

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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A sequel to [Pups-R-Us](#)

Everybody but the two women who were doing house calls was in the kitchen taking their afternoon coffee break when Grace Evans, the manager and majority owner of Pups-R-Us bounced in with a huge smile on her face. "Hello, Girls. Wow, do I have a surprise for you! I just got off the phone with Bill Cochran, the owner of the *Love Box*, the largest sex-shop in the city. He wants Pups-R-Us to take part in a parade to honor the first anniversary of the repeal of all obscenity laws. That is a little over five weeks away. I told him that we would be there, so we have to get busy planning and arranging our float. The floor is open for suggestions."

Liz Wilson said, "Well, we could have all 14 of our dogs in travel cages spaced around on the float. They are all beautiful Great Danes, and they would be an impressive sight."

"That is a good opener, Liz, but I wanted something a bit more suggestive of just what our business was."

Betty Washington chipped in with, "How about a demonstration of a dog in action? Hell, even I would volunteer for an extra fuck with one of our dogs. I would not even mind doing it in full public view now that I wouldn't get arrested for doing it. Come to think of it, that could be a lot of fun just thumbing my proverbial nose at the stick-in-the-muds. Of course, it wouldn't be my nose that was getting the workout."

They all laughed at that, and Grace announced that Betty's idea was just exactly the kind of thing that she was looking for. The problem was going to be how to arrange it. The parade was to be two miles long, ending up at the high school parking lot where the parade participants could park and do a more detailed demonstration of their wares.

Liz said, "You know, we have a total of 14 dogs, and that is surely enough that we could have a continuous demonstration of the dogs in action if we could find enough women willing to participate. The problem is, where could we find that many volunteers?"

"That may not be a problem. I can put in our next couple of newspaper ads that we are going to be in the parade and are looking for women to help us out by partnering with the dogs. There's got to be at least 40,000 women in this town, and surely 0.04% would be interested in being in the parade. I'll have our ad say that anyone interested should call our number. We could even pay \$50-100 to any woman who actually took part."

Liz laughed and said, "Yeah, getting a free fuck from one of our dogs would be a great incentive, and getting paid for it would be icing on the cake."

Betty said, "The biggest problem that I see is that dogs and women performing in the missionary position will be hard to see from the sidelines. We will have to work out a way to get around that. I am sure that we can solve that problem, so it looks to me like we need two demonstration platforms, one for DP (Doggie Position) and one for MP (Missionary Position). They will have to be placed so that they can be seen from both sides of the street.

"I think that we can stagger the performances so that one dog is actively fucking his partner while the other one is waiting for his knot to go down. That way, there would be pretty much of a continuous performance so that everybody in the crowd could get the benefit of the show."

"You are absolutely right, Betty. We could have the MP demo at the front of the float and the DP

demo at the rear of the float. To me, that seems like position matches position.”

“Grace, you and Betty are geniuses, but we will need a shaded pavilion for the naked women to wait their turns. All we would need would be to have to treat a flock of all-over sunburns. The way I see it, all of the women on the float would have to be naked during the whole parade because of the space needed to remove clothes and to store them. The parade will take place in early July, so we can figure on a sunny day, but that sun could be torture for anyone who got burned by it.”

Grace laughed and said, “Liz, you have hit a very important point. Besides, anyone who is not interested in looking at a dog fucking a woman should still be interested in looking at a bevy of naked women, all with shaved pussies. Do you think that any of us should be among the fuckees?”

Both Liz and Betty said that they would find it fun to participate, but the other three women, Grace included, could decide for themselves. This was all presuming that they had enough women to show up to be fucked. They still had to get input from Sue Potter and Mai Cho who were still out making their rounds. Nothing could be official until they had put in their two cents. Those two women would not return until supper time, so the other women went back to their normal chores.

Sue and Mai were filled in as soon as they returned to home base, and they were both enthusiastic supporters of the project. Sue said that they were kind of stretched out on home visits, but Doggy Bordello had room for more customers, so this would be a good opportunity to make themselves better known. Grace was already thinking about the possibilities for expanding their business, and Doggy Bordello was the obvious place to start. The only difficulty there was that they would need more people and dogs, as well as more building space, but Grace was in hog heaven contemplating all of that.

As it happened, Grace knew a woman who had a sideline of designing parade floats. She was not well known in the field, but there was no doubt of her competence. The next day, Grace called Helen Shiply and invited her out to see Pups-R-U's and to discuss designing the needed float.

Helen had not heard of Pups-R-U's, and was fascinated by the whole concept. She was amazed at how quickly the business had grown and how successful it currently was. She was even considering availing herself of a dog, but put that off for now to talk business about the float.

Helen, sketched an idea using a flatbed trailer for the support of the float. She envisioned two elevated platforms, one at each end of the trailer, with steps leading up to the pads on the platforms. The dogs would be spaced uniformly around the trailer, and there would be a convenient path to use to reach each cage. The pavilion for the naked women would be between the two platforms and there would be a sunshade over a comfortable bench. She also provided suitable pads for the women to use to recover after the fucking if they needed to lie down.

She suggested that two men, both EMTs (Emergency Medical Technicians) be on hand with a stretcher to use to carry the women from the fucking platform to the recovery pads. She also suggested that the men wear nothing but flip-flops and jock-straps if two such agreeable and sturdy men could be found. As far as she was concerned, the jock-straps were optional, but might be needed if the men were too shy. No, wait, a cap or hat identifying them as EMTs would add an interesting touch to their outfits.

Grace quickly agreed to the basic design, and Helen promised to have a full rendering ready for her approval before the end of the week. That was when the conversation turned to Helen taking a turn with a dog. There was plenty of time left that afternoon, and the Doggy Bordello was not scheduled for any customers for the rest of the day. A short bargaining session resulted in Helen getting two

free passes to experience a dog in place of her regular fee for designing a float. She would get one DP and one MP fuck. Bruno was available, so they agreed to go with the DP fuck that afternoon.

Grace led Helen to the customer's room of the Doggy Bordello and showed her all of the amenities. While Helen was disrobing, Betty brought in Bruno and got him ready. Actually, of course, Bruno was so experienced that all he needed was to be fitted with the protective socks so that he would not scratch Helen with his toenails.

Helen was suddenly quite nervous, but she had shaved her pussy recently, so that was not a problem. Grace squirted a whole tube of KY jelly into Helen's cunt because the woman was so dry from her attack of nerves. Grace assured Helen that Bruno was her most experienced dog at servicing new clients, and she had nothing to fear.

Helen was still somewhat nervous as Grace helped her assume the DP position and get her legs spread appropriately. It was kind of funny that Helen was so nervous about her coming coupling with the dog that it never occurred to her to be shy about exhibiting her naked body to the other two women.

Bruno calmly walked up to Helen and sniffed at her pussy. She jumped, of course, when his nose touched her pussy lips, but that never fazed Bruno. After a couple of sniffs, he proceeded to lick her pussy lips, and that was almost enough to make Helen have her first orgasm. She had experienced cunnilingus before, but this was the first time for her to be licked there by a dog. The feeling was so basically different that she was caught completely by surprise.

Bruno licked until he detected that Helen had relaxed somewhat, so he mounted her. Bruno was such a large dog the he did not have to put much weight on Helen as he covered her back, but she certainly felt his weight when he gripped her sides with his forelegs. Helen's pussy was nicely opened as a result of Bruno's licking so that he had to do very little probing to find her vaginal opening. Thanks to the great supply of KY lubricant, Bruno's cock head slid past Helen's pussy lips and shielding muscles with great ease.

He paused there for a moment before pushing gently into the depths of her tunnel. His balls flopped against Helen's clit as he came to the end of his reach, and she was thrilled by the unexpected contact. Again, Bruno paused for a moment before he began stroking. All of that was because of his great experience in fucking humans and his concern for pleasing his human friends.

Bruno stroked slowly at first to give Helen a chance to adapt to his size. This also caused her G-spot to receive a lot of attention. Once he was sure that she was ready, Bruno increased the speed of his strokes and the rate of stroking so that Helen's G-spot was constantly massaged on both the inward and outward strokes. This, alone, was something new for Helen, and she was absorbing the feelings from her head to her toes.

She came for the first time in what was record time for her, and rose to a much higher than usual peak for her climax. Helen had a fleeting thought that this was the end of things, but she was still being stroked by Bruno with his usual enthusiasm. She had never before had more than one orgasm per fuck, so she was totally unprepared for the fact that she began to rise to another orgasm before she had completely finished the previous one.

Bruno's skill was such that this orgasm, too, was of a monumental size, and she almost fainted from the sensations. Fortunately, she did not faint because this was when Bruno released his jets of semen and his knot began to swell. That was something that Helen had been ready for on a kind of intellectual basis, but not on a truly physical plane. The pressure put on her G-spot by the inflated

knot caused another orgasm, and this time Helen did faint.

The spread of her knees and elbows kept her in the proper position so that she did not fall over, but it was a near thing. Bruno's knot was inflated for about 10 minutes, and Helen drifted in and out of consciousness and felt the last dregs of an orgasm the whole time that Bruno was inflated. She was so far gone by this time that she did not feel the dog pull his deflating cock from her cunt and the short pause while Bruno contemplated the hole that was left by the incomplete closure of her lips.

Bruno pushed his tongue into her vagina through that hole and proceeded to lick it thoroughly until it was empty of dog semen. During this process, Helen finally fainted completely as the result of a fourth orgasm. She rolled over onto her side when Bruno stopped licking her pussy, and Grace straightened her limbs so that she would not cramp.

Bruno moved away and licked his balls as was his habit after a good fuck. He lay on the floor afterward to await the next order from his friend. Both Grace and Betty congratulated Bruno for his performance and he duly appreciated all of their hugs and kisses. Bruno was a happy dog!

Helen was unconscious for over five minutes, but she finally came to into a groggy state that far exceeded any other time that she had engaged in sex. Grace let her lie on the pad and recover herself while Betty returned Bruno to his kennel. When she was finally able to talk, Helen's first words were, "My God! What an experience that was! Do the dogs always perform like that? I have never experienced anything like that. Homer must have meant something like that when he talked of the way the lotus eaters lived."

"Our dogs always give their best to a customer. The final reaction, though, depends on the customer, herself. A woman who is difficult to arouse would not have felt what you did, and I would have to put you in the top row of positive responders. Now you can see why we have so many repeat customers. Obviously, you will have to wait for your next fucking with one of our dogs; otherwise, you will never be able to drive home. Next time, you will probably get Hero, our best at the missionary position. Maybe we can do that when you bring out the finished rendering of the float.

"Right now, though, I recommend that you avail yourself of the shower which is through that door as soon as you are able. The shower should loosen up your tensed muscles. Then you can get dressed and relax a little more until you can manage to drive. We certainly don't want you to have an accident on your way home."

"My God, I don't know if I can even stand up for the next 24 hours! That is certainly the kind of massage that is good for what ails you, no matter what your problem is. It has also given me a couple of ideas of additions to the float. I will keep it within your budget, but I could do wonders if money were no object."

Grace had a jolt when she heard that last statement, but Helen's laugh eased her momentary fear that Helen was going to run amok. This float was a good idea as long as the price didn't get out of hand. As it was, the number of people involved was growing beyond what Grace had originally expected. Grace was anything but dumb—she had just been so enthralled by the idea of the float that she had not considered all that it entailed. Fortunately, Pups-R-Us had the resources to pay for the float at least twice over, so that was not of real concern except to Grace's frugal soul.

The next question to be considered was how to space out the fucking so that all of the dogs would take part, but so that none of them would become overly tired. The speed of the parade was expected to be about 2 miles per hour, so the parade time should last about one hour. With 14 dogs, that was about 4.3 minutes per dog. Any of the dogs was going to last about 15 minutes from start to

finish, so it would not be possible to get more than eight or nine dogs to perform during the parade. Therefore, it would be easily possible to have some of the dogs perform in the parking lot. Aha! Maybe some of the expenses could be recovered by having impromptu fuckings after the parade. Grace could charge \$100 for DP and \$125 for MP on a catch as catch can basis. Who knows, that might actually be a popular thing to do. The reduced cost would be because the fucking was taking place in public.

That evening at supper, Grace told everyone what had happened that day and her idea about making extra money following the parade. Sue was not completely enthusiastic about the after-parade fucking, but the other women thought that it was a great idea. Sue withdrew her objection; actually, she had no good reason to be opposed to the idea—it just struck her as not being a good one. On the other hand, Grace had not been wrong, yet, so what the hell?

They got to discussing where to pick up the extra women they needed if the advertising in the newspaper did not produce adequate results. Mai suggested that they contact some local prostitutes if no one else showed up.

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Helen showed up three days later with the final rendering of the float and the expectation of having her second adventure in being fucked by a dog. Grace looked over the drawings and gave an enthusiastic agreement to what she saw. That was enough for Helen to remind her of the promised MP fucking when she brought the final float drawings. Grace smiled and led Helen to the Doggy Bordello room that she had previously used. Hero was available, and Betty brought him in to do his thing.

Helen stripped about as fast as was possible while Hero's socks were installed. This time, Helen was gushing so much fluid from her pussy that she did not need any extra lubricant. In fact, Helen took one look at her soaked panties and threw them into the trash can. Just in case, she had brought another pair with her, so there was no problem. There was a big wet spot on the back of her skirt, and she hoped that it would dry before she had to leave.

Naked as instructed, Helen lay down on the pad on her back. She raised her knees and spread them so that Hero had easy access to her pussy. Betty released his leash, and he walked over to Helen knowing well why he was there. He licked her pussy lips and even forced his tongue into her slit to reach her vaginal opening. After a few strokes with his tongue, he walked up toward her breasts. He was careful to put his weight on the bed and not on the woman, and that was appreciated by Helen.

Hero began to lave her nipples with his tongue, and Helen started to feel her arousal climb, though not as far as an orgasm. She had been somewhat inured to surprise after her experience with Bruno, so she was expecting nothing and everything from Hero. She was ready to go with the flow of whatever the dog wanted to do.

Both of Helen's nipples were rock hard by the time Hero decided that he had licked enough; perhaps the hardness of Helen's nipples had been what convinced him. In any case, he moved up a little farther toward her head and felt his cock bump against Helen's pussy. Hero stopped at that point and began to feel around with his rigid cock for Helen's cunt hole. Her inner lips were pulled invitingly open by her spread legs, and Hero had no trouble finding his target. He pushed his cock head in far enough to know that he was in the right place before giving a little jerk of his hips.

That forced his cock head past her lips and ring of muscle where he paused for a moment. Just as Helen took a deep breath, Hero pushed in deeper. Helen had indeed produced enough lube so that

he was able to slide all the way in until he bumped against her clit. That produced a moan of delight from Helen, and Hero took it as a signal to begin stroking. He was moving slowly at first as he had been trained to do, but he began to speed up as Helen began to breathe harder and eventually to pant.

Hero kept to a position that rubbed against Helen's G-spot as all of the dogs had learned to do, and she began to moan even louder. As Hero's strokes sped up and seemed to increase in force, Helen shouted, "FUCK ME, YOU BASTARD! OH, YOU ARE SUCH A GOOD FUCKER! FUCK ME! FUCK ME!" She kept on in that vein until she began to feel an orgasm take over. Then she was unable to say coherent words, but simply moaned in a loud voice.

She peaked with her orgasm and started back down to Earth but Hero was not finished by any means. He continued to stroke and Helen found herself rising to another climax. This one took longer to reach, but she was not complaining. The rubbing of her G-spot and the other parts of her vaginal wall were like a visit to heaven for her. Just as she finally tripped over the cliff to began her orgasmic release, Hero released his jets of semen and expanded his knot. The pressure on her G-spot threw Helen over the edge into a glorious spasm of ecstasy. Helen did not faint, but she was very close to doing that.

She hovered on the edge of consciousness as they waited for Hero's knot to deflate. When that happened and Hero withdrew, Helen relaxed, but did not faint. However, when hero began to tongue-fuck her through that opening left in her pussy, she quickly rose to another orgasm. This time, she fainted, and her legs just flopped against the bed. If anything, this pulled her pussy hole open even farther, and let Hero lap even more of her insides. Finally, Hero backed off, licked his balls, and was congratulated by the two other women. He accepted the praise as his due, but he still gloried in it, so he was happy with his performance.

Grace straightened Helen's legs so that she would not cramp and let her sleep off the lingering effects of that glorious fucking. Helen woke up about 10 minutes later and exclaimed, "MY GOD! THAT WAS AS GOOD AS THE FIRST FUCKING! HOW DO THEY MANAGE THAT? GRACE, YOUR DOGS ARE TRAINED TO PERFECTION!"

Grace acknowledged the compliment and helped Helen to a sitting position. "Rest as long as you need to, Helen. You know where the shower is and where to find the call button if you need help. I have some things that I must do, so I will have to return to my office now."

Helen nodded, but looked like she was not going to move for hours if she didn't have to. Grace was going to send Betty in to check on Helen if she did not show up in the next half-hour. They needed the room for a customer appointment later that day, so they needed to move Helen along as fast as could be managed.

It was almost 30 minutes later when Helen showed up at the door to Grace's office. "Grace, I don't know which of those two fuckings was the best. I would not be able to make an honest choice if my life depended on it. I had no idea the potential in a dog's cock, but I have to have a dog of my own."

"I don't have any to sell right now, but I plan to start a new training program right after the parade. Choose which kind you want, and I will find one for you."

"Frankly, I just don't know whether I prefer DP or MP. Do you have a suggestion?"

"Well, I am partial to DP, but that may be because I am partial to a particular dog. You have not met Attila. He is gentle and mannerly, but he can fuck like there is no tomorrow. Somehow, I have never really gotten into MP, but that is just a personal prejudice, I guess. Whatever you decide, you have to



pick one style of fucking. It has not worked to try to train a dog to do both styles.”

“Okay, I’ll give the matter a lot of thought. What would a dog cost me?”

“We normally sell a DP dog for \$8,000 and an MP dog for \$12,000 to \$15,000. The price difference is based on how much it costs us to train a dog. Since DP is the dog’s normal method, that is easier to work with. MP takes weeks longer to quell the dog’s natural instinct. It makes no difference to us which you take as long as you are willing to pay the differential if you want MP.

“On the other hand, you can use the Doggy Bordello at \$350 per session for DP or \$560 per session for MP. That gives you almost 23 DP sessions or 22-27 MP sessions for what your personal dog would cost. I don’t make any heavy sales pitches because I don’t have to, and I don’t know what your personal situation might be. Think it over, Helen, and let me know what you decide.”

Helen left after a little more general conversation.

Grace had been on the phone lining up a trailer for the float and a contractor to take over the construction. Dammit, she was surprised at what the float was going to cost Pups-R-Us. Yes, she could afford the expense, but Grace was just not used to putting out that much money in what amounted to hit-or-miss advertising.

The next day, Grace called Helen to bitch over what everything was going to cost and how much of her time it was going to take. To her surprise, Helen said, “Grace, I will take care of the float for you in exchange for an MP dog as good as Hero.”

Grace was taken aback by that offer, but it did sound like the answer to her prayers. She said to Helen, “Honey, I love your offer, but there is one catch. Hero has had several years of experience at his job, and a new dog will not have that. I cannot hope to guarantee that a dog for you will be as good as an experienced dog, and there is no way that I will release Hero. Rethink your proposal, and I will be happy to talk to you.”

“Okay, let me think about it, and I will get back to you within a couple of days. I liked the dog fucking so much that I may back down to your offer. I’ll talk to you later.”

That was the practical end of the conversation, and Grace stewed a little bit over Helen’s proposal. No, there was no way that she was going to give up Hero, but something else might come up in the next couple of days.

Hardly had that conversation ended when the telephone rang again. This time, it was to the business phone, and it was a woman asking for more details on the request for women to ride and perform on the parade float. “I’ll start off by telling you that I have never fucked a dog before, so is that going to make a difference? I have always wanted to give it a try ever since I was in middle school and found out what my pussy was for.”

“Doggy virginity is not a big problem. Mostly, all you have to do is to be there while the dog is doing the fucking. We will have a dress rehearsal before the parade, and you can get all of the training you need right then, especially if you are chosen to do doggy position. Frankly, that will probably be determined by how far your boobs hang down when you are bent over. The crowd will want to see a lot of boob because the dog will block the sight of your pussy most of the time. I can send you our brochure which has photos of women in both DP and MP fuckings. Give it some thought after you see the brochure and call me back.”



Grace got the woman's address and mailed her a regular Pups-R-Us brochure. If nothing else, she might have picked up a new customer. She got several more phone calls in the same vein over the rest of the day. If these women were serious, Grace would have no problem filling the roster for the float. She wanted 16 women as fuckers on the float, both to fill it up and to have plenty of women available if the demonstrations ran later than she expected. Every woman who was selected for the float would have a chance to fuck a dog, even if it had to be at a time other than on parade day.

A total of 38 women had called by the time Helen called back to say that she would settle for a trained MP dog as payment for the float. That gave them over 4 weeks to get everything ready. Grace started to relax until she realized that they would need a driver. A call to Helen verified that the tractor would be available, but they would have to pay regular union rate plus a bonus for Saturday if they hired a normal driver. Grace fussed over this for a few hours before asking the other women for ideas.

Hooray! The problem was solved when it turned out that Betty had a license and had driven a tractor-trailor. She thought that the experience would be fun, so she volunteered. This was a great boon to the project because Betty would not have to be convinced that she had to drive to fit the needs of the fucking as would be necessary for a strange male driver. Her license from California was still valid, and the local people would honor that for just the parade without making a lot of noise about it.

Business at Pups-R-Us went on as usual for the next three weeks while the float was being built and other such things were handled. Grace had already found a dog to train for Helen, and she had located several other dogs as well in anticipation of an increase in business as a result of the "exposure" Pups-R-Us got at the parade. She took in five dogs, three MP and two DP, with one of the MP dogs to go to Helen. The training of the dogs was not going to start until after the parade.

Pups-R-Us was going to need more employees to cover the training of the new dogs and the increased business. It was possible that one or more of the float workers would want to join the business; otherwise, Grace would have to go "hunting" at the bus station. Hunting at the bus station was a lot of fun for Grace, so she was elated at the possibility of a return there. Time would tell.

Meanwhile, this was an unusually busy day for the Doggy Bordello. The entire afternoon was booked with each customer getting an hour with a dog. The schedule for the day was for three DPs and two MPs. That worked out well because some of the dogs had not been utilized often enough to keep them sharp to their duties. Betty had scheduled Jack, Hammy, and Rosco for the DPs and Hector and Paris for the MP sessions.

The first customer showed up about 15 minutes before her booked time of 1:00 PM. The woman said that she wanted to be ready the moment her time started so that she would not miss a second of her allotted time with a dog. Her consort was Hammy, and he was as ready as the customer. Betty ushered the customer into the fucking room and showed her where to find the amenities. This was a new customer and Betty made a point of showing the woman where to find all of the conveniences that Doggy Bordello provided.

Betty helped the woman to strip naked and checked to make sure that the woman's pussy hair had all been removed. If not, Betty would have helped the woman to shave or else canceled the fucking. The customer was clean shaven, so that question did not come up. Betty also helped the woman to don the special skirt that was used to signal the dog when the fucking was expected.

This skirt was more for the customer's peace of mind than for what it did for the dog. The dogs were all so well trained that they would wait for the signal from the handler before approaching the

woman. On the other hand, a new customer felt some reassurance from the presence of the skirt, and that helped to calm her nerves. Every new customer was a little nervous until the dog actually mounted her and she found out how mannerly the dog was.

Before she put the special skirt on, Betty had made sure to coat the customer's pussy with the special ointment that smelled to the dog like a bitch in heat so that there would be no mistake on the dog's part. Betty had also squirted a whole tube of lubricant directly into the customer's vagina to make sure that there would be no pain because of dragging skin on skin. That protected both the customer and the dog, but the customer thought that it was only for her benefit, and she appreciated the extra care that implied.

Once the customer was properly prepared, Betty rang the bell to tell Liz to bring Hammy into the room. The sight of such a large dog sometimes shook up the customer, but she had already been told that the dog would not hurt her, and was so large because that was what it took to reach her pussy comfortably. Liz fitted Hammy with his special socks to prevent toenail scratches while Betty coached the customer into the proper position to get the most from her DP fucking.

The woman removed her skirt and knelt on the pad with her knees spread enough to provide stability, but not so far that she made it difficult for Hammy to mount her. Her back was parallel to the floor so that her tits hung down and could swing freely. Most of their customers seemed to prefer that.

Hammy knew that it was time as soon as the woman dropped her skirt, and he had started to pull gently against his leash as soon as the woman knelt on the pad. Betty pulled the skirt out of the way because the customer had forgotten to drop it to one side. Liz released Hammy's leash and he walked quickly up to sniff at the oh-so-enticing pussy that smelled of invitation for his cock.

Hammy touched his nose to the coated pussy lips and sniffed deeply. Almost without his command, his tongue flicked out to cover the inviting pussy and he began to lick vigorously. This was enough of a different feeling for the woman to send her into a minor orgasm—she had never been subjected to cunnilingus before, and this was the first tongue that she had ever felt on her pussy lips. She was still rational enough to make a mental note to insist that her husband take up the practice of cunnilingus.

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Hammy had satisfied his instinctual cravings and was ready to mount the woman. He was so tall that he did not have to leap onto her back, but was able to use her buttocks as a kind of slide to gain the proper position. He used his hind legs to push himself far enough to feel the woman's pussy with the tip of his erect cock.

The woman's inner pussy lips were a slight problem because they stuck out so far from the outer lips, but Hammy's caresses of her pussy with his tongue had spread them far enough that he was able to work his cock head into her vagina as far as her ring of muscle.

Hammy had grasped the woman's rib cage with his fore legs in what she first thought of as a "death grip," but he really was not squeezing her that tight, and she soon forgot her imagined discomfort. Once he was properly aligned, Hammy pushed his cock into the woman's vagina. As he passed her G-spot, she felt the first great pleasure from a well-trained dog. Hammy kept pushing until his cock reached its limit. At that point, he paused a moment for the customer to settle herself to be ready for the real point of her visit to Doggy Bordello.

Once she was steady under his penetration, Hammy started to fuck her with his slow, but steady,

strokes. He went slowly at first to make sure that she was fully adjusted to him, but he began to speed up with his fourth full penetration. By his seventh stroke, he was traveling at full speed. Every stroke, both in and out, rubbed against the customer's G-spot, and this supplied the ultimate pleasure during this stage of the fucking.

The woman had begun to pant from the moment Hammy increased his stroking speed, and now she was moaning around her words of "FUCK ME!" and "OH, YOU ARE SUCH A GOOD FUCKER!" and the like. The woman did not realize it at the time, but she was rising to an orgasm much faster than she normally did, and it was because Hammy was such an adept fucker. He hit all of the good spots with every stroke—of course, there were no bad spots with his educated technique.

The customer had her first full-scale orgasm only minutes into the fuck cycle, and it was so good that she almost fainted. However, she did not faint, possibly because she wanted to get every penny's worth of her investment from this fuck. What she did not know was that there was even more to come.

She was just sliding back to full consciousness of what was going on when Hammy ejaculated and she felt his jizz spray her insides. This excited her more, but she went to fucking heaven when Hammy's knot began to expand. He was holding his cock in exactly the proper place to put the right amount of pressure on her G-spot, and this triggered the strongest orgasm that the woman had ever felt.

This time, she did faint, but her joints were locked into position so that she did not fall. She came out of her deep faint to feel the knot still pressed against her most sensitive pleasure center, and she fainted again from the sensations. This happened in a kind of cyclic manner until Hammy's knot finally returned to its normal size.

Even the feeling of Hammy withdrawing his cock sent ripples of orgasmic thrills through her body. She still held her position because of the locked joints, but it was a near thing! Hammy removed himself from her back, and that took some of the pressure off of her so that she could remain in position.

However, when he stuck his tongue through the gap left in her pussy where his cock had been, she screamed as if she were dieing and toppled over. This did not trouble Hammy because he was somewhat used to the effect that he had on his human bitches. He continued to lick her through the hole in her cunt until she was clean. That was when he withdrew to lick his balls and to take satisfaction in the praise, hugs, and kisses, lavished on him by Liz.

Betty straightened the customer's arms and legs so that she would not cramp while she recovered from her experience. This had been a spectacularly good fuck, and Liz and Betty were glad that they had the entire event recorded on video tape so that the other women could see it.

The woman had to rest for nearly 20 minutes before she could move on her own. She availed herself of the shower, dried, and dressed. She did put on the fresh panties that she had been advised to bring with her. The customer was helped to a recently added "recovery room" where she could continue to gather herself before she attempted to drive home. That cleared the room so that Betty and Liz could get it ready for the next customer.

As with the previous customer, this woman had arrived early. She was sitting in the also recently added "waiting room" until it was her turn. This woman did not need so much care because she was a repeat customer. Generally, the customers could not visit Doggy Bordello more often than once a month because of the high price, but this was a dedicated customer who came to the establishment

as often as she could gather the \$350 she needed per session. She usually made a reservation about every 10 days.

It turned out that this woman was a prostitute who used all of her spare money for dog fucking. She just could not get enough. Grace had insisted that the hooker show her the results of a medical test to prove that it was safe for her to use one of the dogs. It was not likely that a dog could catch an STD (Sexually Transmitted Disease), but Grace wanted to be sure that one of her dogs did not accidentally pass a disease along to another customer.

This woman had especially requested Jack. She seemed to think that he had the thickest cock among the dogs currently available for DP. Incidentally, she wanted DP because most of her customers wanted missionary position, and this was another way for her to get variety and excitement into her life. She had tried MP with Hero, but she had decided that he was too nearly like one of her regular customers, and DP was what she really wanted from Doggy Bordello.

The rest of the day was filled out with “normal” customers, but it was tiring, and both Betty and Liz were glad when it was over. All of the customers had been taped during their fucking sessions just in case there ever was a lawsuit, but the only one the women enjoyed watching was the first customer after lunch. Her reactions after her first fucking by a dog was enough to grab their interest and attention.

Over the next few days, Grace filled out her list of volunteers for the parade float. She had 37 volunteers to show up for the first meeting to screen out those who were serious and those who were just looking for some fun, but did not expect to be assigned to a dog. Grace was looking for 16 women who looked good enough to be attractive, but she was not looking for any beauties.

Grace gave an orientation lecture and then showed a video tape of Sue with Bruno and Liz with Hero. Several of the women backed out right then when Grace emphasized that they would be doing exactly that very thing in public while on the float. The tape was enough to cut the volunteers back to 23, and each of them was scheduled for a private interview with Grace.

During that interview, the women were asked if they were interested in becoming full-time employees of Pups-R-Us. Four said that they were interested, so Grace was especially thorough in her interview with those women. Grace was going to wait until after the parade before making any of those four an employment offer: she wanted to see how they performed with the dogs.

All of that kept Grace plenty busy, and the day of the parade got closer and closer. Finally, the float was finished, and the whole crew from Pups-R-Us took out time to go see it. They were impressed. At each end of the float was a raised platform 5’ high with steps leading up each side of the platform. That way, one pair could be mounting the platform while the previous pair could be dismounting.

The middle of the float was fitted out with three couches suitable for lying down while the woman was recovering from her fuck. There were also 16 cushioned chairs for the women to sit on while they were waiting for their turn at fucking. All around the float were placed 14 travel cages for the dogs. None of the cages blocked the spectators’ view of the naked women.

Helen Shiply, the float designer, had rented a canvas-covered pavilion to shelter the float while it was at the Pups-R-Us kennel. That was where they wanted the float to be while they worked out the details of their presentation. They only had four days for that, including the time required to get the float moved to the kennel. To keep the union happy, a regular driver had been hired to haul the float to the kennel and later to take it to the parade site. Betty got away with driving during the parade by doing it dressed only in a pair of flip-flops, since it was against the law to drive a big rig bare footed.

That afternoon, the float was moved to the kennel and parked in the pavilion. The next morning, the women were assembled to see the float and to practice fucking while the vehicle was in motion. The two EMS men were there, too, and both agreed to work only in flip-flops and the special cap identifying them as medical technicians.

Grace acted as MC (Master of Ceremonies) and had all of the women and the two men strip and take their places on the float. To keep in the spirit of things, Grace had stripped, too. All she had was a bullhorn and a pair of flip-flops as she stood to one side and gave directions. Betty climbed into the cab, and she really showed off all of her assets while doing that. Grace immediately decided to add that to the features of the parade.

Betty drove around in a huge circle after all of the dogs had been put into their travel cages. The dogs were blasé about the whole thing because all of them had often traveled in that type of cage. They were not even bothered when the float began to move.

Grace had arranged the women in the chairs according to the order she wanted them to fuck. She started out with a DP fucking using Bruno. The woman climbed the stairs, and they immediately recognized a problem: they needed a railing on the stairs because the trailer did tend to bump at every obstacle that it ran over. Helen was there for the practice run, and she immediately called the carpenter who was on alert. He didn't show up for an hour, but he kicked himself when he realized that he had missed that much time on the free show that the naked women and dogs were putting on.

The simple railing that the carpenter put up was fine for balance, but it would not have caught anyone actually falling. The women agreed to live with the very slight chance of falling, and the practice went on. The first few women had been fucked by the time the railing was in place, so Grace went ahead with the rest of the practice.

The only problem they found was that it was very difficult to see the hole left in a woman's pussy after the dog pulled out. That meant that it was not obvious to the spectators what the dog was doing during his last licking of a pussy, but the woman's orgasm was obvious, so Grace settled for that.

They did have two women that had to be carried down the steps on the stretcher. The men walking down the stairs with their semi-hard cocks sticking out in front and bobbing around did produce some laughter among the naked women. Nevertheless, the two men did act in a professional manner, and Grace was pleased. In fact, she was so pleased with the effect of those dancing cocks that she made a mental note to give the two men a bonus.

All of the new women had been virgins at dog fucking, but they all resolved not to miss out on another chance whenever it showed itself. Most of the women had no problem with the fucking part of the show, but a couple had to be shown just how to do the DP. Everybody knew enough of the MP to be able to handle that. With 16 women and 14 dogs, Bruno and Hero had to go through the event twice, but neither seemed to mind.

It took four hours to get through the 16 women with pushing the turnover rate as hard as they could. Grace was satisfied that they could make their presentation with no dead spots in the action, so she decided to go with what she had. It may not have been a dress rehearsal worthy of Broadway, but it was good enough to show what Pups-R-Us could do for a woman.

Now they had to wait for Saturday, parade day, to complete the exercise. The parade was scheduled to start at 9:00 AM, so there was a lot of work to be done early Saturday morning. Grace decided to

transport the dogs in their vans because Pups-R-Us could not survive a fatal accident to the dogs, and she did not trust the float at highway speeds.

The women were told to meet at the parade starting place. They would remove their clothes there, but she recommended that they travel to the parade in only a robe and flip-flops. The clothes would be stored in a van until the parade was over. Grace suspected that some of the women would not be in a hurry to put their clothes back on.

At the last minute, Grace decided to ride on the float, *sans* clothes, carrying only her bullhorn. She was a pleasant-looking woman, so she had no trouble fitting in, and her pussy hair was kept off as a concession to Attila. As it turned out, Grace used her bullhorn to give a running commentary on Pups-R-Us and the action on the float.

As one would expect, there were some minor problems in getting the parade started, mostly because some of the people who had signed up to have floats in the parade failed to show up. Nevertheless, there were enough floats to keep the parade a respectable size, and Bill Cochran was pleased.

By mutual consent, the Pups-R-Us float was the last one in the parade. It was the most elaborate and interesting float, and Cochran was concerned that the audience would be disappointed if they saw Grace's float before some others. Grace was pleased by the compliment, and graciously acceded to Cochran's request. Her only requirement was that the most favorable place be reserved for her float in the high-school parking lot.

Betty finally started off about 45 minutes after the originally scheduled starting time, but nobody on the float was upset by that. Both sides of the parade route were packed with spectators, including some very young children. It was a wonder what some people would subject their children to.

Grace had the first fucking pair in place on the platform and Hero was allowed to approach his partner. He knew that this was a special occasion and really put on a show, starting with licking his bitch's pussy. He was careful and swayed only a little as he made his way up her body to lick her nipples. When time came for fucking, he seemed to make an effort to let everybody who could do so see him insert his cock into the waiting vagina. He went in so smoothly that some of the spectators thought that he was faking it.

However, once he started stroking, it was possible to catch glimpses of his cock sliding rapidly in and out of the woman's pussy. Of course, when she orgasmed, there was no doubt that everything was real. She had been moaning as she approached her climax, but she screamed like a banshee when she came. There were three more screams as she came a total of four times, and that hit a jealous point within many female hearts. As expected, it was not possible to tell exactly what Hero was doing when he mopped out the woman's cunt, but the fact that she had fainted complete was not lost on anybody. She had to be carried out by the two EMS men, and their shaking cocks brought a welcome comic relief.

Bruno was up next, and his partner was already in position when he was led to the platform. The first act had taken longer than Grace had expected, so she was trying to hurry things up a bit. Bruno did his usual exemplary job, and the woman shouted his name several times during the fuck. She also shouted "BRUNO, YOU ARE THE WORLD'S BEST FUCKER!" several times, and that always brought applause from the crowd. There was no doubt of this being a real fuck because of the way the woman's boobs were bobbing and shaking about in time with Bruno's strokes. Bruno gave a sterling performance and finished a little ahead of schedule. That pleased Grace as she called the crowd's attention to the forward fucking platform.

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It was well that Grace had originally specified 16 women because the parade moved more slowly than expected. By the time they got to the parking lot, there were four women who had not fucked. Of the dogs, only Desmond and Rosco had not had a turn, but Bruno and Hero were sufficiently rested to take on the last two women.

The last women clamored for a turn with the dogs, and that was fine with Grace. From the first, she had planned to make their appearance in the parking lot a part of the day's performance. She did wait until they had parked and an audience had gathered before she sent Desmond and an MP woman up to the platform for their fuck session. Desmond was a real beauty with his all-black coat, except for the ring of white around his neck that looked like a bow tie.

The woman happened to have a beautiful olive-toned skin that went well with Desmond's black coat. The two made a beautiful picture up on the stand, and they really were something to watch as they went through the ritual of the MP fucking. There was no need to hurry at this point, and Desmond seemed to grasp that because he managed to drag out his fuck to give the woman four orgasms before they even got to the part where he licked his semen from her vagina.

The woman would probably have had a fifth orgasm at that point, but she had already fainted dead away. She did not even wake up until after the EMS workers had moved her to the bed for her to recover. Desmond got a standing ovation for his performance, plus hugs and kisses from all of the other people on the float. He ate up all of that attention!

Rosco appeared to actually be jealous of the notice given to Desmond, and he set out to surpass his compatriot's performance. That would be hard to do, but Rosco was certainly going to try. His partner was a Black woman whose skin color nearly matched Desmond's coat. That was why she was working now: Grace wanted to make an artistic statement with the different skin tones.

Anyway, the woman was very receptive to Rosco's efforts and also had four orgasms before Rosco began to lick her vagina through the hole in her pussy. Because the float was stationary at this point, the audience could get closer to the action and were able to see Rosco's long tongue disappear inside the Black woman's cunt hole. That brought gasps of astonishment from the crowd, especially the women who realized that he was doing something that would be impossible for a human tongue.

Unfortunately, the woman could not appreciate the work that Rosco was doing because she had also solidly fainted. Again, the EMS men had to use the stretcher to remove the woman from the platform. Desmond's woman woke up just as Rosco's partner was laid down, and her reaction was, "Is that what happened to me?" Then she laughed. Her hole had closed by then, but she stuck a finger inside to check that Desmond had indeed cleaned her out. She had no trouble telling that she was clean, and she said, "By damn, I wish that I had been awake to feel that."

Rosco also got a round of applause as he strutted down the steps and back to his traveling cage. He was not put into the cage until he had received his due in hugs and kisses, so he was not unhappy with his performance.

Now it was Hero's turn at MP fucking. Grace made a first class production of introducing Hero and telling the public that he was their star MP dog and that he had several years of experience at the craft. Hero's partner was a natural blonde, though it was not obvious because of her shaved pussy. Nevertheless, she made an interesting match to Hero's almost completely white coat. Grace was greatly pleased with the combination.

This woman was very poised and made an excellent counter piece to Hero. They both climbed the



steps with considerable dignity, and the woman made a point of letting the audience see her squirt the lubricating jelly into her cunt. Grace had made no provision for when this would be done, and all of the other women had applied the lube before they left the solid support of the float. Therefore, this application of the lube was something new for the audience to see, and there was some cheering from the younger set, especially the high-school girls.

She took her position and Hero moved up to sniff her pussy and to lick it. He did not need the special ointment because of his long experience of fucking human women on command. It was obvious that Hero was in command of the situation and the regulars of Pups-R-Us could see that he, too, was ready to put on a special performance.

Hero licked the woman's pussy enough to cause her to start to writhe and moan quite loudly. A few in the audience thought that she was merely acting, but most could recognize that she was really turned on by Hero's educated tongue. When she was ready, Hero mounted her and moved up far enough to lick her tits and nipples. This was enough to bring about a very minor climax for his partner, but it was nothing compared to what she would soon experience.

Sensing that she was ready, Hero moved up a little farther so that he could reach her pussy with his erect cock. She actually squealed a little bit when Hero first touched her pussy with the tip of his cock. However, she did manage to hold herself still enough for Hero to find her cunt hole on his second try. Hero seemed to have developed a sense of the dramatic because he held that position of bare penetration for a few seconds. That left everybody in the audience and Hero's partner guessing as to when he would finish his penetration.

After a few seconds, Hero pushed his cock into the woman's vagina in a smooth and regular motion without throwing himself at her. Hero's partner seemed to appreciate what he was doing because she moaned loudly as she felt his cock slide down her tunnel. Her volume of sound with the moan increased when Hero first touched her G-spot, and she never reduced the volume as he slid the rest of the way down her tube of delight. The few women in attendance who had experienced Hero's technique recognized what he had done, and smiled in appreciation of what the woman was feeling.

Hero began to stroke slowly for his first few cycles, but he sped up as the woman became adjusted to him. By his eighth stroke, Hero was going full blast, and was giving the woman all that she wanted. Hero seemed to have a plan: he slowed down after the woman's first orgasm to let her come back to a full appreciation of what Hero was doing to and for her.

He sped back up with his stroke rate when the woman was able to get the full benefit of the rubbing on her vagina wall and against her G-spot. She came again as Hero shot his jizz into her channel and she felt it hit her vagina and cervix. This time she shot to another climax that was equal to her previous one, but Hero was not finished with her.

His expanding knot now pushed against her G-spot, and that caused her to explode into another orgasm before she had finished the current one. He whole body jerked in uncontrolled spasms, and her face assumed the contorted visage of a church gargoyle. She held this for about 30-45 seconds and then fainted. Hero waited patiently for his knot to shrink and withdrew it while the woman was still unconscious.

He now shifted into the standard practice of licking her vagina through the gaping hole left by his withdrawn cock. He did not work as fast as was common for the dogs at this last bit of the service, but patiently kept at it until the woman came to. A few seconds after she did return to Earth, she screamed so loud that she was heard across the parking lot. She launched into another orgasm as soon as she felt Hero's tongue inside her cunt, and this one was nearly as big as the combination of

comes she had previously had just before she fainted. In any case, she had her allotted four comes, and Hero was satisfied that he had done his job. He finished his licking of her cunt quickly after that and sat down to lick his balls.

Hero, too, received a standing ovation from all of the humans, and he was subjected to the requisite hugs and kisses from the other women on the float as he was led back to his cage. Meanwhile, the woman was conscious, but she could not move under her own power. She had to be removed from the fucking platform by the EMS crew. By the time she reached the bed, she did have enough strength to wave at the crowd. That brought on another round of applause. By now, the audience had grown to well over one-hundred people, and some on the far edges of the crowd were having trouble seeing all that was happening.

Ah, it was now time for Bruno to show his prowess again at DP. Grace put as much into her introduction of Bruno as she had for Hero. Bruno was an impressive looking figure at any time, but he now seemed to carry the aura of an ancient emperor as he marched to the fucking station. His partner was an Asian woman, the only one in the 16 originally chosen. She was almost tiny compared to Bruno, and some in the crowd wondered if her cunt could handle the mass of Bruno's cock. Of course, that had been tested at the rehearsal, so Grace was not worried.

This woman also had waited until she got on the platform to apply the lubricant to her cunt. She made a real production out of it, and, again, many of the women in the crowd were sure that the simple addition of more lubrication was not going to be enough. The small Asian woman stood on the fucking platform's highest point and actually pirouetted as she applied the lube in order to make sure that the entire audience could see what she was doing. Yes, it was obvious that her pussy was the smallest to be used that day, but her confidence reassured the crowd and there was some applause as she assumed the DP position on the fucking platform.

Bruno, naturally, knew exactly what to do, and he marched up to the little pussy and sniffed. The woman jerked forward as his nose touched her pussy lips, but she quickly settled back into position for Bruno to continue his part of the show. His tongue was so wide and her pussy was so small that he had no trouble covering the whole thing with one stroke of his tongue. Bruno did not spend much time with his licking.

He mounted the woman gently and did not seem to press unduly on her ass and back as he wrapped his forelegs around her rib cage. There was a small problem with Bruno finding the opening for her vagina even after he had worked his cock into her pussy slit. It took four tries before Bruno found her opening and gently pushed his cock past her lips. Fortunately, she had almost none-existent inner pussy lips, so they were not a problem getting in the way of penetration.

Bruno did jiggle around a little bit to get properly aligned, but that was just his natural consideration for other beings taking action. He pushed in as far as he could, and just barely got fully inserted before he ran afoul of her cervix. It was out of the way, so it did not cause trouble. That was something that had been of concern to Grace because she was not sure if Bruno knew what to do if he struck the woman's cervix. She was able to relax after the dress rehearsal, and ignored the situation as she continued to use the bullhorn to emphasize what Bruno was doing.

Bruno used his normal stroke pattern, and that was good because every one of his partners had enjoyed it. Naturally, the woman orgasmed before Bruno did, and she screamed like she was being impaled on a stake. Everybody was surprised at that, even Bruno, and he stopped stroking because he thought that he had hurt the woman. However, she shouted, "KEEP FUCKING ME, YOU BIG HUNK OF A FUCKER! DON'T YOU STOP FOR ANYTHING!"

Bruno didn't understand the words except for the first three, and he resumed his strokes as if nothing had happened. He kept going until he squirted his semen and expanded his knot. The expanding knot caused the woman to experience another orgasm, and she again squealed with delight. Bruno now knew that he had not caused any pain for the woman, so he continued his usual routine.

The woman did not faint, but she was obviously experiencing multiple orgasms even with Bruno not moving. Everybody marveled at this, but Bruno just stood his ground. The woman continued to exhibit the symptoms of multiple orgasms until Bruno gently slipped his cock from her vagina.

This time, the woman was still a little groggy from her orgasms, but Bruno did not wait before he inserted his tongue into the gap in her pussy. The woman screamed again as soon as she felt his tongue enter her, and she returned to her multiple orgasms while Bruno tongue-fucked her. She did not faint until Bruno moved away from her and no longer gave her the stimulation she needed for her multiple orgasms.

Grace was worried about the woman's health after so many orgasms, but the EMS men checked her out before they moved her. They insisted that she was fine and had a normal heart rhythm and blood pressure for someone who had just had an orgasm. They moved the woman to an available bed and stayed with her just in case she needed transporting to a hospital.

Bruno received the applause and hugs and kisses that he was due and marched regally back to his cage. Grace announced that the formal performances were finished, but the floor was now open for any woman who wanted to give the dogs a try. As a special price for the occasion, Pups-R-Us was only charging \$100 for DP and \$150 for MP at this time only. She pointed out that the normal price for a session with the dogs was \$350 for DP and \$560 for MP, so any woman interested should give it a try at the bargain price.

As expected, there was considerable conversation going on in the audience as a result of this announcement, and the first woman walked forward after about 10 minutes of delay. She announced that she was interested in DP and paid her \$100. Jack had the most rest, so Grace selected him for the new woman. The woman had seen Jack perform at the beginning of the parade, and she was quite agreeable to have him as her partner.

She walked over to the regular performers who had not left the float and laid her clothes in an empty chair. She walked up the steps while Liz fetched Jack from his cage. Liz also gave the woman a tube of lubricant to use after checking that she was indeed bare of pubic hair. The woman was a little bit unsure how to apply the amount of lube that was recommended, so she held her pussy lips open while Liz squirted the lube into her cunt hole.

The woman bent over the fucking platform and Jack did his thing. The woman, who was a virgin to dog-fucking, had three orgasms and fainted before Jack started to lick out her cunt. The EMS crew carried her down to an available bed where she waited out her faint. When she got up, she shouted to the women in the audience that this was an opportunity not to be missed. That was enough to cause a line to form of women who wanted to try out the dogs.

Grace broke the line down into those who wanted DP and those who wanted MP. To no one's surprise, there were more for MP than for DP, but there were still enough of both to keep both fucking platforms occupied until well into the afternoon. Betty drove one of the vans to a fast-food place to pick up hamburgers and coffee for the float workers who were waiting around to be helpful. The EMS men agreed to work as long as there were customers, so all of the stations were covered.

The four women among the fuckers who had expressed an interest in working for Pups-R-Us all stayed to help, and Grace hired them on the spot. It looked like they would be needed in the near future based on how well the current session was running. Every woman who finished her session with a dog was loud in her praise of the experience, and the lines seemed to get longer.

Grace had to announce that the special offer price was going to end at 4:30 PM, and any woman who wanted a dog-fucking after that would have to come to the Pups-R-Us kennel for a regular appointment at the regular price. A few of the women in the MP line left at that announcement because it was obvious that there were too many there to be finished by 4:30.

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Grace did relent and gave every woman who was still in line at 4:30 a chit that would let them experience a dog at half price. That would be \$175 for DP and \$280 for MP. The price was not as good as what had been offered in the parking lot, but it was still a substantial saving. Some of the women appreciated the reduced price and some of the women were pissed off, but what would one expect from any group of women?

As they were packing up, a strange looking couple walked up. The woman was dressed only in body-paint except for the flip-flops that she had on her feet. She was holding the end of a leash in her left hand and the other end of the leash ran to a hoop around a naked man's scrotum just above his balls. He was not even wearing flip-flops. This was obviously a mistress/slave couple, but everyone noticed that the woman was not wearing a wedding ring. That could have been for several reasons, but all of the women jumped to the same conclusion that the couple was not married.

The woman did all of the talking for the couple, and she wanted to know how much Pups-R-Us would charge for a dog to fuck her slave. It was obvious that she was talking about an anal fucking, and Grace did not know how to answer. Grace explained that none of the dogs had ever tried that before, and she was not even sure if she could entice a dog to give that kind of fucking a try.

The woman would not take "no" for an answer, and kept after Grace to name a price. Finally, in exasperation, Grace said \$1,500. She was sure that the woman would back off as soon as she heard the exorbitant price quoted. Instead, the woman turned to look at the man, and he nodded agreement. Therefore, Grace found that she was now committed to receiving \$1,500 to have one of her dogs anally fuck the man.

Now, it came down to agreeing on the mechanics of the operation. The woman was pushing for Monday, two days away, for the meeting, but Grace was just now beginning to realize what she had agreed to. For the first time in her life, Grace had met someone who could out-talk her. Grace finally agreed to giving the experiment a try at 2:00 PM on the following Monday. Grace was still in kind of a daze as she walked to the van for her ride home. Fortunately, Betty was there to drive them home.

Everybody was able to squeeze into the three vans with the dogs, and they made it home without incident. This was a good thing because Betty was still naked. Helen took care of the float, and the women of Pups-R-Us never saw it again.

Grace was still a bit stunned by what she had agreed to try, but she was somewhat relieved when Liz pointed out that she had only agreed to try for the anal fuck. There had been no guarantee of a successful fuck, so they would keep the \$1,500 even if all of the dogs refused to fuck the man's rectum. The question of the most importance now was which of the DP dogs was most likely to be amenable to the fucking.

The consensus was that Bruno was the most likely to follow through with what they asked of him,

but Sue was reluctant to have “her” dog put through such a humiliating experience. Sue was finally talked into going along with the exercise, and they also agreed that Bruno was most likely to do what they wanted if Sue were there to supervise. Sue and Bruno would miss their normal Monday afternoon house calls, but a substitute would be found. One of the new employees would go along with Mai Cho as a training exercise.

The couple showed up at 1:45 on Monday, and they were met by Grace. The woman was dressed in a summer dress and the man was wearing a conventional, but very expensive, business suit. In the general conversation while the man got ready for the experiment, the woman told Grace some interesting facts. She was employed by the man to act as his mistress whenever he assumed the persona of a sex-slave. Otherwise, he was a lawyer and a partner in a major legal firm in the city. It was his money that financed their recreational activities, such as this effort to get the man a dog-fucking. The woman admitted that she thought that the whole charade was ridiculous, but the salary was too good to turn down.

The man was led into the fucking room and told what to do. He removed all of his clothes and bent over while Sue squirted lube into his colon. She then smeared some of the special ointment over his buttocks very near his rectum. He had assured Sue that he had been thoroughly cleaned just before they left to come to the kennel. He had taken three enemas to make sure that there was nothing unpleasant in his colon to disturb the dog.

The man was in position and waiting for Bruno before the dog was brought into the room. Bruno seemed to take everything in stride as he was fitted with the protective socks. He could smell the odor of a bitch in heat coming from the special ointment, so he immediately knew what was expected of him. He walked over to the customer and licked around his ass hole just as he would have licked a pussy.

Bruno mounted the man and tried to stick his cock into the available opening. Bruno did have some trouble finding his target, so Sue took his cock in her hand and guided it into place while Liz helped by spreading the man’s buttocks. Bruno aligned himself and pushed into the man’s colon. The man was trying to relax his sphincter, but he was not having much luck. As a result, Bruno had to work harder than he usually did to get penetration.

After spending more time and effort than he had ever expended with female customers, Bruno was finally able to penetrate as far as he could reach. Meanwhile, the man had started to moan, first in pain, but later in pleasure. The woman with him said that the man had several gay lovers, and she had seen him take a human cock into his colon on a number of occasions. His reaction to that had been pretty much the same as his reaction to Bruno’s efforts.

Bruno began to stroke just as he would have done for a female client, and the man began to pant and moan in pleasure. The main difference was that he did not come when the women did. That is, not until Bruno’s knot expanded. The knot must have been perfectly placed to press on the man’s prostate gland. The man now screamed in pleasure and began to fire off several jets of jizz as Bruno held his position.

Bruno pulled out when his knot had shrunk, and began to lick his semen from the man’s colon. He had left an opening in the man’s rectum very similar to the opening he left in a woman’s pussy, so Bruno had no trouble inserting his tongue. The man obviously felt Bruno’s tongue at work, and began to pant in time with Bruno’s tongue motions. Just before Bruno finished cleaning his semen from the man’s colon, the man had another orgasm. Though he did not shoot much semen this time, he did faint from the sensory overload.

The man rolled over on his side, and Sue straightened his arms and legs to keep them from cramping. He was unconscious for about 10 minutes, and that was when Bruno received hugs and kisses for his performance. Bruno actually seemed rather smug as he was led back to his kennel.

When the man woke up, he spoke up for the first time in the women's hearing. "My God, but that was an amazing experience! How long must I wait before I can come back for another one of those?"

Sue said that she was not the one who made those decisions, and he would have to talk to Grace to get his answers. Sue was proud of Bruno for coming through for them the way he had, but she was also kind of jealous. Long ago, Sue had admitted to herself that even though she would have liked for Bruno to fuck her exclusively, she could put up with him fucking other women.

However, this fucking of a man was just more than she could take, and she had to excuse herself as quickly as possible so that she could retire to her room and have a good cry over the situation. Sue showed up about a half-hour later, fully composed, and giving no sign of how she felt, but Grace could see that Sue was having emotional problems.

Grace talked to the man about making regular trips to the Doggie Bordello. He wanted to come back every couple of days, but Grace could see that going a long way toward confusing her schedule. Therefore, they agreed to give once a week a try, on Monday afternoons at 3:00 PM. That would put him into one of the routine time slots and would be the easiest way for them to manage.

The strange thing was that the man did not try to negotiate a better price, but agreed to pay \$1,500 per session. Grace did make a point of saying that he probably would not get another shot at Bruno because the dog had prior commitments. The man did not argue, and the woman he was with drove him home with him still singing the praise of a good dog-fucking.

The End