you an application form and give you a sparkling reference if you want to go for it."

"Me? Work for the Council?" he seemed bemused by the idea.

"Sure. Okay, filing might sound boring, but since the cutbacks it would mean you would be pretty much running the office whenever the department head is out – which is quite often."

"Sounds like a lot of responsibility." Michael said doubtfully.



"Well there isn't a great deal to be honest. It's mostly managing the finances, and overseeing the wages of the park keepers, gardeners, grave diggers, and the public toilet sanitizers. That sort of thing."

"I'll be in charge of the town's cottages? Cool!" then, after we had a good laugh he said more seriously "Do you really think I have a chance of landing the job?"

"I don't see why not - just make sure they know you are gay and asthmatic. They have an Equal Opportunities quota to fill."

Michael took a few sips of his rum and coke and was silent for a while.

"You can do this Michael - I have faith in you, you just need faith in yourself. You know spreadsheets better than anyone I know." Michael smirked and shrugged, but I knew how much compliments meant to him. Maybe I never complimented him enough. "and Sage" I added, "don't forget to tell them you know your way around Sage - that's a biggie."

After his second drink he became quiet and said "Do you mind if we sit down?" I smiled and took him to a quiet corner. As we sat down to talk he looked uncomfortable. I noticed his left hand was fidgeting with the little rubber Pokemon on his key fob - something he always did when he was nervous.

"I've got a confession." he said, trying to avoid my gaze as he looked into his glass. "I.... I've been seeing someone." I smiled understandingly.

"I knew there was something off between us - just wasn't sure what." I said.

"His name's Simon. It was just friendship at first. But he's been really nice to me, and for the past couple of months it's been getting serious." He began to sniffle. "I didn't mean to cheat on you, but you've been so distant lately. You've changed."

I know I wanted out of the relationship, but I was still fond of Michael and didn't like to see him upset, so tried to make this easier for him. I held his hand in mine.

"It's okay - we never promised to be exclusive to each other or made any serious commitment. I'm okay with this." I didn't tell him I was relieved and delighted - his ego is fragile enough anyway, so I just wished him happiness and offered to drive him home.

"So.. we can still be friends then?" he asked.

"Of course. I care a lot for you Michael, but it's become pretty clear that we don't want the same things, we don't have the same needs. It just didn't work between us because when it comes down to it, we are different people. I really hope Simon can make you happy, because you deserve to be."

I opened the car door for him and put the big bag of kibble on the back seat.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Duke's kibble - he's running low already." I just managed to stop myself from referring to my dog as Scooby.

"Duke? You have a dog?" Michael was incredulous. "since when have you had a dog?"

"Just recently. Past couple of days."

"You got a dog without even discussing it with me? You know I'm scared of dogs."

"You never told me you were scared of them - you just said you're not a dog person. Anyway, I forgot."

"You see? That's exactly why we don't work out." Michael said as he started to get pissed again.

"He's company for me, and protection at night." I argued. "Anyway, you don't have to meet him now."

Michael sighed dramatically.

"Anyway, he's a real softy, very affectionate."

"Whatever." Michael threw his hands up and sat in a huff as I drove him home.

He had calmed down a bit by the time we got to his flat, but I still stayed in the car as he got out. He leans down before closing the door and says "Look, I know it sounds a bit weird - but I would like you to meet Simon. Is that okay?"

"Sure. I'd like to meet him. When?"

"I've still got some clothes at your place I'd like to pick up. Can I bring him round on Saturday?"

"Saturday is good. Around five? I can cook spaghetti for three."

"Cool."

~~~~~

## Chapter Six

It would have been nice if the rest of the week had run smoothly, but of course that would be expecting too much of life. I don't know if Mr B knew of my Saturday evening dinner, but I would be really surprised if he didn't. That's why I was a little annoyed to get a message from him on Friday night.

"Black PVC pants, remote butt-plug, T-shirt and slacks. Take Scooby to the park - be there for 8pm."

I stripped down, put on an old plain T-shirt, inserted the butt-plug after a little lubing, then put on the tight PVC undies. As I started to put on my slacks, the butt-plug started to buzz, tickling the inside of my colon. Here we go. I put on socks and trainers, then called "Duke" over and put his leash on. I checked my watch then wondered if I should take the little blue mobile I was given. There was nothing in the message about it. I changed my mind about the watch, because there was nothing in the message about wearing a watch, and it might get lost or broken. I slipped the blue mobile into my slacks pocket and left the house with Scooby in his "Duke" mode because I didn't want him mounting me before we get to the park.

It was dull and getting dark - it had been raining most of the day and the ground was wet. Walking to the park was not easy, because Scooby has a fast walking pace, and jogging with a vibrating butt-plug firmly planted in your back passage is not ideal. Soon though, I realised it would not slip out with the tight panties holding it in, so I tried jogging to allow Scooby to trot at a comfortable pace. By the time we reached the park, my ass was so loose that the plug was rattling around inside me like an angry bee, and I was panting more from an anal orgasm than the jogging.

Obviously with the weather being bad and it being evening, the park was deserted, and I wondered what I was meant to do next. Making a guess, I headed for the other exit with the car park and public loo. The car park was deserted apart from the familiar yellow Datsun which was empty so I swiftly made for the toilets. Inside was the Indian guy from last week, holding a plastic carrier bag. "Change into these and put your clothes in the bag - take off the black pants too."

I took the bag off him and entered a cubical to change whilst he held Scooby for me. In the bag was a ginger long haired wig, a purple dress, pink panties, a green neck scarf, and a lilac headband. Okay, so tonight I'm Daphne I guess. Predictably, the butt plug fell out as soon as I took off the tight black pants, but it quickly stopped buzzing after clattering around on the floor for a few seconds.

"Put that in the bag too." my Indian minder said.

Once I had changed, I left the stall with the bag, which my escort took and told me to follow him to the car. He opened the door for Scooby to get in the back, and told me to sit in the front passenger seat. I halted and stared down at the seat in disbelief. Fixed, and protruding upright from the seat was the most enormous dildo. It was about eight inches long, but impossibly thick and comprised of three sections. The first glans shaped head was pretty big - at least two inches across, but

immediately below that was a bigger flanged ball that was three inches across, and below that another that was four inches across.

"You have to be kidding! I'll never get that in me."

"Don't worry - just sit on the top bit and relax" my driver said as he got into the car and fastened his seat belt. I eased my knickers down to my knees and positioned my ass over the dildo. I lowered myself down, and tried not to clench as the first nob slid easily into wet anus. The butt-plug had loosened me up considerably. I fastened my seat belt as I tried to keep my ass raised above the seat with the second flanged dome pressing against my arse. As I suspected, it was way too big to penetrate, but I felt the whole thing judder as the car started up and pulled out of the car park.

The ride was incredibly uncomfortable, but sensuous as I felt every movement of the vehicle in my back passage. As we drove out of town and into the countryside, the driver started to speed up. The throbbing of the engine was being transmitted through the dildo, and I was getting very worked up. Suddenly there was a fierce juddering as the car went over a cattle grid, and I suddenly sank lower as the second nob penetrated my hole.

"OH SHIT!!!" I exclaimed as the dildo stretched my sphincter. My thighs ached as I struggled to keep from sinking lower, and I had both palms planted firmly either side of my ass on the seat.

"OH OH OH OH OH" I almost screamed as we went over another cattle grid. I suddenly felt weightless as the car went over a hump in the road, then my heart was in my stomach as we came down again with a smash. The last and biggest ball bashed my ass as we landed. Then again as we went over another hump. Two more humps in rapid succession and my poor sphincter gave way as I came down hard on the seat, and the whole dildo penetrated my ass and locked into me. Every cattle grid we went over rattled the dildo inside me, and whenever we went over a hump the big dildo almost came out before we slammed back down.

By the time the car came to a stop in the middle of nowhere, my anus was battered and bruised. He left the motor running, so I could still feel the strong throbbing inside me. I was soon aware of a crowd around the car, and someone opened the door on my side. Standing over me was a large heavy set man with his fly open and a large dick in his hand.

"How about a blow job before we help you out?" he asked. My gut was wanting that throbbing dildo out as soon as possible, but I knew it wasn't going to be easy, so I was willing to give this man the very best my mouth could offer. I greedily opened my mouth to take his big purple plum, and rolled my tongue over the salty helmet. The veins throbbed and pulsed in his meaty shaft, and I had to stretch my mouth very wide to accommodate his girth. He was warm and hard, and I was soon holding his hairy balls in my hand, gently massaging them to urge them to empty into my mouth. He bucked his hips and forced his cockhead into my throat, tickling my tonsils, but I was getting good at this and didn't gag. I breathed steadily through my nose as he face fucked me, and then he suddenly withdrew to cum in my face.

"Hurry up Daphne! We need you and Scooby to solve a mystery for us." someone said.

"I'm stuck - you're going to have to help me out." I pleaded as I tried to rise from the seat but couldn't. The strong man I had just fellated grabbed me round my waist and tried to lift me out.

"AAAAGH!" I screamed as the bottom ball of the big dildo stretched my anus. I was desperate to be relieved of the monster, but the heavy silicon lump was even bigger than Scooby's knot, and wouldn't budge. I pushed down hard with my feet and tried to straighten my legs as the hairy brute grabbing me hugged me tight and heaved with all his strength.

I shrieked as the dildo finally cane free, tearing my asshole wide and dragging three or four inches of colon out with it. It felt so painful I actually blacked out, and woke up in the back of the van that had been here waiting for us.

"Are you okay?" I heard someone ask.

"I think so." I crawled over to the van doors and tried to climb out. I was feeling a bit groggy, but I could stand up. I felt something wet between my thighs, and lifted my dress to show my ass, and bending slightly said "How's my ass?"

someone gently fingered my prolapsed rectum and said "You've got a bit of a pink sock hanging out."

I didnt really need to be told. "Can someone push it back in?" I asked. Someone did, and I suspected he used more than just his fingers as I felt something fat and hard in my back passage. I leaned over the back of the van to let him fuck me. I was soo loose that I barely felt him in me, and hoped that I wasn't ruined down there. I felt his hairy belly against my back , then heard him grunt. He pulled out carefully, and then slapped my right cheek. I pulled up my pink frilly knickers to a round of applause, and turned to face everyone. There was quite a crowd - probably around twenty in all. I think they were mostly men, but it's hard to tell because it was dark and most were in costume.

Several of my audience were dressed as monsters - a mummy, two vampires, a werewolf, a gorilla, a zombie and a Frankenstein Monster. There were also people dressed as Freddy, Shaggy, and Velma, and half a dozen dressed in gothy female clothing, but at least two of them were definetely men in drag - maybe all of them were.

"Are we okay to go?" someone with a video camera asked. "Script says the monster kidnaps Daphne and carries her off to the ruins."

The six foot four man in the Frankenstein costume picked me up and tried to carry me away. He struggled a bit because we weren't on level ground, and though i'm quite trim, I'm not exactly lightweight. We appeared to be amongst a lot of trees and an old ruin of some sort covered in ivy. I could see that now because someone had set up some arc lamps to illuminate the area. The monster put me down in a clearing with a large cut boulder and dropped his trousers. He had an impressive looking cock - a good seven inches limp, so I started to work on making him not limp. I sucked him off until his cock was hard enough to fuck, and looked forward to it - he was nine inches long when erect, and very girthy.

I bent over the altar-like boulder whilst he thrust his meaty cock into my aching hole. At first he just pushed the head in, then slowly sank his shaft into my back passage inch by inch. I groaned as he began to thrust in and out, quickening his pace until he was banging away merrily. My ordeal with the frightening dildo had prepared me for anything, and I was thoroughly enjoying this. Freddy, Velma, and Shaggy appeared on the scene with Scooby and the monster ran off. Scooby was licking my asshole, and I was in heaven as his big rough tongue delved into my gaping hole.

"Let's split up and catch him" Freddy said, then left me to get fucked by a big werewolf.

There wasn't really much of a plot - the gang would chase after a monster or ghouel leaving me to get fucked by whatever was next. Finally it ended in a mass orgy with me getting fucked by Scooby whilst Freddy was fucked by a mummy, Shaggy sucked off a vampire, and Velma was fucked by the guy in the gorilla suit.

After my ass had been filled by Scooby's hot cum and I was left exhausted, everyone took a turn fucking my gaping asshole until I couldn't stand. I was finally bundled into the back seat of the Datsun with Scooby and driven home. I hoped the neighbours weren't watching as my driver helped me limp into my house with Scooby following behind. I was still dressed as Daphne, but with my wig a tangled mess (sticky with cum) and the purple dress torn and filthy with a mixture of mud, moss,

and cum.

~~~~~

## Chapter Seven

It was gone midnight by the time I was home, and too shagged out to even take a shower – even though I really needed it as I was absolutely filthy. It had all been outdoors and after the day's rain everywhere was wet and muddy, plus I was covered with cum both inside and out. I collapsed on the living room floor and fell fast asleep.

I awoke next morning to Scooby licking my bare ass. I stripped off and spent at least forty minutes in the shower. To say I ached would be an understatement, and I had several bruises over my body.

After feeding Scooby I contemplated the day. I left the dress soaking in a bowl of hot soapy water, but to be honest I think it was past use. The knickers were missing, and the wig was a mess. At noon, my legs were so stiff I could barely stagger across the room, so no – I was not taking the dog for a walk today. Mid afternoon I took another shower, washed my hair again, and cleaned the house whilst Scooby played in the back yard. Then I cooked dinner for Michael and Simon.

I dressed casual, and was relieved to see that Michael and Simon had too.

"Where's this dog of yours then?" Michael asked suspiciously.

"Still playing in the yard" I said. "Come and meet him – he's a doll."

I opened the kitchen door and called "Duke!" and he came bounding in. Michael's eyes widened

"Jeeze – you said he was a dog, you didn't say he was a giant's dog."

"Awww what a lovely Great Dane" Simon said. "He looks just like Scooby Doo."

uh oh.

"You should call him Scooby." Simon insisted.

"Errrm no – don't call him that. You'll confuse him." I said nervously as "Duke" went straight up to Simon with his tail wagging." I was getting a bad feeling about this.

"Who's a clever Scooby?" Simon said as he ruffled Scooby's ears. Scooby stood up on two legs with his front paws on Simon's shoulders, his penis quickly swelling.

"NO DUKE!" I said firmly. "DOWN DUKE! HEEL!" I called desperately as Scooby humped Simon's leg with his frighteningly huge member.

I managed to drag him off the young man before Scooby raped him, and banished him to the kitchen.

"WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?" cried Michael, who had seen Scooby's formidable weapon before I managed to get the horny hound out of sight.

"Sorry" I smiled awkwardly "he's still a bit boisterous and gets a bit over affectionate."

Michael was still in shock.

"Yeah – big dogs can be until they've settled down." Simon said distractedly and looking quite embarrassed.

"Was... was that his cock I saw?" Michael said.

"Well what do you think it was?" I said

"Wow. That's a bloody big one." Simon said. "My aunt used to have a big German Shepherd that had a habit of humping your leg when he was pleased to see you – but it was nowhere near as big as that thing."

"But.. but.. the size of it." Michael stammered. "It's ... frightening!"

"Yeah" I laughed. "I wouldn't want that in me, would you?" I tried to joke.

"You should get him fixed." Michael said.

"Oh he'll be fine once I've got him better trained." I lied.

After they had got over the episode and settled down, we retired to the patio to eat the meal I'd cooked.

Simon seemed quite pleasant and surprisingly young - only twenty one. Somehow I was expecting Michael to have hooked up with someone older than himself. Simon seemed a lot more laid back and self confident too. Hopefully that would rub off on Michael.

We all chatted quite amicably over dinner, and afterwards Simon offered to help me clear away whilst Michael went to find the clothes he'd left behind.

"Well this has gone well - we must do it more often." Simon suggested, and he sounded like he really meant it.

"I'd like that."

"Perhaps next time you could come over to Michael's flat and I can cook you my special."

"Sound's good, I'd better not bring Duke with me though - I think he makes Michael nervous."

Simon laughed. "Lots of things make Michael nervous, and that stud of yours would make a horse nervous."

"Speaking of which, I'd better check he's cooled down before we take the washing up into the kitchen."

Scooby was looking a little sheepish and subdued, and I'm sure he knew that he had done something wrong. Only technically he hadn't - Simon had inadvertently used the trigger name to tell Scooby to screw whoever was interacting with him. I gave him a hug and said quietly "Not your fault Duke boy, just a misunderstanding."

I told Simon it was safe to come through, and he brought a pile of dishes into the kitchen. Whilst I washed and he dried, we talked about Michael whilst Duke sat expectantly in the corner watching us..

"Michael needs a lot of attention and positive encouragement - I'm afraid I let him down there. You seem to be able to make him smile though." I said.

"You seem pretty confident that I'm genuine." he said

"Well Duke seems to trust you, and you took to each other straight away."

Simon nodded. "Dogs are pretty good judges of character I've always said." he looked over at the dog and smiled.

"You should watch yourself though." he added. "He's a big dog, and his cock has no morals. If he decides he wants you, he'll have you." then a strange look appeared on his face as I think I must have blushed.

"Oh" he said and winked at me. "You must have a fucking bucket." he whispered.

"Are you guys in the kitchen?" I heard from the living room. Simon called out yes.

"I'm not coming in if that Dire Wolf's in there." Michael responded.

"Aww poor puppy." Simon laughed as he patted the confused dog. I opened the kitchen door so he could play in the yard, the Simon and I joined Michael in the living room. We talked, joked amongst each other, enjoyed a few drinks and had quite a good evening. As they were about to leave I suddenly remembered the job vacancy and gave Michael the application form I promised.

"Fill it in - apply for it" I said "You really do have a good chance. From what I'm told half the applicants so far don't even know how to turn a computer on."

After they left I called Duke back into the house. Poor boy must be restless - he hadn't had his walk. It was too late for a walk now, so I turned out the lights in the hallway and kitchen, and dimmed the lights in the living room. Flipped open my laptop on the coffee table, and bade Scooby to sit next to me on the sofa whilst I reviewed the latest uploads to our website (with the sound turned down of course). It had been well edited with subtitles and voice overs adding exposition. Considering how dark it had been, the arcs and cameras captured the scenes quite well, and the angle that caught Scooby's cock plumbing my anus was breathtaking. Again, faces had been digitally distorted to make anyone without a mask completely unrecognisable. It was pretty hot (if a little corny), and feeling a little turned on and a bit guilty for banishing Scooby to the kitchen, decided to make up for it. As I began to pet him, he rolled onto his back and displayed his genitals, with just the ruby tip of his penis pointing out from his sheath. I bent over to kiss it, then gently suck on his hot little torpedo until it was fully emerged and pulsing.

I opened the drawer under the coffee table and took out four child sized socks I had bought a couple of days ago and a small bottle of lube. I put the socks on Scooby's paws, then stripped naked and rubbed a handful of lube into my bumhole before spreading myself belly down over the pouffe. Eagerly Scooby mounted me and spread my sphincter wide open with his throbbing cock. I groaned in pleasure as he filled me.

"HMMM! that's a good boy Scooby - give me all your cock."

And he did. With all the pent up energy and frustration of the evening he rammed his knot into my rectum and fucked me with wild abandon. It wasn't long before I was feeling his warm cum flooding my guts and squishing inside me as even after his orgasm he still rutted and rapid fucked me into seventh heaven, until his cum was leaking out of my asshole to run down my thighs and pool on the new rug. I was buying a lot of new rugs lately. Finally he finished thrusting and just lay across my back with his hot throbbing cock that had so frightened Michael nestled deep in my gut.

"You must have a fucking bucket."

I remembered what Simon had said, and then he smiled and winked. He knew! I was a little worried about that, but the way he smiled and winked seemed to suggest he was not unfamiliar with zoophilia himself.

I wasn't totally oblivious to it before Scooby came into my life, but I didn't really go looking for it, and if someone had suggested it to me before I would have been shocked. Even now I felt terribly ashamed of my new fetish, but being dominated and ravished by Scooby was more exciting than I had ever dreamed, and I was totally addicted to him.

Maybe exposure to his aunt's horny dog had given Simon more of a broad minded outlook. Maybe he had enjoyed the delights of a canine penis himself.

My belly was full and aching, and my muscles were independently trying to work the huge organ out of my guts. Scooby's cock was so huge that he was practically wearing me on his dick. I don't know how long he lay with his member inside of me, but it seemed like hours. Eventually he dismounted me and his cock slid out of my anus with a wet splosh as my rectum orgasmed. I felt his rough tongue slurping at the cum oozing from my bum hole. Then I fell asleep, totally spent.

When I woke up cold and needing to pee a couple of hours later, it dawned on me that his massive knot had pulled out of my hole fairly easily. Was my bum hole getting bigger? I remembered Simon's



words again “must have a bucket.”. Of course, my arse had been so stretched and abused on Friday night that it might take several days to tighten up again, and I was very well lubricated last night.

Scooby was fucking me on a daily basis, and my stalker’s games were getting more and more extreme.

I squatted on the rug, reached under, and inserted three fingers into my anus. It was still wet and loose enough for me to do that without discomfort. And there was still some play, so it would seem my sphincter now stays quite dilated for a number of hours after fucking. My fingers were now smothered in jelly-like goop that smelled of doggy cum. Scooby was apparently asleep, stretched out along the entire length of the sofa. I wiped my fingers on the already ruined rug – I’ll throw it out in the morning.

I was feeling too tired to clean up, so I grabbed a blanket and slept on the sofa next to Scooby, hugging him to my sticky naked body.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Eight**

Friday night was becoming a regular occurrence, so I wasn’t surprised to find a parcel on my doorstep when I got in from work. This time I got a surprise though. Along with my latest outfit was a message telling me to make sure I was free for Sunday, and to wear the outfit in the package, and wait to be picked up at 9.30 am.

The outfit in the parcel comprised of a red and black corset, fishnet stockings and suspender belt, a black lacy blouse, a knee length black skirt that is open at the back, riding boots, and a black and gold masquerade mask.

Sunday morning I awoke bright and early to give myself plenty of time. There were no pants, and no instructions to wear the butt-plug, so I assumed them to be unnecessary. The corset was easier to get into than I imagined and was quite comfortable. I felt quite sexy in the fishnets and pranced in front of the mirror a while before putting on the skirt and blouse, and finally the riding boots. Putting on the mask I was pleased to note that I was completely unrecognisable.

At nine thirty I heard a beep beep, and looked out of my window to see a battered old blue and off white Landrover with peeling paint. I put a trench-coat on so the neighbours wouldn’t see what I was wearing, then fastening the leash to Scooby’s collar went out to meet my ride.

“You can put the dog in the back – he’ll be fine there.” said a well spoken man in a green jacket and a cloth cap. I opened the back of the vehicle and told Scooby to lie on the tartan blanket., then went round to sit in the front next to the driver. I stopped for a moment as I looked down at the metal seat with the large black dildo standing proud.

“Of course” I sighed. It wasn’t very long (about eight inches), and unlike the one in the Datsun was shaped realistically like a human penis, even down to the veins. I say realistic – apart from the girth. I have never met any man with an eight inch circumference. I took a tube of lube out of my pocket before taking off my coat and put a big glob on my anus, then smeared a liberal amount over the dildo as I eased myself in, lowering my ass onto the huge dong. I couldn’t get it in me, so my driver pulled out an inflatable donut shaped cushion to put over it so I could sit in the seat with my asshole resting on the bulbous bell-end. This explains the slit back skirt and no panties I thought as I fastened the seat belt.

As soon as we pulled out of the drive I realised the suspension was going to be an issue. By the time we were juddering along the motorway my anus was gradually stretching wider and wider as the large silicon cockhead slowly eased its way into me centimetre by centimetre. I was glad for the skirt, because we overtook several trucks and a coach, which would have given the higher positioned drivers a clear view of my junk otherwise.

After about fifty miles we turned off the motorway onto a country lane, and the ride started to get rougher.

"Ow!" I yelped as we went over a cattle grid that juddered the vehicle so much that with a sudden pop the crown of the dildo was fully in my rectum.

"Is it in?" the driver asked with a grin. I told him it was, and he quickly reached out with his left hand and pulled the plug out of the inflatable cushion. Three more miles and I had sunk down completely onto the dildo, and had the full eight inches of silicon cock in my back passage. I dreaded the hump back bridges and hillocks that made me rise in the air then suddenly slam down again.

It wasn't a short journey either - wherever he was taking us must be quite a distance because we were travelling for over two hours. Two hours of being roughly fucked by a fat eight inch dildo that was as thick as my wrist.

Eventually he turned off the country lane onto a private lane that travelled through a copse, a meadow, over a stream, and through another meadow, then a wooded lane up to a paddock, stables, and a small manor type building. It looked like a riding school.

"Do you know how to ride?" the driver asked.

"No - never been on a horse in my life."

"Don't worry - Madame Chevaux will teach you."

Again, getting out of the vehicle was a difficult task. The thick dildo was deep inside my gut, and it was too tight to twist round. The driver had to get out and hold me under my armpit as I slowly pulled myself upright until I was no longer impaled on the rubber dong. Then I fell out of the Landrover as my legs didn't have the strength to support me.

Once I was able to walk I was introduced to Madame Chevaux who I was told ran a very special riding school.

Someone fed Scooby whilst I took my first riding lesson. When I mentioned it was lunch time and I too was hungry, I was told I would not be eating today.

First riding lesson went pretty well - I was helped into the saddle of a fairly docile pony that was kept just for novices. It took me a while to get into the basics, but once I got the hang of how to sit in the saddle and how to move with the horse, I found it rather enjoyable (though a little hard on the knees).

After about thirty minutes of riding around the paddock, I was told that I was now ready for lesson two. Now I know why this school is special, and why I hadn't seen any little girls on Shetland ponies. Lesson two was very much like Lesson one, only on a slightly larger horse, and riding along a trail and trotting back to the paddock. Oh - and a slightly different saddle. My new saddle sported what I thought to be a rather strange pommel, until I realised it was in the wrong place - it was on the seat. And it wasn't a pommel - it was a ten inch dildo shaped like a horse's penis (or the business end of one anyway). I could tell it was a horse penis because I couldn't help notice that a lot of the horses were walking around in "dropped" mode, and some were clearly fully erect.

I don't know if you have ever seen a horse erect, but it's big enough to be a fifth leg. They can be as

thick as an arm and around twenty inches long. On top of that, when they cum, the crown of it's penis suddenly flares like a giant mushroom.

My journey up prepared me well, because I needed to have a gaping anus and deep gut to mount the saddle. At first I tried to half stand in the saddle, so only three or four inches of the horse dildo was inside me, but the jolting motion of trotting on horseback soon had me sinking lower and lower until I had nine or ten inches of the thick member inside my back passage.

I tried to concentrate on riding the horse and taking in the scenery to distract me from the massive lump of silicon thrusting in and out of me. It was not easy as you can well imagine, however my instructor who rode beside me said it was very important training to prepare me for lesson three.

I must admit, the scenery was very relaxing, with trees, rolling hills, babbling streams, and meadows full of flowers and wildlife. Just very hard to ignore ten inches of ersatz horse cock sliding in and out of my ass.

"Spine, waist, and hip movement is essential, particularly for you because you are taking the member in your back passage. Suddenly slamming in at the wrong angle can cause a rupture, which would not only be fatal, but painfully so."

Well that was a worrying thought.

After an hour of riding through countryside we returned to the paddock.

"The next exercise is optional. It can be dangerous and takes great skill, but you have picked this up very quickly,, so maybe you are ready."

"ready for what?" I asked.

"Cantering and leaping over hurdles. You will need to grip with your knees very tightly to control your rise and fall in the saddle."

Feeling a bit cocky and loving risks, I accepted the challenge. The cantering I was able to handle well enough - it was like the trotting, but faster, so the dildo slid in and out of me quicker. As I brought my horse to the hurdle and prepared for the leap, the dildo slipped out almost completely, then slammed back in as we landed. I was getting very loose, but more proficient.

After I dismounted I had the final lesson explained to me. A groom brought out a horse much larger than the others I had ridden, with no saddle. Instead there was a complex cradle of straps going under the beast's chest and belly. As I examined the strange harness i saw that he had dropped already, and had an enormous cock.

"Male Belly-riders are very rare, but not unknown." Madam Chevaux told me. " You can of course back out now if you wish, no matter what Mr B has told you. This is the ultimate riding experience, but can be very dangerous, particularly for a man."

She demonstrated the workings of the harness." You will be strapped into the harness belly to belly with the horse, controlling him as best you can by the reins. He is of course specially trained for this, and has been given a dose of viagra to help ensure that he remains erect for as long as possible. We also use a female pheromone extract in his bridle to ensure he is in the mood."

"Wait - are you saying he will be fucking me whilst I ride him?" I said.

"Absolutely. Now you must maintain perfect body control - don't slip too far down his belly, and try to keep your spine aligned. Control the ride so he can only penetrate you with the first nine or ten inches of his cock - don't let him penetrate you with his full length."

"If anything goes wrong, rest assured we will make your passing as quick and painless as possible with an overdose of barbiturates,"

"Well that's comforting." I removed my skirt, corset, and blouse and said I was ready.

Three men lifted me into the harness and tightened the straps so there was hardly any play, whilst a woman in a white smock gently guided the horse's enormous cockhead into my back passage. Thanks to the exercise and preparation leading up to this, it slid into my big gaping hole without any difficulty, but that doesn't mean I didn't feel filled by it..

As they stimulated the beasts genitals, I felt his cock growing inside me. I could feel the powerful beat of his heart in each throb of his veins. I tested my grip on the hand stirrups connected to his neck girdle. My ankles were high in straps near the horses butt, and my knees were gripping his flanks. As soon as I was ready, one of the grooms began to lead the horse in a slow walk along the lane leading from the paddock to the open fields.

Now he was starting to trot, and I could feel every movement inside me. His erect cock was twitching and throbbing. Every step moved his cock in and out of my ass by two or three inches, which stimulated the both of us. The world was upside down as I tried to look ahead at where we were going, but every now and then I tried to look down towards his hind legs. I couldn't see his cock from my position of course, but I could certainly feel it moving around.

He started to trot a little faster and as he did so managed to penetrate me a little deeper. I was pretty sure he had at least ten inches in my gut, and I gripped his flanks harder to prevent him thrusting any deeper.

"Are you okay?" said the man leading the horse who was beginning to struggle to keep up.

"Yes" I managed to say between pants. This was hard work, but an incredibly intense fuck.

Suddenly the horse broke into a canter. I knew by the intense throbbing and swelling of his cock that he was close to cumming. Only I had any degree of control over the beast now as the groom guiding us was left far behind, and the stallion's body movements were now increasing the speed and size of his strokes.

Four, maybe five inches of horse cock withdrew from my rectum, then slammed back in again, faster and faster. Sometimes only the massive head of his cock was inside me, then a second later he had bottomed out and was pummeling my gut. My belly ached, then suddenly an unbearable fullness inside me as his cockhead flared. He whinnied and bucked slightly, but I was able to hold on and control his depth. Then I felt it - a warm flooding inside me, making my belly swell and gurgle, and leaking out of my anus. He stopped still and I heard a loud splash and felt a sudden relief.

I couldn't see it myself, but they told me that his cockhead was four inches across when he pulled his cock out of my ass. I was still pissing horse cum out of my abused arse when they caught up to me and helped release me from the harness. I wasn't at all surprised to find that I had also cum, and had a sticky mess on my belly.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Nine**

Cum was still dribbling from my gaping hole as the two grooms that caught up to me helped me stagger back to the stable, whilst another took care of the horse. I looked around to see if I could see my stalker. He must be around somewhere - he always takes snapshots or vid clips of my ordeals,

and he wouldn't have had me dress up like this unless he intended to use the pictures.

Was he one of the grooms? Was he hiding somewhere close? I was having doubts about him again – although this was an intense experience I couldn't pass up on, there remains the fact that it was incredibly dangerous. Later one of the grooms told me that only five men had enrolled into the school during his tenure (it was more popular with the ladies), and of those two had died, one had backed out at the last minute, and only one had managed to bellyride his horse to orgasm as I had.

In spite of the copious fluid pumped up inside my guts, I was feeling very dehydrated. Apart from the fact I'd had nothing to drink since a glass of orange juice at breakfast, I was drenched with sweat from my exertion and could barely croak my need for a glass of water. One of the grooms took me to the clubhouse and bought me a drink. Of course the riding school had a clubhouse – this was an expensive retreat for wealthy girls with a peculiar fetish – why shouldn't it have a clubhouse?

I wished that my outfit had included panties, because though I had put my skirt and blouse back on, it didn't prevent my leaking ass from making puddles everywhere. My belly rumbled and another globule of cum ran down my legs a moment later.

"Don't worry – that happens more often than you'd think." the groom said as he draped a towel over one of the leather chairs for me. I sat down and enjoyed my drink, then realised it was late afternoon and I'd eaten nothing all day. Of course, a full stomach is very inadvisable when bellyriding, and most of the clients fast before a ride, but now I was feeling ravenous. I was advised to give my insides a chance to settle down before eating, so joined a group of girls in a protein shake.

"Is that Great Dane yours?" one of them asked. I nodded.

"Oooh, he's lovely. Is he... trained?" she gave a wink, telling me exactly what she meant by trained.

"He's too big surely?" another said. Well it was about time for his evening shag, and I was still gaping, so I decided to show off.

"Watch." I said as I sauntered out onto the lawn where Scooby was lapping a bowl of water.

"Scooby!" I called "My belly is full of horse cum – why don't you fuck it out of me?" Scooby came running up to me and gave me a standing hug. I played with his cock until it was fully engorged, just to show everyone how big he is, then knelt down on the grass to let him fuck me. He wasted no time, and eagerly mounted me. I reached round to guide him in, and was rewarded by eight inches of canine cock in my rectum. Even though I was still loose from the horse cock, he managed to take my breath away as usual. I raised my ass a little higher and rocked back to meet his thrusts, and heard one of the women watching give a little squeal as Scooby buried his huge knot inside me. Now I had all ten inches of him squelching in my gut.

By now there was quite a crowd gathered round, and there were several comments about how huge he was. It wasn't long before there was more gurgling in my tummy as it swelled up to take his cum. After a couple of minutes he cocked his leg over and we stood butt to butt until with a big tug, he pulled his huge wet cock out of my ass to a large round of applause.

It seems they were all impressed by my performance with the stallion, and Madame Chevaux awarded me a certificate and a trophy. Also free membership if I ever wanted to return. I would be lying if I denied considering the offer. The certificate was standard for completing a bellyride, but the trophy was in honour of an anal bellyride and making the horse cum inside me, which as I said before was somewhat rare for a man to achieve. Not bad for a novice.

I learned a lot of interesting facts that day. Mainly about how the studs at the riding school were unusual in that they were both bred and trained for their ability to maintain an erection for an

extended time. Most horses can only stay erect for a minute or so, occasionally five minutes on a good day. They normally cum almost as soon as they enter the female, or a few seconds later. The groom I was talking to said that Madame Chevaux's school used horses that were part of a special breeding program that picked stallions specifically for staying power, and had been running since at least the 18th century.

Riding schools like this one cropped up all over Europe and South America, but were heavily guarded secrets. One of the reason there were very few male members of the school (apart from staff) was because very few men know of it. Plus Madame Chevaux had a strict rule that participation is a strict requirement. Nobody can sign up and then spend the whole time sitting in the clubhouse and ogling the other riders.

As I was preparing to leave, a line of horses with women bellyriding them rode in - apparently having been out all day. I had to admire their stamina, and did wonder if I should try that. My bellyriding experience had been for just a few minutes (fifteen - they timed it).

"How do you get the horses to stay erect all day?" I asked a groom.

"We can't - even our horses can't do that." he replied, "but they can stay dropped practically all day, which is enough for the girl's to hold them in until they get erect again. Which can happen several times a day with a little help."

"Ah - your ride is here sir." he said, and I was pleased to see the familiar Mystery Machine van in the car park waiting to take me home. I wasn't really looking forward to riding back in the battered old Landrover - with or without the dildo. The driver did not look familiar, but as he was wearing a scarf and thick sunglasses, and a large brimmed hat it was rather hard to tell. I wondered if he was Mr B himself. I've often wondered who he is and what he looks like, but to be honest I think I prefer not knowing.

After letting Scooby into the back of the van, a voice on a speaker at the back of the vehicle told me to get in the back too, and sit in the comfy inflatable chair at the far end. It looked quite comfy - apart from the large butt-plug springing up from the centre, but by now I was used to things in my ass. I climbed in, poised over the rubber cone, then lowered myself onto it.

As I was still very loose, the cone slid into me very easily, and though the bottom was pretty big, it was still quite comfortable. The wide flange stretched my anus and then popped deep inside me as my buttocks hit the comfortable inflatable seat. The driver opened the side door on the left hand side of the van, and fastened a couple of leather straps to my ankles that were linked to metal bolts in the floor, then trapped my wrists in a pair of leather straps linked to the wall of the van. This looked like it would be an interesting journey.

The driver closed the rear and side doors, and then I heard him get into the driver seat and close the driver door. A couple of minutes later as I settled into my position, he started up the motor and drove away. There were no windows in the van, so I couldn't see out, but I figured we must be on the lane heading out of the riding school. I got a slight thrill as we drove over a couple of bumps, and the natural give and springiness of the seat made the butt-plug jiggle up and down inside me.

After a couple more times of bouncing up and down in the inflatable chair, I was starting to feel a little full and the butt-plug didn't seem to have as much give. Why was that I wondered. A couple more bumps and my bowel was feeling very full and straining to eject the butt-plu, but of course the leather straps prevented me from standing up so the plug had to remain inside me.

Soon I felt very uncomfortable and my anus was beginning to stretch as the neck of the butt-plug extended out of my ass and the base was straining my ring. That's when it finally hit me - the butt-plug was an inflatable plug, and the chair I was sitting on was the pump! Every time I bounced on

the chair, I was inflating the plug inside my rectum.

My belly was swelling and started to ache a little as the big rubber plug swelled inside my like a blimp. I tried to stand, but couldn't rise more than a couple of inches, but at least by raising my ass above the seat I wasn't contributing to pumping it anymore. There was almost certainly a release valve somewhere, but with my hands manacled to the wall behind me, I couldn't move them.

I strained my thighs to keep from hitting the seat with my ass, but they were beginning to ache, and the van was going over some pretty rough territory, and was bouncing around too much. The effort was becoming too much, my thighs and calves felt like they would rear, and I was panting hard as I tried to force my stomach spasms to stop.

Eventually the van must have reached the motorway, because the ride eventually became smoother and I wasn't bouncing about. I was still breathing heavily and getting high on oxygen as my muscles finally relaxed and stopped convulsing. I was thoroughly impaled on the over inflated butt-plug, and my anus was so dilated that if I could have stood up, the huge plug would just have dropped out of my ass. There was a huge bulge in my tummy, and I was worried that the big balloon might have succeeded where the hors's erect cock had failed, and split my insides apart.

Finally the van stopped, and I almost passed out in relief. The driver got out of the cab and opened the side door to an audience of around fifteen men. We appeared to be in a car park somewhere, but I had no idea where. It was dark outside (we had been travelling for many miles), but the inside of the van was well lit, and a couple of cars had their headlights shining onto us. Silently my driver undid the straps on my ankles and wrists, and as soon as he did I tried to rise up, but was so weak by now that I just slumped forwards and down onto my knees. As I did so, I felt the big swollen butt-plug slide easily out of my dilated ass, and then felt a cold breeze as my bowels lay open to the fresh air.

The driver physically turned my body round so my ass was facing the doorway, and I heard my audience gasp and cheer. I can only assume that my asshole was actually as big and wide as it felt - and probably was, because someone stepped closer to the van and easily put his fist into my ass right up to his elbow without the slightest struggle. As I knelt on the floor of the van with that torture seat in front of my face, one man after another stepped up to play with my gaping hole.

I felt one man put both hands inside me (I could feel his fingers wriggling around my anus) and try to stretch me wider. Someone shook up a beer bottle and inserted it in my, letting the frothy beer erupt and flood my bowels before running out again. Nothing happened for a while, except I heard some slapping noises, then felt no less than three cocks inside my anus, ejaculating. My hole was still dilated as two more men wanked into my gut, then after everyone had cum either in my colon, or over my distended rectum, half a dozen men took turns in putting their now flaccid cocks into my still gaping hole, and urinated inside me. Finally, the driver (who was still in the van with me) placed one hand on my back, bent down and reached under my belly, and pushed up hard on my swollen tummy with the palm of his hand, and sent a huge spurt of piss and cum shooting out of my ass and into the crowd with force. There was a mixture of "Ewww", "Aaaahgh" and laughter from the crowd. By now I was so exhausted that as soon as my driver closed the side door to declare the show over, I had collapsed unconscious.

When I woke up I was home and there was a message on the TV screen.

"Well done - I am impressed. You know you didn't have to go through with the bellyride, you could have backed out, but you didn't. I was worried for a while, but so glad you went through with this, you have earned your reward."



To be honest, I never really thought much about backing out. Must be my competitive nature.

“Two commands for controlling Scooby.

Jinkies will make him fuck hard and fast, and not stop until you tell him, or he literally collapses.

Ice Cube will make him stop no matter what. Even if he is about to cum, he will stop and dismount, then wait for a new command.”

Well they would be usefull.

~~~~~

## Chapter Ten

Next morning I awoke in a panic. I hadn't overslept exactly, but I was lying on the living room carpet a sticky filthy mess, and aching so badly I could barely move. I dragged myself to my feet and limped to the shower to wash the filth off my body. When I came out of the shower I was still stiff as a board and aching as though i'd been fucked by an army. Then I remembered that I'd actually been fucked by a horse, then fucked by my dog, buggered insensible by a giant inflatable butt-plug, then gang-banged by more than a dozen strangers. An army would have been so much easier.

By now I was five minutes away from being late for work, still naked, and my arse was still as loose as a wizard's sleeve. I was also pretty sure I could still smell horse musk. For the first time in twelve years I phoned in a fake illness. I just couldn't face work today - I needed at least a day's rest to recover,

I called Geoff and told him I had a stomach upset and had been on the loo all night. He told me to stay home a couple of days coz he heard there was a bug going round and he didnt want the whole department coming down. I felt a bit guilty because I'm not one to skive off even when I do feel like shit - but that made my excuse all the more believable. Of course, once word was out that I was off with a bad stomach, every lead swinger in the building will mysteriously catch it off me - but that can't be helped. I really was in no fit state to roll in.

I filled an anal douche kit with warm soapy water and squatted in the shower to flush my insides out. I was sure I still had some horse cum deep inside my tummy, which i'm sure was still a little swollen. As I inserted the small penis shaped nozzle, it became very clear that although my anus had tightened up somewhat since sleeping off Sunday's debauchery, it was still a lot looser than normal. My brown rosebud was looking puffy and a pinkish purple, and was beginning to look like pouting lips.

Is it just taking a long time to snap back to normal, or is my arse changing? It was taking a lot of extreme abuse lately, which get's more demanding each time. Maybe my master is training my sphincter to be permanently large and loose, open for bigger and stranger invasions. This gives me some concern, because already I was changing as a person, but now it looked like he was changing my body, and he was in complete control. My anus is not my own anymore.

Scooby is lucky - at least he knows who is owner is. Well, assuming he does see me as his owner and master, and not the other way round. I found myself rethinking some of my earlier conceptions concerning my owner. At first I thought he was just hiring the drivers and heavies that fucked me, but now I'm wondering if he has a similar hold over them? What is his relationship with Madame Chevaux and her riding school? It's a pretty exclusive club, and normally charges a fortune for the sessions that I got for free. He must be pretty well connected.

I began to suspect that the crowds at the dogging sites were also under his sphere of influence? This

was actually a comforting thought, because it ensured that nobody would compromise my anonymity should they recognise me, and none of the pictures they took with their phones would go public without my master's say so.

Maybe he has a huge network of slaves and contacts. I had thought I was his special slave, but what if i'm just one of many who is only getting special treatment at the beginning of my induction and training? Where will this ultimately lead? Of course, this was pointless speculation, because I was already too deeply trapped in this man's web to escape.

I probed my colon with extended fingers, then found that I could fist myself without too much difficulty. It's not so very surprising, I had been somewhat experimental in my youth, and though my sphincter had tightened up in the past ten years since I had retired from my former excesses, my muscles had remembered my youthful training and retained their elasticity. But even back in my wild days, I had never been fucked by a dog or a horse (though some of the dildos I had played with were as big) and I was now literally being stretched beyond my former limits.

Was my master trying to turn me into a freak of debauchery? Oh, the thrill that gave me as the words tripped into my corrupted mind. How far would this go? Would I become the new Goatse Guy? Would I need to wear a nappy under my everyday clothes?

After another anal douche and shower, I fed Scooby and limped back to bed. I still ached all over, and felt very weak, so fell asleep before noon. I awoke again at a quarter past six with Scooby licking my face insistently. It was past his tea time, and afterwards he would want walkies. I didn't really feel up to it and wondered if he would be satisfied with a play in the yard, but then I remembered reading in the handbook how Great Danes need a regular walk, so reluctantly got dressed.

I still felt a bit stiff and not up to jogging, so I bundled him into the back of the car and drove up to Kite Hill where I could let him off the leash. He eagerly chased after the Frisbee I threw whilst I gently strolled around enjoying the scenery and smiled and said "Hi" to other dog owners. Eventually Scooby had taken enough exercise and I walked him at a tolerable pace back to the car-park. For him it was a slow pace because he's such a large energetic dog, but for me it was a brisk walk.

By the time we reached the car-park I was bursting for a piss, so we nipped into the public loo that was placed discretely in the corner near the rhododendrons. It was literally a cottage, in that it had been clad in stone and a slate roof to look just like a country cottage - built in the late Victorian era. There were three wooden cubicles inside, and a tiled wall with a trough to serve as urinal. Someone else was already using the urinal - a stocky man in jeans and a loose jacket accompanied by a brown and white Pitbull. At first I was a little apprehensive in case his dog decided to start a fight with mine, but he looked at me and said "Don't worry - he's well trained." so I approached the trough and took out my cock to relieve myself.

I took rather a long time to finish, and was feeling a little self conscious of the fact, but then realised the other man hadn't made a move to leave yet. What's more, when I had stopped pissing, the cottage grew silent - there was no sound of water running on metal. I stood holding my cock for a while, then quickly glanced sideways to my right. He was holding his semi-erect cock and slowly pulling his hand back and forth. Not really masturbating, but sort of doing a slow motion show. I started to do the same, then looked up to his face - he was looking directly at my eyes and smiling.

He was a few years older than me - perhaps about forty five or fifty, grey hair, and a weathered face with a little stubble. I sidestepped a little closer to him, and he shuffled closer to me until we were touching thighs. His cock was looking a little stiffer and bigger now, so I reached out with my right

hand and wrapped my fingers around his shaft.

His cock felt warm and soft in my hand, and quickly became fully erect. It was a nice cock - about eight inches long, thick, and with a bulbous flared helmet that glistened a pinkish purple in the dim light that shone through the narrow high window.. he reached out with his left hand and ran it over my ass. I used my left hand to loosen my pants and slide them down to expose my bare ass completely.

He ran his fingers between my cheeks and gently fingered my anus. I let go of his throbbing cock and turned around, bending slightly to give him full access to my rear. He wasted no time and quickly guided his cock to my ass, and squeezed his cockhead past my ring and deep into my rectum. He sighed, said "nice" and thrust his member deeper. He then grabbed my hips in both hands and pulled my ass towards his groin, burying his throbbing cock balls deep inside me. It felt nice. Though he was pretty big, I was still rather accommodating due to yesterday's excesses, and he slid in and out smoothly.

"Oooh, you've been stretched quite nicely haven't you?" he said, then whispered in my ear "Did his knot do that?" he knew! Then he said "Are you up for mixed doubles?"

"Okay" I said nervously.

"Outside - under the bushes."

I pulled up my pants and led Scooby outside and under the rhododendron bushes. They provide a thick canopy, but have a fairly open space near the trunk, with a couple of bare low hanging twisted branches. As my new friend joined us, I pulled off my pants and hung them over a branch whilst he did the same. Both our dogs were getting visibly excited and sniffing at us and each other.

"On your knees then." he said, and I dropped onto all fours. Almost immediately his dog started to lick my asshole, and just a few seconds later the man helped his heavy Pitbull to mount me.

His cock was hard and very hot, and his bone slid into my back passage like a knife through butter. He thrust at me hard and fast, and after only ten or fifteen seconds I felt my anus stretch as he thrust his knot in me. The strong animal clutched my belly with his front paws as his hind legs straddled my thighs and buttocks, and I felt pressure against the inside of my anus as his knot grew inside me.

"Oh God!" I gasped as his huge organ swelled and throbbed in my back passage. Though nowhere near as big as Scooby, his cock felt just as thick, and his knot might even have been bigger. I could tell by the feel of it inside me that the Pitbull's organ was a different shape to Scooby's.

The man started to play with Scooby's already emerging cock, and it gave me quite a thrill to see him start to suck it. Then I suddenly felt a hot rush in my belly as the Pitbull filled me with his cum.

As the big heavy dog lay on my back, pumping me full of his cum, the man leaned over a large low hanging branch with his ass exposed. Scooby looked to me, and I nodded. "Fuck him Scooby" I said, and the branch swayed a little as Scooby mounted the man laying across it.

"Aaagh! Oh jeze, he's big!" the man said as I presume Scooby penetrated him. Scooby is so big that as he lay across the man's back, thrusting at his bum, we were almost face to face (or would have been if my head wasn't a couple of feet lower down).

I looked up at the man's face as it contorted in a mix of strain and pleasure.

"You okay?" I gasped to him as his dog fucked me. He panted a couple of times, then said he was

okay.

"He's big - but so nice." he said with a big smile on his face. I smiled back and said "Jinkies"

Suddenly Scooby's ears pricked up, and he started to thrust like crazy. I don't know if his knot was already inside the man's arse, but if it wasn't then it would be soon. His eyes widened as Scooby fucked him hard, fast, and furious.

"AAARGH! OH MY GOD! OH JEEZE! FUCK!" he cried as Scooby went wild and unrestrained on him. As his eyes rolled up I leaned up and kissed him full on the mouth. His face kept bashing mine though as the bough shook with each thrust. Scooby did indeed bang like a shithouse door in a gale when hearing that command.

The Pitbull cocked his leg over my ass, scratching my cheek in the process, then fucked me ass to ass. I could feel his warm anus pressed against the base of my spine as he continued to spurt inside my guts. I broke out of the passionate kiss with the stranger, and he whimpered as Scooby punished his ass. I could feel the Pitbull's copious hot cum gurgling and swishing about in my belly as he pulled on my stretched anus, trying to withdraw from me. I flexed my ring and strained until with a pop his enormous knot was released and I felt him pull his pork sword from my ass.

"Ice Cube!" I called out to Scooby, and the man groaned as the Great Dane stopped pummelling his ass. He lay across his back for a few minutes, then dismounted the man as we both lay panting, exhausted from the doggy fuck.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Eleven**

"That..." the man said, "that was... intense." I agreed. We sat panting for a while, then pulled on our pants and left the cover of the bushes with our dogs.

"Can we do this again some time?" he asked as we staggered back to our cars.

"Sure. How about same time next week?" I replied.

"That would be great. My name's Brian by the way."

"Alan." I replied, and we swapped telephone numbers.

Afterwards I wasn't sure why I did that. It was a terrible risk - he obviously wasn't planted by Mr B, because my master always ensures my anonymity with a disguise or something. I just came out as a zoophile to a random stranger. He saw my face, I told him my first name, even gave him my telephone number. Admittedly he came out to me too, but all the same. There is still a risk.

Somehow, I trusted him though. It was he who first took the risk in asking if my dog had fucked me, and he who suggested that I let his dog fuck me while my dog fucks him. If anything he was taking the bigger risk. And to be honest it felt really good to find someone I could share my secret with. My master didn't count because I have still never seen his face or spoken to him. The other people were just random strangers who never saw me out of a disguise.

Even at the riding club I never took off my mask or told anyone my name - most of the time I was just something to be gawked at.

That was another difference - there was nobody else gawking at us, it was just me, Brian, and our two dogs, clandestinely fucking in the bushes away from prying eyes. It suddenly occurred to me that since my first encounter with my master, that was the first private fucking I'd had.

If we were unseen of course. For all we know Mr B could have bugged the cottage or be peering through a telephoto lens. I can't imagine he'd be able to see through the bushes, but it wouldn't

surprise me if he had hidden cameras in every public toilet in the area, and I would also be surprised if he didn't have me under constant watch.

Would he approve of me seeing someone without his permission? I guess I'd find out soon enough.

I put Scooby into the back of my car, then drove out of the car park and headed for home. My pants squelched when I sat in the seat, and I had a rather uncomfortable ride home, as my loose asshole was leaking jelly-like globs of doggy cum. When I got home I could feel it running down my legs as I walked to the door, and as soon as I got in I stripped off to find my trousers damp and sticky, and my undies soaked and dripping.

As soon as I walked into the living room, the TV switched itself on and a message scrolled across the screen in big blue letters.

\*\* Did you have fun in the bushes? \*\*

So he was watching - I thought as much.

\*\* I thought yesterday's treat would keep your ass satisfied for a few days, but I guess you're a bigger slut than I realised. \*\*

Maybe he was right, but it was an opportunity I couldn't pass on.

\*\* Don't worry - I have it covered. Someone is on their way now, and we will make sure you don't go to bed unfulfilled tonight. \*\*

Oh shit - what did that mean? He made it sound like he was going to do me a favour, but I've a feeling it will be more in line of a punishment.

\*\* Take off your clothes - I have clean ones set out for you in the bedroom. \*\*

I finished stripping, then walked into my bedroom to see what he had in store for me. On the bed was a black PVC outfit, a gimp mask, and a plain plastic rain mac. I put the costume on - it was comprised of a pair of black faux leather leggings (just trousers with the top cut off) joined to a faux leather vest by chains. I then noticed a short black PVC skirt on the bed, and slipped that over the outfit to cover my exposed ass and cock. I put on the gimp mask, and then slipped on the mac. There were pockets, so I put my door keys in one of them, slipped on a pair of trainers, and waited.

A message appeared on the TV screen telling me to take Scooby with me, just before I heard the door bell ring. Two men in heavy coats were at the door, and the Mystery Machine was parked outside. I nodded to them as they silently opened the van for me and Scooby to get in the back.

I couldn't see where we were going, but we were only travelling for about forty minutes, so it couldn't have been far. The door of the van opened and we were led to a large shipping container. From what I could see, we seemed to be in an industrial estate, but it was dark by now so I couldn't recognise where I was. Inside the shipping container was two large plastic buckets. One was empty and had "USED" painted on it. The other had "PLEASE USE" painted on it, and was absolutely full of condoms. The two men lifted me off my feet and fastened a thick leather strap sort of thing to me, with wide padded straps on my ankles and wrists, but joined so closely that I was trussed up like a turkey. Strong chains hung from a couple of hooks in the ceiling, which they clipped onto my harness so I was hanging from my wrists and ankles face up. They clipped a couple more chains to metal loops that were on the sides of my PVC vest. I didn't have panties, so the short skirt hung down exposing my arse.

I could see through the gap between my thighs and was looking towards the big metal doors of the container, which at the moment were shut. I was hanging with my butt at around waist height, so I had a good idea of what was coming. One of the men held an I-pod in front of my eyes so I could read the message meant for me.

\*\* Sorry I had to arrange this at short notice, so only a handful of my friends could come – but they brought some of their friends, and I put a little ad up on a popular dogging / cruising site.\*\*

I then got a view of the page he had posted, advertising FREE slut – ass must be filled ASAP, and the address of the industrial park playing host. The next message read:

\*\* I do hope we manage to attract enough cocks to satisfy your hole – have a good night.\*\*

One of the men knocked on the door and called out “We’re ready!” and the big doors opened. Outside, framed in the light from the strong lamps that were trained on my exposed ass. I could see a huge crowd. Either a lot of people saw the ad on the internet and rushed over, or everyone who heard about the free offer brought friends. The first man stepped forward, unzipped his pants, and rolled one of the free condoms over his hard dick. He spat onto my pouting anus to moisten it, grabbed my thighs and pulled me onto his cock.

The chains clinked as I swung back and forth, impaling my anus onto the full length of his cock, so he didn’t have to put much effort into fucking me, and he didn’t take very many strokes to cum. I saw him pull his “cum face” and then step back and pull off his condom. As soon as he threw it into the empty bucket, the next man was already in position and pressing a fat helmet against my anus. He started my swinging with a single thrust, then smiled as I swung back towards him, my asshole eating his dick.

Even whilst he was just getting started, another man was taking a fresh condom from the full bucket and opened the packet. He soon had it rolled over his hard cock, and was waiting for the man fucking me to finish. As soon as he cum, he stepped back and without missing a stroke the next man was inside me. His dick was hard and long, but not particularly thick so it slid in and out of my loose arse too easily. It took him several minutes to cum, and the next man was getting very impatient.

The next man was tall and fit – he obviously worked out a lot, and had a very big cock to match. It was actually quite a pleasure to feel my back passage being filled by him, but as my sphincter was actually able to grip his cock it didn’t take as long for him to cum, and within only two minutes his condom joined the others in the “used” bucket. The next man’s cock was considerably smaller and I could barely feel it.

The man after that sank his cock as deep as it would go into my rectum, then grabbed my cock and tried to wank me off with his cock inside me. This of course caused me to tighten my sphincter a little, which by then was gaping. He had a large cock, and I could feel his cockhead pummel my prostate as he swung me back and forth whilst thrusting his groin so hard his balls slapped against my ass. Sadly, I didn’t get to cum as he stopped masturbating me as soon as he cum, and quickly withdrew to be replaced by another. Was this number seven? I was finding it hard to keep count,

There was a lot of flashing as people took pictures with their mobiles, and someone’s headlights lit up the yard in front of me for a minute or so. There was a lot of people – and I mean a lot. The area of the yard in front of the shipping container was packed with people, and when I say people I mean men. Men of all kinds – young men still in their teens (horny and ready to fuck), old men in their seventies or eighties, fat men, slim men, tall men, short men, hairy men, smooth men – all here in hope of fucking my hole. Most of them already had their dicks out, many of them had their pants round their knees, and a few of them were naked but for shoes and a rain mac.

As soon as a man let it be known he had cum, the next man was ready to plunge his cock in me as soon as he had pulled out – the constant fucking of my back passage was utterly relentless. My wet hole was gaping wide and dripping, and I suddenly remembered why I didn't need lube for this – my belly was still full of doggy cum, that the long line of men was now fucking out of me. Also, added to this was some man cum, because not every man used a condom. The “special guests” invited by my master were guaranteed “clean” and were always allowed to cum inside me. My minders made sure that all the strangers wore protection though. There was one exception. The crowd became excited as he stepped up, and the flashing of mobile's cameras intensified.

He was black, almost seven feet tall, and so broad he had to have his shirts specially made for him. If he could see my eyes through my gimp mask, he would have seen them widen as I saw the size of his cock. He tried to put a condom on, but after it split he gave up. I bit my lip in trepidation as I saw the massive pink helmet the size of a billiard ball, but then remembered that only yesterday I had taken a huge horse's dick. He pressed his throbbing glans into my gaping hole, stretch it open wider. Two, three, then four inches of thick meaty cock pushed deeper into my gut, pushing me back in the swinging chains until physics demanded that I swing back, impaling me further until nine inches of hard cock was inside me. He held the base of his cock steady with one hand whilst with the other he pushed me gently back and forth with a huge hand on my tummy. I could feel his cock growing harder inside me as he rocked me faster and faster, then losing all self control he bucked with his hips. Men with flashing mobiles tried to get round the side to take pictures of the giant dick thrusting in and out of my ass, and I started to cum as his lovely big organ massaged my G spot. He had good staying power, because he kept fucking me like this for at least five minutes.

My belly gurgled, and my lower bowel filled with what was left of the congealed doggy cum , and I could tell by the look on his face that he had cum inside me. I heard a wet splat on the floor as he pulled his big cock out of my ass, then he slapped it over my cock and balls to shake off the drips. There was a round of applause for him before the next man stepped up for sloppy seconds. I couldn't feel very much, and I think he just basically wanked into my big wet gaping asshole.

Followed by another man, then another. At one point two men crowded in side by side and I could feel both their dicks penetrate my back passage as they gripped my thighs to stop me swinging and double penetrated me.

My arms and legs ached, and I began to feel tired as one after another, or two at a time the crowd used my arse as a wank sock. But eventually the crowd grew thinner, and my anus got sore as it dried out. One of the minders helped out by squirting gel into my hole between fucks. I had no idea how many men had fucked me – I lost count after twenty, and that seemed like a long time ago. This wasn't fun – it was an ordeal, torture. My arms felt like they were being ripped from their sockets, the muscles in my legs were screaming in agony, and my anus was that fucked that by the end the men were slipping my prolapsed colon over their dicks and wanking with it.

Finally, the minders lowered the hooks holding my chains by a foot, and they brought Scooby in. “Fuck him Scooby” one of them said, and my dog stood on two legs as he mounted my belly, and with his head on the top of my chest just inches from my face, he buried his eager cock in my well fucked hole, pushing the long pink sock of my colon back inside me. . They had to hold my shoulders to stop me swinging away from him, but with a little help from a minder, he soon had his knot in my rectum, and after a few cheers and whistles it wasn't long before I felt my tummy filling with more hot doggy cum.

As he dismounted they unhooked my chains and I fell to my knees to a rousing cheer. The show was over. The fresh condom bucket was empty, and one of the minders held up the full used bucket to show the audience before putting it down in front of me. I looked in and was amazed by the sheer

number of cum filled rubbers in the bucket.

"Take that home and keep it in your bedroom as a reminder of what a monumental slut you are." a minder said to me. I stared into the bucket in disbelief. This bucket was both my shame and my pride.

~~~~~

## Chapter Twelve

I couldn't walk from the shipping container to the van, so they had to carry me. I still couldn't walk when they got me home, and they had to carry me into my house.

I woke up next morning on my bed, aching so much I felt as though I'd fallen down a flight of stairs. The bucket of used condoms was by the side of my bed and stinking, so I threw a sheet over it. If I was going to keep it, I would need to spray it with a deodorizer and put a lid on it. I felt I should throw it out, but I kind of wanted to keep it as a trophy, and besides - I don't think my master would allow me to throw it away. This was a lesson I was not meant to forget. I look into the bucket again and try to guess how many fucks lie in there. They have settled a bit, most of them weren't tied off, and separating them would be a pretty vile and difficult task, so counting them was out of the question.

I tried to stagger to the shower, but my legs gave way, so I decided to run a bath instead. I put bath salts in that according to the box "soothe away the aches and pains of a hard day." Doesn't say anything about hard nights, but it's worth a try.

Later I checked my texts - there was one from Geoff saying Jean had come down with a stomach bug, and not to come in until I was feeling okay. That's a laugh - I couldn't walk to the car today, let alone go to work.

There was a message from Brian saying how much he enjoyed our fun at Kite Hill, and when do I want to meet him again. Damn - that's going to be tricky. Will Master let me? It will be pretty embarrassing to run into Brian again whilst taking Scooby for a walk if I'm told no. And that brings me to my next dilemma - how do I exercise Scooby today if I can't walk? I suppose I could ask Master if he can send someone to walk my dog - or maybe call Brian and ask him if he can do it?

My next text held another solution. It was from Simon - Michael's new lover.

:: Hi Alan. I was wondering - could I drop round and play with your dog? p.s. Don't tell Mikey.::

Play with my dog? What did he mean by that precisely? It seems an odd request from someone you've only met once, particularly as my dog tried to mount him as soon as they met. Could he handle a Great Dane (walking him I mean)? I want to know where this is going anyway, so I text back "Sure - pop round now if you like."

I need to clean up a bit, so I put a bucket lid onto my condom bucket and stick it in a cupboard, then spray the room with air freshener because it reeks of stale cum. I put my sheets in the washing machine, because I leaked over them during the night, By now I could stand, but could only walk slowly, using a fancy cane that I still had from a costume party last year.

At around lunch time I got another text from Simon, saying he could drop by at around four. That was fine.



He seemed a little jittery and unsure of himself at first, as though he felt awkward being here. I limped into the living room with him and asked him if he would like a drink. We sat down to drink a cider together and chew the fat over why he was here.

"I miss having a dog - they don't allow pets at the flats you see." he explained.

"I always had pets when I was a kid - I love dogs, but I know Mikey will never let us get one. Even if we did move into a place that allowed them."

"Actually Simon - I have a little favour to ask you. I sprained my ankle whilst I was walking Sc.. Duke last night, and I can't manage him today. I know it's asking a lot, but you did say you'd like to spend some time with him - would you mind taking him for his walk today?"

He smiled and said he'd be delighted, so I ran him through how to hold his leash correctly, where to take him etc. Whilst we talked, Scooby stood wagging his tail and rested his big head on Simon's lap when he scratched behind his ear. Simon certainly had a way of quickly earning the trust of dogs.

Simon took Scooby (or Duke rather) out for his walk at around five, and I started to prepare tea in the kitchen after checking my TV for messages. I had been a little worried that Master would activate the screen and send a compromising message whilst Simon was with me, but I expect he checked the cameras out to make sure I was alone before doing so, because the large screen didn't flicker into life until after Simon left with the dog.

\*\* Nice boy - do you think you will fuck him? \*\* appeared in bright letters.

"No - I don't think so." I said out loud, for sure that Master would hear me. "He's Michael's lover, I couldn't betray him like that. Not after dumping him."

\*\* Loyalty is an admirable quality. Shame you didn't extend that courtesy to me when you went into the bushes with that dog walker. \*\*

"I... I..m sorry - I didn't plan that, it just happened." I said "I wasn't even sure that you hadn't sent him anyway."

\*\* is your slutty hole still hungry for cock, or is it a little tender this morning? \*\*

It was as tender as hell - I had slathered it in soothing creams, but it was sore and my anus was puffy and slightly distended. I didn't dare eat breakfast because I was sure taking a dump would feel like passing a wire brush.

"It hurts." I confirmed.

\*\* Then consider it a lesson learned. Next time you want to fuck around - ask permission first.\*\*

I think he forgave me, because after the chastising he put up a video showing last night's ordeal. It's certainly not something I want to go through again, but it was one hell of an experience.

I turned the TV off when I heard the front door bell, and limped into the hallway to let Simon in. He was looking a bit dishevelled with leaves in his hair and grass stains on the knees of his jeans. Scooby was looking very pleased with himself.

"I hope Duke wasn't too much trouble." I said "he can be a bit headstrong."

"Nooo, not at all. He was great." Simon said as he limped into the living room. Scooby buried his snout in my crotch, and I think I know what he's been up to. Simon was definitely walking a bit funny and his face was flushed. I might be imagining it, but he looks not unlike how I look after Scooby has owned my ass, and Scooby looks and acts pretty much the way he usually does after a

good fuck.

"I cooked a cottage pie for tea - you will stay won't you?" I said.

"Mmmm - I can't say no to that - I'm famished."

I served up the meal, and poured two glasses of a cheap white wine I bought from the off license. I wasn't trying to get him drunk - just loosen his tongue a little.

"So how's your ankle?" he asked as we tucked in.

"Still painful to walk on." I told him

"You know, you should get it checked out at the Health Centre - it might be broken."

I shrugged. "I'm sure it's not broken. It's feeling better already - just a bit stiff really."

"Well if it's still feeling stiff tomorrow I'll be happy to walk Duke again."

"Thanks" I smiled "I'll give you a call."

I topped up our glasses and we finished enjoying our simple meal.

After we finished eating and drinking, I left Simon fussing over Scooby whilst I washed up. He offered to do it for me so I could rest my ankle, but I said I wanted to keep active to loosen it up a bit.

"Yeah - being active does loosen things." he said with a saucy grin. I winked at him and left him and Scooby to play alone in the living room.

I've got a notebook type laptop in the kitchen that I use to look up online recipes, and is also able to access the cam on the laptop on my coffee table in the living room. Out of curiosity I took a peek through that cam to see what was going on in the living room. Scooby was rolling around on the fur rug whilst Simon was stroking, patting, and tickling him. As Scooby rolled around on his back, Simon tickled his chest and tummy, moving a little lower every now and then. I could see Scooby was starting to show his rocket, and so could Simon. He glanced furtively at the door towards the kitchen, then moved his hand down to massage Scooby's sheath. His cock began to show, and Simon (on his knees already) admired it for a while before grasping the shaft in his left hand and then bent down to take the tip into his mouth.

I wasn't sure what to do - keep making noises with pots and pans whilst watching them finish, or quietly walk in on them. It was making me hard watching them, and I didn't mind sharing Scooby with our new friend. Should I let Simon know that I'm aware of his canine passions and that it's okay? Or do I let him keep that secret to himself? I wondered to myself whether Simon had let Scooby fuck him or just gave him a hand job whilst they were out. I think, judging by Simon's walk that he had been pretty well fucked, but for all I know he might have been walking with a butt plug in his ass.

I watched them on the small screen, wishing the laptop cam gave a better view, because from this angle I couldn't actually see Simon's mouth sliding up and down on the big dog's cock. Suddenly his head stopped bobbing up and down, and from the living room came the sound of Simon coughing and spluttering. I had stopped jiggling the crockery a couple of moments before, so the silence from the kitchen probably panicked him. I quickly poured two glasses of milk and carried them into the living room in time to see Simon quickly sit down on the sofa wiping his mouth with a tissue whilst Scooby sat on the rug looking pleased with himself, and still sporting a big boner.

Simon was flushed and trying to suppress another cough.

"Something go down the wrong hole?" I asked with a smirk. Simon tried to speak, but instead coughed and a trickle of doggy cum dribbled down his chin.

"Have a glass of milk." I suggested. "Doggy cum takes a bit of washing down."

He blushed bright red as I sat next to him on the sofa and called Scooby over to us. I put my left arm around Scooby's neck, then started to masturbate his swollen cock with my right hand.

"It's okay." I reassured the embarrassed and nervous young man. "He can be pretty horny at times, and can never get enough."

Simon finally spoke after he had recovered his composure and washed down Scooby's spunk with a few gulps of milk.

"He's big" Simon said. "So big. I've never seen a dog so big before - I couldn't resist him."

"Did you call him Scooby whilst you were out?" I asked. Simon looked down, shamefaced.

"Yes. I figured by your reaction and how quickly he tried to take me on Saturday night that you had a trigger word for him, so whilst on the walk I took him into some bushes and whispered Scooby in his ear. He was jumping me before I could even get my pants down, and practically fucking raped me! He was so huge I thought my arse would split, but god it felt good."

"He didn't tie did he?" I asked.

"Ha ha - no, his knot is way too big for me."

"But you still want more?" I said

"Yes." his face dropped a little. "You know what Michael's like. I mean, I love him, but he doesn't top, he's so passive. I have to be the Daddy every time, and to be honest I'm a switch - I like to be fucked occasionally."

"Yeah, I know what you mean. I guess that's what destroyed our relationship." I admitted.

"Actually, I found out that I'm really subby, so Michael and me just wouldn't work out."

"I'm pretty sure I can satisfy his needs." Simon said, "But he can't satisfy all mine. Just occasionally I need a cock. I've had dogs before, so after Duke tried to mount me on Saturday I couldn't stop thinking about him. I've barely slept the past few nights, and when I do, I just dream about that big yellow brute and his monster cock - taking me."

"Yeah" I smiled dreamily, "he does leave quite an impression. I'm terrified sometimes that he might get a stiffy whilst we're out walking and people look and stare. That's why I try to walk him in less crowded places, particularly if there's kids in the park. Try explaining that pink monster to em."

"So where do you usually go if he's in a frisky mood?"

"Kite Hill, the tow path side of the canal, or I try to calm him a bit first with a hand job."

"That's how I got into dogs in the first place." Simon confided. "I used to walk my Aunt's Alsatian when she was getting too old to walk him every day. One of my mates told me how he heard a lot of dog handlers wank them off to calm them, so we tried it a couple of times on Sammy. We kinda got off on it, then one day I let Sammy mount me. It was so good - best fuck ever. Okay, my first fuck ever, but still..."

"You know, if you want my dog to fuck you, it's probably a lot safer to do it in here. Less chance of getting caught."

"I feel bad about cheating on Mikey, and to do it at his old boyfriend's..."

"You aren't really cheating on him though. It's not like you are with another man - he's a dog, so doesn't really count."

"I guess so - I hadn't really thought of it that way." Simon said thoughtfully.

"All the same - best not to tell him. I don't think he'd handle it well, particularly with his not liking dogs."

"That's true enough. He freaks out if I put chocolate in the chilli."

"Hey!" I said "You do that too?" and high fived him.

"Listen." I said "You need to find a regular evening that you can come over and Michael won't suspect anything. Does he still go to those Tai Chi classes on Thursday nights?"

"Yup - can't see that he's getting anything out of it, but it's a regular routine for him, and you know he loves routines."

"Well there's your night then. Do you need a cover story for what you are doing?" I ask.

"Well I have been taking cooking classes - but I finished last week." he suggested.

"Don't tell him you finished. I've been following an online cooking class, so we could watch that together afterwards to keep you ahead of the game."

After Simon left I felt a bit odd about helping my ex-boyfriends new lover to sort of but not quite cheat on him with my dog, but if it makes everyone happy and keeps a relationship going, what's the harm?

~~~~~

## Chapter Thirteen

The next day I was still a bit stiff, and my ass was still quite loose, but I felt okay for work so called Geoff to say I'd be in. I didn't wear a suit, because we didn't have any meetings planned and I had a few days of filing and emails to catch up on. I probably looked a little uncomfortable though, because unbeknown to everyone at the office, I was wearing black rubber pants under my trousers.

Though I hadn't been leaking since Tuesday afternoon, but I didn't want to take any risks. I think my sphincter muscles may have weakened or something, because I can't clench properly. My anus seems to be permanently dilated - at least for now. Maybe it will return to normal after a rest and enough time, but I somehow doubted Master would give me that rest. I was pretty sure by now that turning my asshole into a floppy ass-cunt was his main ambition for me.

In fact, I was so sure I decided to confront him on it when I got home Wednesday night.

\* That young man really likes Scooby's cock doesn't he? \* was waiting for me on the TV screen when I got home.

"He guessed," I said to the hidden microphone. "He accidentally triggered one of Scooby's response words - his sex name. He's had experience with dogs."

\* Really? That might be useful to us. \*

"Don't involve him with us - at least not yet. It could complicate things."

\* I suppose you don't want us to involve your little friend from the park either? \*

"I.. I'm not sure. I would like to get to know him a bit first - if that's okay?"

\* I might consider rewarding you with these favours - if you earn them.\*

"Earn them? You mean by more performances?"

\* Well that will do for starters.\*

"My anus. It's ... well, it's pretty loose still."

\* Excellent - we are making progress.\*

"So that is what you are doing - stretching me, pushing my limits to make my ring bigger and bigger?"

\* Indeed. That's a nice little ass-cunt you have the beginnings of. But we can do so much more. We can make your hole bigger than any whore's pussy. \*

"But where will this end?" I pleaded.

\* Who says it has to end? Aren't you curious to see just how big your ass-cunt can get? Aren't you

curious to see just what we can fit in there?\*

I didn't answer. Partly because of the despair I felt knowing that he was intending to turn me into a bizarre anal freak, and partly because .... yes. Yes, I was curious.

"What do I have to do Master?" I asked.

\* There is a present for you in the bedroom. \*

I walked apprehensively to my bedroom, not knowing what to expect. There was a black hexagonal box covered in velvet in the middle of the bed. I opened it to find what looked like some sort of butt-plug. It had a wide rubbery flange at the base that was oval shaped and curved up slightly, a smooth mid section that was two inches across, and a larger roundish top section. The whole thing was hollow with a thread. Underneath the butt-plug was a bolt-like cylinder with a rounded end that obviously screwed into the plug.

I took it into the front room to read the next message.

\* you will insert this and wear it all day at work tomorrow. You may not take it out until I say so (except to relieve yourself - we dont want to lose it do we?\_). The hole in it will allow things in and out - the screw in plug will keep anything from leaking out during the day. \*

Well that answered that question. I looked at the new plug. It looked quite big and would likely keep my anus dilated for the whole day. A two inch dilation for a whole day! Okay, this is just the beginning - my asshole is now officially in training. It's not as though I have any choice in the matter.

I thought I'd better try it out first - it might take some getting used to. I took the plug and a bottle of lube into the bathroom and stripped off. I squatted down, squeezed a dollup of lubrication gel onto my fingers, and worked it into my anus. Although it was dry, it was still very loose and I had no trouble at all slipping three lubed up fingers into my back passage. Then I pushed the butt-plug into my hole, stretching it until my ring snapped shut over the stem. It still felt a bit stretched, but i'd get used to it.

I tried walking around with it in, but was walking like a duck. I tried sitting down, but the moment I did that my stomach started to churn, and the rubber rim was really uncomfortable. This would take a bit more getting used to than I thought.

Though the bulbous top of the plug was quite large and managed to do it's job of keeping the plug inside me, I still felt it was trying to escape, so I tried to clench, but failed. Either I had simply forgotten how to clench, or my sphincter was no longer capable of clenching. This is something I must try to rectify soon, but for now I would have to rely on panties or a G-string to ensure the plug stays where it belongs.

Suddenly the door bell rang! I quickly pulled on a pair of slacks and minced across the hall. I pulled on a house coat before answering the door to Simon. Simon! I'd forgotten he was coming.

"Hiya. How is it?"

"Huh?" I replied. Wondering how he knew.

"Your ankle? I figured , so you might want me to walk Duke."

"Oh. Of course, yes. Come in."

Scooby was excited to see Simon again, and I suggested that he gives him a bit of relief before going for a walk to calm his libido a bit.

"Fuck or wank?" Simon asked.

"Seriously? You think you can exercise him after he's fucked you?"

Simon grinned. "Ah - good point. Wank it is then."

I watched as Simon fussed over the big Great Dane, stroking his chest and his flanks, then gently fondling his sheath like an expert. Soon Scooby was showing his cock and whimpered as Simon ran his fingers up and down the swelling shaft. When it was fully engorged he began pumping it with his right hand, whilst he fingered Scooby's anus with his left. Scooby seemed to really like that - a lot, so I joined in. the big dog's anus was quite large, and surprisingly dilated.

It wasn't long before he was spurting pre-cum, and straight away Simon put his head under the hound's chest and took his big cock into his thirsty mouth. Scooby is very well endowed, so Simon could only get a few inches of his massive cock in his mouth whilst he controlled the shaft with his hand.

I squirted a little lube onto Scooby's asshole, then gently pushed my erect penis in. My cock felt very warm as it slid easily into the hot cavity, and slowly I began to fuck my dog for the first time. I don't know why, but it had never occurred to me that Scooby would even allow this, let alone enjoy it, but he clearly was loving it. For once, I was inside him, grabbing his hips and fucking his ass, whilst Simon held his knot firmly in his hand whilst sucking him off. My thrusting became faster as I neared orgasm, and Scooby whined as we pleased him. My balls churned and erupted as I filled Scooby's gut with my cum, and I think from the sound of Simon's spluttering cough that Scooby cum at the same time.

Simon licked Scooby's cock clean, then wiped his mouth as I pulled up my trousers and went to the kitchen to pour Scooby some water, and a glass of milk for Simon and myself.

"Well" I said "he should be more manageable now - want to take him for that walk?" we let Scooby finish his water before attaching his leash and then Simon took him out.

I sat down on the sofa abruptly, and wished I hadn't - I'd completely forgotten about the butt-plug, and landing forcefully on it felt like a punch inside me. Sitting down was more uncomfortable than walking, and would take some getting used to.

The TV flickered into life, and a message appeared.

\* Well done - that was a nice show. I think you've earned a reward. A new command - Scooby Snack. It will get him busy with his tongue in ways you won't believe. There's an update to the website by the way. \*

I opened my laptop and logged onto my website to see what Master had updated. There was a new tab just called Slut's Progress, and when I clicked on it, the page took a while to load. I wasn't surprised to see lots and lots of pictures of me in the shipping container being fucked. There were several close-up shots of my abused hole, looking very big and gaping open most of the shots. I was a bit shocked to see myself like that, but at the same time immensely aroused. There was also a couple of GIFs and two ten minute videos.

There was another new tab entitled Stable Relationships, which turned out to be photos and a two minute video of me at the riding school, mostly of the bellyriding. I was really getting turned on by them, when the door bell rang, so I quickly logged out. I'd spent more time than I realised on that site, and Simon was back with Scooby.

"He was a lot easier to control this time" he said. "I think we tired him out a bit."

"Not too much I hope" I said to him. "You haven't had your reward yet."

Simon grinned as he headed for the living room and started to strip off his trousers and undies. I wanted to try out the new command, so I told him to get down on his hands and knees, then called

out “Time for Scooby Snacks!” and Scooby immediately set to work licking Simon’s ass. Simon groaned as Scooby’s big rough tongue slathered over his taint and balls, licking his cheeks, and gradually working around his anus. Simon’s thighs began to tremble as Scooby worked his tongue over Simon’s anus until it was pouting, and then tried to work his tongue inside the pulsating butt-hole. I was feeling quite envious, but knew I couldn’t enjoy that until I’d removed the butt-plug, and I didn’t want to do that just yet.

Eventually Simon was pleading to be fucked, so I gave Scooby his command and he quickly mounted the young man. Simon whimpered as Scooby buried his bone in his gaping hole, stretching it wider as he thrust his pink torpedo deeper and deeper. Simon was moaning as he took it, and deciding he was ready I said “Jinkies Scooby.”

Scooby grabbed Simon tightly and thrust hard with all his strength. It’s a good job I have thick walls and the bungalow is detached because Simon screamed in pain as Scooby jack hammered his ass.

“OH GOD! HE’S GOT HIS KNOT INSIDE ME - HE’S TIED!”  
“Just relax and enjoy it” I advised. “breath deep.”

Simon panted like a dog as Scooby flooded his belly with hot seed and just kept humping until I told him to stop. He lay across Simon’s back, not moving apart from the tell tale twitching of his ass that indicated his cock was pulsating and squirting cum into Simon’s belly.

“Oh jeeze - he’s too big.” Simon moaned.  
“You’ll have to wait until he’s completely done.” I explained. “His knot is too big to pull out now - you’d both be damaged.”

I pushed a few cushions under his tummy to help support him as Scooby filled his guts with his hot cum. After about fifteen minutes his knot had gone down a bit, and he dismounted Simon, pulling his still sizeable cock out of the abused rectum.

“Good boy Scooby” I said as Simon moaned in pleasure. He had a huge smile on his face, so I’m guessing he enjoyed it.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Fourteen**

I went to bed with the plug still in my ass, and I awoke with it still there. It was settling in nicely. It felt a little funny driving to work with it in, as the vibrations of the car were transmitted to the base of the butt-plug through the car seat. When I got to work I sat in the car park for a few minutes, taking deep breaths.

Walking wasn’t too bad - the rubber rim was a bit uncomfortable and separated my thighs a bit more than usual, but I was able to stroll quite normally into the Council offices and to my desk. Geoff was out at a meeting, but there was an e-mail from him asking me to put together a presentation using the data I collated last week, and research any updates on the relevant legislation. The donkey work was already done - I just had to put it together in a meaningful way that the layman would understand, and create a few graphs and pie charts. Info graphics and buzz-words - I was used to that by now and though it would take most of the day to put together, it wasn’t hard nor tedious. Of course, I’d probably have to dip into the budget to buy PDFs of the legislation updates, but we should be able to reclaim that.

By the end of the day I had almost forgotten I was wearing the butt-plug, and wasn’t reminded of it

until I was walking down the stairs to leave the building. When I got home I removed it to empty my bowels, then cleaned myself before inserting it back in, as I hadn't received any message from Master yet. I wondered how long I was to keep it in, but guessed that he would have me remove it tomorrow night – Friday night shows had become a regular.

Sure enough, there was a big box in my bedroom. I opened it to find a mass of black fur, which turned out to be a gorilla costume.

I had figured out what to do about the bucket of used condoms. I bought several large packets of clear jelly mix and wallpaper paste. The wallpaper paste should contain all the stuff I need to stop it going mouldy. I mixed it together with hot water in a spare bucket, then poured it into the condom bucket, giving everything a really good stir with a wooden spoon. Once all the condoms were nicely distributed, I put the bucket in the fridge (had to take out the food and a couple of shelves) and left it to set, then checked to see if Master had left any messages. There was only one, telling me I could remove the plug, and to put on the gorilla costume.

I took the heavy outfit out of the box and put on the body suit. It was a pretty good fit – a bit tight around the thighs and shoulders, but otherwise okay. I noticed the crotch was split wide open from the base of my spine to my groin. I put the fake feet over my trainers because they would be too loose on bare feet, then put the mask on before putting on the ape hand gloves.

It was a fairly good costume – not Hollywood movie standard, but better than the average fancy dress outfit. I didn't have long to wait for the doorbell. Two heavily built men that may have been the same minders I had on Monday night were here to pick me up.

"Mister B says you can bring the dog." one of them said, so I put Scobby's leash on him and we got into the back of the van.

We had been travelling for a long time, during which I took off the mask because it was making Scooby a bit leery. I'm not sure why – maybe it was the fur and animal head, because by now he was used to me in a gimp mask.

Eventually we arrived at our destination, which at first I took to be a park. I had put my mask back on and couldn't see all that well, but as a small exchange took place a gate-keeper unlocked the huge wrought iron gates to a zoo! Oh wow – what was I in for?

I was led around a back pathway behind the buildings so I had no clue as to where I was going. Finally we came to a park warden with a set of keys waiting by a green metal door. Someone behind me told me to bend over, and I felt him rub something oily into my arse, then inserted a small nozzle, and I felt him squirt something into my rectum.

"It contains female pheromones – you'll smell like a mate to him"

"Remember – if anything goes wrong, we have nothing to do with it – we get him out and you take him away. He was never here." the keeper said.

He unlocked the door and said to me "Don't make any sudden moves, never look him in the eyes, and just take a submissive pose." he advised. "Don't take the initiative – if he aint interested, he aint interested."

I walked through the doors into the caged enclosure.

"Psst! On all fours – walk like a beast." the keeper said as he locked the door behind me.

I dropped to my hands and feet, squatting my legs, and walking on my knuckles into the enclosure.



In the middle, hanging from a fake tree was a large tire from a truck or a tractor, with a huge gorilla lounging in it. I stopped. The gorilla looked at me, and remembering what I was told I averted my gaze to the ground.

I heard movement, and glancing up slightly I saw him bounding towards me. I turned my back, then lowered my head as though praying and raised my ass. He stopped. I could feel his breath on my exposed ass, and suddenly felt a large leathery finger inserted into my anus. He took it out and sniffed it. Would this work? Glancing up I could see people on the other side of the bars watching. A couple of them had video cameras, but everyone was quiet and wore dark sunglasses.

I heard the gorilla turn and walk swiftly away, and I was disappointed because I was quite curious at this point. Then the ground trembled as he bounded back to me. He sniffed at my ass, and I could feel his hot breath on my balls. He could surely see my genitals, but I smelled like a female, so he was probably confused. Suddenly he made his mind up, and I felt him grab my hips in his huge strong hands.

Seconds later his thighs were pressed against mine, and I felt his hard penis poke at my anus. I was still very loose and pouting, so his cock slid inside me easily. To be honest, I was disappointed as the huge beast hugged my waist and humped my asshole with a penis that was hard, but surprisingly small for such a massive beast.

It was all over in seconds, and he soon pulled out of me, then wandered away. When it was clear there was not going to be a repeat performance, I ape-walked back to the service door and knocked. The keeper let me out and said "Surprisingly enough that went very well. He must have been horny."

Next they locked me in the chimpanzee enclosure. To make things easier they had separated the females just after closing time, so the males would be more likely to fuck me. Once again, I had female pheromone fluids squirted into my ass, and my guide also rubbed some Deep Heat into my anus to make it red and puffy to attract mates. . My size and gorilla-like appearance would be off-putting enough, but smelling like another male would invite attack rather than sex.

I ape-walked into the middle of the enclosure, then adopted a submissive pose with my head down and ass raised. It took a while before any of the male apes approached me, but once one of them summoned the courage he quickly decided I was safe and smelled like a female chimp, and I lay a bit lower so he could fuck me.

He was shorter than a human, but his cock wasn't. It was thinner and tapered, but just as long as a man's cock, and very hard. He thrust his cock deep inside my ass, and fucked me rapidly, hammering my prostate so hard that I ejaculated. By the time he had finished, several more chimps were taking an interest, and soon I was surrounded by a crowd of horny male chimps eager to take a turn at fucking my ass.

Their balls were huge - much bigger than my balls, and soon my belly was swollen with two or three pints of ape cum. Some of them grabbed my mask, almost pulling it off as they face fucked it. Their cocks were long enough that as they fucked the gorilla head's mouth, the tips of their penises were passing my lips, and I successfully sucked off a couple of them.

There were about twelve of them, but they didn't last long - they would cum, filling my gut with their love juice after only a few seconds of frantic fucking. Though they were quite ready to go again pretty soon, so I got fucked twice by some of them. What they lacked in girth they made up for in virility, and I found them very pleasurable, but all too soon they lost interest in me and it was time to leave.

Finally they prepared me for the big one. I was a bit nervous – what did they have in mind? Were they going to have me fucked by a lion or tiger? An elephant? Just what was going to be the grande finale?

My entourage oiled my butt and squirted my bowels full of some warm fluid with an anal douche kit, then led me to another enclosure.

I was a bit downhearted at first when I saw the strange pig-like creature. It was a tapir, and I was in for a surprise. For a small animal not much bigger than a large dog, it had a huge penis. He was about three feet high and weighing somewhere in the region of 500 pounds, so about the same size as Scooby (who I spotted outside watching with keen interest), but much heavier. The keeper led him to me as my helpers lay me belly down over a low stool.

I grunted as I felt the heavy weight on my back as he mounted me, and with help and guidance he quickly penetrated my anus with his huge flared cockhead. It's a good job I had been wearing that butt-plug for the past couple of days to keep my sphincter from tightening any, because this thing was huge – as big as a horse cock I swear.

Four inches of thick glans thrust into my back passage straight away and began hammering my guts. He didn't stop there though – his incredibly muscled organ twisted and wriggled inside me, finding it's way deeper and deeper with each thrust.as he stepped closer to me. His giant cockhead was inside me, wriggling and probing to find it's way through my guts as he thrust deeper and deeper.

His enormous throbbing cock thrashed around inside me like a mad snake, insinuating itself with the curves and kinks of my colon. I don't know how much of his giant monster cock was inside me, but I'm told he has nineteen inches, and it felt like he was giving me all of it. When he cum inside my gut, I felt the warm flood high up near my liver, and I felt like I was being disembowelled when he pulled it out of me. I turned to look at him as he walked away, and was astounded by the massive member that he dragged across the ground. Oddly, I couldn't see his balls at all and wondered if he had been castrated, but then I remembered feeling him cum inside me. I later discovered that like elephants and anteaters, tapirs have internal gonads.

As I lay panting, totally exhausted by the unusual fuck, the keeper let Scooby into the enclosure to fuck me once more for the delight of the audience.

I crawled out of the enclosure on my hands and knees to be taken back to the van. As I stood up to walk back, I felt my displaced innards gurgle and shift as gravity and movement pulled them back into their rightful place.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Fifteen**

When I got back home I looked in the full length mirror in the hallway and realised I looked even more gorilla-like than when I first put the costume on, partly because I was walking slightly hunched over and bow-legged, and partly because my belly was looking big. I took off the costume to see that my stomach was indeed quite distended. I went into the bathroom and squatted over a bedpan and evacuated so much cum that it was filled to overflowing.

There was a message from Master telling me to save as much of the cum that I could and to put it in bottles. I used a funnel to decant it into some empty wine bottles and managed to fill one and still have some left to half fill another bottle.

I took the condom bucket out of the fridge and placing it upside down over a large plate knocked out the contents. I'd mixed the jelly very thick, so it stood up firm - a see thru tower of suspended condoms in several colours - quite an interesting work of art. Maybe I should exhibit it somewhere.

I was told by one of the wardens that the clandestine zoo performances were quite a regular feature. A lot of zoos were closing down due to bad press and public pressure that was making them no longer profitable. The zoo I had just been to had found a solution through a couple of influential people who could pull a few strings and make the right contacts. There were a lot of people willing to pay good money to watch the zoo animals have sex with humans, and one or two people with unusual kinks ready to pay for the privilege of taking part in the show.

I had been the main attraction, fucked by a gorilla, a tapir, and a dozen chimps - I wonder how much that had cost Master? From what I'd seen, he wasn't short on funds, and he would probably make it all back on the pay-per-view site. For all I knew, he might be a shareholder in the zoo. Maybe he was one of those "influential people".

I rinsed my hollow butt-plug in warm water and re-inserted it into my rectum, but it felt somewhat loose, so I wore a pair of tight undies to prevent it falling out. I didn't need to be told - by now I knew what was expected of me. I wondered if soon I would be sent a bigger one as my hole stretched. I was pretty sure I would be, because the whole point of it was to make my anus permanently larger.

I wonder if this will become a big problem at some point. I am leading a double life - one where I am a perverse sex slave indulging in gang bangs, animal sex, and exhibitionism, and another where I am a respected and important official in local government. Yes - I have to face it, I'm no longer an office junior running errands - I have people working under me, and I'm the right hand man to the Head of Waste Management at the local council, and is tipped to becoming the next MP for the local area. A scandal now wouldn't just damage my own career - it would impact on others.

I'm wondering if there's time for me to get out. Not out of my ties to Mister B, I mean quit the council and get a quiet job somewhere else. I've made enough business contacts, and the only reason nobody has tried to headhunt me for the past five years is because I'm now out of their league. It was something to think about.

Maybe my master could find a little job for me. No more double life, just a single life of depravity and sleaze. I could go for that.

Speaking of whom - he had a last message for me.

Set your alarm early - you have an appointment at TH-INK at 9:30 in the morning \*  
TH-INK is a tattoo parlour on Salford Street - what does he have in mind?

I awoke at seven in the morning and took a shower. Then a quick coffee whilst I decided what to wear for my appointment. Seeing as I didn't have a clue as to why I had an appointment, it wasn't an easy decision, but I felt it was quite likely I'd need to remove my shirt, and possibly my pants so I went for loose casual. I decided against breakfast, so killed the extra time by cleaning out my back passage.

Apart from the screw in plug attachment, my new butt-plug also came with a longer vibrating version, and a screw in nozzle that connects neatly to a shower hose. I decided to give that a try. I unscrewed my shower head and screwed the hose onto the nozzle. The hose isn't very long, so I had to stand in the shower bent over slightly. I turned the water on slowly, and suddenly felt an icy cold pressure in my guts. I didn't dare turn up the heat because the water temperature can be a bit

unpredictable, and the last thing I needed was a scalding hot enema boiling my insides.

After just a few seconds the pressure from the gushing cold water was too much, and the whole butt-plug shot out of my ass like a cannonball. At least I succeeded in cleaning myself out. I turned off the shower, unscrewed the nozzle from the butt-plug, and screwed in the normal plug piece before sitting on the toilet for five minutes as my aching stomach gradually ejected everything inside it. Inserting the butt-plug back inside my rectum, I put on the clothes I had picked out, fed Scooby, then set off for the tattoo parlour.

Ken, the tattooist was expecting me, and told me to wait in the back room whilst he got the paperwork out. I was a bit surprised that the small room was more like a doctor's surgery than what I imagined a tattoo parlour to look like. Ken returned with a couple of forms and asked me various questions - have I ever been diagnosed with hepatitis, HIV, etc. eventually he asked me to sign the bottom, and told me to remove my shirt.

"We'll just do the nipples today - I don't want to do the P.A. Until I'm satisfied the nipple piercings have took okay and there are no complications."

Nipple piercings? Not a tattoo then - Master had booked me in to have my nipples pierced.

"I'm not expecting any problems though" he said.. "Older clients are generally more able to take piercings than teenagers, and it's rare to encounter problems even with tongue piercings, which are generally the toughest."

I tried not to think about it as he prepared his piercing gun. I must have looked apprehensive, because as he swabbed my nipples with antiseptic he smiled and said " Don't worry - I've never had issues arise with nipples. Touch wood."

I would be lying if I said it didn't sting. In fact I'd be lying if I said it didn't hurt like hell, and that I didn't scream like a girl. It really hurt, and my nipples are sensitive. I wasn't sure if I wanted to go through with the P.A. - I know what a Prince Albert is. A piercing that goes straight through the urethra and cockhead. Yikes.

There was very little bleeding from my nipples, but Ken stuck a couple of plasters on so I wouldn't bleed through my shirt.

"Take em off in a day or so though - they need to get air. They'll look a bit red and swollen for a day or two, but they should settle down by next week. If you get any pus or they start to look infected, go to your GP."

"Does that happen much?"

"Not often. Usually older customers are fine after a couple of days."

"Younger clients often develop complications with those - but men and women of your age usually fully recover in less than a week. Had an eighteen year old girl last month though - tongue was swollen for six days, then started to go nasty. Had to take the trainer bar out and put her on antibiotics."

I really hoped Master didn't want me to get my tongue pierced.

"Funny thing - tongue and septum are the trickiest, yet they're the most popular after ears and lip. Tongues are pretty major, they are classed as a surgical procedure. Surprisingly enough, genital piercing is pretty straight forward, and not nearly as painful as people imagine."

I'll take his word for it. Wait - I don't have to take his word for it - I'll find out next week.

My nipples were sore and tender all day, and quite a distraction. I put a heavier shirt on before going into town to do my shopping because I didn't want my nipples showing through my T-shirt. They were quite swollen now and looking a lot sexier than they felt.

I took Scooby for his afternoon stroll after giving him a quick wank. I didn't feel like racing through the park, and I certainly didn't feel ready for sex. I spent the evening browsing our website - Master had already added pictures from the zoo visit with promises of a video soon to follow. The pictures of me being fucked by the gorilla looked a lot hotter than it really was - the images had been shopped to make his dick look a lot bigger than it actually was. In truth he was so small I could hardly feel him inside me.

All the same, they were getting a lot of hits, as were the pictures of me being fucked by the horny chimps. The star of the show was definitely the tapir though, and there were some amazing shots of his strange cock. I was hoping that maybe one day I would get a return visit, because I was rapidly reaching a stage in my anal development where only really large members could pleasure me.

You couldn't really see much of me in the pictures because of the chunky gorilla costume, but the split in the groin gave an ample view of my anus and balls. I was looking forward to seeing the video.

Sunday was quiet, and my nipples were still sore and a bit swollen on Monday, so I sent Brian a text saying I was not feeling up for it, but looked forward to a good bang soon (Master had given me permission, saying I had earned a treat). Tuesday I showed Geoff the Powerpoint presentation, which he was pleased with.

I was pleased to see that Michael had submitted his application, and I called HR to confirm my endorsement of him. He stood a pretty good chance.

Simon came round on Thursday evening to walk Scooby and get laid. He gave Scooby a blow job before setting off, then spit the cum out into a bowl that I set aside for later. When they returned twenty minutes later, I used a douche bulb to squirt Scooby's cum into Simon's arse as he knelt down over the leather stool I usually used for support. Scooby got the idea straight away and started to sniff and lick Simon's dripping hole. I spread his cheeks apart to allow Scooby better access, and soon his rough tongue had Simon's sphincter winking at him.

Scooby took his cue and lunged in to mount the boy. His ruby red tip was already showing, and with my guidance quickly penetrated the tight little hole. Scooby's organ buried itself deep into the young man's back passage, and had him moaning in pleasure in no time. I rubbed lube around Scooby's cock and Simon's anus as they both expanded. Watching that huge reddish pink organ thrust in and out of someone else was an amazing turn on, and imagined him thrusting in and out of me.

I told Simon to relax, and spread his cheeks apart as I lay down beside him, looking up at Scooby's big balls swing back and forth as he fucked Simon. Simon groaned and gasped with each thrust until I whispered "Jinkies" and Scooby stepped closer, grabbed Simon's belly in his forepaws, and WHAM! He slammed his knot into the young man's anus. Simon cried out in pain, but I stroked his head and told him to relax and go with it. Scooby jack-hammered his ring until I told him to stop, and then he just clutched Simon tightly and pumped his belly full of cum. They stayed together tied for fifteen minutes before Scooby was ready to withdraw, after which Simon just lay across the stool panting.

Afterwards we shared a bottle of wine before Simon put his pants back on and kissed Scooby goodbye, and gave me a hug before leaving and asked me if I wanted to go round to have a meal at Simon and Michael's place on Saturday night. So they have moved in together now? I asked if he had

moved into Michael's or Michael had moved into his place.

"At the moment I'm staying with Michael, but I've kept my place on for a bit. Mikey's flat is bigger, but I've not moved out of my place yet - I think I might have to put some of my stuff in storage."

"Okay - see you Saturday at Mikey's. Oh - better get him to send me a text or he'll know you've been here."

We were starting to behave like a guilty couple.

~~~~~

## Chapter Sixteen

Summer was drawing near, and that meant Festival Season would soon begin, so I would have to organise the extra clean up. The last administration had farmed out much of waste collection to save expenditure. It made sense - particularly in areas of street cleaning and parks, because the biggest job was cleaning up after a festival, and we had more of those in the Summer than Winter. Ironically, that actually meant more work for us, because not only did we have to renegotiate terms with whoever was doing the clean-up, but I needed a full list of their equipment, chemicals used, and policies because as the hosts we were still responsible for the Health and Safety aspects.

So I spent most of Friday liaising with the Festivals and Events Committee, the Environmental Enforcement Officer, and the new Health and Safety Advisor before contacting the firm that handles the cleaning services. I'm not convinced it does save money in the long run.

Friday evening and I'm pretty tired, but at least my nipples aren't hurting. I check for messages before taking Scooby for a walk, but there aren't any on the TV screen, and the only message on my mobile is one from Michael inviting me over for tea on Saturday. I text back accepting, and take Scooby for a stroll by the canal bank.

When I get back there is a reminder from Master that I have a nine o'clock appointment at TH-INK in the morning, and there's a new gift for me in the bedroom. On the bed is a Dalmatian print onesie, a dog collar, and another screw-in plug attachment for my butt-plug with a dog tail attached. Also there is a red and gold card with an invitation to a party printed on it for Sunday afternoon.

Next day I get up early, shower, and take Scooby for a morning stroll before setting off for the tattoo parlour. Ken asked me to remove my shirt and examined my nipples.

"Yeah - they've taken nicely. Any pain?" he asked

"A bit sore for a while, and still feels a bit odd, but I'm getting used to it."

"Excellent. Give it a few more days before you take the trainer bars out, but then you should be able to change them without any trouble, and put something more fancy in. maybe a couple of rings - but don't take them out for too long or they will start to heal over."

Then he told me to ease down my pants and lay on the medical style couch in the back room and sprayed a little topical anaesthetic on my cockhead and then about twenty minutes later dabbed some antiseptic cream on my penis and positioned the needle of his piercing gun down my urethra and shot through my glans. I have to admit it wasn't nearly as painful as I expected, and was feeling rather relieved.

"It might feel a bit bruised for a while, but it shouldn't be a problem - just lay off sex for a week or two."

He dabbed away the blood with a couple of cotton balls, and gave me some gauze to hold over my nob-end. "It's a little off centre because you are uncut - I missed your frenulum for comfort." he said. "Again - leave the trainer bar in until the piercing has taken - keep an eye out for infections, and come back next week."

After about ten minutes there was no more bleeding, so I eased up my pants and gingerly stood up. I left walking very carefully, and by the time I was driving home my cock was beginning to throb. I was feeling a bit tender now, so as soon as I got home I sat down with an ice pack on my lap until I felt numb. There were more updates to the website, but I didn't want to risk getting an erection, so I decided to take a kip, and slept through most of the afternoon.

I woke up at around four, and fed Scooby, then took him for his walk. After a shower I picked out clean clothes and leaving Scooby with a kiss and a promise to be home soon, I drove round to Michael's flat, stopping off at Bargain Booze on the way to buy a bottle of wine. I wasn't sure whether to get red or white, so I bought one of each.

Michael was in full panic mode as though an evening meal was the most important event of the year and he was expecting Royalty, which is his default setting for any minor function. He's so anal in more ways than one. Simon was telling him to calm down, and the meal was almost ready. I held up the two bottles and said "I didn't know whether we were having red meat or white, so I bought both."

This confused him even more, because he wasn't sure whether he should hug me at the door or kiss me - seeing as I was now officially his ex. With a bottle in each hand he couldn't do either, so just flapped about smiling awkwardly.

"It's Coq au Vin." Simon shouted from the kitchen. "and a good job you brought a bottle of white, coz I used ours up in the meal."

"If you'd told me, I'd have bought another bottle this afternoon." Michael complained. I was familiar with this - I'd been through it all myself.

It was an excellent meal - Simon is a very good cook, and Michael is lucky to catch him.

"I'm relieved you guys get on." Michael said over the meal. "I was worried you'd be jealous Alan." In truth, I was a bit jealous - but how Michael thought. If things don't work out between them, I might make a play for Simon myself.

After dinner I asked Michael if he'd heard back yet about the job (not being my department, I had no idea how recruitment was progressing) and he was quite excited about getting a call back for an interview.

"Excellent" I said "just don't tell them about your plans to re-open the cottages on the promenade."

"Oooh - I hadn't thought about that. I could couldn't I?"

"Possibly - but you'd have to justify it financially."

"Closing the public toilets has been bad for tourism - nobody wants to hang around if there's no toilets."

"the committee has already costed converting them to pay toilets - they've proved it's cheaper than cleaning and refurbishing the old toilets every six months. They are planning to do the park too."

"Not the park cottage! That's where we first met!" Michael was aghast.

"Well that's just the point to be honest" I said "some people living across the road from the car park made complaints about men using the toilets for sex."

Simon left us talking shop whilst he nipped out to the offy for more wine.

"The cost cutting and efficiency angle is just an excuse really. But if you get the job, and can find a way to save more money keeping them as they are....."

Michael frowned.

"Not sure I can to be honest. Those pay toilets outside the shopping centre are pretty neat, and generate income. And practically self cleaning."

"For how long though? Those electronic buttons for flushing and hand drying don't last forever, and then maintenance gets expensive. I've been talking to the company that does our Bulky Waste - they're a registered charity and have just put in a successful bid to run a Work Experience scheme for young unemployed. One of the projects is cleaning and maintenance."

"Free labour? That would cut costs."

"And they already run a used paint collection scheme."

"So we could have the public toilets cleaned and repainted for no cost - brilliant!"

We chewed the fat until Simon returned, then shared our plans with him.

"Don't want to rain on your parade, but that still doesn't tackle the issue of the residents committee complaining about the cruising."

"Wardens? A pay turnstile at the door? Something to encourage discretion."

"That kind of defeats the object of keeping the cottages."

"Not" he winked "if the warden is sympathetic."

"I think someone in charge of managing the park staff could arrange that." I said with a smirk.

I declined another glass of wine and made my excuses to leave - I was driving home.

When I got home, Scooby was as excited as if I'd been away a week, and was all over me. I let him out into the back garden to do his business, then flipped through the TV channels to see if there was anything to watch before going to bed. There wasn't really anything to catch my interest and it dawned on me that since my new life I have barely watched television at all.

I let Scooby back in and we retired to bed. We didnt have sex, but I gave him a blow job before going to sleep with my arm around him.

Sunday was pretty quiet - I went into town for the weekly shopping, then had a shower and prepared for the party. I put on the onesie, screwed the tail plug into my butt-plug (there was a split from crotch to top of ass in the onesie) and put the collar around my neck. It was black leather with little metal pointed studs around it, and a metal plate with "Slut" engraved on it.

At a quarter to one the doorbell rang, and a rather stocky gentleman dressed in a black suit, black leather waistcoat, a red satin shirt, top hat, and a black mask handed me a box.

"Put this on whilst I put the dog in the back of the van" he told me. It was a sort of headset and muzzle with fake furry dog ears to match the onesie and tail. There was a small switch on a little plastic box on the side. I put it on and followed my escort who told me to sit in the back of the van with Scooby. There was a large envelope in the van with my name on it, so I opened it to read the note inside.

"You are wearing neuroware - the ears should respond to your brainwaves. If you are excited the ears will wag, if you are unhappy they will droop. I don't want to see them droop. They will also transmit your location and your mood to anyone with the corresponding app on their phone to let other guests know you are available to them. Oh - and you are not allowed to speak, so try to use those ears to communicate."



When the van stopped, Scooby and I were allowed out, but the driver held both our leashes. We appeared to be in the car park of some run down hotel that had been built to resemble a stately home (at least at the front). Inside the foyer was typical of the 1920s, and looked as though there had been some recent restoration work.

There were several people in the foyer – some signing in and showing their invite cards, but several milling around and introducing themselves. All the guests were wearing some form of disguise – some wearing BDSM style leather gear, some wearing goth style clothing, and several dressed in fur suits as some form of animal. Some of them wore simple masquerade masks and makeup to look like dogs, cats, and foxes – one was wearing a full head fox mask.

My driver lead Scooby and I into the ballroom, which I suspected was normally the dining room, but with most of the tables and chairs removed. There were more furies in here – in fact I would guess something like sixty percent of the guests were in some form of animal costume.

At this point I was not quite sure how I should behave – was this a standard furry convention, or was it something more taboo? Time would tell.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Seventeen**

I knew about furs – I'd even been to a furry party once, not really knowing what it was about. I had been expecting some sort of kinky orgy, but was surprised to find it was nothing like that. Of course, there was a bit of canoodling, and it is true that quite a disproportionate number of furs are gay, but most furry conventions are not some sort of Romanesque sex circus. They are no different from the average comic con in most cases.

But this was not an open convention – it was a private party by invite only, so I was ready to expect the unexpected. So far I had not seen any other real animals apart from Scooby, so there was no reason to expect this party to descend into bestiality. Also, it is quite possible that whilst my newly pierced helmet is still tender and recovering, my Master intended for this weekend to be one of rest.

My driver had taken off his coat in the foyer and handed it to the cloakroom attendant, and now stood wearing black leather pants fastened with straps, a sort of leather waistcoat, black elbow length gloves, and a light red lined silk cape. His zoro style mask and black PVC skullcap hid most of his features, but I was quite certain I had not met him previously. Unless this was my master?

Could he be? It was impossible to judge his age, and I couldn't precisely recall the height and build of the man I first met in the train station toilets.

Several people looked me over, but only one of the furies actually addressed me to ask which pack I ran with, but he was swiftly told by my keeper for the night that neither of his dogs speak. The fox who had addressed me whimpered apologetically and scurried away as though ashamed of his faux pas.

There was some commotion in the foyer as though someone rather important had arrived, and soon after a small party comprising of two furs dressed as brown and white dogs crawling on all fours led by a bald headed man in red leather accompanied by a heavily made up woman in satin and mink leading a real German Shepherd dog. At least I think she was a woman – she may have been a man in drag or a trans, it's hard to say. They were getting a lot of fawning attention, so I assumed they were the people who arranged the party.

I remembered what Master had told me about the ears I was wearing, and how they would respond to my mood. Right now I was feeling a little nervous and out of place because I didn't know anybody and was not part of anyone's clique. Also, a lot of the guests were eating from a buffet table at the far end or holding drinks. I had been told by Ken to avoid alcohol for the weekend, and wasn't hungry. Besides, I had not been given permission to take off my muzzle.

I tried to adjust my mask, as it had slipped a little making it hard for me to see through the eye holes, but as I was wearing large paw mitts, I didn't have fingers to do it, making the task very difficult and clumsy. Eventually I had it adjusted better and could see a little clearer. Looking around, I could now see that the costumes were more sexual than I first thought. Several of the fur suits had openings in the seat, and a couple of the full fur suits had fake fur sheaths on the groin and fake balls between the legs. These were not the standard family friendly outfits, suggesting this was a very adult party.

Some of the "human" outfits had exposed genital areas too, which either I hadn't noticed before, or the coverings had been removed in the last few minutes. The party was beginning to hotten up. It wasn't long before I spotted an erection, which drove away any doubts I may have had. I also noticed a few other guests were wearing ears similar to mine - mostly cat ears, but also a couple of dog ears and at least one with rabbit ears. I also spotted a few more people accompanying real dogs - a couple of Rottweilers, a Dalmatian, a Mastiff.

Several people were looking at mobile phones and then glancing around the room. I looked around to see what was happening, and to see if anyone was looking my way. A full fur fox was looking at me (at least I think he was - hard to tell through his cartoon-like mask), probably the same one who tried to speak to me earlier. I heard servos whirr on my head, telling me my ears were moving. I smiled at the fox, forgetting that he wouldn't see it through my muzzle, but my ears smiled for me.

My muzzle did have an O shaped opening at the front, so I squatted on my haunches, and tried to use my paws to get his erection to poke through the fur sheath under his tummy. I succeeded, and helped him guide his cock through my muzzle until his cockhead was in my actual mouth. I sucked on his glans and licked it, wishing I could get it deeper into my mouth, but his costume and my muzzle meant he could barely get the head past my lips.

Only able to bring him off by sucking and licking his glans was severely restrictive, but I am very good at that, so though it took a while, I was eventually rewarded with a mouthful of his sweet salty cream. My doggy ears must have been transmitting my mood well, because quite an audience had gathered round us, and someone was gently and playfully tugging on my tail.

Of course, my butt-plug was fairly large and well seated, so with just a little clenching I was able to prevent them pulling my tail out, but it was getting harder to resist. The bulbous plug rocked back and forth in my rectum, pressing against the neck of my anus making me want to flex my ring and bear down on it. But my anal training was good - I had kept the plug inside me for several days and was used to it being there now.

Someone wearing a raccoon mask, fake paws, and a grey crotchless leotard was half lying, half sitting on the floor in front of me with his erect penis inches from my face. I was down on my knees with my ass in the air and easing his cock into my muzzle in no time, and was soon flitting my greedy tongue over his throbbing glans. I was really enjoying the playful tugging on my tail far too much, and inevitable as the tail play became faster and more vigorous, I relaxed my anus too much and the tail and butt-plug came out.

For a moment my ass felt empty as my dilated hole gaped, but within moments I felt it filled again.

Only not filled by the familiar bulge of the butt-plug, but a warm cock. I felt somebody grab my thighs as he slammed his cock deep inside me, but such was the state of my anus now that he didn't even come close to stretching me. After a few minutes he withdrew, and was soon replaced by someone else. I couldn't see who of course, but he did feel a little larger, and I was enjoying being used like this. I was still working on trying to make the raccoon cum when the man fucking my ass finished and withdrew.

"Can Thor have a go?" I heard a woman ask. I don't recall seeing anyone dressed as a Norse god at the party, but he may have arrived just recently.

"Of course - my pet would really like that." my keeper replied. Then I felt a weight on my back and paws grab my belly. Of course - Thor was one of the dogs I had seen in the crowd. His hot bone poked at my anus and sank easily into my back passage. A few quick thrusts and he was comfortably fucking me hard, and given the size of my hole had no trouble ramming his knot into my waiting rectum. I clenched my sphincter to hold him in whilst he began to swell. That did not take long, and I almost cum as I felt the huge hot organ growing inside me.

I sucked hard on the raccoon man's cockhead as the strong dog fucking me gripped my belly hard as his jack-hammered my gut.

"Oh jeeze - he's being fucked by a dog!" the raccoon said as he suddenly filled my mouth with his cum. I slurped it down and licked his nob dry as people gawked at the spectacle of me being tied by the huge dog. I don't know what breed it was, but his knot was huge, and filled me much more than my butt-plug had.

"Oh wow - look at his ears go!" someone said "He's really digging it!" yes - I was. This was heaven for me, and I wanted more. Raccoon boy wriggled out from under me, and another man wriggled under me head first to get a close up view of the dog burying his cock sheath deep into my ass whilst I manoeuvred my head to get his cock into my muzzle. I had his glans pressed against my hungry lips just as I felt my tummy flooded by the dog's hot cum. My belly swelled and I'm sure some of it leaked out to drip onto my partner's face. The dog whined as he emptied his balls into my gut, and then I felt the man beneath me licking the doggy cum of my balls as I sucked the end of his cock.

Once he had finished with me, the big dog tried to dismount, and I felt his huge knot pulling on my gut, stretching my anus until with a painful pop it was free, and a deluge of doggy cum poured from my gaping hole. There was a round of applause from my audience, I heard men offering my keeper money for the privilege of being next. This started a bidding war, til my keeper said "Okay - price is £10 per centimetre - highest bid wins." Of course, that meant the winner would be whoever amongst my suitors has the biggest dick.

There was a little squabbling amongst the ladies as to who would wield the tape measure, but soon we had a winner at £250. Twenty five centimetres? Really?

Oh god yes, really. In spite of being already resized by the butt-plug and then stretched wide by the dog's throbbing knot, I actually felt filled and satisfied by the massive cock that plunged into my arse moments later. I howled like a dog, needing to make some sound but being forbidden to make human sounds tonight. This seemed to please the winner of the bid, and he energetically fed every centimetre of his winning shaft deep inside my gut. His cockhead mashed into the congealed pool of doggy cum that still pooled inside my colon, beating it into a frothy foam as he slid in and out of my back passage.

"Do you still want to be next?" my keeper asked the man who had first begged to take me after the

dog.

"Not much point." he replied "After he's done it'll be like chucking spaghetti in a bucket."

I felt my stomach being punched from the inside as the king dong fucking me grabbed my hips and fucked me roughly, grunting with each thrust until he eventually stopped with a sigh, then pulled out leaving my anus wide open and pouting at the audience one more.

"Anybody else want a go before the rest of the doggies service him?" my keeper asked. Nobody took him up on the offer, so less than a minute later another dog was mounting my rear, and soon I felt another hot canine penis darting in and out of my wet hole, then quickly begin to swell inside me once he had buried his knot.

I couldn't fellate anyone now because I was panting and breathing heavily through my muzzle as the dog fucked me, filled me with cum, then dismounted to be quickly replaced by the next dog as the men watching wanked over me.

By the time the dogs had finished and the male guests (men and furies alike) lined up to take a turn, I had been fucked by six dogs. I have no idea how many men abused my arse, my sphincter was aching and my colon hanging out by the end of the party, and I shuffled to the exit on my hands and knees, unable to stand and walk.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Eighteen**

My keeper had kept hold of my tailed butt-plug and pushed it back into my ass before helping me stagger back to the van. Throughout the journey back home I just lay in the back of the vehicle hugging Scooby and wishing I could show him how much I loved him, even though I had been unfaithful with those other dogs. Unfortunately, with my paw mittens on my hands and the muzzle over my face, there was nothing I could do.

I know Scooby had fucked me at the party because even without seeing what was going on, I knew him so well. I was familiar with the size and shape of his cock inside me, I was familiar with his method, and you just know when your favourite lover mounts you.

My belly gurgled as it's contents shifted and congealed into a jelly - there was a lot of cum inside me. I was also starting to ache, which wasn't surprising. Actually, I was probably aching before I left the party, but was oblivious to it. By the time we arrived home, I was too stiff to move and couldn't get out of the van.

My driver called someone on his mobile, then went back to the cab. He came back a minute later with a syringe and jabbed it into my ass.

"Don't worry - it's just a mild analgesic. You'll feel fine after a rest." he told me as he started to help me out of the van and stagger to the door as Scooby followed. The butt-plug fell out of my ass, and he had to literally carry me the last couple of yards because my legs just turned to jelly. He opened the front door (apparently he had his own key) and carried me to my bed, then took off my paws, ears, and muzzle. By then I was no longer aching, just a warm buzzing feeling through my numbed body before I fell asleep exhausted.

He had lied about feeling fine though. I woke up later that evening feeling like I'd been in a train wreck. My still slightly swollen stomach ached and my bowel throbbed as I staggered to the toilet and passed a couple of congealed blobs of ejaculate. My throat was dry and my head was throbbing,

so I staggered to the fridge and drank a pint of milk straight from the carton.

My legs were still a bit wobbly and my thighs and calves ached, but not as much as before. I was in no state to take Scooby on his afternoon stroll, and it was nearly 11 PM anyway. I poured a large glass of wine, then added a shot of vodka to it as I sat on the sofa. There was a message for me on the TV and a large box on the coffee table.

\*\* Don't worry about Scooby - he was fed and walked during the party. I hope you had a good time - I know everyone else did. You did very well, and have earned the present in the box. \*\*

I opened the box to find a hollow butt-plug just like the one that i've been wearing for a week, only bigger. The attached note read "The old one is too small for you now - congratulations on graduating to level two."

I took the plug out of it's plastic wrapping and held it in my hand. It was big, and I wasn't sure if I could keep this in like the other whilst I slept. The only way to find out is try it, so I squirted a little lube on it and pushed it up into my anus whilst it was still loose. I felt my rectum filled by it, but my ring hugged the neck and would soon grip it tightly once my muscles were back to normal.

It was getting late, so I hobbled over to my bedroom with Scooby and climbed into bed. I remembered a promise I made to Scooby in the van on the way home, so after inviting him onto the bed (even though it was a nightly ritual, he always waited for me to invite him), and as he lay on his back with his legs splayed, I massaged his sheath until his dick was showing, then went down on him with my mouth, sucking his red hot organ whilst squeezing his knot until he ejaculated into my mouth. I swallowed every drop, then licked him clean before falling asleep with my arm around him.

We awoke next morning at seven, had my coffee and slice of toast whilst I fed Scooby, then took him for a quick walk before driving to work. I realised I'd picked up the wrong mobile at the traffic lights in town, so sent a text message to Master asking permission to meet Brian before turning round and driving back home to pick up my actual phone. It made me a couple of minutes late, but better than not being contactable. It's a good thing I did, because there was a message from Geoff telling me to go directly to the new Seaview Towers construction site to meet with the Fire Safety inspector.

The building work was finished and it was almost ready to be opened, but there were a few checks to be made before we could get the safety certificates. Everything checked out, apart from the fire extinguishers weren't in place yet, but I was able to show the inspector the brackets for them, and he was satisfied.

Of course, he insisted on checking the stairwells - ten floors! By the end of it, my leg muscles were screaming their hatred at me.

When I got home at the end of the day there was a text from my master giving me permission to see Brian, but I wasn't sure I was up to it. Nevertheless, Scooby needed his evening walk, so I grabbed his leash, bundled him onto the back seat of my car, and drove up to Kite Hill. I was feeling a bit strange and empty because I had taken the butt-plug out. Funny how I'd got so used to it inside me all day that I felt odd without it.

I saw Brian with his brown and white Pitbull at the edge of the car park, so waved and joined them. We walked our dogs around the hill before dodging into the rhododendrons for our fun. We stripped off our trousers and pants, then I dropped onto all fours in front of him to start sucking him off. His dog began sniffing and licking my ass, which was still very loose and receptive to his tongue. A shiver ran up my spine as the dog's hungry tongue probed inside my anus, but it didn't take him long to realise I was ready, so he quickly mounted me.

Brian's cock grew harder and I could feel his veins pulse as he watched his dog start to fuck me. It didn't take long for the Pitbull to bury his cock deep into my ass, and had no trouble at all ramming his knot inside me. Once he was in, I tried to clench the bulb with my sphincter encouraging it to become fully engorged until he was thoroughly tied.

I try to concentrate on sucking Brian off whilst his dog is fucking me, which can be a bit distracting, but I was doing very well, and by chance both Brian and his dog cum at the same time, filling me from both ends. By now Scooby is eager for his turn, so Brian dropped onto his hands and knees as Scooby grabbed his waist with his massive forepaws. His dog was clutching my under-belly hard as he pumped me full of his seed, then cocked his leg over to fuck me ass to ass, but alas I was too loose and unable to keep his knot inside me. I felt a warm deluge of cum run over my balls and down my thigh as his cock shot out of my ass.

Meanwhile, Brian was straining to take Scooby's huge dong.

"Just take a deep breath and relax." I advised. Suddenly his eyes went wide and I knew Scooby had managed to ram his knot inside. He started to pant rapidly, and I was worried he was about to panic.

"Easy now - you're doing great, the hard part's over. Just relax and enjoy it."

"He's too big! I can't hold him!" he gasped.

"Yes you can - you've already taken all of him, now just let him breed you."

I felt the only way to stop him panicking was to let Scooby go full blast and fuck him into a stupor, so I used the trigger.

"Jinkies Scooby, make him your bitch."

Scooby gripped him tighter and fucked Brian wildly as I held his shoulders, if I hadn't, I think he would have been pushed out of the bushes and halfway across the car park. I hope there was nobody nearby, because Brian let out a wobbly half groan, half wail as the massive Great Dane fucked wildly with total abandon. Eventually Brian was just making a shrill whining noise as Scooby howled, and I knew he had shot his load and was filling Brian's belly with hot cum.

I gave Scooby the slow down command, and let him finish off the now zoned out Brian at his own pace. Finally he stopped humping, and just lay over Brian's back, with his ass and loins just twitching occasionally as the semi-conscious Brian just moaned. After about ten minutes Scooby dismounted and pulled his still half engorged cock out of the punished anus with a wet plop. A waterfall of cum gushed out of the stretched asshole, along with about an inch of prolapsed gut. I pushed it back in with my tongue as I slurped Scooby's cum, then kissed the twitching ring of muscle. I was soon pushed out of the way though, as Brian's dog greedily licked his hole dry, so I sucked Scooby's shrinking cock clean.

"Wow! No wonder your asshole is so big." Brian said once he had recovered. We dressed and walked back to our cars. I then realised I hadn't given Scooby his walk - but I was too shagged out to walk any further than the walk to the car, and I think Scooby has had enough exercise for today.

As soon as we got back home, I gave myself an anal douche, then lubed up the new butt plug and inserted it inside me. I felt very filled by it, and the neck stretched my anus wide again. Though I was feeling tired, it was still not that late, so I did the housework naked with a thin vibrator screwed into the hole of my butt-plug. I came whilst hoovering.