

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



"Kristy, honey, could you get the Peterson file for me?" Daddy asked, looking up from his desk.

"Sure," I grumbled. I hated working for my dad at the kennel. All my friends went shopping after school. My dad on the other hand, thought this would be a positive experience for me, and insisted that I spend some hours after school and on the weekends working in the family business. I figure he also had a secondary motive. Lust was influencing my 18 year old body, so my firm breasts and rounded hips had developed into womanly proportions. I think he was looking to keep me out of harms way by hiding me away at the kennel where the local boys couldn't get into my panties. But I was a spoiled little girl, and felt I shouldn't have to take that sort of treatment, so I was determined to make him pay for that and went out of my way to make things miserable for him in the only way I knew how.

I swished over to the file cabinet, my short black mini skirt barely covering my delightfully rounded butt cheeks. Cheerleading and aerobic activities kept my body taunt and trim. Wrapped in my swirling mini, the twin apples of my rump made a bold, firm outline, and yet maintained just enough of what I might call baby fat to give me a soft quality. Basically my total look was a sweet 5'3, 100lbs, with blond'ish hair tied in a ponytail, firm 34C boobs, pouting yet mischievous grin, available on command. That was me in a nutshell. I was turning into a very hot dangerous little package, and was beginning to learn the effect that had on men.

I grinned to myself because "The Peterson" file would be in the bottom drawer, so I had an excellent opportunity to tease my daddy. I purposely bent at the waist so that my short skirt rode up high over my hips and butt, exposing my secret girlish charms to plain sight. The sheer cotton material of my tight little pink panties snugged thong-like up into the crack of my bum. As I had hoped, the panty crotch twisted, bunched, and slipped neatly between my pouting hairless lips of my ripe, plump pussy mound, splitting my pink folds and exposing them to my daddy's view. Framed between my creamy white thighs, my bald little kitty stuck out below my skirt, shamelessly presented. I was reminded of the actions of our female dogs in heat, the way they would strut about, tail in the air, rubbing their loins in the snout of any and all male dogs they could find. What would my daddy do, I wondered, if I simply backed up to him and pressed my rump in his face, sliding my sweet little tulip all around and leaving his stern expression smeared with my warm, tasty juices? Probably have a heart attack right on the spot!

Reaching for the requested file, I wiggled my rump for effect, and stifled a groan of delight as my panties rode through my lips, grinding and rubbing across my stiffening clit. Already I could sense my pussy beginning to moisten, and felt the wadded cotton crotch soak up my slippery wetness. I sniffed the air. The musky smell of my oozing virgin flower was unmistakable. The irresistible pheromones of my snug tender pussy filled the room. I knew the hot scent of my buttery vulva would work its charms on any male nearby, and yet my daddy's huge cock could find no satisfaction. He was a moral, family man and I knew he would fight off the animal urge to fuck his dick into his baby girl's quivering pink folds. It was a delightful, no risk game for me to play. I grinned as another gush of my warm pussy lube turned my panty crotch into a sweltering, sloppy mess. I clamped my legs together, worried that my abundant wetness would begin dripping down my thighs. I would soon have to finger myself to work off my growing arousal, but it was well worth it if I could torment my daddy in the process.

From behind me, I had apparently gotten the desired effect, as I heard a quiet groan from Daddy, who shifted uncomfortably behind his desk, adjusting the incessant hard on which I delighted in causing him. Concealed in his pants, daddy had a huge cock. His erections always bulged fiercely, and must have been terribly painful to keep confined. I figured he wouldn't be able to take many

more weeks of this, and by summer, I would be out of a job and back with my friends.

"Got that nice stiff bone on for your little girl's juicy pussy, Daddy?" I thought smugly to myself. "Gosh, whatever will we do about that? Tough! Live with it!." But by the time I turned around from the file cabinet, I had wiped the grin off my face and politely handed him the Peterson file. Daddy pretended to be absorbed in his paperwork, but I could feel his eyes intently focused on my soft young body as he sneaked a glance over the top of his file. Pretending to be unaware of his lustful, piercing gaze, I made a further show of it. Under the pretense of biting a troublesome nail, I sensuously sucked on the tip of my finger and stared off into space.

My other hand seemed to absent-mindedly slip under the hem of my little dress and tugged my damp, twisted panties out of the clefts of my butt and pussy. I snagged one of the elastic leggings, pulled and then released. In the quiet of the office, the resulting "snap" as it seated itself back against my firm rump flesh was unmistakable. Barely covered from Daddy's prying eyes, my finger caressed across the protruding mound of my cotton covered kitty, coming away with a sample of my slippery girl dew which had seeped into the panty crotch. Daddy's chair creaked and groaned as he shifted again, his raging erection trapped in his pants and obviously putting him in quite a state of discomfort. I nearly let a giggle escape, but that would have spoiled the game.

I quieted myself by trading fingers in my mouth, discretely slipping my sticky finger into my red-rouged lips and savoring the warm shimmering coating. Nothing sweeter than wet pussy, so they say, even if it is your own. I was struck with the urge to sneak into the bathroom, slip out of my panties and suck my juices out of the gooey cotton crotch. However, I resisted for now. They would stay warm and sticky for some time to come, and sometimes Daddy left work early, leaving me to lock up and do whatever other business I could better do in complete privacy. I could hop naked into Daddy's favorite office chair - a large leather high back swivel model - and dig my fingers into my syrupy pink slit. I loved to cum in Daddy's chair, smearing my dripping pussy all over the expensive Italian leather. After numerous sessions, I had permanently marked it as my territory, the smell of the fine upholstery now mixed with the scent of my girl cum, soaked repeatedly into the stuffing.

"Aren't you cold in here, with ah... that outfit? Daddy asked, unable to keep his eyes from being drawn to the erect points of my nipples which showed quite clearly through my thin cutoff shirt. Damn right I was cold, the tattered bottom of the shirt thrust outward by the firm twin globes of my breasts, leaving an ample amount of bare midriff. In addition, a mild chill in the air always perked my nipples into erect little bullets, and I knew the sight of such delightfully suckable nubs perched so proudly on my plump, ripened melons was driving him slowly insane. This was all part of my daily teasing and torment of my daddy, so I made it a point to never wear a bra at work, and whenever possible, put as much bounce and jiggle in my step as I could get away with.

"Oh no, not at all." I lied in an innocent baby doll voice. "I guess I'm just a hot-blooded little girl."

"Yes, well, I guess so." He stammered. "Well, I err... I have to stop off on the way home from work and get some supplies. Could you please finish up feeding the dogs for me and then lock up? Thanks Sweetie." His right hand, hidden under the desk, groped at his rigid cock and adjusted its position. He rose awkwardly from his desk, and hurriedly gathered his things, his pants doing little to conceal his large, painful erection, or the telltale wet spot of precum which often stained his pants after a few hours of my relentless teasing.

I ran my soft pink tongue over my lips and wished him a nice trip home. As he walked stiffly out the front door, I turned my attention to the work at hand - feeding time. The quicker I got on that, the faster I would be out of here.

I started with the pack of large male dogs that we kept penned up in the first kennel. I stepped into the huge room-like cage and carefully latched the door behind me. The dogs seemed more excited than usual, even for feeding time. I thought nothing of it however, setting the heavy bag of feed on the floor and proceeded to tear it open.

"Hey! Look out dammit!" I shouted in protest as the gang of dogs closed in and knocked the bag over in their frenzy. Grumbling, I squatted down, trying to collect the mess into a pile before the pack spread it all over the pen. To my surprise however, they didn't pay any attention to the spilled pile of dog food on the floor. Instead, they seemed just seemed happy to see me, closing in from all sides, whining and rubbing up against me. Then I felt a furry snout slip between my legs and brush up against my crotch. His cold nose pressed into my panties and then he licked me through the thin cotton material, butthole to clitoris in one long swipe. I yelped in surprise and lashed out with my hand, feigning the indignant outrage of a schoolgirl just felt up. The fiend quickly dodged in retreat, and I felt my honor had been satisfied. However, that situation just barely resolved, another furry muzzle probed my crotch, this time from behind. Still squatting, I swiped at him, but caught only air. Several other dogs pressed in.

Giggling at this game, I sought to maintain my modesty, grabbing the hem of my mini skirt, trying to tuck it inward and cover myself from their rude advances. However, it was far too short to provide any degree of protection, so I started to stand up. Suddenly there was a tugging at my skirt. One of the dogs had latched onto the material and thrashed his head back and forth. The skirt was old, one of my favorites, but it was still old and was wearing out. I had to constantly sew on a new fastening button and fix the zipper. This was my current problem, it broke again and now my skirt zipper was beginning to slip. In a half crouch, my hands shot to my waistline in an attempt to catch the slipping material. I was too late. The skirt was tugged off and finally caught, about halfway down my legs. The little mini wrapped around my knees and tangled me up like a small straight jacket. I stumbled forward, dropping to my hands and knees. The dogs followed me down, closing in. I tried to stand, but found myself trapped and snared. In moving forward, several members of the dog pack now stood firmly on the mini skirt, which pinned my knees to the floor.

"Stop it!" I protested, but only half heartedly. One of the few things that I did enjoy about my job was roughhousing around with the larger dogs. I giggled childishly and tried to push them away, but they closed right back in. My panty clad behind swayed in the air as I laughed and wriggled on the floor, trying to squirm out of the tangle of my skirt which held me pinned. With my knees wrapped tightly together, I had a poor stance for maintaining my balance. My playful thrashing about threw me off, and a gentle nudge by one of the dogs behind me was all it took to send me sprawling awkwardly to the floor of the kennel. With a playful bark and growl, the dog who had initiated my disrobing lunged for the mini skirt. Freed of my weight, it slipped the rest of the way down my legs and was tugged off my feet in a few quick jerks. Pleased with his prize, the doggy trotted off to a secluded corner of the pen and proceeded to busy himself by nuzzling the skirt. Meanwhile, I lay sprawled, spread-eagle on the floor as the remainder of the pack pranced around above me. Again, I felt their cold furry snouts investigate my panties.

Now, I might be a blonde, but even I managed to figure out at this point that they had taken an interest in the distinctly female odor issuing from my juicy panties. I was so dewy and wet you didn't need sophisticated canine senses to pick up the musky smell of my female pheromones. Hot young girl pussy was in the air, even I could smell it. I found the scent of myself in heat very exciting, so the effect my wafting kitty was having on this pack of dogs was understandable. As I lay prone, wet furry snouts pushed into my cotton clad crotch from above and behind, probing, licking my pussy through the moistening material. Others squirmed and prodded at the taunt elastic around my thighs, seeking to sneak inside along that route.

A cold nose pried between my quivering butt cheeks and pressed firmly against my puckered anus. The dog snorted with delight, and a puff of warm air caressed the opening to my rectum through my panties. I shivered in response, and felt my puckered bumhole blossom open. The snouts in my crotch pressed in harder, slurping at my gooey panties, but realizing that the tastier treasure of my plump pussy mound lay concealed just beyond. Growling noises of frustration were uttered as the pack tried in vain to find a way past the persistent panty barrier and into my irresistible honeypot. Perhaps I should have taken notice of the growing sense of urgency which was whipping the dog pack into a lustful frenzy, but all that delightful licking and probing in my loins had dulled my sense of reason. Besides, I was just an innocent little 18 year old girl, sheltered from the world, and didn't really have an understanding of the situation I was creating.

Anyway, I could have gotten up right then and there and put a stop to this, but something in me said that all this licking and attention on my pussy was too good to pass up. Surely their talented tongues could lick me to a far more delightful orgasm than I could ever achieve with just my fingers stuffed in me. After teasing my daddy all day, I was awfully hot and bothered, and in desperate demand of some relief. Decision made, I scrambled up onto my hands and knees and arched my back, sticking my creamy white rump up high in the air. My panties snugged tight across my pubic mound as I spread my knees wide, trying to give the dogs easy access to my covered, juicy pussy. A shiver of excitement coursed through me as they went to work, licking and sucking at my tasty pink briefs and the bald plump rise of my leaky pussy hidden underneath. My loins began to twitch and lube dripped out of my slit, feeding my puppies. I knew that a warm, sticky cumming would soon be at hand.

A short shriek escaped me as my rump got nipped in the frenzy. At first I thought it was just a case of over excitement, but a second nip on the butt followed, proving that the first was no accident. This was followed by a ripping sound. Looking back behind me, I saw a black husky, the one we called Max, looking proud as could be with a thin shredded strip of my pink panties dangling from his mouth. There was a brief silence as the pack paused. Max had found a way to breach the hated panties and a few of the other dogs seemed to pick up on the idea. I took a few more nips on the ass as the pack attacked my cotton undies, but I held my ground, sensing it would be worthwhile. In less than a minute the remains of my underwear hung in wet tattered ribbons, no longer a barrier to the prying snouts of the dog pack. Exposed to their intent gazes, I felt my loins quiver with anticipation as my moist, ruffled pussy lips unfurled, revealing the wet tasty pinkness inside. The next level of play had begun. I knelt there, exposed and defenseless before the dog pack. Just how much so I would come to realize later that night.

The excited pack milled around like puppies at feeding time. Except today, the menu was different. Today the house special was virgin pussy, served up in a sauce of warm sticky juice, and a side order of tender, puckered bumhole, all garnished on a bed of ripped pink panties. The raw scent wafting from the humid slippery depths of my vagina beckoned them, and their long wet tongues washed over my crotch. My rump was soon slobbering with doggy saliva. Max attacked me with great enthusiasm, somewhat like a dog trying to lick the remains of the peanut butter out of a jar. He pressed his snout deep into my vulva, and his rough tongue explored my silky pussy. A second dog attended to my double penetration, slurping between my firm creamy rump cheeks, and zeroing in on my pink rectal gate. With his persistent effort, and my efforts to relax myself, he had managed to pry open the puckered rosette of my anus, and was giving my clutching hole a wet, oral treatment.

The twin doggy tongues rimmed my love portals, pleasuring me beyond all description. I shrieked again, but this time in delight, as I came with an intensity I had never before experienced. Cream flooded out of my pussy, driving Max into a frenzy. I reached back with both hands and pried my butt cheeks apart, wanting to get their snouts as deep in me as they could go. The two doggy tongues worked frantically, digging deep into my pussy and bumhole. My hips pumped involuntarily as I gasped for breath. I finished off my first healthy cum, and was well on my way to another. I was

in orgasm ecstasy. I suppose I should have realized that I was being selfish, but I was caught up in the excitement of the moment. I felt like a queen with a troop of servants at my beck and call for my pleasure. Down on my knees, surrounded by this pack of friendly dogs, I would have been content to have them tongue me up the pussy and bum, lust juice and doggie spit running down my smooth, silky thighs until I had cum to my satisfaction. The pack however had other ideas, and would see to it that they're own satisfaction would be paid in full.

The big husky pulled his snout out of my churning kitty, and nipped at the second dog whose tongue was so delightfully servicing my bum. With a wet slurp his long tongue withdrew, and both my holes stood empty. I groaned in frustration.

"Come on Max," I cooed, swiveling my hips lewdly. "Suck my little pussy dry. Come on doggy, yummys!" My fingers began to creep upwards along the insides of my thighs, almost unconsciously. If these stupid dogs wouldn't finish the job they started, I knew that digging a finger or two into my buttery pussy, (and yes, maybe even easing a couple into the slippery confines of my hot little rectum - although I'd never tried that before) would do the trick. However, I never got the chance.

The first hint I had of Max's inclinations was when he reared up and mounted me. I was shocked at this unexpected turn of events and tried to escape him, crawling forward on the floor. I felt his rigid penis prodding at my groin as he wrapped his front paws around me. I realized then the meaning of the position I had assumed. I had presented myself submissively before the large powerful animal and pressed my juicing snatch onto his snout, the classic actions of a needful doggy in heat. The message was clear. This bitch wanted cock! The large husky had never taken a human girl before, but surely my sticky pussy was as good as any doggy, so his reaction to mount me was only natural.

This realization would help me little now. At that point I was already trapped, locked in the clamp of his powerful grip, but my terror of the pending canine rape kept me struggling. My game had gone terribly awry. With tears in my eyes, I twisted and bucked, trying to squirm out from underneath him as he humped me, his steely shaft trying to score the opening to my tight, dodging pussy. His forepaws slid further up my back, seeking to better control me. My shirt was dragged upward around my shoulders and my rounded breasts sprang free. My taunt rump cheeks and hanging breasts jiggled with each of his impacting, misfired thrusts. His cockhead dragged across my mound, often coming dangerously close to achieving that terrifying penetration, but then I would twist away, delaying the inevitable.

Max finally grew tired of this game. Although he heard my cries of distress, begging him to stop, the irresistible scent of my honeypot in heat, and my spread, defenseless position beneath him was all the permission he needed. Max had taken plenty of reluctant bitches in his past, all better fighters than myself. As I trembled, already pinned on my hands and knees, I really should have realized that my struggles would be in vain. I cursed the tattered remains of my pink panties, no longer able to protect my tight little virgin pussy, poised before him. I tried to wrestle him off, but Max had too much fight in him. He was going to have me and a snarl in my ear, followed by a quick nip on the neck was all the warning I needed. I don't think it even drew blood, but it halted my struggles all the same. The husky was a very powerful animal, and I was at his mercy. I was trapped! It was quite clear then that Max would tolerate no disobedience from his bitch. My fight was over. He was in control. I was helpless to stop him.

I sobbed in resignation, with tears running down my cheeks as readied myself for my violation. Shivering in fear, I knew I had no choice. Some animal instinct took over. I spread my knees in open invitation and arched my back, submissively offering myself to him. Thrust backwards below my rump, my pussy lips opened like a flower in anticipation of his dog cock. Satisfied with my act of submission, Max calmed his frantic pace. He leaned heavily on my back, adjusting his stance for



maximum effect. I felt the hot tip of his prick brushing the outer folds of my mound, teasing me, and warning me of his impending entry.

Still sobbing, I dropped my head and looked backwards between my legs. I gasped. A new shock of terror shuddered through my body. I felt my pussy twitching and my bumhole protectively clamped shut! His cock was huge! Monstrous! For all my teasing, I was still a virgin, and couldn't imagine taking even a portion of that massive prick into me. It was all of 14 inches in length and easily as thick as my wrist. The cock was rock hard, fully erect, sticking straight out under his furry belly. His large balls hung below, round and full. It had been a long time since we had sent Max out for stud services, so I knew that a massive load of cum churned within him. His cock swayed slowly back and forth, hinting of its impressive weight. Rigid and red, dripping with precum, it was a fearsome weapon to have aimed at a young girl's snug virgin pussy. This rape would surely be more than my body could withstand!

"No Max, No! Please... Bad doggy." I called out, attempting to reason with him. "You're way too big for me. My little pussy can't... Please don't... don't fuck me." I wanted to squirm away from his savage cock, somehow escape his raping prick, but fear of punishment kept me rooted in place, submissively powerless to stop my deflowering by this huge, ruthless dog.

Max, was not a dog to be reasoned with. More gently than I had expected, he maneuvered his massive prick in line with my crotch and inserted the tip between the hairless lips of my wet dripping snatch. I sobbed more tears of fear and humiliation as my pussy lips parted to admit him. His narrow tip quickly gave way to the full girth of his invading shaft, and the true scale of his massive size became obvious. I don't know how I stretched to suck him in, but I was sure my snug sticky pussy had no more left to give. Almost as if he sensed my fear, he gently but forcefully pressed himself in. With my head down, I watched in amazement as I opened ever more to stretch around his large organ. This was the first real penetration into my pink girl depths and I was understandably frightened.

His shaft slowly pressed into me. My bald pussy mound flared and bulged obscenely in all directions, and I cried out. It started as a scream of pain and fear, but as his shaft gracefully eased into my clutching tunnel, it transformed to a lustful squeal of delight. He was only part of the way in and I was stuffed! I spread my legs to try to better accommodate his huge size, but there was little to be done about that. It was a serious case of ten pounds of sugar in a five pound bag. He slowly pushed up against my cherry and stopped, uncertain. The rest of the kennel was draped in a strange silence. All creatures waited, unsure of what would happen next.

I however was now quite clear on what I wanted. Panting just like one of the dogs, a frenzy-lust had overcome me. No longer a victim of an invasive rape, the huge pulsing cock had transformed me into an eager, shameless whore. I realized that I wanted this as much as Max did, and the experience would be incomplete and unsatisfying until I took him balls deep into my clutching hole. In one sharp motion I lunged backwards. The large husky's shaft broke through my virgin barrier and his massive cock sank up to the hilt in one smooth motion. Max howled with delight and I really understood for the first time the power my silky pussy could hold over a male. The pain of my cherry being taken was washed away by the wonderful feeling of fullness. My hot snatch convulsed around the length of his massive shaft as I came. I bucked and writhed underneath the big husky as he patiently waited for me to regain my composure. My pussy squirted and then dribbled cream in long stringy strands on the floor and I was crying with anticipation for the fucking I knew Max would now give me.

"Fuck me Max! Slam your massive dog cock into me!" I yelled, not caring if some passerby might overhear. I was on the verge of howling like a bitch in heat and little details like the possibility of being discovered on my hands and knees, taking a savage dog fucking in my snatch didn't concern

me in least at this point.

The large husky caught my enthusiasm. Wrapping his forepaws tightly around my rib cage, he went into action. Gritting my teeth against the jarring impacts, I gasped with mindless delight as he hammered his massive cock in and out of me. My rump cheeks quivered and my breasts slapped back and forth under me, keeping time with his savage fuck thrusts. My lips shamelessly dragged at his prick on the out stroke and joyfully welcomed his return as he lanced back into my steamy depths. Burning friction caught fire in my pussy as his full length strokes cycled in and out of me with increasing speed. He hammered me over and over until it all became one big, stuffing blur of events. I tried to tweak my nipples and reach back to rub my well stuffed pussy, but that proved impossible. Max's driving thrusts were so powerful that I nearly lost my balance. I repositioned my hands on the smooth concrete floor and braced myself. My only task, it seemed, in this event was to provide a steady platform for my doggy master as he pounded all of his 14 inches over and over again into my sweet little pussy. He had incredible stamina and I lost all track of time during our coupling. I came again as he plunged his steel rod into me deeper than before and then held himself in that position, a prelude to the next event.

To my amazement, I felt his prick begin to swell to even larger proportions than before, and then realized that what I was feeling was his knot expanding to tie us together. It grew and grew, stretching my remarkably reamed tunnel to unbelievable new dimensions. I cried and squirmed and bucked underneath him, attempting to dislodge his powerful cock from me, but to no avail. Max was quite experienced at controlling lustful but reluctant bitches in critical junctures, and he outweighed me by an easy 60 pounds. My struggles proved hopelessly futile. I screamed as he reached his maximum size, his obscenely huge knot prying me open. I didn't even dare to look down behind me, for fear that the sight of myself would cause me to faint dead away. I knew though, that my over stuffed mound now bulged between my legs. Tied to my master with a softball-sized knot in me, my once virginal folds would be stretched beyond belief. I could only pray that it wasn't permanent. Then my ruffled pussy lips fluttered and snugged down around the base of his knot, hugging him and trapping him within me. He was locked in the steamy wet clutches of my silky snatch and would not be dismounted until he had pumped his bitch full to the brim with a burning load of dog cum.

The depths of my pussy trembled with anticipation as I accepted my fate. I pushed backwards against him, wanting every inch of him in me when he shot. His breathing became harsh and rapid. Then, with a powerful jet, he blasted his scalding doggy cum into my womb. Gush after gush flowed into me as my body reacted of its own accord. I came once again, and my snatch clamped down on his huge pulsing dog cock. The muscles in my pussy rippled, milking him, greedily sucking every drop of hot sticky cum out of him. He pumped into me, his prick pulsing and squirting, draining the load in his pent up balls and firing it deep into my little body.

Finally it was over. We both shivered with delight. His huge knot, swelled up to form a perfect seal in me, maintaining its massive size and perfect fit. To the large Husky, I was no different from any other bitch, so the knot kept us tied, ensuring that his hot load of sticky seed would find its mark. With my pussy stuffed full of doggy cock, and his hot cum bubbling in my womb, I giggled at the thought. Little Kirsty, knocked up, pregnant in a tragic case of doggy rape, they would have to send me off to live with Aunt Emma until I delivered the puppies. I gave another giggle as my sex lips, spread as they were, rippled and fluttered around his staggering girth.

I was exhausted from the ordeal, but waited patiently for Max to release me. Finally he was finished with his little fuck toy and his huge knot subsided. He dragged his semi erect cock out of my soggy pussy with a long, wet slurp. The cool air of the kennel caressed my crotch and I didn't even need to look to know that my vulva was a gaping hole, stretched well beyond its normal limits by the husky's



incredible size. Still on my hands and knees, I panted, trying to catch my breath as my lover's hot cum drained out of me. It poured from my open pussy lips, first in heavy drips, and then in a steady trickle, puddling on the concrete floor between my knees. I was too tired and satisfied to even move, so I just knelt there, basking in the afterglow.

Suddenly, a heavy weight landed on me, nearly knocking me flat. A large German shepherd had bounded onto my back, mounting me now that Max had used me to his satisfaction. A shock ran through my body. I hadn't thought of what would happen after the big husky was done with me. There were 15 other dogs in this large cage and, to all indications, they all now expected breeding rights. Each would mount me in turn, according to the pecking order of the pack. I couldn't possibly fuck each and every one of them. Max alone had reamed me to my very limits, leaving my little pussy sore and bruised. I scrambled across the floor in a desperate attempt to escape the pending doggy gang bang. The German shepherd however was having none of that. He growled and nipped at my shoulder, just as Max had done. Apparently, bitch control was a natural instinct, perfected by eons of evolution. He issued a loud bark, which broke the silence of the cage. Again, the warning was clear: Be quiet and take it, whore. I had become the pack's bitch, and would be punished severely if I tried to deny even one of them my sweet little slit. If I obeyed, however, I could expect to escape with just a massive fucking.

Always a fast learner, I ceased my struggles and once again arched my back in obedience. Perhaps I have a bit of a submission kink, but his authoritative bark was irresistible. I froze in place and then, shamelessly, I eagerly offered my open pussy to the twitching cock of the German shepherd. He sank his meat into my hairless sticky hole in a single thrust. I grunted, and took him like the whore that I had instantly become. At the dog's single command, my pussy was doing all the thinking, and it wanted more dog cum shot deep into its silky pink depths. I had become a slave to the desires of my cock hungry slit.

Gray, the German shepherd who had mounted me, didn't have as immense of a cock as old Max did. It was still impressive by any normal standards, right at ten inches long and just a bit smaller than my wrist. But what could he do that Max hadn't already accomplished? As he slipped into my dribbling pussy, I tried to clamp down on him and milk his prick in the silky grip of my snatch. As long as I had no choice in the matter, I reasoned, I might as well give my doggy lover the best fucking I could. Gray shafted in and out of me for several minutes, but it was no use. Max had reamed me out so savagely and for so long, that, for the moment, I had nothing left to give. Had the big German shepherd waited a while, I could have recovered, and given him a proper fucking. In my current state, I was going to be an awfully poor lay for my new admirer.

Gray growled in frustration. He was a proud dog, and not accustomed to fucking loose, sloppy females. Maybe he even thought that something had gone awry, perhaps that he had mistakenly slipped his cock only between my legs, thus accounting for the lack of tightness and satisfaction. Whatever the reason, he withdrew, and adjusted his position on my back. I thought for a moment that he might have given up, but then the intent of his new mounting position became quite clear. Wet and slippery from its brief stay in my pussy, Gray positioned the tip of his big cock against the clutched pucker of my anus and began to push.

I squealed in protest! Oh, now this was too much! Unable to admit even to myself how much I had really enjoyed the stern fucking that Max had given me, I couldn't even imagine having to take it up the bum from the second dog in the pack. I started to twist away, but a warning growl from the German shepherd served to remind me of the earlier nip on the shoulder. It seemed I really had no choice in the matter. If Gray so chose, he would fuck his bitch up the butt. I was just his fuck hole, simple as that.

My only chance I thought, would be to deny him access. His large cock pressured against the opening to my hole even as I clamped down my sphincter to close him out. It was a standoff for about a minute, with Gray trying all sorts of angles and positions and me straining to keep him from slipping his eager cock up my rectum. However, in the end, my own body betrayed me. The hot tip of his prick teased my tightly clenched rectal pucker. I felt the gateway of my little hole begin to twitch and pulse in response to the stimulation. Again, I began to cry as I realized the truth. I had considered myself a helpless victim in all this, but my body's reactions again showed what a little fuck slut I truly had become. Against my wishes, I felt my bumhole pulse and shiver, and I knew that soon I would lose control. Involuntarily, I rolled my hips upward to present myself at the ideal angle for penetration. At the same time, I felt shudders begin to ripple continuously up and down along my anal tract. With each pulse, my control over my treacherous butt slipped a little more. Then the star like opening of my virgin bum fluttered and relaxed, flowering open before the seeking tip of Grey's huge dog cock. My hole kissed his prick and then welcomed him inside. He wasted no time in pressing his advantage. The smooth walls of my anus warmly sucked at his raping cock. He snuck just an inch or so inside, patiently allowing my clutching rear to adjust to his large butt-fucking girth. Beaten, I abandoned my struggles, knowing that I no longer really had a chance now that he had gained entry into my bumhole.

"Please Grey, be gentle. You're the first up my butt." I begged in a soft little girl voice, hoping to calm his natural aggression. However, I knew I had no input on the matter. The dog would fuck me up the butt, a slow sensual screw, or a savage, agonizing fuck, the choice was his alone. I was completely dominated, by him, and by the rest of the waiting dog pack. I didn't fully understand it at the time, but a delightful shudder trembled over my young body.

Ever submissive in defeat, I dutifully spread my knees, splaying my firm butt cheeks wide. The large German shepherd rode me with repeated, powerful lunges, forcing a grunt from me with each thrust. I was extremely tight, and his massive prick encountered much resistance as it hammered up my tender rear. However, with each jolt, another inch or so of the lustful dog cock was punched up my virgin butt. Then I felt his hairy legs against the back of my thighs, and I knew I was fully taken. I gasped a sob of humiliation as Grey simply held himself still, shafted in me to the hilt. The trembling opening to my bum caressed the base of his cock, like a sensual deep throat kiss. He jostled around on my back, readying his stance. My vision blurred as my eyes teared. I was impaled on a large dog cock, and he was fucking me up my virgin ass. I just couldn't believe it.

Fortunately, the German shepherd's cock was coated with the slippery juices which still dripped from my pussy. A warm slick mixture of cream and dog cum now lubricated my back passage. That would help to ease the passage of the dog's big prick. Gray started slowly, dragging his cock out of my hole until nothing but the tip remained inside. The friction caused by his single out a stroke sent a wave of heat through my anal tunnel. Devoid of his prick, my rectal tube sought to shrink back to its normal size. Then a strange feeling of satisfying fullness overcame me as his thick hot dog cock was then slowly stuffed back up my tender backside. Tired and frightened as I was, I was surprised to find the sensation somewhat pleasurable.

Suddenly the nerves around my widely splayed bumhole flared and my anal pucker twitched to life. Gray shafted his meat up the dark depths of my butt and I cried out with lust. I had never before even masturbated my anus, and the sensations I was feeling now were beyond belief. Not that I had a world of experience, but a huge dog cock up the ass was so different from vaginal fucking. Somehow all the sensations were amplified. As the German shepherd's cock drew out on the backstroke, my imagination increased its length many fold. Out and out it slid, each vein and ripple on his huge prick gently caressing the sensitive skin of my tight anal hole. He reached his maximum point of withdrawal and paused for effect, with only the tip of his thick red tool held in the warm grasping tube of my tender rectum. I sobbed with anticipation. My self esteem was slipping quickly

as I realized the depths to which I had sunk. After just a few wonderful strokes of his beautiful prick, my doggy lover had transformed me into his butt-fuck whore. All that mattered now was to get his huge dog cock deep in my ass, and I would do whatever it took to satisfy my anal hunger. "Fuck me!" I hissed through clenched teeth, begging for it. "Fuck me up the ass!"

I dropped my face to the floor and steadied my rump high in the air, desperately needing his cock to refill the hungry void up my rectum. He teased me, remaining motionless for a moment, perhaps to remind me who was in charge. I wiggled my ass, hoping to encourage him into resuming my fucking. Still he paused, savoring the way my anus clutched and sucked at the tip of his embedded cock. I began to fear that he might withdraw and dismount me, leaving me with no way to satisfy my new found lust. But then my doggy lover rewarded me with exactly what I craved. Face down in the kennel, I clawed at the cement floor with my fingers in blind ecstasy as Gray drove the length of his massive prick up my slick trembling rectal hole I shrieked in mindless passion, my breath coming in short, ragged bursts. I bucked upward with my hips to meet his savage assault. His furry balls snugged up against my pussy, tickling my lips, and I knew that I had him hilted. Ten inches of hot, thick dog cock realigned my rectal tunnel. I gripped him with my sphincter, rippling my anal muscles along the length of his powerful shaft. I released him and he withdrew, teasingly slow. My body jolted as he down stroked savagely, forcing himself, knot deep, into my clutching bowels once again. Over my swiveling hips, he slowly began to cycle, in and out, a heavenly anal violation.

I couldn't help myself, I screamed as a stunningly powerful orgasm ripped through my empty pussy. I always tended to have a nice drippy juicing snatch when I came, but this time, silky kitty cream practically sprayed from my twitching pussy. My warm girly sauce bubbled and flowed from my gaping fuck-slit, as a seemingly endless supply of my sweet butter melted from my soft pink folds. I flailed and bucked in a raging passion, restrained only by Grey's powerful forelegs, and counter pinned by his beautiful cock up my ass.

Encouraged, Grey's pace rapidly increased. At first I tried to match the German shepherd stroke for stroke, thrusting my hips upward to greedily accept his meaty thrusts. A rhythmic padding sound filled the kennel, my firm white rump cheeks slapping against his groin. It didn't take long however, for him to completely overwhelm my ability to keep up. Soon all I could do was kneel there on the cold concrete floor, with my ass held high and my butt cheeks spread, taking every inch of red-hot dog cock that Gray had to offer. In and out he pummeled me, always taking those long, full strokes which he seemed to know I enjoyed. By the time he was nearing completion, I had pretty much lost all sense of reality.

I was shrieking and crying as orgasm after orgasm shattered through the walls of my pussy. My snatch dripped and gushed its shimmery girl cum shamelessly and a raging ball of heat blazed in my ass. I don't know if it's possible for me to have an anal orgasm, but that's sure as hell what it felt like. Purely on reflex now, I could feel my anal muscles rippling and gripping at the driving doggy cock. The floor beneath my face was wet as I drooled in anticipation of the pumping of steaming dog cum up my bum. I lost almost all control of my body. The only thing of importance was to hold my position for my ass fucking. My bladder released and hot pee shot from my slit. Battered as my pussy was, it felt like a very sloppy one.

Perhaps the tattered, tangled remains of my cum filled panties got in the way and also contributed to the mess. Anyway, I hosed myself all over the furry legs of the bucking German shepherd, which did nothing to slow his staggering pace. A second burst of my pee leaked out to spray his dangling balls on a deep instroke, matting his crotch hairs flat. Then I simply gushed all over myself with a thick stream of urine which flowed down both thighs and puddled between my legs. The warmth felt good, and I imagined it was a huge load of hot, sticky dog cum, shot all over my quivering backside.

I do remember the moment I felt his knot begin to swell. He pressed himself tightly up against me, flattening out my rounded ass cheeks, and exploring even deeper depths of my straining hole. Abandoning myself to the sensation, I held perfectly still, not wanting to do anything to spoil the moment. The knot swelled inside my anal opening, and I prepared myself for a load of dog cum up the ass. Just as an experiment, I shifted my hips to test the quality of our tie. Gray seemed unconcerned, as I should have been. The knot up my asshole was huge! I should have realized from the incredible pressure in my rectum that there was no way to break our tie and expel his massive cock from my ass prior to the critical moment. Gray scrambled on my back for purchase as I felt his prick swell and then pulse. A grunt escaped my lips as I felt the first of many hot wads of dog spunk rocket into my bum. His cock pumped and pumped, filling me with his sticky cum.

I swear I could feel it coat my bowels and fill up my anal cavity. My German Shepherd lover had a lot to offer. I would have thought that the seal of the knot up my ass was nearly perfect, but Gray pumped so much hot cum up my butt, that it began to overflow out my rectum. That was only natural, I supposed, given that his huge cock had me stuffed so full that there was little room for all that stuff to go. Warm rivulets of doggy cum bubbled out of the imperfect seal between my anus and his still rigid prick and ran down the cheeks of my rump. We must have stayed tied for about half an hour before Gray's knot finally began to wither. Often I would think that he must nearly be done, but then he or I would shift ever so slightly and his cock would once again pulse and jerk in my clutching anal grip. Finally I was able to relax my ass muscles enough for his shrinking knot to withdraw. Although my pussy had somewhat regained its original form, my once tight and puckered asshole now stood reamed out and open. I could imagine how it looked, a gaping hole, red from the friction of the prolonged fucking, and coated with a thick glaze of drying doggy cum. I sighed with tired satisfaction.

A sharp yap and yelp of defeat brought me back to my senses. Max was back, and so was his huge erection. He was lining up on me for a second mounting, but suddenly, with a snarl and a bark, a confrontation broke out. The black husky, apparently the dominant one in the pack, wanted another crack at me. His huge cock stood hard and ready. He wanted some more of his bitch. The other dogs were up in protest. Only two of the entire pack had fucked me, and here the big husky was already going for seconds. Aside from not being fair, it was as if the rest of the pack seemed to know that if Max got a second chance to get his monster cock in me, I would be too loose and reamed out, spoiling the enjoyment for the rest of them. My pussy, although beginning to recover, was still gaping open and dripping, and for the moment, my cavernous butthole was more or less beyond use, pleasurable now only for the larger dogs.

It was touch and go for a while, and threatened to break out into a full pack brawl. Max got in a few good bites, and sent several of his opponents slinking off with their tails tucked, but in the end he finally backed down in the face of the majority. It was agreed, it seemed, that all the dogs in the cage would have their choice of either of my love openings, and be able to pump their loads of hot dog cum either deep in my twitching pussy or up my dark and clutching rectum. There was no question however as to who would get first shot at seconds. The big husky would take me again when the rest had finished. Perhaps threatened by the fine showing Gray had made, transforming me into a howling butt fuck bitch, he had a point to prove, and the fucking that was in store for me would be merciless. He would take me up the ass, hard, long and deep to spoil it for the others. By comparison, Gray had been a gentle, caring lover. When Max got a second crack at me, things would be different. My little bumhole would be raped and ravaged. I could see it in his eyes. My pussy and anus twitched with fear at the thought of it.

Perhaps I could have escaped during that moment of earlier confusion. I may have even thought about it, but my brain was too exhausted to make my decisions for me at this point. As the pack sorted things out, I stretched my cramped and tired legs, but then resumed the position, ready for

my next mounting.

With Max on careful guard off to one side, the next dog in the pack mounted me, taking me in the snatch. I was beyond pretending to put up any fight, so I simply offered myself to him, arching my back to make my bald little mound stand out so prettily below my rounded rump. His long upwardly curved prick slipped between my pink, pouting lips and my fucking continued. I did my best to satisfy his thrusting urges, straining to snug my sloppy pussy down around his invading prick. Given a brief reprieve, my sore little kitty had somewhat regained its original form. Concentrating, I was able to tighten myself up and provide a warm, grasping hole for his pleasure. I reasoned that if I was a good little bitch, and gave the doggies all the tightest, most clutching fuck my sore little pussy and bum could manage, I would be able to get away and nurse my cum filled body back to normal.

I'll spare you all the details of all their mountings at this point, but trust me, it was quite a long night. After the first several dogs, both my fuck holes were perpetually full of doggy sperm. As they pounded their pricks into my love sockets, a lewd sloshing sound issued from my soggy wetness, echoing in the otherwise quiet kennel. At one point I do remember looking up to see a silky Labrador standing in front of me. He was a large but not an aggressive dog. He was looking really whipped, apparently having gotten the worst of Max's wrath in the earlier scuffle. He looked so sad as he paced back and forth, obviously eager as the rest of the pack to join in on my doggy gang rape. However, he wanted no further part of Max, who stood guard over my upthrust ass, ready to step in and take his second turn.

I couldn't help but feel sorry for him, as he nervously paced and whined, his big cock stiff and thrust up against his belly. I don't know what possessed me. Perhaps it was the sad, gentle look in his eyes, or more likely the realization of my situation... a gang of dogs lined up to nail me up the butt and in the pussy, the remains of my pretty, pink panties shredded and dangling between my legs, puddles of dog cum on the floor between my knees, growing ever larger from the hot loads dripping from my well-reamed fuck holes. Who knows? Anyway, I reached over and wrapped my hand around his prick. Sensing relief was at hand, he stepped over and straddled my head. It was an awkward position, with a Dalmatian currently mounted on my back. He had chosen to use my pussy for his satisfaction and was busy corkscrewing his prick into my trembling snatch.

Regardless, I strained upward and managed to fit my mouth over the black lab's slippery cock. Confused at first, he then lunged forward with excitement, pushing his shaft past my lips until the tip of his cock slipped into my throat. I could see his legs tremble as I swallowed, milking his prick. He seemed to enjoy this immensely and began to pump. Slippery precum oozed from the tip of his prick and I eagerly washed his prick with my tongue. Just when I thought that the night couldn't teach me anything more, I discovered a craving for wads of pungent dog cum shot down my throat. I nursed his cock with my lips and tongue, savoring the slippery fluid awash in my mouth. He fucked my face with reckless abandon, and it wasn't long before I felt his knot swelling up just inside my lips. My nostrils flared for air as I took him down my throat. Pumping my face back and forth, I massaged his cock with my tongue, I found that I could manipulate his cock around in my mouth and gasp the occasional breath of air I needed to survive. Then I would slip his cock back down my throat, milking him off.

swirled my tongue around his prick and caressed the base of his shaft with my lips. He stood rigid and quivering. My throat eagerly milked the end of his doggy cock as I reached up to gently squeeze his balls and grounded my ass back hard against the Dalmation's powerful thrusts, feeling my pussy-walls milking hungrily at his long shaft, sucking hard to pull every inch of his throbbing thickness far up inside me, pulling his scalding-hot load from his testicles and into my belly to quench the scorching flames that raged. I was nearly there! Oh, God, just a little more, just a little more! My cheeks were hollowed as I sucked faster and faster on the Lab's long cock, swirling my tongue

tenderly on the dog shaft, always swirling my tongue around its pointed tip, then along his shaft. The Lab's body began to shake and quiver uncontrollably, and suddenly, without any warning, a low moaning howl of pleasure came from him as he emptied his hotly jetting animal sperm into my eagerly sucking throat. My mouth was filled with the great release of thick viscous liquid that gagged me as it oozed down the back of my throat in a torrent. Ravenously, with shame, I sucked and sucked and swallowed until I was rewarded with a second gush of hot cum which splashed into my throat. The force of the impact sprayed his sticky seed all over the inside of my mouth, provoking my tastebuds to melt with delight. I came, my pussy clutching feverishly around the Dalmatian's pummeling cock. That was all that was needed to set him off too, and I was pumped full of dog cum on either end, two spewing dog cocks infused in my mouth and pussy. I was being rammed back and forth like a rag doll.

I may have passed out at that point, but I'm not sure. The rest of the pack had their way with me but all the details are a little fuzzy. I serviced each of those dog cocks at least three times that night in the cage, at my last count (it could have been more and most likely was), and was sure that I would never again receive a fucking like that in my entire life. It was hours on end that they continuously mounted me, taking me in the hole of their choice. I was vaguely aware of the wet sticky pumping noises I heard as they relieved themselves over and over again in my soft little pussy and bumhole. I was pumped so full of dog cum that each new fucking began with their hot sticky fluids spraying out around their driving cocks, the seal on my pussy and asshole was no longer tight due to the incredible stretching that each had been subjected to. I came countless times, but eventually I was so exhausted that I could little more than kneel there on the floor, basking in the glow of my multiple orgasms, and wait for the next dog to take me.

I awoke on my hands and knees, soaking in a large puddle of cum. Max, the big husky, stood tail to rump with me, his huge knot still tied up my ass. He had gotten in the last fuck of the night, as all the other dogs were napping in various spots around the cage.

Max dragged his knot out of my rectum and dismounted. Apparently I had serviced the doggy pack to their satisfaction and was free to go. I slowly stood, testing my sore and trembling muscles. My pussy and bum had no current inclination to swell shut, allowing a flood of warm dog cum to pour out and slime down both legs. I visually inspected my pussy. My young lips stood open and was a sore red color, coated with drying dog cum. It surely didn't look like the tight, innocent pussy that had naively stumbled into the pen that night, but didn't appear to be permanently worse for wear. Bending over, I reached between my butt cheeks and cautiously explored my other opening. I experienced a minor post orgasmic twitch as I ran a finger around my gaping anal rim. Oozing dog cum continued to drain as I gauged the damage. Two fingers slipped loosely inside, so I added a third. I moaned as I realized that it was still a poor fit. I added a forth finger, and tucked my thumb along for good measure. I pressed upward into my ass but encountered little resistance until the group was inserted well past the second knuckles. With an easy push, I could have effortlessly fucked my entire fist up my well-reamed ass, probably right up to the elbow.

Max slanted his head to one side, watching the display. I withdrew my hand from my butt, shamelessly exposing my gaping anal tunnel to Max's intently, piercing gaze. To my astonish, his prick throbbed once again. There was no way I could take another of his poundings. It was clear I had to give him the same treat I gave the Lab. Knowing this, I got on the floor and sat up against the cage. Max seemed to nod in approval and slowly walked over to me. I leaned my head back just as the huge Husky jumped up at my side, I stroked his head saying "You're gonna a good boy aren't you? Nice and slow, be gentle... please." I trembled as Max assumed position over me, his legs standing between my outstretched legs, the monstrous dog had his huge paws on the cage way above me, blanketing my head with his body. Panic ran through my body as Max's gargantuan, 14inch cock angled for my mouth. I wiggled away, but put it back in to position after remembering

my options. In the blink of an eye, the big Husky started to jab furiously at my face, obviously not understanding that I wanted him to be gentle... or more likely not sympathetic. Max stabbed continuously at my face trying to hit home, but he had no luck.

Finally with fear of my face getting hurt from his wild bucking I reached for his shaft and guided it gently into my mouth. He let out a howl, and mercilessly began jabbing, relentlessly thrusting. I gagged and choked, his huge prick spearing down my throat, stretching it wide. I couldn't remember why I had chosen this way for my doggie sucking but it was probably because I was too tired to position myself any other way. There was no way I could change my mind. I once again belonged to Max and there was no opportunity to get away. With Max's cock bolting into my throat, I had to concentrate in order to breathe. The initial shock of his huge member had passed and I gripped his haunches, holding him, feeling the power of his slamming body. My hands flowed up and down his humping frame, my fingers digging into his fur. Having found the warm wetness of my mouth and throat, Max went insane. He fucked my face savagely, burrowing his cock in my throat with his massive, pointed cock tip filling my mouth totally. He leaned forward for maximum depth, his huge paws firmly planted on the cage, his back paws maintaining his balance as he wildly fucked my sucking mouth.

The dog cock in my mouth was more than I had asked for or could really handle, I used my tongue, like I did on the Lab, experimenting, sucking, my teeth grazing along his thick prick while he rammed me. Max howled in excitement as my tongue dug along his sensitive prick, his mighty body lashing his cock into my throat at a reckless speed. His prick and balls swelled, aching with lust, his heavy load multiplying. I sucked and whipped my tongue along his cock, grating my teeth along the length as he whipped it in and out of my mouth. Reaching under him, I caressed his balls, the very ones that would soon rupture and drench me with a burdensome load of cum. I could already feel the warm doggie precum oozing down my throat. The caressing drove Max's berserk, even more so than at any other time. The action drove his cock farther down my throat, his heavy balls thumping my chin. He growled. His rubbery lips drawn over his fangs, his body glistened with black sheen and his snarl appeared demonic, his neck stretched to the limit as he glared toward the ceiling, his black eyes rolling. The next flurry of blows brought an explosion of cum out his massive cock. He roared his rage, his prick gushing an outpour of dog cum into my gurgling throat.

Thick clumps of dog cum splattered against the back of my throat and before I could swallow it all, more ensued. A steady barrage of thick wads turned into a flood of cum. It drenched my mouth, my throat, and erupted out my nose. I choked and sputtered, dog cum seeping out the sides of my clinging lips with each plunge of his prick. Even with the mammoth load, I never stopped. I didn't want to offend him, or make him mad... I just wanted this over. I swallowed as much as was humanly possible, my cheeks full, cum pouring down my throat. I swooned under the devastating attack but I kept sucking his thick cock and drank his massive load of cum before it stopped flowing. As I swallowed the last of Max's cum, I realized I was just an immoral, used dog whore, no longer fit to service and pleasure the pack. Slowly I limped my way out of the cage. I turned and looked at Max as I re-latched the door from the outside. Our eyes met and an understanding passed between us. I might have been on the outside of the cage, but we both now knew who the true master was. Perhaps I would stray to other lovers, but Max, my first, would always be the best, and he held a power over me. "Anytime... , " he seemed to mock, "anytime you need it badly, baby, you clean yourself up and come looking for the one you know can put it to you like no other." At that moment I panicked. He was right. He would have me again... whether I wanted to or not. I had to work there. It was the family business. I couldn't escape it.

Looking at the clock (I had been there all night), I breathed and sighed in relief. I still had half an hour to get myself cleaned up before my daddy was due in for work. He would no doubt be angry and concerned that I didn't come home last night, but I figured that I could come up with some



convincing lie about a sick dog that needed attention, or something like that.

I quickly cleaned up as best I could in the bathroom and stuffed my shredded, cum soaked panties in the trash. I was relieved to discover that both my tender fuck holes were slowly regaining a natural form. When I came out, daddy was at his desk, absently shuffling through some papers. We talked briefly about why I had stayed at work all night, which seemed to satisfy him. I was surprised that he so easily accepted my explanation, or that he hadn't come back at night to check up on me.

"Oh, pumpkin, one last thing. Could you take a look at this for me?" I looked at the t.v. Daddy had on his desk and he put his hand on my shoulder. I stared at the screen in disbelief. I blushed, blood red as I watched what was happening on the screen. It was a movie, it seemed, of daddy's little girl, Daddy's little girl on her hands and knees in a kennel, repeatedly pleasuring a pack of large dogs. It seems my father has quite the surveillance system. Most of the night he had caught on the kennel video camera's

"Sweety, I think that there are going to be some changes around here from now on, unless of course you think your friends might be interested in seeing this? Who knows, maybe some of your little girlfriends would enjoy a stay at our kennel too. You could have a pajama party." He grinned. For once I had no smart reply. "By the way, Sweety," he inquired casually, flipping my short little skirt up over my hips, "what exactly did happen to those tasty little pink panties you were wearing yesterday?"

"I don't know." I lied, mumbling dejectedly, but I don't think Daddy heard me. He was too busy bending me over the desk and pushing the head of his rapidly stiffening penis into the soft pink folds of my hot clutching pussy. Well trained now by my doggy tutors, I pressed my ass back to him and snugged myself down around his probing cock.

"You know, honey," he continued, pressing a finger into my anus, "I think that we're not going to have any discipline problems with you from now on, or else you could spend another night in the kennel with those dogs."

Bent over the desk as I was, Daddy continued to thrust in and out of my pussy. I sighed reluctantly and spread my legs a little further so that Daddy could get his big cock all the way up into my pussy. He pried a second finger into my hot slippery ass. "Oh by the way sweetie, my softball team is coming by this weekend. I told them to bring their dogs" I was trapped... again!

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"Kristy, honey, could you get the Peterson file for me?" Daddy asked, looking up from his desk.

"Sure," I grumbled. I hated working for my dad at the kennel. All my friends went shopping after school. My dad on the other hand, thought this would be a positive experience for me, and insisted that I spend some hours after school and on the weekends working in the family business. I figure he also had a secondary motive. Lust was influencing my 18 year old body, so my firm breasts and rounded hips had developed into womanly proportions. I think he was looking to keep me out of harms way by hiding me away at the kennel where the local boys couldn't get into my panties. But I was a spoiled little girl, and felt I shouldn't have to take that sort of treatment, so I was determined to make him pay for that and went out of my way to make things miserable for him in the only way I knew how. I swished over to the file cabinet, my short black mini skirt barely covering my delightfully rounded butt cheeks. Cheerleading and aerobic activities kept my body taunt and trim. Wrapped in my swirling mini, the twin apples of my rump made a bold, firm outline, and yet maintained just enough of what I might call baby fat to give me a soft quality. Basically my total look

was a sweet 5'3, 100lbs, with blond'ish hair tied in a ponytail, firm 34C boobs, pouting yet mischievous grin, available on command. That was me in a nutshell. I was turning into a very hot dangerous little package, and was beginning to learn the effect that had on men. I grinned to myself because "The Peterson" file would be in the bottom drawer, so I had an excellent opportunity to tease my daddy.

I purposely bent at the waist so that my short skirt rode up high over my hips and butt, exposing my secret girlish charms to plain sight. The sheer cotton material of my tight little pink panties snugged thong-like up into the crack of my bum. As I had hoped, the panty crotch twisted, bunched, and slipped neatly between my pouting hairless lips of my ripe, plump pussy mound, splitting my pink folds and exposing them to my daddy's view. Framed between my creamy white thighs, my bald little kitty stuck out below my skirt, shamelessly presented. I was reminded of the actions of our female dogs in heat, the way they would strut about, tail in the air, rubbing their loins in the snout of any and all male dogs they could find. What would my daddy do, I wondered, if I simply backed up to him and pressed my rump in his face, sliding my sweet little tulip all around and leaving his stern expression smeared with my warm, tasty juices? Probably have a heart attack right on the spot! Reaching for the requested file, I wiggled my rump for effect, and stifled a groan of delight as my panties rode through my lips, grinding and rubbing across my stiffening clit. Already I could sense my pussy beginning to moisten, and felt the wadded cotton crotch soak up my slippery wetness. I sniffed the air. The musky smell of my oozing virgin flower was unmistakable. The irresistible pheromones of my snug tender pussy filled the room. I knew the hot scent of my buttery vulva would work its charms on any male nearby, and yet my daddy's huge cock could find no satisfaction.

He was a moral, family man and I knew he would fight off the animal urge to fuck his dick into his baby girl's quivering pink folds. It was a delightful, no risk game for me to play. I grinned as another gush of my warm pussy lube turned my panty crotch into a sweltering, sloppy mess. I clamped my legs together, worried that my abundant wetness would begin dripping down my thighs. I would soon have to finger myself to work off my growing arousal, but it was well worth it if I could torment my daddy in the process. From behind me, I had apparently gotten the desired effect, as I heard a quiet groan from Daddy, who shifted uncomfortably behind his desk, adjusting the incessant hard on which I delighted in causing him. Concealed in his pants, daddy had a huge cock. His erections always bulged fiercely, and must have been terribly painful to keep confined. I figured he wouldn't be able to take many more weeks of this, and by summer, I would be out of a job and back with my friends.

"Got that nice stiff bone on for your little girl's juicy pussy, Daddy?" I thought smugly to myself.

"Gosh, whatever will we do about that? Tough! Live with it!." But by the time I turned around from the file cabinet, I had wiped the grin off my face and politely handed him the Peterson file. Daddy pretended to be absorbed in his paperwork, but I could feel his eyes intently focused on my soft young body as he sneaked a glance over the top of his file. Pretending to be unaware of his lustful, piercing gaze, I made a further show of it. Under the pretense of biting a troublesome nail, I sensuously sucked on the tip of my finger and stared off into space. My other hand seemed to absent-mindedly slip under the hem of my little dress and tugged my damp, twisted panties out of the clefts of my butt and pussy. I snagged one of the elastic leggings, pulled and then released. In the quiet of the office, the resulting "snap" as it seated itself back against my firm rump flesh was unmistakable. Barely covered from Daddy's prying eyes, my finger caressed across the protruding mound of my cotton covered kitty, coming away with a sample of my slippery girl dew which had seeped into the panty crotch.

Daddy's chair creaked and groaned as he shifted again, his raging erection trapped in his pants and obviously putting him in quite a state of discomfort. I nearly let a giggle escape, but that would have

spoiled the game. I quieted myself by trading fingers in my mouth, discretely slipping my sticky finger into my red-rouged lips and savoring the warm shimmering coating. Nothing sweeter than wet pussy, so they say, even if it is your own. I was struck with the urge to sneak into the bathroom, slip out of my panties and suck my juices out of the gooey cotton crotch. However, I resisted for now. They would stay warm and sticky for some time to come, and sometimes Daddy left work early, leaving me to lock up and do whatever other business I could better do in complete privacy. I could hop naked into Daddy's favorite office chair – a large leather high back swivel model – and dig my fingers into my syrupy pink slit. I loved to cum in Daddy's chair, smearing my dripping pussy all over the expensive Italian leather. After numerous sessions, I had permanently marked it as my territory, the smell of the fine upholstery now mixed with the scent of my girl cum, soaked repeatedly into the stuffing.

"Aren't you cold in here, with ah... that outfit? Daddy asked, unable to keep his eyes from being drawn to the erect points of my nipples which showed quite clearly through my thin cutoff shirt. Damn right I was cold, the tattered bottom of the shirt thrust outward by the firm twin globes of my breasts, leaving an ample amount of bare midriff. In addition, a mild chill in the air always perked my nipples into erect little bullets, and I knew the sight of such delightfully suckable nubs perched so proudly on my plump, ripened melons was driving him slowly insane. This was all part of my daily teasing and torment of my daddy, so I made it a point to never wear a bra at work, and whenever possible, put as much bounce and jiggle in my step as I could get away with.

"Oh no, not at all." I lied in an innocent baby doll voice.

"I guess I'm just a hot-blooded little girl." "Yes, well, I guess so." He stammered.

"Well, I err... I have to stop off on the way home from work and get some supplies. Could you please finish up feeding the dogs for me and then lock up? Thanks Sweetie." His right hand, hidden under the desk, groped at his rigid cock and adjusted its position. He rose awkwardly from his desk, and hurriedly gathered his things, his pants doing little to conceal his large, painful erection, or the telltale wet spot of precum which often stained his pants after a few hours of my relentless teasing. I ran my soft pink tongue over my lips and wished him a nice trip home. As he walked stiffly out the front door, I turned my attention to the work at hand – feeding time. The quicker I got on that, the faster I would be out of here. I started with the pack of large male dogs that we kept penned up in the first kennel. I stepped into the huge room-like cage and carefully latched the door behind me. The dogs seemed more excited than usual, even for feeding time. I thought nothing of it however, setting the heavy bag of feed on the floor and proceeded to tear it open.

"Hey! Look out dammit!" I shouted in protest as the gang of dogs closed in and knocked the bag over in their frenzy. Grumbling, I squatted down, trying to collect the mess into a pile before the pack spread it all over the pen. To my surprise however, they didn't pay any attention to the spilled pile of dog food on the floor. Instead, they seemed just seemed happy to see me, closing in from all sides, whining and rubbing up against me. Then I felt a furry snout slip between my legs and brush up against my crotch. His cold nose pressed into my panties and then he licked me through the thin cotton material, butthole to clit in one long swipe. I yelped in surprise and lashed out with my hand, feigning the indignant outrage of a schoolgirl just felt up. The fiend quickly dodged in retreat, and I felt my honor had been satisfied. However, that situation just barely resolved, another furry muzzle probed my crotch, this time from behind. Still squatting, I swiped at him, but caught only air. Several other dogs pressed in.

Giggling at this game, I sought to maintain my modesty, grabbing the hem of my mini skirt, trying to tuck it inward and cover myself from their rude advances. However, it was far too short to provide any degree of protection, so I started to stand up. Suddenly there was a tugging at my skirt. One of

the dogs had latched onto the material and thrashed his head back and forth. The skirt was old, one of my favorites, but it was still old and was wearing out. I had to constantly sew on a new fastening button and fix the zipper. This was my current problem, it broke again and now my skirt zipper was beginning to slip. In a half crouch, my hands shot to my waistline in an attempt to catch the slipping material. I was too late. The skirt was tugged off and finally caught, about halfway down my legs. The little mini wrapped around my knees and tangled me up like a small straight jacket. I stumbled forward, dropping to my hands and knees. The dogs followed me down, closing in. I tried to stand, but found myself trapped and snared. In moving forward, several members of the dog pack now stood firmly on the mini skirt, which pinned my knees to the floor.

"Stop it!" I protested, but only half heartedly. One of the few things that I did enjoy about my job was roughhousing around with the larger dogs. I giggled childishly and tried to push them away, but they closed right back in. My panty clad behind swayed in the air as I laughed and wriggled on the floor, trying to squirm out of the tangle of my skirt which held I pinned. With my knees wrapped tightly together, I had a poor stance for maintaining my balance. My playful thrashing about threw me off, and a gentle nudge by one of the dogs behind me was all it took to send me sprawling awkwardly to the floor of the kennel. With a playful bark and growl, the dog who had initiated my disrobing lunged for the mini skirt. Freed of my weight, it slipped the rest of the way down my legs and was tugged off my feet in a few quick jerks.

Pleased with his prize, the doggy trotted off to a secluded corner of the pen and proceeded to busy himself by nuzzling the skirt. Meanwhile, I lay sprawled, spread-eagle on the floor as the remainder of the pack pranced around above me. Again, I felt their cold furry snouts investigate my panties. Now, I might be a blonde, but even I managed to figure out at this point that they had taken an interest in the distinctly female odor issuing from my juicy panties. I was so dewy and wet you didn't need sophisticated canine senses to pick up the musky smell of my female pheromones. Hot young girl pussy was in the air, even I could smell it. I found the scent of myself in heat very exciting, so the effect my wafting kitty was having on this pack of dogs was understandable. As I lay prone, wet furry snouts pushed into my cotton clad crotch from above and behind, probing, licking my pussy through the moistening material. Others squirmed and prodded at the taunt elastic around my thighs, seeking to sneak inside along that route.

A cold nose pried between my quivering butt cheeks and pressed firmly against my puckered anus. The dog snorted with delight, and a puff of warm air caressed the opening to my rectum through my panties. I shivered in response, and felt my puckered bumhole blossom open. The snouts in my crotch pressed in harder, slurping at my gooey panties, but realizing that the tastier treasure of my plump pussy mound lay concealed just beyond. Growling noises of frustration were uttered as the pack tried in vain to find a way past the persistent panty barrier and into my irresistible honeypot.

Perhaps I should have taken notice of the growing sense of urgency which was whipping the dog pack into a lustful frenzy, but all that delightful licking and probing in my loins had dulled my sense of reason. Besides, I was just an innocent little 18 year old girl, sheltered from the world, and didn't really have an understanding of the situation I was creating. Anyway, I could have gotten up right then and there and put a stop to this, but something in me said that all this licking and attention on my pussy was too good to pass up. Surely their talented tongues could lick me to a far more delightful orgasm than I could ever achieve with just my fingers stuffed in me. After teasing my daddy all day, I was awfully hot and bothered, and in desperate demand of some relief. Decision made, I scrambled up onto my hands and knees and arched my back, sticking my creamy white rump up high in the air.

My panties snugged tight across my pubic mound as I spread my knees wide, trying to give the dogs easy access to my covered, juicy pussy. A shiver of excitement coursed through me as they went to

work, licking and sucking at my tasty pink briefs and the bald plump rise of my leaky pussy hidden underneath. My loins began to twitch and lube dripped out of my slit, feeding my puppies. I knew that a warm, sticky cumming would soon be at hand. A short shriek escaped me as my rump got nipped in the frenzy. At first I thought it was just a case of over excitement, but a second nip on the butt followed, proving that the first was no accident. This was followed by a ripping sound. Looking back behind me, I saw a black husky, the one we called Max, looking proud as could be with a thin shredded strip of my pink panties dangling from his mouth. There was a brief silence as the pack paused.

Max had found a way to breach the hated panties and a few of the other dogs seemed to pick up on the idea. I took a few more nips on the ass as the pack attacked my cotton undies, but I held my ground, sensing it would be worthwhile. In less than a minute the remains of my underwear hung in wet tattered ribbons, no longer a barrier to the prying snouts of the dog pack. Exposed to their intent gazes, I felt my loins quiver with anticipation as my moist, ruffled pussy lips unfurled, revealing the wet tasty pinkness inside. The next level of play had begun. I knelt there, exposed and defenseless before the dog pack. Just how much so I would come to realize later that night. The excited pack milled around like puppies at feeding time. Except today, the menu was different. Today the house special was virgin pussy, served up in a sauce of warm sticky juice, and a side order of tender, puckered bumhole, all garnished on a bed of ripped pink panties.

The raw scent wafting from the humid slippery depths of my vagina beckoned them, and their long wet tongues washed over my crotch. My rump was soon slobbering with doggy saliva. Max attacked me with great enthusiasm, somewhat like a dog trying to lick the remains of the peanut butter out of a jar. He pressed his snout deep into my vulva, and his rough tongue explored my silky pussy. A second dog attended to my double penetration, slurping between my firm creamy rump cheeks, and zeroing in on my pink rectal gate. With his persistent effort, and my efforts to relax myself, he had managed to pry open the puckered rosette of my anus, and was giving my clutching hole a wet, oral treatment. The twin doggy tongues rimmed my love portals, pleasuring me beyond all description. I shrieked again, but this time in delight, as I came with an intensity I had never before experienced.

Cream flooded out of my pussy, driving Max into a frenzy. I reached back with both hands and pried my butt cheeks apart, wanting to get their snouts as deep in me as they could go. The two doggy tongues worked frantically, digging deep into my pussy and bumhole. My hips pumped involuntarily as I gasped for breath. I finished off my first healthy cum, and was well on my way to another. I was in orgasm ecstasy. I suppose I should have realized that I was being selfish, but I was caught up in the excitement of the moment. I felt like a queen with a troop of servants at my beck and call for my pleasure. Down on my knees, surrounded by this pack of friendly dogs, I would have been content to have them tongue me up the pussy and bum, lust juice and doggie spit running down my smooth, silky thighs until I had cum to my satisfaction. The pack however had other ideas, and would see to it that they're own satisfaction would be paid in full. The big husky pulled his snout out of my churning kitty, and nipped at the second dog whose tongue was so delightfully servicing my bum. With a wet slurp his long tongue withdrew, and both my holes stood empty. I groaned in frustration.

"Come on Max," I cooed, swiveling my hips lewdly.

"Suck my little pussy dry. Come on doggy, yummmies!" My fingers began to creep upwards along the insides of my thighs, almost unconsciously. If these stupid dogs wouldn't finish the job they started, I knew that digging a finger or two into my buttery pussy, (and yes, maybe even easing a couple into the slippery confines of my hot little rectum - although I'd never tried that before) would do the trick. However, I never got the chance. The first hint I had of Max's inclinations was when he reared up and mounted me. I was shocked at this unexpected turn of events and tried to escape him, crawling forward on the floor. I felt his rigid penis prodding at my groin as he wrapped his front

paws around me. I realized then the meaning of the position I had assumed.

I had presented myself submissively before the large powerful animal and pressed my juicing snatch onto his snout, the classic actions of a needful doggy in heat. The message was clear. This bitch wanted cock! The large husky had never taken a human girl before, but surely my sticky pussy was as good as any doggy, so his reaction to mount me was only natural. This realization would help me little now. At that point I was already trapped, locked in the clamp of his powerful grip, but my terror of the pending canine rape kept me struggling. My game had gone terribly awry. With tears in my eyes, I twisted and bucked, trying to squirm out from underneath him as he humped me, his steely shaft trying to score the opening to my tight, dodging pussy. His forepaws slid further up my back, seeking to better control me. My shirt was dragged upward around my shoulders and my rounded breasts sprang free. My taunt rump cheeks and hanging breasts jiggled with each of his impacting, misfired thrusts. His cockhead dragged across my mound, often coming dangerously close to achieving that terrifying penetration, but then I would twist away, delaying the inevitable.

Max finally grew tired of this game. Although he heard my cries of distress, begging him to stop, the irresistible scent of my honeypot in heat, and my spread, defenseless position beneath him was all the permission he needed. Max had taken plenty of reluctant bitches in his past, all better fighters than myself. As I trembled, already pinned on my hands and knees, I really should have realized that my struggles would be in vain. I cursed the tattered remains of my pink panties, no longer able to protect my tight little virgin pussy, poised before him. I tried to wrestle him off, but Max had too much fight in him. He was going to have me and a snarl in my ear, followed by a quick nip on the neck was all the warning I needed. I don't think it even drew blood, but it halted my struggles all the same. The husky was a very powerful animal, and I was at his mercy. I was trapped! It was quite clear then that Max would tolerate no disobedience from his bitch. My fight was over. He was in control. I was helpless to stop him. I sobbed in resignation, with tears running down my cheeks as readied myself for my violation.

Shivering in fear, I knew I had no choice. Some animal instinct took over. I spread my knees in open invitation and arched my back, submissively offering myself to him. Thrust backwards below my rump, my pussy lips opened like a flower in anticipation of his dog cock. Satisfied with my act of submission, Max calmed his frantic pace. He leaned heavily on my back, adjusting his stance for maximum effect. I felt the hot tip of his prick brushing the outer folds of my mound, teasing me, and warning me of his impending entry. Still sobbing, I dropped my head and looked backwards between my legs. I gasped. A new shock of terror shuddered through my body. I felt my pussy twitching and my bumhole protectively clamped shut! His cock was huge! Monstrous! For all my teasing, I was still a virgin, and couldn't imagine taking even a portion of that massive prick into me. It was all of 14 inches in length and easily as thick as my wrist. The cock was rock hard, fully erect, sticking straight out under his furry belly. His large balls hung below, round and full. It had been a long time since we had sent Max out for stud services, so I knew that a massive load of cum churned within him. His cock swayed slowly back and forth, hinting of its impressive weight. Rigid and red, dripping with precum, it was a fearsome weapon to have aimed at a young girl's snug virgin pussy. This rape would surely be more than my body could withstand! "No Max, No! Please... Bad doggy." I called out, attempting to reason with him.

"You're way too big for me. My little pussy can't... Please don't... don't fuck me." I wanted to squirm away from his savage cock, somehow escape his raping prick, but fear of punishment kept me rooted in place, submissively powerless to stop my deflowering by this huge, ruthless dog. Max, was not a dog to be reasoned with. More gently than I had expected, he maneuvered his massive prick in line with my crotch and inserted the tip between the hairless lips of my wet dripping snatch. I sobbed more tears of fear and humiliation as my pussy lips parted to admit him. His narrow tip quickly gave way to the full girth of his invading shaft, and the true scale of his massive size became obvious. I

don't know how I stretched to suck him in, but I was sure my snug sticky pussy had no more left to give. Almost as if he sensed my fear, he gently but forcefully pressed himself in. With my head down, I watched in amazement as I opened ever more to stretch around his large organ. This was the first real penetration into my pink girl depths and I was understandably frightened. His shaft slowly pressed into me. My bald pussy mound flared and bulged obscenely in all directions, and I cried out.

It started as a scream of pain and fear, but as his shaft gracefully eased into my clutching tunnel, it transformed to a lustful squeal of delight. He was only part of the way in and I was stuffed! I spread my legs to try to better accommodate his huge size, but there was little to be done about that. It was a serious case of ten pounds of sugar in a five pound bag. He slowly pushed up against my cherry and stopped, uncertain. The rest of the kennel was draped in a strange silence. All creatures waited, unsure of what would happen next. I however was now quite clear on what I wanted. Panting just like one of the dogs, a frenzy-lust had overcome me. No longer a victim of an invasive rape, the huge pulsing cock had transformed me into an eager, shameless whore. I realized that I wanted this as much as Max did, and the experience would be incomplete and unsatisfying until I took him balls deep into my clutching hole. In one sharp motion I lunged backwards. The large husky's shaft broke through my virgin barrier and his massive cock sank up to the hilt in one smooth motion. Max howled with delight and I really understood for the first time the power my silky pussy could hold over a male. The pain of my cherry being taken was washed away by the wonderful feeling of fullness. My hot snatch convulsed around the length of his massive shaft as I came. I bucked and writhed underneath the big husky as he patiently waited for me to regain my composure. My pussy squirted and then dribbled cream in long stringy strands on the floor and I was crying with anticipation for the fucking I knew Max would now give me.

"Fuck me Max! Slam your massive dog cock into me!" I yelled, not caring if some passerby might overhear. I was on the verge of howling like a bitch in heat and little details like the possibility of being discovered on my hands and knees, taking a savage dog fucking in my snatch didn't concern me in least at this point. The large husky caught my enthusiasm. Wrapping his forepaws tightly around my rib cage, he went into action. Gritting my teeth against the jarring impacts, I gasped with mindless delight as he hammered his massive cock in and out of me. My rump cheeks quivered and my breasts slapped back and forth under me, keeping time with his savage fuck thrusts.

My lips shamelessly dragged at his prick on the out stroke and joyfully welcomed his return as he lanced back into my steamy depths. Burning friction caught fire in my pussy as his full length strokes cycled in and out of me with increasing speed. He hammered me over and over until it all became one big, stuffing blur of events. I tried to tweak my nipples and reach back to rub my well stuffed pussy, but that proved impossible. Max's driving thrusts were so powerful that I nearly lost my balance. I repositioned my hands on the smooth concrete floor and braced myself. My only task, it seemed, in this event was to provide a steady platform for my doggy master as he pounded all of his 14 inches over and over again into my sweet little pussy. He had incredible stamina and I lost all track of time during our coupling. I came again as he plunged his steel rod into me deeper than before and then held himself in that position, a prelude to the next event.

To my amazement, I felt his prick begin to swell to even larger proportions than before, and then realized that what I was feeling was his knot expanding to tie us together. It grew and grew, stretching my remarkably reamed tunnel to unbelievable new dimensions. I cried and squirmed and bucked underneath him, attempting to dislodge his powerful cock from me, but to no avail. Max was quite experienced at controlling lustful but reluctant bitches in critical junctures, and he outweighed me by an easy 60 pounds.

My struggles proved hopelessly futile. I screamed as he reached his maximum size, his obscenely huge knot prying me open. I didn't even dare to look down behind me, for fear that the sight of



myself would cause me to faint dead away. I knew though, that my over stuffed mound now bulged between my legs. Tied to my master with a softball-sized knot in me, my once virginal folds would be stretched beyond belief. I could only pray that it wasn't permanent. Then my ruffled pussy lips fluttered and snugged down around the base of his knot, hugging him and trapping him within me. He was locked in the steamy wet clutches of my silky snatch and would not be dismounted until he had pumped his bitch full to the brim with a burning load of dog cum. The depths of my pussy trembled with anticipation as I accepted my fate.

I pushed backwards against him, wanting every inch of him in me when he shot. His breathing became harsh and rapid. Then, with a powerful jet, he blasted his scalding doggy cum into my womb. Gush after gush flowed into me as my body reacted of its own accord. I came once again, and my snatch clamped down on his huge pulsing dog cock. The muscles in my pussy rippled, milking him, greedily sucking every drop of hot sticky cum out of him. He pumped into me, his prick pulsing and squirting, draining the load in his pent up balls and firing it deep into my little body. Finally it was over.

We both shivered with delight. His huge knot, swelled up to form a perfect seal in me, maintaining its massive size and perfect fit. To the large Husky, I was no different from any other bitch, so the knot kept us tied, ensuring that his hot load of sticky seed would find its mark. With my pussy stuffed full of doggy cock, and his hot cum bubbling in my womb, I giggled at the thought. Little Kirsty, knocked up, pregnant in a tragic case of doggy rape, they would have to send me off to live with Aunt Emma until I delivered the puppies. I gave another giggle as my sex lips, spread as they were, rippled and fluttered around his staggering girth.

I was exhausted from the ordeal, but waited patiently for Max to release me. Finally he was finished with his little fuck toy and his huge knot subsided. He dragged his semi erect cock out of my soggy pussy with a long, wet slurp. The cool air of the kennel caressed my crotch and I didn't even need to look to know that my vulva was a gaping hole, stretched well beyond its normal limits by the husky's incredible size. Still on my hands and knees, I panted, trying to catch my breath as my lover's hot cum drained out of me. It poured from my open pussy lips, first in heavy drips, and then in a steady trickle, puddling on the concrete floor between my knees.

I was too tired and satisfied to even move, so I just knelt there, basking in the afterglow. Suddenly, a heavy weight landed on me, nearly knocking me flat. A large German shepherd had bounded onto my back, mounting me now that Max had used me to his satisfaction. A shock ran through my body. I hadn't thought of what would happen after the big husky was done with me. There were 15 other dogs in this large cage and, to all indications, they all now expected breeding rights. Each would mount me in turn, according to the pecking order of the pack. I couldn't possibly fuck each and every one of them.

Max alone had reamed me to my very limits, leaving my little pussy sore and bruised. I scrambled across the floor in a desperate attempt to escape the pending doggy gang bang. The German shepherd however was having none of that. He growled and nipped at my shoulder, just as Max had done. Apparently, bitch control was a natural instinct, perfected by eons of evolution. He issued a loud bark, which broke the silence of the cage. Again, the warning was clear: Be quiet and take it, whore. I had become the pack's bitch, and would be punished severely if I tried to deny even one of them my sweet little slit. If I obeyed, however, I could expect to escape with just a massive fucking. Always a fast learner, I ceased my struggles and once again arched my back in obedience. Perhaps I have a bit of a submission kink, but his authoritative bark was irresistible.

I froze in place and then, shamelessly, I eagerly offered my open pussy to the twitching cock of the

German shepherd. He sank his meat into my hairless sticky hole in a single thrust. I grunted, and took him like the whore that I had instantly become. At the dog's single command, my pussy was doing all the thinking, and it wanted more dog cum shot deep into its silky pink depths. I had become a slave to the desires of my cock hungry slit. Gray, the German shepherd who had mounted me, didn't have as immense of a cock as old Max did. It was still impressive by any normal standards, right at ten inches long and just a bit smaller than my wrist.

But what could he do that Max hadn't already accomplished? As he slipped into my dribbling pussy, I tried to clamp down on him and milk his prick in the silky grip of my snatch. As long as I had no choice in the matter, I reasoned, I might as well give my doggy lover the best fucking I could. Gray shafted in and out of me for several minutes, but it was no use. Max had reamed me out so savagely and for so long, that, for the moment, I had nothing left to give. Had the big German shepherd waited a while, I could have recovered, and given him a proper fucking. In my current state, I was going to be an awfully poor lay for my new admirer. Gray growled in frustration.

He was a proud dog, and not accustomed to fucking loose, sloppy females. Maybe he even thought that something had gone awry, perhaps that he had mistakenly slipped his cock only between my legs, thus accounting for the lack of tightness and satisfaction. Whatever the reason, he withdrew, and adjusted his position on my back. I thought for a moment that he might have given up, but then the intent of his new mounting position became quite clear. Wet and slippery from its brief stay in my pussy, Gray positioned the tip of his big cock against the clutched pucker of my anus and began to push. I squealed in protest! Oh, now this was too much! Unable to admit even to myself how much I had really enjoyed the stern fucking that Max had given me, I couldn't even imagine having to take it up the bum from the second dog in the pack. I started to twist away, but a warning growl from the German shepherd served to remind me of the earlier nip on the shoulder.

It seemed I really had no choice in the matter. If Gray so chose, he would fuck his bitch up the butt. I was just his fuck hole, simple as that. My only chance I thought, would be to deny him access. His large cock pressured against the opening to my hole even as I clamped down my sphincter to close him out. It was a standoff for about a minute, with Gray trying all sorts of angles and positions and me straining to keep him from slipping his eager cock up my rectum. However, in the end, my own body betrayed me. The hot tip of his prick teased my tightly clenched rectal pucker. I felt the gateway of my little hole begin to twitch and pulse in response to the stimulation. Again, I began to cry as I realized the truth.

I had considered myself a helpless victim in all this, but my body's reactions again showed what a little fuck slut I truly had become. Against my wishes, I felt my bumhole pulse and shiver, and I knew that soon I would lose control. Involuntarily, I rolled my hips upward to present myself at the ideal angle for penetration. At the same time, I felt shudders begin to ripple continuously up and down along my anal tract. With each pulse, my control over my treacherous butt slipped a little more. Then the star like opening of my virgin bum fluttered and relaxed, flowering open before the seeking tip of Grey's huge dog cock. My hole kissed his prick and then welcomed him inside. He wasted no time in pressing his advantage. The smooth walls of my anus warmly sucked at his raping cock. He snuck just an inch or so inside, patiently allowing my clutching rear to adjust to his large butt-fucking girth. Beaten, I abandoned my struggles, knowing that I no longer really had a chance now that he had gained entry into my bumhole.

"Please Grey, be gentle. You're the first up my butt." I begged in a soft little girl voice, hoping to calm his natural aggression. However, I knew I had no input on the matter. The dog would fuck me up the butt, a slow sensual screw, or a savage, agonizing fuck, the choice was his alone. I was completely dominated, by him, and by the rest of the waiting dog pack. I didn't fully understand it at the time, but a delightful shudder trembled over my young body. Ever submissive in defeat, I

dutifully spread my knees, splaying my firm butt cheeks wide. The large German shepherd rode me with repeated, powerful lunges, forcing a grunt from me with each thrust.

I was extremely tight, and his massive prick encountered much resistance as it hammered up my tender rear. However, with each jolt, another inch or so of the lustful dog cock was punched up my virgin butt. Then I felt his hairy legs against the back of my thighs, and I knew I was fully taken. I gasped a sob of humiliation as Grey simply held himself still, shafted in me to the hilt. The trembling opening to my bum caressed the base of his cock, like a sensual deep throat kiss. He jostled around on my back, readying his stance. My vision blurred as my eyes teared. I was impaled on a large dog cock, and he was fucking me up my virgin ass.

I just couldn't believe it. Fortunately, the German shepherd's cock was coated with the slippery juices which still dripped from my pussy. A warm slick mixture of cream and dog cum now lubricated my back passage. That would help to ease the passage of the dog's big prick. Gray started slowly, dragging his cock out of my hole until nothing but the tip remained inside. The friction caused by his single out a stroke sent a wave of heat through my anal tunnel. Devoid of his prick, my rectal tube sought to shrink back to its normal size. Then a strange feeling of satisfying fullness overcame me as his thick hot dog cock was then slowly stuffed back up my tender backside. Tired and frightened as I was, I was surprised to find the sensation somewhat pleasurable. Suddenly the nerves around my widely splayed bumhole flared and my anal pucker twitched to life.

Gray shafted his meat up the dark depths of my butt and I cried out with lust. I had never before even masturbated my anus, and the sensations I was feeling now were beyond belief. Not that I had a world of experience, but a huge dog cock up the ass was so different from vaginal fucking. Somehow all the sensations were amplified. As the German shepherd's cock drew out on the backstroke, my imagination increased its length many fold. Out and out it slid, each vein and ripple on his huge prick gently caressing the sensitive skin of my tight anal hole. He reached his maximum point of withdrawal and paused for effect, with only the tip of his thick red tool held in the warm grasping tube of my tender rectum. I sobbed with anticipation. My self esteem was slipping quickly as I realized the depths to which I had sunk. After just a few wonderful strokes of his beautiful prick, my doggy lover had transformed me into his butt-fuck whore. All that mattered now was to get his huge dog cock deep in my ass, and I would do whatever it took to satisfy my anal hunger.

"Fuck me!" I hissed through clenched teeth, begging for it.

"Fuck me up the ass!" I dropped my face to the floor and steadied my rump high in the air, desperately needing his cock to refill the hungry void up my rectum. He teased me, remaining motionless for a moment, perhaps to remind me who was in charge. I wiggled my ass, hoping to encourage him into resuming my fucking. Still he paused, savoring the way my anus clutched and sucked at the tip of his embedded cock. I began to fear that he might withdraw and dismount me, leaving me with no way to satisfy my new found lust. But then my doggy lover rewarded me with exactly what I craved. Face down in the kennel, I clawed at the cement floor with my fingers in blind ecstasy as Gray drove the length of his massive prick up my slick trembling rectal hole I shrieked in mindless passion, my breath coming in short, ragged bursts.

I bucked upward with my hips to meet his savage assault. His furry balls snugged up against my pussy, tickling my lips, and I knew that I had him hilted. Ten inches of hot, thick dog cock realigned my rectal tunnel. I gripped him with my sphincter, rippling my anal muscles along the length of his powerful shaft. I released him and he withdrew, teasingly slow. My body jolted as he down stroked savagely, forcing himself, knot deep, into my clutching bowels once again. Over my swiveling hips, he slowly began to cycle, in and out, a heavenly anal violation.

I couldn't help myself, I screamed as a stunningly powerful orgasm ripped through my empty pussy. I always tended to have a nice drippy juicing snatch when I came, but this time, silky kitty cream practically sprayed from my twitching pussy. My warm girly sauce bubbled and flowed from my gaping fuck-slit, as a seemingly endless supply of my sweet butter melted from my soft pink folds. I flailed and bucked in a raging passion, restrained only by Grey's powerful forelegs, and counter pinned by his beautiful cock up my ass. Encouraged, Grey's pace rapidly increased. At first I tried to match the German shepherd stroke for stroke, thrusting my hips upward to greedily accept his meaty thrusts. A rhythmic padding sound filled the kennel, my firm white rump cheeks slapping against his groin. It didn't take long however, for him to completely overwhelm my ability to keep up.

Soon all I could do was kneel there on the cold concrete floor, with my ass held high and my butt cheeks spread, taking every inch of red-hot dog cock that Gray had to offer. In and out he pummeled me, always taking those long, full strokes which he seemed to know I enjoyed. By the time he was nearing completion, I had pretty much lost all sense of reality. I was shrieking and crying as orgasm after orgasm shattered through the walls of my pussy. My snatch dripped and gushed its shimmery girl cum shamelessly and a raging ball of heat blazed in my ass. I don't know if it's possible for me to have an anal orgasm, but that's sure as hell what it felt like.

Purely on reflex now, I could feel my anal muscles rippling and gripping at the driving doggy cock. The floor beneath my face was wet as I drooled in anticipation of the pumping of steaming dog cum up my bum. I lost almost all control of my body. The only thing of importance was to hold my position for my ass fucking. My bladder released and hot pee shot from my slit. Battered as my pussy was, it felt like a very sloppy one. Perhaps the tattered, tangled remains of my cum filled panties got in the way and also contributed to the mess. Anyway, I hosed myself all over the furry legs of the bucking German shepherd, which did nothing to slow his staggering pace.

A second burst of my pee leaked out to spray his dangling balls on a deep instroke, matting his crotch hairs flat. Then I simply gushed all over myself with a thick stream of urine which flowed down both thighs and puddled between my legs. The warmth felt good, and I imagined it was a huge load of hot, sticky dog cum, shot all over my quivering backside. I do remember the moment I felt his knot begin to swell. He pressed himself tightly up against me, flattening out my rounded ass cheeks, and exploring even deeper depths of my straining hole. Abandoning myself to the sensation, I held perfectly still, not wanting to do anything to spoil the moment. The knot swelled inside my anal opening, and I prepared myself for a load of dog cum up the ass.

Just as an experiment, I shifted my hips to test the quality of our tie. Gray seemed unconcerned, as I should have been. The knot up my asshole was huge! I should have realized from the incredible pressure in my rectum that there was no way to break our tie and expel his massive cock from my ass prior to the critical moment. Gray scrambled on my back for purchase as I felt his prick swell and then pulse. A grunt escaped my lips as I felt the first of many hot wads of dog spunk rocket into my bum. His cock pumped and pumped, filling me with his sticky cum. I swear I could feel it coat my bowels and fill up my anal cavity. My German Shepherd lover had a lot to offer.

I would have thought that the seal of the knot up my ass was nearly perfect, but Gray pumped so much hot cum up my butt, that it began to overflow out my rectum. That was only natural, I supposed, given that his huge cock had me stuffed so full that there was little room for all that stuff to go. Warm rivulets of doggy cum bubbled out of the imperfect seal between my anus and his still rigid prick and ran down the cheeks of my rump. We must have stayed tied for about half an hour before Gray's knot finally began to wither. Often I would think that he must nearly be done, but then he or I would shift ever so slightly and his cock would once again pulse and jerk in my clutching anal grip.

Finally I was able to relax my ass muscles enough for his shrinking knot to withdraw. Although my pussy had somewhat regained its original form, my once tight and puckered asshole now stood reamed out and open. I could imagine how it looked, a gaping hole, red from the friction of the prolonged fucking, and coated with a thick glaze of drying doggy cum. I sighed with tired satisfaction. A sharp yap and yelp of defeat brought me back to my senses. Max was back, and so was his huge erection. He was lining up on me for a second mounting, but suddenly, with a snarl and a bark, a confrontation broke out. The black husky, apparently the dominant one in the pack, wanted another crack at me. His huge cock stood hard and ready. He wanted some more of his bitch. The other dogs were up in protest.

Only two of the entire pack had fucked me, and here the big husky was already going for seconds. Aside from not being fair, it was as if the rest of the pack seemed to know that if Max got a second chance to get his monster cock in me, I would be too loose and reamed out, spoiling the enjoyment for the rest of them. My pussy, although beginning to recover, was still gaping open and dripping, and for the moment, my cavernous butthole was more or less beyond use, pleasurable now only for the larger dogs. It was touch and go for a while, and threatened to break out into a full pack brawl. Max got in a few good bites, and sent several of his opponents slinking off with their tails tucked, but in the end he finally backed down in the face of the majority. It was agreed, it seemed, that all the dogs in the cage would have their choice of either of my love openings, and be able to pump their loads of hot dog cum either deep in my twitching pussy or up my dark and clutching rectum.

There was no question however as to who would get first shot at seconds. The big husky would take me again when the rest had finished. Perhaps threatened by the fine showing Gray had made, transforming me into a howling butt fuck bitch, he had a point to prove, and the fucking that was in store for me would be merciless. He would take me up the ass, hard, long and deep to spoil it for the others. By comparison, Gray had been a gentle, caring lover. When Max got a second crack at me, things would be different. My little bumhole would be raped and ravaged. I could see it in his eyes. My pussy and anus twitched with fear at the thought of it. Perhaps I could have escaped during that moment of earlier confusion.

I may have even thought about it, but my brain was too exhausted to make my decisions for me at this point. As the pack sorted things out, I stretched my cramped and tired legs, but then resumed the position, ready for my next mounting. With Max on careful guard off to one side, the next dog in the pack mounted me, taking me in the snatch. I was beyond pretending to put up any fight, so I simply offered myself to him, arching my back to make my bald little mound stand out so prettily below my rounded rump. His long upwardly curved prick slipped between my pink, pouting lips and my fucking continued. I did my best to satisfy his thrusting urges, straining to snug my sloppy pussy down around his invading prick. Given a brief reprieve, my sore little kitty had somewhat regained its original form.

Concentrating, I was able to tighten myself up and provide a warm, grasping hole for his pleasure. I reasoned that if I was a good little bitch, and gave the doggies all the tightest, most clutching fuck my sore little pussy and bum could manage, I would be able to get away and nurse my cum filled body back to normal. I'll spare you all the details of all their mountings at this point, but trust me, it was quite a long night. After the first several dogs, both my fuck holes were perpetually full of doggy sperm. As they pounded their pricks into my love sockets, a lewd sloshing sound issued from my soggy wetness, echoing in the otherwise quiet kennel. At one point I do remember looking up to see a silky Labrador standing in front of me.

He was a large but not an aggressive dog. He was looking really whipped, apparently having gotten the worst of Max's wrath in the earlier scuffle. He looked so sad as he paced back and forth, obviously eager as the rest of the pack to join in on my doggy gang rape. However, he wanted no

further part of Max, who stood guard over my upthrust ass, ready to step in and take his second turn.

I couldn't help but feel sorry for him, as he nervously paced and whined, his big cock stiff and thrust up against his belly. I don't know what possessed me. Perhaps it was the sad, gentle look in his eyes, or more likely the realization of my situation... a gang of dogs lined up to nail me up the butt and in the pussy, the remains of my pretty, pink panties shredded and dangling between my legs, puddles of dog cum on the floor between my knees, growing ever larger from the hot loads dripping from my well-reamed fuck holes. Who knows? Anyway, I reached over and wrapped my hand around his prick. Sensing relief was at hand, he stepped over and straddled my head. It was an awkward position, with a Dalmatian currently mounted on my back. He had chosen to use my pussy for his satisfaction and was busy corkscrewing his prick into my trembling snatch.

Regardless, I strained upward and managed to fit my mouth over the black lab's slippery cock. Confused at first, he then lunged forward with excitement, pushing his shaft past my lips until the tip of his cock slipped into my throat. I could see his legs tremble as I swallowed, milking his prick. He seemed to enjoy this immensely and began to pump. Slippery precum oozed from the tip of his prick and I eagerly washed his prick with my tongue. Just when I thought that the night couldn't teach me anything more, I discovered a craving for wads of pungent dog cum shot down my throat. I nursed his cock with my lips and tongue, savoring the slippery fluid awash in my mouth. He fucked my face with reckless abandon, and it wasn't long before I felt his knot swelling up just inside my lips. My nostrils flared for air as I took him down my throat. Pumping my face back and forth, I massaged his cock with my tongue, I found that I could manipulate his cock around in my mouth and gasp the occasional breath of air I needed to survive. Then I would slip his cock back down my throat, milking him off. I swirled my tongue around his prick and caressed the base of his shaft with my lips.

He stood rigid and quivering. My throat eagerly milked the end of his doggy cock as I reached up to gently squeeze his balls and grounded my ass back hard against the Dalmation's powerful thrusts, feeling my pussy-walls milking hungrily at his long shaft, sucking hard to pull every inch of his throbbing thickness far up inside me, pulling his scalding-hot load from his testicles and into my belly to quench the scorching flames that raged. I was nearly there! Oh, God, just a little more, just a little more! My cheeks were hollowed as I sucked faster and faster on the Lab's long cock, swirling my tongue tenderly on the dog shaft, always swirling my tongue around its pointed tip, then along his shaft. The Lab's body began to shake and quiver uncontrollably, and suddenly, without any warning, a low moaning howl of pleasure came from him as he emptied his hotly jetting animal sperm into my eagerly sucking throat. My mouth was filled with the great release of thick viscous liquid that gagged me as it oozed down the back of my throat in a torrent.

Ravenously, with shame, I sucked and sucked and swallowed until I was rewarded with a second gush of hot cum which splashed into my throat. The force of the impact sprayed his sticky seed all over the inside of my mouth, provoking my tastebuds to melt with delight. I came, my pussy clutching feverishly around the Dalmatian's pummeling cock. That was all that was needed to set him off too, and I was pumped full of dog cum on either end, two spewing dog cocks infused in my mouth and pussy. I was being rammed back and forth like a rag doll. I may have passed out at that point, but I'm not sure. The rest of the pack had their way with me but all the details are a little fuzzy. I serviced each of those dog cocks at least three times that night in the cage, at my last count (it could have been more and most likely was), and was sure that I would never again receive a fucking like that in my entire life.

It was hours on end that they continuously mounted me, taking me in the hole of their choice. I was vaguely aware of the wet sticky pumping noises I heard as they relieved themselves over and over

again in my soft little pussy and bumhole. I was pumped so full of dog cum that each new fucking began with their hot sticky fluids spraying out around their driving cocks, the seal on my pussy and asshole was no longer tight due to the incredible stretching that each had been subjected to. I came countless times, but eventually I was so exhausted that I could little more than kneel there on the floor, basking in the glow of my multiple orgasms, and wait for the next dog to take me. I awoke on my hands and knees, soaking in a large puddle of cum. Max, the big husky, stood tail to rump with me, his huge knot still tied up my ass.

He had gotten in the last fuck of the night, as all the other dogs were napping in various spots around the cage. Max dragged his knot out of my rectum and dismounted. Apparently I had serviced the doggy pack to their satisfaction and was free to go. I slowly stood, testing my sore and trembling muscles. My pussy and bum had no current inclination to swell shut, allowing a flood of warm dog cum to pour out and slime down both legs. I visually inspected my pussy. My young lips stood open and was a sore red color, coated with drying dog cum. It surely didn't look like the tight, innocent pussy that had naively stumbled into the pen that night, but didn't appear to be permanently worse for wear. Bending over, I reached between my butt cheeks and cautiously explored my other opening. I experienced a minor post orgasmic twitch as I ran a finger around my gaping anal rim. Oozing dog cum continued to drain as I gauged the damage. Two fingers slipped loosely inside, so I added a third.

I moaned as I realized that it was still a poor fit. I added a forth finger, and tucked my thumb along for good measure. I pressed upward into my ass but encountered little resistance until the group was inserted well past the second knuckles. With an easy push, I could have effortlessly fucked my entire fist up my well-reamed ass, probably right up to the elbow. Max slanted his head to one side, watching the display. I withdrew my hand from my butt, shamelessly exposing my gaping anal tunnel to Max's intently, piercing gaze. To my astonish, his prick throbbed once again. There was no way I could take another of his poundings. It was clear I had to give him the same treat I gave the Lab. Knowing this, I got on the floor and sat up against the cage. Max seemed to nod in approval and slowly walked over to me. I leaned my head back just as the huge Husky jumped up at my side, I stroked his head saying "You're gonna a good boy aren't you? Nice and slow, be gentle... please."

I trembled as Max assumed position over me, his legs standing between my outstretched legs, the monstrous dog had his huge paws on the cage way above me, blanketing my head with his body. Panic ran through my body as Max's gargantuan, 14inch cock angled for my mouth. I wiggled away, but put it back in to position after remembering my options. In the blink of an eye, the big Husky started to jab furiously at my face, obviously not understanding that I wanted him to be gentle... or more likely not sympathetic. Max stabbed continuously at my face trying to hit home, but he had no luck. Finally with fear of my face getting hurt from his wild bucking I reached for his shaft and guided it gently into my mouth. He let out a howl, and mercilessly began jabbing, relentlessly thrusting. I gagged and choked, his huge prick spearing down my throat, stretching it wide.

I couldn't remember why I had chosen this way for my doggie sucking but it was probably because I was too tired to position myself any other way. There was no way I could change my mind. I once again belonged to Max and there was no opportunity to get away. With Max's cock bolting into my throat, I had to concentrate in order to breathe. The initial shock of his huge member had passed and I gripped his haunches, holding him, feeling the power of his slamming body. My hands flowed up and down his humping frame, my fingers digging into his fur. Having found the warm wetness of my mouth and throat, Max went insane. He fucked my face savagely, burrowing his cock in my throat with his massive, pointed cock tip filling my mouth totally. He leaned forward for maximum depth, his huge paws firmly planted on the cage, his back paws maintaining his balance as he wildly fucked my sucking mouth.



The dog cock in my mouth was more than I had asked for or could really handle, I used my tongue, like I did on the Lab, experimenting, sucking, my teeth grazing along his thick prick while he rammed me. Max howled in excitement as my tongue dug along his sensitive prick, his mighty body lashing his cock into my throat at a reckless speed. His prick and balls swelled, aching with lust, his heavy load multiplying. I sucked and whipped my tongue along his cock, grating my teeth along the length as he whipped it in and out of my mouth. Reaching under him, I caressed his balls, the very ones that would soon rupture and drench me with a burdensome load of cum. I could already feel the warm doggie precum oozing down my throat. The caressing drove Max's berserk, even more so than at any other time. The action drove his cock farther down my throat, his heavy balls thumping my chin. He growled.

His rubbery lips drawn over his fangs, his body glistened with black sheen and his snarl appeared demonic, his neck stretched to the limit as he glared toward the ceiling, his black eyes rolling. The next flurry of blows brought an explosion of cum out his massive cock. He roared his rage, his prick gushing an outpour of dog cum into my gurgling throat. Thick clumps of dog cum splattered against the back of my throat and before I could swallow it all, more ensued. A steady barrage of thick wads turned into a flood of cum. It drenched my mouth, my throat, and erupted out my nose. I choked and sputtered, dog cum seeping out the sides of my clinging lips with each plunge of his prick. Even with the mammoth load, I never stopped.

I didn't want to offend him, or make him mad... I just wanted this over. I swallowed as much as was humanly possible, my cheeks full, cum pouring down my throat. I swooned under the devastating attack but I kept sucking his thick cock and drank his massive load of cum before it stopped flowing. As I swallowed the last of Max's cum, I realized I was just an immoral, used dog whore, no longer fit to service and pleasure the pack. Slowly I limped my way out of the cage. I turned and looked at Max as I re-latched the door from the outside. Our eyes met and an understanding passed between us. I might have been on the outside of the cage, but we both now knew who the true master was. Perhaps I would stray to other lovers, but Max, my first, would always be the best, and he held a power over me.

"Anytime... , " he seemed to mock, "anytime you need it badly, baby, you clean yourself up and come looking for the one you know can put it to you like no other." At that moment I panicked. He was right. He would have me again... whether I wanted to or not. I had to work there. It was the family business. I couldn't escape it.

Looking at the clock (I had been there all night), I breathed and sighed in relief. I still had half an hour to get myself cleaned up before my daddy was due in for work. He would no doubt be angry and concerned that I didn't come home last night, but I figured that I could come up with some convincing lie about a sick dog that needed attention, or something like that. I quickly cleaned up as best I could in the bathroom and stuffed my shredded, cum soaked panties in the trash. I was relieved to discover that both my tender fuck holes were slowly regaining a natural form. When I came out, daddy was at his desk, absently shuffling through some papers. We talked briefly about why I had stayed at work all night, which seemed to satisfy him. I was surprised that he so easily accepted my explanation, or that he hadn't come back at night to check up on me.

"Oh, pumpkin, one last thing. Could you take a look at this for me?" I looked at the t.v. Daddy had on his desk and he put his hand on my shoulder. I starred at the screen in disbelief. I blushed, blood red as I watched what was happening on the screen. It was a movie, it seemed, of daddy's little girl, Daddy's little girl on her hands and knees in a kennel, repeatedly pleasuring a pack of large dogs. It seems my father has quite the surveillance system. Most of the night he had caught on the kennel video camera's "Sweety, I think that there are going to be some changes around here from now on, unless of course you think your friends might be interested in seeing this? Who knows, maybe some

of your little girlfriends would enjoy a stay at our kennel too. You could have a pajama party." He grinned. For once I had no smart reply.

"By the way, Sweetie," he inquired casually, flipping my short little skirt up over my hips, "what exactly did happen to those tasty little pink panties you were wearing yesterday?" "I don't know." I lied, mumbling dejectedly, but I don't think Daddy heard me. He pushed up the back of my skirt to my lower back and positioned himself behind me, daddy was too busy bending me over the desk and pushing the head of his rapidly stiffening penis into the soft pink folds of my hot clutching pussy. Well trained now by my doggy tutors, I pressed my ass back to him and snugged myself down around his probing cock.

"You know, honey," he continued, pressing a finger into my anus, "I think that we're not going to have any discipline problems with you from now on, or else you could spend another night in the kennel with those dogs." Bent over the desk as I was, Daddy continued to thrust in and out of my pussy. I sighed reluctantly and spread my legs a little further so that Daddy could get his big cock all the way up into my pussy. He pried a second finger into my hot slippery ass.

"Oh by the way sweetie, my softball team is coming by this weekend. I told them to bring their dogs"

I was trapped again!

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"Daddy, please go slower. You're hurting me" I whimpered as the edge of his desk was digging into my stomach.

"Please don't make me do this, please don't hurt me." I begged with tears streaming down my face.

"You don't have to do this." "Shut up!" He barked at me and slapped me hard on my ass. The loud crack echoed throughout the room. My soft skin on my firm ass burned and ached from the strike. The sharp searing pain made my clit tingle and my pussy began to get instantly wet. I made one last attempt to protest, but he continued to plunge his hard cock into my vagina. I squealed through clenched teeth as he thrust deep into me. He was enormous, I felt my pussy bursting at the seams. The upper and lower ends of my pussy opening were tearing as his rod assaulted me. Daddy savagely pumped my moistening vagina from behind, our bodies colliding, his coarse pubic hair scratching my tender ass cheeks as he slammed his lurching hips into my backside. His thighs were strong and muscular. His balls slapped hard at my throbbing clit. My vagina became drenched and the wetness began to ease the pressure and initial pain. But after a minute, the surging movement of his penetrating cock began to stimulate me more and I soon felt sheer pleasure. I knew that I was not supposed to enjoy my daddy and it violated every fiber of what is moral, but I couldn't help myself. It must have been an involuntary response as I was getting massively fucked by my daddy's cock. He pawed at my dangling breasts over my blouse and bra as he rocked me on the desk where he conducted all his business. My openings were still very sore and swollen after the marathon session with the dogs last night. After a while, my mind went numb and I just surrendered to the physical pleasure. I came with a shrilled scream that would challenge a Brink's alarm system. His powerful thrusting lasted for five long minutes after I climaxed, then he suddenly stopped.

"Sweetie, you are a fine piece of ass!" Daddy said as he pulled cock out of my ravaged pussy. He pulled me up by my hair, spun me around, tore off my blouse and ordered me to clean him off with my mouth. At that moment I noticed an evil grin, a growingly triumphant sneer, spread lewdly across his face as his lust-hardened shaft became the centre of attention.

"Not bad for an old man, huh," he chuckled.

"Y-Yes, yes, it is very nice," I muttered.

Almost as if I didn't have a mind of my own, I obediently moved closer, reluctantly, both hands over her breasts, as they rose and fell anxiously in apprehension and dread.

"Go on, touch it!" He grabbed one of my arms and pulled it down close to his massively throbbing cock, and I opened my fingers just as his own tightened painfully around my delicate wrist. My fingertips brushed along its hot, awesome length and the menacing monster seemed to grow even thicker, though that would have seemed impossible.

"Get down on your knees!" came the expected barked command. His hand bolted forward, his face still growled in the arrogant look of hate and lust, i expected to get a slap but instead he only closed his fingers around the full, ripe mound of my breast and then skillfully manipulated my nakedly sensual flesh, bringing out the lust in me. My arm shot up to push his hand away, but but I caught myself in mid-stride. A certain something strange inside me had grown suddenly, powerful and commanding, and whatever it was told me to leave his fingers where they were. Feeling the weird awareness in my belly growing more and more overwhelming, I was amazed to find myself unable to resist his command. Obediently, I sank to my knees as if my legs had become powerless, and I found myself at his feet. I tried not to look at his nakedness, to shut my eyes and keep away the sickening certainty of his prolonged, powerful penis. I could feel its heatedly throbbing tip brushing against my forehead, nuzzling through the fine lavish of my hair. It was fully rampant, and the lust-swollen head was completely out of its elastic sheath and poised... ready for what I knew now was unavoidable.

"What the hell are you waiting for, you silly? Haven't you ever sucked a cock before? You suck this one just like you suck one of them scrawny dog ones you're used to."

I turned my blushing face away from the massively pulsating shaft that was level with my face. My eyes were closed, partly from fear and partly from shame.

"Hurry it up! Get those sweet lips around it" He said as he grabbed the side of my head, his fingers twisted in my hair and positioned me right in front of his lust-hardened cock. Still my moistened trembling lips were closed and his fingers wound viciously in my silken hair until I screeched out from the sudden, searing pain that shot across my scalp. It felt as if all my hair was being yanked out by the roots.

"You'd better open up, baby! Right now!"

Without thinking, my ripe young lips parted and he rammed his fat mast of stiffened meat into my mouth, slamming it forward with a quick snap of his haunches. The hotly throbbing penis slid over my tongue and rammed against the back of my throat, intruding painfully against the delicate untried flesh of my throat passage. I gagged on its immense thickness and choked for air, but he wasn't satisfied yet.

"Relax those throat muscles and behave yourself, girl... relax 'em, or I'll ram it in your asshole!"

I gasped a meaningless plea, unable to breathe as the long hot hardness filled my mouth and throat completely, leaving no room at all for air to enter my lungs. Seeing no other way but total obedience to his perverted demands, I managed to relax my throat and the scalding, throbbing cock now squirmed easily down my open throat. I could feel it far down, filling my mouth completely, impaling me through my tightly puckered lips as I stretched my mouth to accept his large weapon. I was now lower than the lowest, I had sunk to the very bottom bowels of wanton wickedness. I had become, less than human... nothing more than a receptacle for my depraved daddy's exploding lust. I felt the tears on my cheeks, but I couldn't stop them now. I wanted nothing else to but get it over with as

soon as possible. Oh, please let this be a dream!

Daddy watched me carefully, noting every movement, every naked precious inch of my tender young body. His hands slid to my bare shoulders; they were soft and warm, he could feel the humiliation of my erect nipples, the burgeoned fleshy pinnacles of my unyielding developed breasts that jutted out and rubbed sensuously against his bare legs. He grabbed my head again and worked me back and forth faster on his immense cock. I understood him perfectly and I began to blow him with my own efforts. This seemed to inflame his savage lust higher, I was ready to do anything he wanted.

"Mmmmmmmmm, that's real nice, a lot better, baby. Now suck it real hard, real hard!"

I gagged every time his long, hard cock burrowed down my throat, brushing the sides, filling the narrow opening with its huge, blood-engorged head. I could feel the muscles of my throat milking the hot, malevolent rod with every downward thrust, and I could see what an effect it was having on my Daddy.

"C'mon, baby, I'm almost there!"

Those words almost stopped my heart, I was frozen still with the tormenting disgust of a helpless, ravished slut... God, almighty, he was going to do it! He was going to shoot his hot, lecherous sperm deep down into my throat... into his daughters helpless throat. Oh my God I'll surely go to hell.

Daddy felt the barrage coming like a whitecap... he made no attempt to hold it back; he'd waited long enough for this moment. He hoped it would come in quarts — buckets full — he hoped his lust throbbing balls would heave great viscous gobs of sperm, a hot, sticky torrent to flood my depths... His hands squeezed my head like a vice once more, holding me pinned tight up against his pulsating cock, my face subdued in his sweaty pubic hair. He pushed far, far down my throat, straining as if to bury the aching head of his wildly jerking cock in my tummy. He was getting ready to cum... he could feel it starting its long, luscious run down the long turgid shaft of his penis. He stopped as it reached his swollen, inflating knob then paused to admire his work. He then let loose and exploded against the sides of my struggling throat, cum flowing down into my belly in thick, consuming waves.

"Now, honey, now! Suck it like it was your mama's tit, baby! Every last drop! Suck, damn you, suck!"

I swallowed again and again, every choking gulp oozing down my throat like a thick creamy stock. My mind was far-off; I was lost for the moment in my own desolation and self-debasement but I continued suck and suck hard. I was doing it now because she wanted to, I wanted all of his strong, thick ejaculation to spurt down my throat, as if it somehow might quench the flames of animal debauchery that was raging in my belly. I swallowed in streaming, sloshing waves of wild hot fluid. My arms were suddenly behind his thighs, holding him to my lips, then my fingers stroked his meaty asscheeks, fingered his anus. An instant later, my hands were on his rapidly emptying testicles, caressing them, squeezing them delicately, until every last drop was drained into my throat.

"You're finally there, you whore! Suck it like the slut you are, suck it!"

When I finally managed to get my eyes opened and focused again, daddy had put his pants back on and was zipping them up... Suddenly I realized that my hand was inside me, that I was openly fondling myself, but I couldn't stop. God, it felt so good! I was so hot inside... so hot. I need a man, any man!

"P-Please..." My lips were blazed and the word came out like a dying whimper of someone lost in the burning sun.

"Don't l-leave me like... like this," I begged, but he only laughed, sneering down at me as I convulsed helplessly on the shag-carpeted floor.

"You've had all you're gonna' get for now, honey," he grinned evilly.

"But I'll be back with re-enforcements." he laughed as he went back to the main house.

*The End*