

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Chapter One: The Beginning

"Oh god, when will it ever end?" The pretty blonde called Jenny said, pushing her books away from her with a deep scowl.

She looked out the dusty window of her dorm room to see the usual view of a dull brown brick wall. The dull façade looking as if it might absorb her into its utter boringness. *Time for a break, Jen*, she thought extracting herself from her book and paper laden desk. Across the room on the grey wall her reflection caught her attention. Grey track pants, a white-T, and her long blonde hair a mess. She screwed her face at her reflection.

"Who said, 'studying law is glamorous?'" she said rolling her eyes.

Fishing around through her backpack she eventually found her phone and called her friend Molly. "Hey, Mol, wassup?"

Molly's tone soon indicated she felt the same study pressure Jenny did. "Fuck, Jen, I think my head is gonna explode," she said.

Jenny laughed. "If it does, I'll sue the school for you. Could be the making of my career."

"You're such a... Lawyer!"

"I'm going out for a break, and some fresh air. Care to join me?"

A pause. Jenny knew the answer already and she shook her head. "Um, well, I don't think I can, sorry."

"I understand. Who wants an ice-cream in the park when you can have eight-inches of Dan's cock instead?"

"JENNIFER!"

Jenny smiled to herself, Molly always called her Jennifer when she's truly shocked by something she's done or said. Jenny said, "If you get sick of all those orgasms give me a call later, OK?"

Another pause. Jenny knew Molly was weighing up whether it's worth scolding her for being so obvious about personal matters. Eventually she heard Molly sigh, and say, "OK, I'll see what happens. Call you later OK." The call ended.

It's a warm afternoon so Jenny donned a nice summer dress, a white wide brimmed hat, grabbed her purse and caught the bus to Ikeman's Park. She had known this park ever since she was a girl as her parents brought her here to play. Ikeman's Park is the jewel in the crown for the local community and is considered one of the best public parks in the country. Even brides go there to have photos taken.

Jenny bought an ice cream and after walking around admiring the nicely manicured lawns and sumptuous flower beds in full bloom she sat on a park bench just to watch the world go by. Suddenly a friendly black Labrador dog came to her wagging its tail in doggy happiness to see her. She reached to pat him, pausing to let him sniff her, absently looking about for the owner.

The dog suddenly jumped at her and its large, rather dirty paw knocked her ice cream into her lap. To make matters worse, he stood on the frozen cream squishing it in good, leaving a nice big brown patch of dirt and ice cream right in her crotch area. To Jenny's horror the dog began licking away at the mess, forcing its nose right into her crotch.

As she struggled with the dog trying to get at the ice cream, she realised how strong the dog is and what's worse, the dog's attention is inadvertently stimulating her pussy. Jenny felt a tingle in her pussy and her clit grow hot as the dog licked. A feeling came over her the dog seemed even more excited, as if sensing her reaction to his lapping. Jenny continued to struggle to get the dog's muzzle out of her groin and even though she felt a tingle of pleasure she decided she's not that kind of girl so it had to stop.

"Bad dog! Bad dog! No! NO! Get off me," Jenny screamed at the persistent dog.

Eventually she managed to push the dog off her, but it seemed eager for more, so it's back in there again in a few seconds. After a minute further of the dog's frantic attention she finally got the dog away from her again, but this time rolled off the chair and onto her feet as she did so she could stop the dog with greater ease.

"You naughty boy! Bad Dog!" Jenny said to the dog who ignored her protests.

The dog tried to push itself into her several more times in excitement and as it jumped Jenny could see it had a raging red boner.

"Oh, no you don't you fucking crazy dog," Jenny screamed and ran.

Across the grass she fled, and through some flower beds until she came to a wooded section. The dog followed her, making her run harder. She ran along the path for a while and after looking behind her, she saw the dog is finally gone. So she stopped and looked at her beautiful dress ruined by what had happened.

"Oh, what a fuck up," she said, panting as the ice cream stain was everywhere.

Looking around, she spotted a tap in a small clearing, so she went to it.

"What a fucking mess," she complained again as she looked at the smeared chocolate ice cream all over her dress.

She turned the tap on but realised it's quite low, even for a short-arse as her and it's going to be hard to clean the dress under the tap while she still wore it.

So looking around and seeing no one she slipped her dress off over her head and then proceeded to wash the large stain under the tap. Squatting there, she realised thanks to the dogs licking her panties were also wet with a mixture of dog saliva, ice cream and her own naughty juices. Once she finished with the dress she hung it off a nearby branch and then looked around again to see if anyone is nearby but she's alone. Then she slipped out of her panties and began to wash them as well, all the time looking about in case she's caught.

As she's scrubbing her bikini briefs under the tap something suddenly knocked her from the behind and she fell onto the ground getting covered in dirt. She rolled over quickly in a panic only to see the black Labrador standing there wagging its tail in happiness to see her.

"Oh, it's you! I might've known! Haven't you done enough to me for one day, you bad dog," she said,

her face turning bright red as she did.

The dog suddenly jumped and grabbed her damp dress off the tree in its jaws and ran off with it into the woods.

"Stop, you little shit," she yelled, jumping up and chasing it, leaving her panties behind.

She ran for a good ten minutes before she came to a hollow surrounded by tall pine trees. This place had a very strange, almost eerie feeling to it making her tremble slightly. The tree's formed almost a perfect circle, and seemed too close together to be good for them. Branches interwove with each other, forming a high wall that opened to the blue sky above.

The light in the hollow is very dim, the air cool, and the place completely silent. Jenny spotted her dress at the path that exited the hollow on the opposite side. Walking to her dress seemed difficult, as if walking through water. Every step seemed to take more and more effort. It's so quiet, not even birds or insects could be heard or seen. By the time she reached her dress she's breathing hard, as if she just ran a mile. She stooped and grabbed her dress to find it smells like dog piss.

"You've got to be kidding me," she said in almost a whisper.

Turning to leave back the way she came she finds herself confronted by another dog. A German shepherd this time looking at her with ears pricked. Her face turned ashen at the sight, her hair lifting on her nape and arms,

Jamming her hands into her armpits to stop them shaking, she said, "Good, doggy. Nice... doggy."

The dog growled, baring sharp white teeth with foamy saliva dripping from its mouth. It lowers its head, the hairs on its back clearly raised.

In this terrifying moment and place, Jenny strangely feels her pussy-lips begin to tingle and a flame growing inside her. However, nothing is touching her and she could not understand why her body is reacting like this. The angry shepherd kept snarling at her as arousal grew within her. A dribble of wetness ran down one of her thighs, and her clitoris began to throb.

The hollow grew even dimmer, if that is possible, despite the blue sky above the tree tops. Her mind went blank and slowly she raised her arms above as if accepting some unseen hug. Her wetness is now practically running down her legs, and her pussy feels on fire. Unquenchable fire that made her writhe and thrust her hips in lustful agony.

The German shepherd suddenly walked toward and around her sniffing the air, its tail now wagging slowly and its anger abated. Jenny could see the tip of its boner sticking out too. It stopped in front of her and licked her wet pussy making her quiver in pleasure. It's as if she had no control over her body anymore and she found herself getting on her hands and knees in the doggy position to offer herself to this handsome creature.

The German shepherd mounted her and started fucking her hard, she could feel dog precum gushing out of her. The German shepherd fucked her for what seemed like an eternity and she felt herself cumming several times. It drooled on her back as it sat on top of her, the alpha dog with his prize. After a while its cock plopped out of her and it walked across from her and sat, watching her.

Once the German shepherd is looking her in the eyes, another dog jumped her and rammed its cock deep inside her. It's the black Labrador who started all of this. It's fucking her furiously, making her moan as her natural instincts took hold. Orgasms were ripping through her body as the black

Labrador fed her its big dog cock.

After fucking her hard for a while and making her cum several times, it abruptly pulled its cock out of her and trotted over next to the German shepherd and lay next to it, watching her as well. However, as soon as the Black Labrador is sitting another dog mounted her, and she closed her eyes as this cock is enormous. The new dog fucked her roughly, ramming its huge cock into her pussy, when again she feels her body shake in one of the most powerful orgasms she's ever had.

After a while, she began to feel like the dogs cock is getting bigger and its knot is swelling inside her ravished pussy, stretching her wider causing her pain mixed in with pleasure. She's beginning to feel as if she's about to burst in two, but thankfully as the dogs cock got too large it stopped fucking her. Jenny knew it's cumming inside her. Its hot sticky dog semen is hitting her cervix hard it feels as if it's pissing inside her. The increased pressure on her full pussy set her off again and she screamed in pleasure as her body convulsed with another powerful orgasm

The big dog settled on her for a long time waiting for its cock to deflate and in that time other dogs arrived at the hollow sniffing about her, waiting to take their turn. Finally, the big dog pulled out and she could feel its cum gush out of her as it did, but as soon as the dog is off her other dogs, possibly three or four of them were licking up the previous dog cum from her pussy making her squeal in pleasure.

She looked again to see what the dog had just fucked her, but only seen a dark outlines exit through the trees followed by the black lab and then the German shepherd. However, this place isn't done with her yet, and after ten minutes of feeling the exquisite pleasure of tongues licking her out another animal mounted her and its cock slid inside her pussy making her moan in pleasure.

This went on all night, as dog after dog entered the hollow and fucked her. They just kept coming all kinds of breeds and mixed breeds as well, small toy dogs where she lay on her back for them so they could mount her, to large enormous dogs whose big cocks stretched her wide and mixed pain with pleasure. They fucked her pussy and even her arse got fucked many times as well, and she couldn't do anything to stop it as she seemed to have no control over herself.

Eventually, she passed out.

She woke early the next morning lying on a stretcher in a garden shed feeling sore all over but especially sore in her pussy and arse. Her legs were sticky with the cum she had taken and she's covered from head to toe in muck. An old man stands at a workbench doing something when she stirred.

He turned and looked at her. "Ah, you're awake. You had me worried I'd have to call the ambulance," he said kindly.

"Why didn't you call the ambulance?" She asked, feeling dazed.

He shrugged and turned back to his work. "Didn't think you'd want the attention after what you've been through."

"What happened to me?" She blurted, feeling events were hazy in her mind.

The old man turned and came beside her and sat. "Do you really want the world to know you were gang fucked by every dog in this city? They were still doing you this morning when I found you. I had

to pull them off you.”

“How could it happen? How could all those dogs do this to me?” Jenny asked, feeling numb inside as the memories came flooding into her conscience mind. Memories of dogs fucking her, pissing on her, owning her. She shivered.

“It’s that place, it has a curse or evil to it,” he said scratching his white whiskers. “You’re not the first girl to... Well, the best thing you can do is go home forget about it. I’ve washed your dress, it’s hanging over there. You can wash off under the hose outside first.”

He stood and began to return to his work bench. “What do you mean I’m not the first?” Jenny asked, tears welling in her eyes.

The old man turned and looked at her, however, he quickly lowered his gaze at the sight of Jenny’s desperate face. “It’s known to some as ‘bitch hollow’ and as you’ve found out it’s a bad place for any woman to find herself.”

Jenny forced herself to her feet, and said, “Mister, there’s something there that made me do it! You have to believe me, I’d never let that happen to me in my right mind.”

He grimaced and swallowed hard, still not looking her in the eyes. “I’m sorry to tell you this, Miss, but this won’t be the last time it happens. It’s the ‘Curse of Bitch Hollow’, and it turns you into a bitch in-heat for any dog to have. You better keep away from dogs from now on if you don’t want it to happen again.”

Jenny stood there frozen, her face ashen. “Any dog?”

“I don’t know how it works, Miss, but now you belong to them,” he said.

Suddenly he walked out of the shed in a hurry muttering to himself. She thought for a moment about what he said, not really understanding, so ran out after him but he was gone. Nowhere to be seen.

Jenny cleaned herself with the hose and slipped on her dress and walked home. Her groin/anus ached as it had never done before. God knows how many dog cocks she had last night if they were fucking her for twelve hours straight. Maybe the whole dog population of the city!

All she craved now is a long hot bath.

Several weeks after Jenny had been to Bitch Hollow the experience was still raw in her mind. She had not been outside her dorm room as fear had gripped her about what the old man in the park told her about the curse. The physical pain from her vagina and arse subsided as her body healed, the wear and tear of having all those dog cocks stuffed inside had taken its toll. It took a week for the bleeding to stop, and a friend gave her some antibiotics that helped.

Her friends were very worried about her sudden withdrawal from the world, but with exams starting soon she just brushed it off as study pressure. However, she knew she needed to learn more about what had happened to her, meaning she had to talk to the old man again. The thought of going back to the park, terrified her, but it’s the only place she knew where to find him. So early one morning she set out for the work shed, hoping he’d be there.

Jenny made it to the shed without incident and poked her head through the open door. The smell of

stale grass and lawn mower fuel sharp inside the shed. As her eyes adjusted to the darkness inside, she saw someone standing with his back to her at the bench. She entered to find a man in his mid-twenties, sharpening some mower blades. Jenny cleared her throat loudly to get his attention, and he turned to sharply look at her with a pinched face.

He sneered at her, and asked, "Yeah? Whatya want, sunshine?"

Biting her lips, she tried to appear calm, although inside she had a rolling feeling in her stomach. "Um... Sorry to bother you," she said. "I'm looking for someone who works here. He kinda helped me the other day, and I wanted to... err... thank him. He's an older man, about your height with grey hair and a white beard. Do you know him?"

"Hmm... Sounds like old Fred," he said with a downturned mouth, head tilting away. "He's supposed to be retired, but he keeps hanging around like a bad smell."

"Have you seen him this morning?" She added with gravitas, "I REALLY need to speak to him."

The man scratched his head thinking, and said, "To be honest, I haven't seen him for a while. Sorry, can't help ya."

He turned his back and turned on the grinder again, but Jenny persisted. She walked to him and tapped his shoulder, which made him spin lowering his chin to look down at her with cold eyes.

"Look, lady, I can't help ya. I haven't seen him in weeks. He could be dead for all I know," he said, his cheeks flushing red.

Or care, Jenny thought. "I really need to contact him, do you know where he lives? Could you give me his address?"

He shook his head with a frown, and said, "It's against the rules, sunshine, I can't give out his details."

"Please, I really need it. I'll pay you... Nobody needs to know," she said hoping he'd bite.

The guy looked her over and walked passed her and shut the door, locking it from the inside. He returned and looked her over again with a sideways, oblique glance. He said, "Tell you what, sunshine, I'll give you the address if you give me a blow job."

Her eyes bulged and she stepped back hurriedly. "What!? No, you creep."

The young man had already unclipped his overalls and had his flaccid penis hanging out.

"Come on, I haven't got all day. If ya wanna know where old Fred lives, then this..." he said, pointing to his soft cock. "Has to go in your mouth and be sucked. Oh, and you'll swallow too, every last drop."

A moment of tense silence hung in the air as Jenny hesitated, looking at his cock and the door to freedom. However, her need to find the old man remained paramount to her, so slowly she knelt in front of the young man. She grabbed his cock in her hand and began stroking it, and once it grew semi-hard her mouth slid over it. His cock jerked as she tongued the head. She turned her head slightly and moved her lips along his shaft as if she were mouthing a harmonica. When she reached the top she licked the precum off before resuming the silent song she's playing on her oral sex version of the blues.

The worker moaned, "Oh god... That feels amazing!"

She continued past the base of his hard-on reaching her hand inside his overalls she pulled out his balls and hummed as she sucked on them one at a time. The vibrations sent shivers through him,

"Oh fuck, you sure know how to suck cock, bitch," the worker said.

His hands reached for her head and he grabbed it and began to fuck her mouth. Jenny tasted traces of his previous night's sex as she sucked on his shaft, the unmistakable tang of pussy. The young worker began ramming his hard cock into her mouth, moaning loudly.

After several minutes of mouth fucking her, he yelled, "I'm gonna cum!"

Her mouth filled with the salty, slimy taste of semen, and as she swallowed it, he began to slow his pumping until he pulled his cock out. After rubbing his wet cock all over her pretty face, he let her go and put his softening cock back in his overalls.

"Wow, you're one little firecracker, for sure. I'd love to sample that pussy too," the young guy said, indicating the stretcher near the door.

Jenny produced a white handkerchief and wiped her face. "We had a deal, asshole, now give me Fred's address."

The man hesitated for a moment, weighing up if it were worth pushing her for more sex. He suddenly shrugged, went to a filing cabinet in the corner, and began rummaging in the top drawer. He pulled out a card and handed it to her. It reads, *Fred Matthews, 42 West Street, Sometown.*

She read the card and handed it back to the man. Without saying anything she left, looking around for signs of anything canine in the area that might cause her problems.

Walking through some bushes, via a shortcut to get out of the park as quickly as she could, suddenly she felt something furry brush her leg. She turned to see she's being followed by what looks like a malamute/husky type dog. Jenny went to shoo it away, when her pussy began tingling in an unfamiliar way, and she could feel her panties getting wet as if she were peeing herself.

She stopped and the dog immediately began sniffing her crotch, its tail wagging excitedly as it pushed its nose between her legs. Jenny began to feel a weird disparity between her physical self and her mind, as if watching what's happening to her from afar. She sees herself undo her jeans and pull them down with her panties, all in one go. The dog now having access to her wet pussy begins licking it wildly, and Jenny opened her legs to give it full access.

The pleasure she feels is intense and unrelenting, it didn't seem too long before one of the hardest orgasms she ever had ripped through her body. The orgasm made her fall onto her hands and knees, and in a heartbeat the malamute had mounted her and pushed its red cock into pussy making her gasp in ecstasy. The dog thrust wildly, pushing its sizeable cock in as deep as it could as orgasm after earth-shattering orgasm wracked her little body.

The dog fucked her solid for fifteen minutes until its knot began to grow inside her stretching her as she never thought possible. It seemed so big now, as if the cock would split her in two. She felt the dogs hot cum filling her womb, causing her more orgasms to shake her and make her sweat all over. The dog grew quiet while it laid on top of her, waiting for its seed to stop filling his bitch and its knot

to shrink small enough so he could dismount.

Eventually, the malamute pulled its thick cock out of her pussy, followed by a bucket load of cum which trickled down her legs. She lay in the bushes for another ten minutes collecting herself after all the amazing orgasms she'd had, the best she'd ever experienced. Finally, although feeling dizzy, she tried to stand, but promptly fell to the ground again. She got up again, grabbing a branch to steady herself, and looking at the mess she's covered in. Grabbing some leaves and grass she wiped herself as best she could then pull up her pants, which also had some cum on them.

She looked around, thinking she had better get out of here before another dog comes by, as something told her the same thing will happen again. She ran out of the park and flagged a taxi as quickly as she could, heading for the address she had been given. During the drive she stared out the window, ignoring the drivers attempt at small talk, and wondered, *how the hell did I let a dog do that to me? More importantly, why the hell did it feel so fucking good?*

After about fifteen minutes, she arrived at the address of Fred West and knocked on the door. No one answered, so she tried again. Silence. She could have sworn she heard the TV or something as she walked to the door. *Something seems fishy here*, she thought. So she decided to go round back to see if she could get in. *He might be hiding from me*, she thought, *so I need to take matters into my hands*.

The backyard is protected by a high fence with a locked gate. A large wooden box leaned against the fence, so she climbed onto it and levered herself over the fence. Falling down the other side, she twisted her ankle as she hit the hard ground awkwardly. She gingerly got to her feet, wiping the dirt off her jeans and blouse and limped around the side of the house toward the back of the house.

To her utter horror, as she rounded the back corner of the house an enormous Great Dane confronted her, looking at her intensely. "Oh fuck! Nice doggy, good doggy," she said, trying to force calm into her voice and body language.

However, her pussy began to tingle in the same way it did prior to the malamute fucking her in the park. *Oh crap*, she thought, *not again*. The dog came trotting over and immediately started sniffing her crotch through her jeans, circling her, and smelling her arse too. Jenny felt her wetness again, and amazed that after the thorough fucking she just got in the park, it seemed she's ready to go again. The Great Dane began licking at her jeans and playfully bumping her. She could see its cock growing bigger, and bigger, before her eyes. *Look at cock*, she thought in awe, *I've never seen one so big*.

She began to feel as if her body is being controlled by something else again, as before in the park, and in a moment she had her jeans and panties down at her ankles. The huge course tongue of the dog furiously lapped her pussy juices as quickly as she made them. The feeling intense and pleasurable as the dog ravished her with its tongue. However, this dog wanted more, and kept trying to bump her to assume the position to accept its dog cock inside her.

Down on her hands and knees she went, and the Great Dane came around to her front to show off its huge red dog cock to her before it pummelled her pussy. She reached under and grabbed it putting it into her mouth. Dog cock tasted so different from human cock and she did gag quite a bit, but she seemed to enjoy it just the same.

The Dane eventually pulled itself away as it wanted to fuck her so badly, and in a heartbeat had mounted her from behind and slid its cock into her very wet pussy. Its cock is so fucking huge as he

humps her wildly, she could feel its precum drip from her clit. *Or is it my precum*, she wondered lustfully? It felt good as the big dog fucked her. She closed her eyes as orgasm after orgasm rolled through her, making her shriek and moan loudly as her muscles clamped down hard on the huge cock. The dog's cock began to swell into the knot at its base, and he began to settle down on top of her. His knot so huge it caused her enormous pain, but the orgasms continued too. The pressure of his cum spurting inside her made her orgasm several more times.

After many minutes of having cum pump into her, the dog suddenly jumped off her back, twisting its cock so they were butt to butt. His huge knot unable to slip out of her still, he walked toward the fence to a spot under a tree dragging her with him. She scrambled to keep up with him, crawling backwards, this made his cock begin to rub against her pussy and before long orgasmed another time. The dog sat, and so did she, and in this tied state she fell asleep, wondering where the hell old Fred West is.

"Wake up! Wake up," an older male voice yelled, and a foot prodded her side.

Jenny opened her eyes to see old Fred standing over her with a huge look of concern on his face. She sat up realising her nakedness from the waist down, and looking for the Great Dane who had ravaged her like none other had ever done before. The Great Dane sat across the yard chained to its kennel, chewing on her pink panties, a partial boner obvious. Her jeans were across the yard too, in pieces. Finally, coming to her senses, she said, "Fred, thank God I found you!"

Fred looked at her sticky pussy, and said with a smirk, "Miss, we gotta stop meeting like this. What the fuck are you doing here?"

"I need to talk to you about..." she gestured to herself and the Great Dane, "THIS! You're the only person who knows anything about what's happening to me."

Jenny climbed to her feet with Fred's help. Once she stood, he said, "So you think fucking Roller here is a way to win me over?"

He looked at the panties and jeans seeing they were beyond any help. *Roller really likes the taste of her pussy, that's for sure*, he thought.

"I have no control over what happens, you know that. If I had known Roller was here, I wouldn't have jumped the fence," Jenny said, her eyes welling with tears.

"Then again, if you had known Roller was here, maybe you would jump the fence," Fred said harshly.

Jenny blushed. "Please, help me, Fred."

"OK, better get inside, in case Roller may want to go again," Fred said, opening the door to his home and she entered with him looking at her sweet arse as she walked in half naked to his home.

Dang, such a nice ass, he thought, feeling his cock stir in his pants as he followed her.

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## Chapter Two

After taking a shower at Fred's house, Jenny felt quite embarrassed about her sexual congress with

the Great Dane Roller. She walked into the kitchen where Fred is pouring her a hot coffee. He motioned her to sit at the table, and placed the cup in front of her taking a seat himself. He sipped from his own cup contemplating how to start this awkward conversation with the pretty college coed. A tense silence hung in the air as Jenny sipped her coffee thinking about what she could say.

Eventually, Jenny said, "Fred, I'm really sorry about your dog. I..."

Fred cut her off. "Who fucking told you my name and address?" He asked with a deep frown,

His face glowed red as he looked at her. Jenny blushed and looked away, remembering the guy in the shed and how she sucked his cock to get the details, but she thought she'd better not tell Fred after the incident with Roller. "It's unimportant, Fred," she said. Then, looking him in the eyes, she said, "You're the only person who knows what's happening to me, and I need your help."

Fred looked away and had a sip of his coffee. "Tell me one thing, did you enjoy Rollers big cock fucking you?"

At that moment, tears started running down Fred's cheeks, and the sight made her heart flutter. "I don't know how it happened," she said softly. "I didn't want sex with Roller, but... It happened, and I have no control over it. One moment Roller is growling at me like an intruder, and the next I've become a... A bitch in-heat."

Fred shook his head. "Yeah, I know all that shit, but did you enjoy it?"

"I don't understand why..." Jenny began.

"If you want my help then answer the fucking question," Fred said quietly, his blue eyes glowering at her beneath his bushy white eyebrows.

Jenny sat in silence, feeling her body tremble in fear. Eventually, she said in a whisper, "Yes, when it's happening... I like it."

She blushed immediately, and began to cry slumping in the chair. Fred nodded with a knowing smile, said, "The reason I know about 'Bitch Hollow' is my first wife had the curse. She had come to collect me from work one night, and got lured her into that unholy place. Well, you know what happens there. I spent the whole night looking for her, but still something kept me from the hollow, and in the morning I found her as I found you. After that day, whenever she was near a dog she had to fuck it. She was like a bitch in-heat, as you say. Once dogs smelled her pussy, they'd come running to fuck her from everywhere. She'd let them too, she couldn't stop herself."

Her hands began to shake so she put the coffee cup down. "What happened to her?"

Fred sighed deeply, looked away for a moment to collect himself. "It got too much for her and she committed suicide," he said quietly. Fred stood and turned his back to Jenny to hide his emotions. "This happened forty-five years ago now," he said over his shoulder.

"Didn't you find a way to stop it?"

Fred faced her, his cheeks glistening with tears. "No. Years after Wendy's death, I met a woman who knew about the curse. She lived over on North Avenue, near Holmes Bakery. Her name was Deanna Brant. She might know something that can help you, providing she's still around," Fred said sadly.

Her hands clenched into fists as she gave Fred a pained stare. "So your wife couldn't resist the dogs

at all? Not even once?"

Fred shook his head firmly. "Nope. Even the neutered ones who would just lick her pussy to taste her, she'd let them. It's not the dogs fault either, as something... A scent or pheromone would drive them wild with lust," he said. "Some scent coming from your pussy, like a bitch squirts is the cause. A chemical to tell the male dogs she's on heat and ready to fuck. Your pussy is now doing something similar, and it drives dogs mad with lust."

Jenny shivered in fear, thinking of the implications of being permanently on heat for the whole dog population of the city. "She must've hated it, I can understand why she took her own life," Jenny said, with an audible tone of stress in her voice.

Again Fred shook his head. "At the start she hated it, just as you do now. But after a month or so she loved it, and sex with dogs was all she craved. She'd have the wildest orgasms you'd ever see while riding a dog cock," he said. Turning to look out the window, he said, "She'd disappear for days on end, and I'd find her at parks and places stray dogs go, getting it on with every dog there. I had to lock her away to stop her, as she fucked dogs where everyone could see her. She had no shame."

"I'm so sorry, Fred, it must have been awful," Jenny said, feeling sick listening to what her future entailed.

"I tried to protect her as best I could, but there are thousands of dogs in a city this big, and she wanted to fuck them all."

Jenny suddenly noticed a bulge in Fred's pants, and wondered if he missed his wife because he is getting off on seeing her get fucked by dogs, more than anything else. A thought hit her, and she shrieked, "You bastard!"

"What?"

"You were here all along, weren't you? I remember now thinking I heard a TV as I walked to your door," Jenny said standing abruptly. "You watched me and Roller getting freaky in your backyard, just as you did back in the day with your wife?"

Fred smiled, flashing nice white teeth. "Of course, I knew you'd come looking for me eventually. I even told the boys, it's OK for them to tell you where I lived. Got myself Roller last week cos I wanted something real special for you when you got here."

Jenny's nostrils flared and her eyes went cold. She said, "You're nothing but an old pervert. I bet you led your wife to Bitch Hollow just to turn her into a freak for you!"

Fred suddenly reached across the table and slapped her hard across the cheek, making her scream in pain and fall to the ground tangled in her chair. "Don't say that, I never wanted for her... But goddamn, it was so hot seeing her getting fucked so wildly. I didn't want it to stop. Just like now!"

Jenny is trying to get up from the floor, her face stung from his slap and she thought he may even have knocked a tooth loose. Suddenly she feels a familiar tingle in her crotch. She turns and standing behind her is 'Roller', panting, his huge tongue moving in rhythm with his breath like an old steam train. The dog looked at her and began sniffing at the air. Jenny looked to Fred and screamed, "I'll fucking kill you for this, you old pervert!"

However, Roller already had his nose in her crotch and she felt the juices flowing from her pussy. Fred watched as she pulled the sweat pants down, he had given her to wear, she had no panties on

as Roller had chewed them up. Roller began to lick and lap her moist pussy. Jenny moaned in luxurious ecstasy as the big dog's tongue filled every crevice of her mound and vibrated her clit. Fred squatted beside her and slid his fingers inside her wet pussy as Roller licked.

"See how much fun all this dog fucking is?" Fred said in a quiet voice. He ran his other hand under her blouse and groped her breasts. "I can keep you safe here, while you get what you need."

Jenny moaned and spread her legs to accept the attention of man and dog. Fred pulled his fingers out of her pussy and Roller licked them clean. He pushed her onto her hands and knees to take Rollers big cock. "Come on, dog slut, time to take your medicine," Fred said, undoing his own pants as he watched Roller position himself.

Roller jumped on her back, and its hard-red cock slid inside her first go, while its front legs gripped her hard around the chest. The dog began pumping her pussy in wild abandon, making her moan and filling the room with delicious slurping noises as flesh met flesh. *God, Rollers cock is so big*, she thought. The red vein riddled cock pushed deeper inside her, stretching her again more than she knew possible.

Fred knelt in front of her and she noticed he had no pants on, his human cock rock hard. Fred's cock is no monster, and Jenny smirked at it. He rubbed the head of his dick on her lips, she opened automatically and he slid inside. Fred started fucking her mouth, while Roller fucked her pussy. Fred slid his hands down her blouse freeing her size D tits from their bra, and rolling the nipples in his fingers as he fornicated with her mouth. While the five-inch cock of Fred made her lips go a little numb from the friction, her pussy felt on fire as orgasm after orgasm rocked her body. *Rollers cock must be around fourteen-inches easy*, she thought, *and thicker than my arm*. The knot grew, which meant he is getting close to climax and distinctive coppery odour of dog precum filled the room.

Fred lasted a few minutes before his cum spurt inside her mouth, and he withdrew she spat it at him making it land on his shirt in one big messy glob. She laughed, while he called her a bitch. Finally, after fifteen minutes of pounding her pussy Roller settled down on top of her and stopped. His huge cock unleashing its load of semen inside her. Knowing she cannot go anywhere until Roller is ready to hop off, she watched Fred as he went to the sink and grabbed a towel and wiped his cock and shirt with it. Then he put on his pants and sat at the table resuming to drink his coffee as if nothing happened. After a while, as Jenny recovered herself, she said, "This doesn't change anything, Fred. I'm not going to be your dog slut."

Fred smiled and shrugged. "It doesn't matter where you go, as all I need is Roller here to make you exactly what you don't want to be. While you're under the spell of this curse, I can do anything I like to you. You won't stop it, you'll do it! The more dog's you fuck, the bigger the slut you'll become. Before long, you'll be doing men and dogs at every turn. It's already started after all."

Jenny felt disgusted by the man. "What are you talking about?"

"Well... You were only too happy to suck off my work friend, Jimmy, to get my details. He said you even sucked on his balls, something his girlfriend even refuses to do. He was very impressed by your skills."

"You bastard," Jenny said.

Suddenly, an audible plop sounded as Rollers cock slid out of her pussy, followed by much dog sperm. Fred watched, leering at the sight. "God, it looks hot! You were made for dog fucking, girl."

Jenny got to her feet and Fred threw her the towel he had used to wipe his cock with, so she wiped

her pussy and legs soaked in Dog juices. She pulled up her sweat pants and with relief her cell phone started ringing. She quickly retrieved it, and answered it, "Hi, Mon... Err... Sorry, I'm running late. I am currently at 42 West Street, but am about to leave. If I am not there soon, call the cops, OK? ... I'll explain later... Yeah, OK, CYA soon!"

Fred shrugged. "You won't find anyone as sympathetic to your needs as I am, Jenny. You'll lose all your friends as they learn all about your new vice, and they will. Remember a dog only has to be near for the curse to work. How will you explain it when they catch you at it, maybe with their own dogs? You cannot control when and where it happens. That's the curse, not the fucking. The fucking is good, and what'll you do when the really bad people learn about your new vice? They'll use you far worse than I would. You'll be back once you realise this."

"I'll never be back here, I'll beat this thing. I'll get my life back," Jenny said defiantly.

Fred laughed. "Good luck with that. I hope the Brant woman is still around and she can help you. But if not, come back here. We'll take care of you and protect you from the really evil people who'll exploit you so badly that death will seem a sweet release."

Jenny sneered at him, and stomped out of the house through the front door. "I hope you rot in hell, you fucking old bastard," she screamed down the corridor, and slammed the door shut running down the street toward the bus stop. *I really need to tell Mon about this, she thought, I need a friend here, not someone who wants to use me.*

\*\*\*\*

"Is this a joke?" Monica looked incredulous at Jenny, who had just told her about Bitch Hollow, and what happened at Fred's house.

Jenny slumped in her chair at the coffee lounge knowing it sounded ridiculous. "I wish it was, Mon! I'm not lying to you, some evil force has done something to my body and now I have to find this Deanna Brant woman to learn how to stop it!" Jenny said and started crying.

Monica, who's slightly older than Jenny, is a smart brunette with a slim body, small pert breasts and divine blue eyes. She wondered if her friend (who had always been sensible in the past) had suddenly gone mad. Gang raped by a hundred dogs, and now she has to fuck every dog she sees? *Maybe it's drugs, she wondered, They can fuck with people's heads.* However, whatever Monica suggested Jenny seemed adamant the curse is real.

Jenny looked pale and her forehead had the sheen of sweat on it. "You gotta help me, Mon, I mean, I can't control it. So maybe if someone is there to intervene when it happens, it might help," Jenny said, wringing her hands.

Monica, slightly amused at the mental picture of her stopping dogs from fucking her friend, asked, "What am I supposed to do, turn the hose on you?"

"I don't care, just get the dog to get off me," Jenny said.

Monica shook her head, dismissing the idea of what Jen is saying, but asked, "So where is this Brant woman supposed to be?"

"Apparently, she lived near the Holmes Bakery on North Avenue."

Monica's face suddenly widened. "Hey, I know that place," she said, and smiled. "I know the

daughter of the owner and I think it has been in their family for years. I remember her telling me once she never wants to become a baker, but her Father is pressurising her to take over the family business one day," Monica said.

"Do you think you could call them and learn if they know anything about this Brant woman?"

"Sure, I think I still have the number on my phone," Monica said, pulling her cell phone out and touching the screen.

"Great, I'm going to the toilet while you talk to them. Remember, I need a possible address for this woman or someone who knows her," Jenny said, standing and smiling at Monica who nodded she understood.

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Jenny walked to the back of the Cafe and asked if she could use their toilet, and a waiter directed her to a door telling her it's at the end of the backyard. Jenny felt the chill of the afternoon nip at her as she walked calmly to the toilet, and went about her business. Several minutes later, she left the toilet, wiping her wet hands on the sweat pants Fred had given her and came abruptly to a halt, looking at a Jack Russell terrier wagging its tail at the sight of her. Jenny froze in fear, wondering what would happen to her and sure enough, she began to feel her pussy tingle again. She tried hard to fight it, but lust and arousal rose in her stronger and stronger.

Most of the dogs she remembers having sex with so far were big dogs with big dog cocks to fuck her, not little ones like this terrier. It jumped up on her leg sniffing at the heat coming from her pussy, and she could see its red cock poking out in arousal. So she lowered her pants, and instead of going on hands and knees, she lay on her back and spread her legs.

The dog began licking at her pussy with exuberance, and feelings like electricity went through her body as the pleasure of the wet lapping of the dog tongue made her wetter and wetter. The little dog practically burying its nose inside her pussy to get at her juices. Jenny moaned loudly, her hand reaching under her blouse to pinch her nipples. Eventually pulling it up to expose her breasts completely, so she could play with them while the dog's tongue explored her pussy. Whenever its tongue lapped over her clit, she nearly jumped off the ground and a squirt of wetness came from her. The little beast would go into another frenzy of licking with every spurt. Jenny moaned softly as the dog explored her womanhood with its tongue.

Suddenly, the Jack Russell Terrier mounted her, slid its dick straight inside her wet pussy and began pumping her madly. What a sight, Jenny laying on the dirty ground with her pants at her ankles and her blouse at her neck with a little white dog fucking her madly while she fondled her breasts. The security camera certainly caught everything unbeknownst to Jenny, who fulfilled her duty as the designated bitch for all dogs. Jenny felt surprised this smaller dog still had a cock that would put most men to shame. It glided into her wet pussy nicely, squelching and squishing in the mixture of her juices and its precum. An orgasm made her body quiver all over, and the little dog pumped hard. Its tail wagging in excitement, the dog panting rhythmically to its thrusts, and drooling on her stomach.

The little dog settled after about ten minutes and it began pouring cum inside her. Jenny felt amazed she had cum herself several times, though this dog is nowhere near as big as Roller. The Jack Russell seemed big enough to give her several strong orgasms. At this point, she heard a loud crash from the Café, which spooked the dog making it pull out of her though it hadn't finished pumping her full of cum. The smaller knot came out without too much trouble and the dog ran toward the

back fence and out a small hole into an alley.

Jenny recovered and got up and went back to the toilet and washed her pussy, and straightened her clothes and hair. As she wiped herself, a huge thick glob of dog cum squirted from her pussy into her hand. She brought it up close to her face and looked at it. She sniffed it. Suddenly, she popped it into her mouth and swallowed it followed by licking her hand greedily to get all the rest. She stopped herself. "What the fuck am I doing?" She asked, looking at her face in the mirror perplexed.

She felt ashamed, for the fourth time in a day she had fucked a dog and now she's eating dog cum without a second thought. *Do female dogs do this too*, she wondered? *Get fucked, then lick all the cum runs out of their dog pussy*. She decided it wouldn't surprise her having seen what dogs do generally. She looked in the mirror again, and realised she looked a mess. After being fucked four times in one day (and not to mention having given two human blow jobs as well) her hair looked dirty and messy, her clothes were grubby with dog and human cum stains, and she probably smelled bad given all the muck she had been rolling in. She laughed coldly at herself in the mirror, and said, "Being a dog slut is such a glamorous job, eh, Jen?"

What confused her is how come this dog came into the yard through a hole in the fence at the precise time she's having a pee in the toilet? *Maybe it's my pee*, she thought, *the pee has the sex pheromone in it and god knows dogs are great at smelling stuff*. Damn, looks I have to be careful even taking a pee. She sighed and hoped Monica had some information about Deanna Brant.

"Jen? Jen," Monica's voice suddenly sounded outside the small toilet, and Jenny went to meet her.

"I'm here," Jenny said, smiling awkwardly to her friend.

Monica stopped and looked shocked by the state Jenny is in. "Where the fuck have you been? I thought you must have fallen in," Monica said sarcastically.

"Err, sorry, I..." Jenny felt she didn't want to tell her friend about the Jack Russell, "Lost track of time. Did you learn anything from the bakery?"

"Yeah, it seems they knew Deanna Brant. A real nut job apparently, got committed to the funny farm at one stage after she killed all these dogs in the park. The bad news is they think she may be dead now," Monica said. Jenny became crestfallen at the news and tears ran down her cheeks as she sobbed openly. Monica stepped forward and hugged her. "It's OK, Jen, they gave me the address of her daughter, so we got a lead anyway."

The fact this woman killed dogs in the park told Jenny that Deanna Brant surely did know about the Curse of Bitch Hollow, but whether she would have told her daughter about such an evil thing is another story. Then she suddenly thought, *who am I to tell this poor woman's daughter, her mother may have been a dog slut?* Jenny suddenly asked, "Can we go now?"

"Now?" Monica looked her up and down, shaking her head disapprovingly. "Girl, you might scare her looking like that. I think you need a long hot bath, a good feed, and a good night's sleep. We can find this woman tomorrow."

"Yeah, I suppose you're right," Jenny said.

"Girl, I know I'm right and because I'm worried about you I insist you come to my place tonight and stay with me."

"But what about Dan? I don't want to be in the way," Jenny said, feeling as if she would be intruding.



"Don't be silly. Dan would love to have you stay, and besides, he's away for the week on a Uni placement so I'm afraid it'll just be us!" Monica said reassuringly.

"OK then, that would be nice," and they left the café for Monica's apartment.

Meanwhile, in a small office on the second floor of the cafe, an older Greek man is wiping cum off his own cock and balls as he had just jerked-off watching some footage on his security camera of a pretty young blond woman with nice big tits allowing a small dog to fuck her in the back of his café. He must have watched it about five times now. The footage is amazing. He picked up his cell phone and dialled a number, after a moment he said, "Hey Spiros, have I got something you gotta see! You ain't gonna believe this shit, mate, it'll blow your mind!"

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Jenny had to admit Monica was spot on about the bath, the feed, and the good night's sleep. She woke in her guest bedroom feeling reinvigorated after what had been a busy day for her yesterday. She felt so awfully ashamed, because even before this curse was thrust upon her, she's not what one who would have been thought of as a 'loose' woman. Jenny had intercourse with a guy a few times a month, if she were lucky, but she never deliberately went out on the pull at nightclubs as some of her friends do. Yet in one day she's fucked four times, and gave two blow jobs as well. *God only knows what today will bring*, she wondered fearfully and sighed. She prayed vehemently to God in the early-morning hours this curse be lifted, or she finds a way to beat it. However, she had no immediate indication God cared about what's happening to her, let alone help her.

After breakfast, Monica drove Jenny to the address she got from her friend for the daughter of Deanna Brant, called Tricia. So around Ten AM they knocked on her door and it opened to reveal a middle-aged, plump, black woman who seemed surprised to see two young white girls standing on her stoop. Tricia eyed the two suspiciously, asking, "Yeah? Whatya want?"

Monica asked in a friendly tone, "Are you Tricia Brant?"

The woman's eyes narrowed as she looked at them, and she asked distrustfully, "Who wants to know?"

Jenny said, "I do. I have the curse."

Monica turned to Jenny, and said anxiously, "Jen, don't just blurt it out."

The black woman had raised her eyebrows in surprise to Jenny's confession, and said coldly, "There's many curses, chile, which you have?"

"Madam, please..." Monica began.

"Shut up," the black woman silenced her. "Let your friend speak," she said firmly to Monica. She looked Jenny in the eyes and repeated her question. "So what curse do you have, chile?"

"The curse of Bitch Hollow," Jenny said, shivering as she said it.

Silence permeated the air around the three women for a moment, as the woman digested this piece of information. Eventually she said, "You'd better come in, I spects you have questions."

She turned down a dark corridor lined with pictures of her family, and into the kitchen at the rear of the house. The girls followed with Monica closing the front door behind her feeling nervous about

entering this house. "Sit, chil'ren, sit. I'll get you a drink. I have some cola in the fridge," the woman said. She fussed about as the girls sat nervously looking around. Finally, she sat across from them once she had drinks and snacks sorted. The woman asked Jenny, "Now why you think you been cursed, tell me?"

Jenny told her the whole story, not leaving out anything. When she got to the episode of the Jack Russell, Monica gasped in shock, remembering how messed up Jenny looked when she went back to retrieve her at the café. "Why didn't you tell me?" Monica said, grabbing Jenny's hand to comfort her.

"I'm sorry, Mon, I felt embarrassed. I worried about what you'd think of me," Jenny said, and wept.

Monica asked the woman, "So, this curse is real?"

"Damn straight, chile. Your friend is in deep trouble as this curse is hard to beat, I'm afraid," the woman said.

Jenny asked, "So... Are you Tricia Brant, the daughter of Deanna Brant?"

The woman nodded. "Yes, I am. My mama never had the curse, her sister did. She never tell me much about what happened to Auntie Ellie May, but she tell me about the curse. To warn me to stay out of Ikeman Park," Tricia said, and shivered as she thought about it.

Monica asked hopefully, "So your Mom helped her sister beat the curse?"

"I don't know. My Auntie disappeared after mama was put in an asylum and we never heard from her again. But mama killed all dem dogs to stop it, fa sure. When mama got out she never spoke of it again," Tricia said, her eyes welling with tears.

"I'm sorry, it must have been an awful time for you," Jenny said empathetically.

Tricia looked at her for a moment, and reached over and grabbed her hand and squeezed it firmly. "You don't need to be sorry for me, chile. You got enough on your plate," she said.

Monica asked, "So why did she kill the dogs?"

"Some ol' witch over in Heathmont told her the only way to beat the curse is to kill the first three dogs dat raped her sister; or, she had to present the demon with a replacement," Tricia said, but the girls looked confused. So she said, "You know... Someone takes her place and if the demon accepts her the curse'll go to the new woman."

"Holy shit," Monica said, wiping her forehead.

Jenny asked, "Why the first three dogs?"

"The curse comes from a demon named 'Cerberus', the three headed demon dog who guards the gates of hell. So the first three dogs represent the three heads of Cerberus. You have to kill the three dogs in Bitch Hollow in the order they raped you. And you have to do this before the first full Moon after the curse started. The curse will then be lifted," Tricia said darkly. "That's the legend, anyway."

Monica said, "So... We find the first three dogs, take them to this 'Bitch hollow' place in Ikeman Park and kill them?"

Tricia nodded, but Jenny suddenly said, "I remember the first two dogs who did me. One is a distinctive looking German shepherd and the other a Black Lab. But I have no memory of the third dog. The weird thing is the first two didn't... Err... Finish inside me, only the third dog seemed to reach climax."

"Yeah, chile, the three dogs will copulate in a certain order and the final one reaches climax for all three of them. That's a sure sign Cerberus is behind it. What you need to do is find the two dogs you remember, the third will be close by. You see, spiritually, the three dogs are one beast, so they never stray far from each other," Tricia said.

"But if I go near them, they'll just have sex with me. I cannot control it, Ms. Brant. Once I'm near a dog I have to do the awful deed," Jenny said desperately.

Tricia looked intensely at Monica, and said, "That's why you need a friend to help. You won't be able to do this alone, Jenny girl, as you are too much under the control of Cerberus now. She must be the death blow to the presence of Cerberus in this world," Tricia said, and pointed to Monica.

Monica shivered, but asked, "What happens after the dogs are dead?"

"Cerberus spirit will lose its grip on this world, for now," Tricia said.

"For now?" Monica said, screwing up her face.

Tricia smiled coldly at her ignorance. "Cerberus is an ancient evil, chile. If you can do this, kill the three dogs who represent its heads, in the right order, Cerberus will be banished back to hell. Sadly, like all evil things, it'll come back eventually, worming its presence back into our world to enslave another poor woman to its lustful desires."

"You know a lot about it," Jenny said.

"After mama was committed, the ol' witch I told you about took care of me for a while. She worried Cerberus may come for me, and taught me all she knew," Tricia said.

"Is there anything I can do to at least ward off the dogs from having sex with me in the mean time?" Jenny asked hopefully. "Any magic you know will help?"

Tricia shook her head sadly. "I'm sorry, chile, there's no magic I can give you to help. The best thing to do is stay away from dogs as best you can. But it'll be hard, as they'll find you anywhere, like at the Café. The worst part is, eventually, you'll want them to find you. But I have one more piece of bad news that'll make it worse," Tricia said, tears running down her cheeks.

"What could possibly make it worse?" Monica said in disbelief.

Tricia ignored Monica, and taking Jenny's hands in hers, she said, "Chile, you have until the next full moon to remove the curse or pass it on. If you haven't done it by then... Well... The change'll be permanent."

"What?" Jenny asked.

"Cerberus'll own your soul, chile, and having sex with dogs will become your life. When you die, you'll go to hell where Cerberus'll have you to himself for all eternity," Tricia said, wiping her eyes with a white handkerchief.

Jenny looked at her in utter shock. Her face drained of all colour as the realisation exploded in her mind. Monica suddenly said angrily, "That's enough! Come on, Jen, this woman is full of shit and just trying to scare you!"

Monica stood and grabbed Jenny's arm, pulling her to her feet. Tricia stood too, with her hand outstretched in pity toward Jenny, she said, "I ain't lying, chile. Search deep inside and you'll know what I say is true."

"Come on, Jen, don't listen to this crackpot. How dare you scare my friend, you bitch," Monica screamed at Tricia, and dragged Jenny out of the house and into the car.

As they drove off, Tricia stood at her door weeping for Jenny.

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Chapter Three

The two remained silent in the car on the trip home, except a brief argument about Jenny wanting to go back to her dorm instead of Monica's place. Jenny won the argument, she just needed some time to think about what Tricia Brant had told them. Monica dropped her off wanting to skip lectures for her friend, but Jenny insisted she wanted to be alone for a while. The threat she could be destined to become a dog slut for all eternity left her feeling such a sense of dread that even walking the familiar route to her dorm felt forced. As if an unseen force tugged her from behind making her steps heavy, and her muscles strain.

Jenny's first priority is to curl up in bed and have a good cry. As she walked up the corridor toward her dorm room, she felt a sudden tap on her shoulder from behind. She turned to see a fifty-something, portly Greek-looking man with a wicked smile on his face showing crooked coffee stained teeth.

"So I found you, eh? You naughty little slut," he said excitedly.

"What are you talking about? Fuck off you dirty old cunt," she said, turning to walk away.

At the other end of the corridor, another man had appeared holding an Irish Setter by the collar. The dog pulled madly to be let loose, which the man obliged and the dog ran up to her immediately putting its nose in her crotch. She felt her pussy tingle.

"No, please, not here," she whispered, almost like a sigh.

The man behind her suddenly pulled her dirty sweat pants down so the dog could get to her pussy. Jenny tried to resist, but her body wouldn't listen to her pleas, her desperate prayers. The Irish Setter began lapping her wet pussy making her moan as she fell into the old Greek's arms whom held her from behind.

"I think our little slut is a real dog lover. Where's your room," he whispered into her ear as he looked at the dog working her pussy from behind.

The other guy is standing in front of her now. She pointed to a door, and he dragged her toward it. They retrieved her keys from her bag, and entered her dorm room. In a matter of moments they had her undressed, and cleared a space on the floor. They plonked her down on her hands and knees in front of her bed, and sat to watch the show. The Irish Setter mounted her quickly and began to fuck her hot pussy with a gusto. Using its front legs to clamp Jenny around her chest it rammed its thick

long dog cock into her pussy fast. A mixture of her own juices and the dogs precum ran down her legs as she moaned, feeling orgasm after orgasm rip through her body.

"Hey... She really gets off on this shit, Spiros," the fat Greek man said.

"I'm getting off on it too. I'm going to have to jerk off," said the skinny Spiros who pulled his thick cock out and started jerking-off as promised.

The Fat Greek man soon joined him as they watched the Irish Setter fuck Jenny. The Irish Setters knot grew large, and after about ten-minutes of fucking, it suddenly stopped and sat on her waiting for his cum to finish filling his bitch.

"Oh... It's stopped! Come on, boy, fuck her," the fat Greek man said.

"Nah, it's the knot. He's cumming inside her as we speak. Filling her pussy with dog jizz," Spiros said, and smiled at his friend.

"Ew... That's gross," the fat Greek man said, screwing up his nose. "You're a dirty slut, miss, taking all that dog jizz."

"Let's make her eat it," Spiros said, standing. He went behind her and scooped up a handful that had escaped her used pussy, and took it around to her mouth. "Come on, dog slut, eat!" He ordered.

Jenny, still in a haze from the curse, began to lick cum from Spiros's hand. She ate it all, which made him get more which she promptly swallowed too.

"She's wicked! We could make a fortune with this bitch, online," Spiros said, feeding her a third palm full of dog jizz which she obediently licked clean.

The fat Greek man suddenly came over and slipped his stubby short cock inside her mouth just as he came, and she swallowed all his cum too. "Come on, Spiros, while she's hungry the least you could do is give her some protein," he winked.

Spiros got down and started fucking her mouth with his long thick cock, and he too blew a huge load down her throat and she swallowed. Although, she did spill some onto her chin. The dog finally pulled its cock out of her used pussy, and dog sperm followed. So Spiros collected as much as he could and made Jenny eat it. He then rolled her over on her back and spread her legs.

The fat Greek man screwed up his nose, saying, "You're not going sloppy seconds to a dog are you?"

"Oh, you bet I am," Spiros said, and he slid his cock inside her pussy and began fucking her.

Jenny starts coming around to her senses now and begins to fight Spiros telling him to get off her and hitting at him. "Hey Paulie, bring the dog around so she can see its cock," he ordered.

Paulie lifted the dog and held it above Jenny's face, she looked straight at the dripping cock. Her pussy had a familiar tingle to it, suddenly Spiros's fucking started to feel extraordinarily good and she's writhing under him in sexual heat.

"Oh yeah, baby," Spiros moaned as he fucked her wet hole hard, finally, pulling out and blowing a load all over her stomach.

"Fukin' A," Paulie said. "Just seeing a dog turns her into a nymphomaniac."

"She's gonna make us rich, Paulie boy," Spiros said, standing and putting his cock away. "Let's dress

her and get outta here before she comes to her senses.”

Paulie laughed.

The left Jenny’s dorm room with Spiros carrying in his arms followed by Paulie leading the dog. Suddenly two police officers and a University security guard appeared in front of them.

“Stop, put that young lady down and step away,” a policeman shouted, his hand on his sidearm.

“Fuck it,” Paulie whispered behind Spiros. “Drop her, we gotta get out of here.”

Spiros nodded, and dropped Jenny on the floor with barely a thought for her, and both men turned and began to run down the opposite end of the corridor. As Jenny began to rouse from her stupor, she heard men shouting and the loud thumps of heavy footsteps.

One of her friends, Yasmine, kneels beside her and takes her hand. “Jen, are you OK?” She asks, her eyes wide and face pale.

Jenny just groaned.

“It’s OK, an ambulance is coming,” Yasmine says, trying to reassure Jenny.

Jenny passes out.

Jenny later awoke in the hospital with Monica sitting by her bed looking worried, and she noticed a cop also in the room. She felt tempted to pretend to be still unconscious, but it would only delay the inevitable.

“Mon?” She said quietly.

“Oh, thank God, I’ve been so worried about you. Are you alright?” Monica asked, clutching her hands together.

“I feel OK Did they get them?” Jenny asked, looking around the room.

The cop answered in his official sounding, deep voice. “I’m sorry, miss, the two men got away, but we’re searching for them and we’ll find them. You can be sure of that,” he said.

Mon didn’t look at the cop, but is trying to give Jenny the signal to keep silent. *As if I’d tell the police anything*, Jenny thought. *How does one explain a demonic curse has turned me into a willing slut for anyone and anything? All they need is a dog present and the switch is activated.* The thought made her feel sick to the core.

“Thank you, Officer, I’m sure you will,” Jenny said flatly.

“Do you feel up to making a statement, Miss. Baxter?”

“I don’t want to press any charges,” Jenny said.

The officer sighed heavily. “Young lady, you were clearly raped in your dorm in broad daylight. You have to allow us to find these men so women will be safe. A neighbour says she saw the two men loitering near the building during the day. Does this mean anything to you?”

"Officer, I wasn't raped. I freely participated in a sex game misunderstood by some well-meaning friends. No charges are necessary as no crime has been committed. I was a willing participant and I must've bumped my head or something. I'm sorry your time has been wasted," Jenny said firmly.

The cop didn't believe her. "If what happened was as innocent as you claim, why did your partners run away from us?"

Jenny giggled and blushed. "They were married men, Officer, so it's no wonder they ran away."

The cop stood there weighing up Jenny's statement, though, he clearly did not believe her, and he reached into his pocket and took out a card and placed it on the bed table. "OK, if you change your mind contact me on this number."

He walked out of the room, leaving the two girls alone.

They sat in silence for a few minutes, when Monica went and checked the door to find no one there.

"We're alone," she said, as she shut the door. "So what the fuck really happened?"

Jenny sighed, tears trickled down her cheeks. "Two Greek guys were waiting for me with an Irish Setter, and once the dog was in my presence I became...", she couldn't finish the sentence.

Monica came to her side quickly and held her, trying to comfort her. "But how would they know about the curse? Only you and I, the old pervert Fred, and Tricia Brant know about it? Do you think Fred might have told them? To scare you into going to him for protection," Monica said quietly.

"Fred knows he doesn't have to do anything to scare me, as the curse will do that on its own. Maybe the Café, I think I remember the fat Greek man there serving coffee," Jenny said.

"Oh crap, he saw you with the Jack Russell," Monica said shaking her head.

"It's the only explanation really. Tricia isn't going to blab given what happened to her mother. Fred is confident the curse will drive me to him anyway, so he'll wait it out, and I trust you completely."

"Did they fuck you too?"

"Yes... God, this curse is fucking awful. I'm not like this Mon, it's not me," Jenny said, sobbing again.

Monica hugged her close trying to comfort her friend, not really knowing how. "Then we have to do as Tricia said and kill the three head dogs in Bitch Hollow," Monica said softly as she held Jenny.

Jenny pushed herself free of Monica's clasp, and asked, "Do you really think we can?"

"Yes. We find the two dogs you know, watch, and wait. If what Tricia said is true, the third will be nearby," Monica said.

"Well, I can't go home if those Greek guys are sniffing around," Jenny said, and sighed.

"You can stay at my place if you like," Monica suggested kindly.

"No, if they traced me, they'll trace you too. Best we find alternate digs until we sort this. Let's get a motel room. If those guys come after you they might think you're like me, and do this shit to you. I

couldn't stand that Mon," Jenny said, crying again.

Monica screwed up her face. "Oooo... I didn't think of that. OK, I know a cheap motel that isn't far from Ikeman's Park. I'll go home and pack some clothes for us, and find Dan's handgun, which we'll need to kill the dogs," Monica said.

"When you're done, come and get me. I'll check myself out of the hospital, as they might come looking for me here too. I heard them talking about using me online to make money."

"Why are men so damn creepy," Monica said in disgust.

"You got me, I'll never understand why men can do shit like this," Jenny said, nodding in agreement.

Monica kissed her cheek and left to arrange everything, leaving Jenny alone in the hospital room. Nurses cheerfully came and went, which made her feel human anyway. *At least they don't have dogs in hospitals*, she thought, feeling herself relax and dozed off in the warm bed. *Mon better be careful, these guys are psycho*, she thought as she drifted off to sleep.

Monica returned home and started collecting all the things they needed. She called the motel once she found the number, and reserved a twin room for a week using her credit card for the deposit. She stuffed clothes and a handgun into a large black duffle bag, and is walking out the door when two men suddenly appeared pushing her inside. She knew immediately the men were the same men who attacked Jenny at her dorm. A fat man held a dog leash with an American foxhound at the other end wagging its tail.

Spiros leered at Monica, and asked, "Where's your pretty girlfriend, sweet lips? We have something for her."

"I don't know who the fuck you are, but get out of my house immediately or I'll call the cops," Monica said angrily, knowing too well who they were and why they were here.

Paulie said, "I've seen you with her at my Café. Now we want her. We want the blonde dog fucker!"

"I don't know who you're talking about. Half my friends are blonde, for fuck sakes," Monica said.

Spiros looked at her bag, "Oh, you know otherwise, why else would you be packing some supplies so quickly. You're not planning to skip town with her now. Leaving town would be rude after we just found that gorgeous piece of ass."

"What I'm doing doesn't concern you, mister. Now get out before I scream and my neighbours come running," Monica warned.

Paulie looked at Spiros, and said, "She might be the same, Spiros, imagine two women?"

"Nahh... The other one was gagging for it when she saw the dog. This bitch isn't, but maybe we can use her to test our little theory. What do you think, Paulie?" Spiros said with a wicked grin.

He lunged forward suddenly and grabbed Monica, who tried to duck unsuccessfully. Spiros landed on top of her, and punched her hard in the face making her pass out. He got to his feet quickly, and both began undressing her until she lay naked on the floor.

"Shit, these young college bitches are so hot these days," Paulie said, leering at her naked body and

feeling his cock stiffen.

"The other one has bigger tits, though. OK, let's get to work," Spiros said.

They picked her up and laid her body over a coffee-table face down, and began to use duct tape to fasten her limbs to each leg of the table. They placed a gag over mouth and waited for her to wake. When she finally began squirming against the restraints, Spiros sat naked in front of her to watch her face as he carried out his little experiment. His long, thick cock hard anticipating some wild fucking ahead. When Monica first laid eyes on his cock she began trying to scream through the gag.

"I once heard this tale," Spiros began, "about a place turning women into dog sluts and how they make this pheromone in their pussy that drives any dog wild. The funny thing is, your friend pissed in the toilet at the Café, but she forgot to flush. So now we have her piss, mixed with water, of course, and we're going to see if it has any effect on our dog here."

Spiros nodded to Paulie who stood behind her with a spray bottle in hand. She felt a cold, wet fluid land on her groin, ass and thighs. Knowing its two-day-old-piss from a toilet made her feel sick.

"Don't know if it's working, Spiros," Paulie said disappointedly.

"Keep going," Spiros said, stroking his big cock for her.

Suddenly, she felt something else cold against her and realised it's the foxhound smelling her pussy.

"It's working... Foxy's gettin' a boner," Paulie shrieked excitedly.

The dog suddenly mounted her with its front paws digging into her back, but it had trouble getting its cock inside her. Paulie reached down and grabbed the dogs cock and pushed it deep inside her, making her scream into the gag. "Get the camera, film this shit otherwise she'll tell the cops," Spiros said.

The dog fucked her mercilessly, driven by the scent of Jenny's piss. Paulie would spray Jenny's urine in the dog's face now and then, to drive it wild with lust. To make it fuck Monica harder. She fought every instinct in her body, but felt a powerful orgasm take hold of her and make her body shake hard as it exploded. Making her moan loudly despite being gagged.

Spiros shrieked with happiness, "The bitch likes it, look at how hard she just came."

The knot is growing bigger, and bigger, inside her pussy and the pressure started getting painful as the dog tried to fuck her with it. Eventually it stopped, and she could feel it cumming deep inside her. Another orgasm rolled over her to her surprise. Spiros ripped her gag off and tried to slide his cock in her mouth, but Monica wouldn't let him so he gave up and sat again stroking his cock in readiness for sloppy seconds. Paulie grew bored with waiting, so he pulled the dogs cock out of her cunt making her scream in pain.

"Oh, shut up, bitch, you're giving me a headache," Spiros said, going behind her.

He then slid his cock inside her used pussy, feeling all the dog jizz squirt out onto his balls. He fucked Monica as hard as he could, but given his arousal level, he isn't going to last long before he blows his load. Once he is ready, he withdraws and blows his load on her face while the fat guy started to fuck her too. He didn't last long either, and she felt his sperm squirting inside her pussy only after a few thrusts.

Spiros laughed at his friend, saying, "You're such a fucking dud root, Paulie. The poor girl hardly knew you were there."

"I knew I was there, and that's all I care about. Who gives a fuck if the bitch can feel it or not. Are you becoming one of them stupid feminist bitches, Spiros," Paulie said, picking up Monica's shirt they had ripped off and wiped his cock on it.

Spiros laughed. "Never... Let's get dressed," Spiros said, and they did.

"So what do we do with her now?" Paulie asked.

"Watch," Spiros said. He sat in the chair again holding her driver's license in his hand. "Listen, Err... Monica... I want you to know we have filmed our foxhound fucking you, so if you go to the cops I'll have it sent to all your family and friends."

Monica spat at him, then asked, "Why have you done this? Are you mad or something? You'll never get away with it?"

"Look, all we want is the blonde bitch. You give her to us, and we'll give you the video. All you have to do is tell us where we can get her. You'll never see her again, and your reputation stays intact."

Monica glared at him.

"Anyway, think about it," Spiros said. "I'll leave a card here with a mobile number on it and you can call us when you are ready to make the deal. But don't leave it too long, or a certain Dan Collins will be watching you and Foxy by the weekend," Spiros said, and smiled at her.

"You fucking bastard," Monica screamed at him.

"Hey, you're the one who had those orgasms while Foxy fucked you," he said, and laughed.

He pulled a knife from his pocket and extended the blade. Leaning forward, he held the knife to her face, making her fearful. He laughed again at her, then used the knife to cut one hand free.

Standing, he said, "Come on, Paulie, we'll leave this bitch to get us our money-maker."

They left with the foxhound in tow.

I'll never give you my friend, you bastards, Monica thought angrily as she freed herself.

After Monica freed herself from her bonds, she sat for a moment and sobbed in despair at what had happened to her. She'd never turn over Jenny to those men, even if they did send footage to everyone she knew. Once people understood she's been raped, the tide would soon change for those two creeps. In fact, she had an idea, so she went to the phone and began dialling the cop she had met in Jenny's hospital room.

She explained to Cop what happened to her, and told him they had recorded it, so if he acted quickly he'd get an arrest. She told him who they were, where he would find them, and even gave him the cell number Spiros had left. The cop asked her to go to the hospital and get a rape assessment done, so they could do DNA tests. Monica agreed. He told her a cop would meet her there and take a statement.

Those bastards made a huge mistake doing this to me, she thought. Although she wouldn't allow Jenny to get involved, she's strong enough to take the heat on her own. The important thing is

getting Jenny to a safe place while they resolve the curse. She put the clothes she's wearing when the Greeks attacked her into a plastic bag, and put on a clean bathrobe to protect the evidence on her body. Monica also got some clean clothes to change into once the Doctors were done with her, and set off back to the hospital.

Jenny felt anxious because it had literally been hours since Monica left her and she still had not returned. What made it worse is she wasn't answering her phone as well, so she began to really worry something bad had happened to her. The clock in her room hit eight-thirty pm, and suddenly the door burst open and in walked Monica looking pale and sweaty.

"Where have you been?" Jenny asked, concerned.

"I had a run in with those two Greek men at home, and I had to make a report to the Police about it," Monica said, trying to sound cheerful but failing miserably.

"No! Please, Mon, tell me they didn't..." Jenny said, truly mortified.

"They did. They made me fuck a dog too, so at least I know what you're going through, eh?"

Monica smiled awkwardly at her attempt at humour. Jenny started crying, saying loudly, "No, please God, no!"

Monica grabbed her friend in a firm hug. "Don't fret, Jen, I told the cops all about it, so they'll be spending several years in jail for being assholes. But now I have to get you out of here! Come on, get dressed and let's go, those guys are still on the large," Monica said seriously.

As Jenny climbed out of bed, she asked, "Have you found us a place to stay?"

Monica nodded. "It's all arranged."

The motel room looked nothing special, the decor seemed basic, dated, and grubby in a cheap motel way. The girls didn't mind, considering all they had been through lately it kind of felt homely for them. They sat under the shower holding each other, crying on and off as the memories of how they had been ravished by man and beast ripped their spirits. Eventually, they laid on the double bed drinking scotch and getting drunk. To Jenny's surprise, Monica had a rather weird question for her.

She asked, "Jen, do you enjoy it? With the dogs, you like it, right?"

Jenny thought for a moment, and said, "When it's happening, I do. God, I've never had orgasms like that in my life. At the start I felt horrid after it, like really bad guilt and shame. But lately I'm reliving it, and getting excited by it. This curse is changing me, Mon, just as Tricia said it would."

"When the Foxhound was fucking me, I had a badass orgasm! Can you believe it? I still don't know how," Monica said.

"How badass? Better than Dan?"

"Oh... Don't be gross," Monica said, and they laughed loudly.

After they settled, and the room became silent, she whispered, "Way better than Dan."

They broke out in drunken laughter again. "Who'd a thought we'd be both getting off on dog cock. It's a fucked up world," Jenny said, toasting.

Monica sat up with a serious look on her face. "We could enjoy it while we can," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well... We get a dog for fun and take turns on it. No one would have to know."

Jenny's face grew dark, and she frowned deeply. "You sound like Fred," she said.

Monica hit her hand on her head. "Oh shit, I'm so sorry, Jen. You'd think I'd have learned after being raped. I'm such a stupid bitch."

"Hey... If you wanna fuck dogs go for it, Mon," Jenny said clasping her arm affectionately. There's women who get off on this shit, I've seen it online. But until we resolve this curse, let's not tempt fate."

Monica sighed deeply, feeling ashamed of how creepy she had sounded. "Yeah... You're right. I'm sorry, Jen."

Jenny smiled at her friend. "This demon screws with your mind, so neither of us may not be thinking clearly, you know. Once it's done, if you still want sex with a dog, it's your choice, and not something pushed on you by a demon. OK?" Jenny said calmly.

"You're such a good friend, Jen. I'm lucky to have you," Monica said.

She leaned down and kissed Jenny on the lips sliding her tongue inside her mouth. Jenny kissed her back, pulling her down on her. They kissed deeply for around fifteen minutes working their robes open so their naked flesh touched. Hands caressed necks, breasts and inner thighs in the tease of foreplay. Monica worked her way along Jenny's body and before long began licking Jenny's pussy, thinking of all the dog cock that had used this pussy made her feel so horny. Jenny's wetness amazed Monica, and she greedily lapped as if she's one of those many dogs driven mad by the pheromone she excreted.

They heard a loud bang at the door which startled them, making them jump. Monica walked to the door and looked through the peep hole. Jenny asked, "Can you see anything?"

Monica shook her head, saying, "Nothing."

She unlocked the door and slowly opened it a bit to look out. Suddenly, three Chihuahua dogs came bursting into the room and immediately jumped up on the bed all over Jenny. "What the fuck?" Monica said, surprised.

Monica's momentary hesitation was all the dogs needed, as she watched her friend open her legs and the dogs began licking her pussy in lustful abandon. Jenny arched her back, and her body quivered as the dog's playful tongues explored her groin.

Monica shut the door, locked it, took off her robe and lay next to Jenny on the bed, hoping they would lick her too. One of the dogs sniffed her, and tentatively licked her pussy, but they were mostly keen on Jenny, which frustrated her. So she reached over and rubbed her hand all over Jenny's pussy and rubbed the wetness on her. One of the dogs began working her over when it smelt the pheromone on Monica's pussy.

Both women were really getting into it, when suddenly one of the small dogs mounted Jenny and started fucking her. The other dogs turned to Monica, who didn't mind, and one started fucking her as well. The last dog upset to be missing out eventually sniffed Jenny's pussy juices on Monica's mouth, and to her surprise it mounted her face and started fucking her mouth.

She took it too, and sucked the Chihuahua dogs cock, greedily swallowing its precum. Jenny orgasmed repeatedly in wild spasms, but Monica had to admit the dog fucking her isn't giving her the same feeling, though Monica could not believe how wicked she felt. The dog fucking her mouth suddenly let loose its load of cum, and the large amount and strange taste made her gag.

Still, she swallowed all she could until the dog got off and lay on the bed and started licking its dick. The other dogs were cumming too, and Jenny again came with a scream of ecstasy as the dog jism exploded against her cervix. Monica had resorted to rubbing her clit, and brought herself off with a nice orgasm too, but she knew it wasn't like Jenny's.

Monica pulled the dog out of her pussy, and carried it and the one she blew to the door, and put them outside. Then she removed the Chihuahua dog which had its cock in Jenny's pussy and laid it on the bed. She first licked the dogs cock, as she wanted to taste Jenny on it, and after she had finished she put it outside too. Returning to Jenny, who lay on the bed staring blankly at the ceiling, Monica knelt and proceeded to lick out all the dog cum from her pussy. Jenny stayed in a haze for a while due to the curse, so Monica covered her with a blanket once she's done eating dog cum from her and sat watching her.

It occurred to Monica having the curse meant the orgasms are very intense, and even a small toy dog could drive Jenny to those heights. *The Chihuahua fucked me felt nice, but hardly an earth-shattering orgasm*, she thought. Jenny is cumming so hard, so many times Monica felt a pang of envy again, and shook it from her mind.

Eventually, Jenny sat up. Looking around, she asked, "What the fuck happened?"

"That noise was three Chihuahua dogs at the door. They got in sorry, but I put them outside now so it's all over," Monica said.

"One fucked me," Jenny said.

"Yeah, there were three of them," Monica said. Jenny suddenly rolled over and pinned Monica to the bed. "What are you doing?" Monica protested.

Jenny ignored her, and stuck a finger inside her friend's pussy, and pulled it out. She put it in her mouth and tasted it. "You were fucked too, you slut," Jenny said, screwing up her nose.

Monica pushed her off, rolled off the bed and landed on the floor puffing and panting. "Well, why should you have all the fun?"

"Mon, I don't have a choice, you do. You're supposed to be protecting me, not using me for your pleasure. You're as bad as old Fred and those Greek guys," Jenny said, her face flushing red.

"No, I'm not... I didn't plan it... You're pussy smell brought them here, and it made them fuck me too," Monica said, with a well-pronounced pout.

"What do you mean?" Jenny jumped from the bed and grabbed Monica by the scruff of the neck. "Explain yourself!"

Monica went pale and her body trembled. She said shamefully, "By smearing my pussy with your pheromone, the dogs fucked me just as they do you. It's how those men got the Foxhound to fuck me by spraying your piss on me. The pheromone you secrete is what makes these dogs go mad with lust."

Jenny let go feeling disgusted by what she heard. "Mon, what the fuck is happening to you? The old Mon I knew would never want to fuck a dog, this isn't you," Jenny screamed at her.

Monica started sobbing into her hands, she looked at Jenny, and said, "What is happening to me, Jen? I have these feelings and desires growing in me I never thought possible. But I'm not cursed like you, why should it affect me like this?"

Jenny sat beside her and held her close. "It's the presence of the demon spirit, he's corrupting you, Mon. I think it would be better if maybe you quit helping me, because I don't want to see you become like this."

"No, Jen, I won't leave you to face this alone. You'll fail, you know it and I know it. You're really beginning to love being fucked by these dogs, and considering the amazing orgasms you have during the act, I can understand why. But you cannot face this alone," Monica said, grabbing Jenny's arms and shaking her.

Jenny freed herself and walked to the other side of the bed, saying, "Alright! Alright! But if you keep trying to join in, you won't be able to help me either. No dog sex for you, is that clear?"

Monica nodded. "OK, I'll control myself so we can get this thing done."

"Good. Now let's go to bed, I'm feeling exhausted," Jenny said, climbing into her bed.

Not long after the light went out in room twelve, and while Jenny drifted off to sleep to dream of being fucked by Roller the Great Dane, Monica lay there with voices of evil whispering into her mind. Voices cajoling her, admonishing her, and making her feel as if she were the cursed one, she'd do things much different, much better than her weak friend.

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## Chapter Four

The next morning they sat in a café across the road from the Motel, eating breakfast in silence. The activities of the night before were a little too raw at the moment, but Jenny knew she needed to talk to Monica about it if they were going to succeed in beating this curse. Eventually Jenny said, "Mon, let's forget last night, and start over, eh? I'm tired of feeling as if I just learned you fucked my boyfriend. It's stupid!"

Monica looked at her friend to see if she were serious, and realised Jenny had been taking the piss, and they laughed. "Sorry, Jen, yeah, you're right. We need to find those three dogs fast and take them back to Bitch Hollow."

"Yeah, that's the spirit," Jenny said, however, Monica looked at her suddenly very serious. "What's wrong now?"

"Well, if we're going after these dogs, there's a strong chance you may be fucked today. What do you want me to do about it?"

Jenny thought for a moment, and said, "In all honesty, do nothing. It doesn't hurt me or the dog, and it's better to just let it happen. What you can do is keep watch, and make sure nobody catches us doing it."

Monica rolled her eyes. "Oh great, so you want me to be your dog pimp. This is one fucked up mess, eh?"

Jenny smiled at her friend. "As long as you don't pull that shit you did last night, and join in. Keep it in your pants. Understood?"

Monica replied, raising her hand in a mock 'I swear' gesture, "I promise! No dog sex for Mon."

They left the café and got into Monica's car and started cruising around Ikeman's Park to see if Jenny could spot any of the dogs which fucked her Bitch Hollow. Especially the Black Lab or the German shepherd, who may lead them to another dog, the third head of Cerberus. Jenny tried to remember what happened that night to see if the breed of third dog came to her, but she had no luck.

Suddenly, the car stopped and Monica pointed to a dog on a street corner ahead of them. "A black Labrador," she shouted excitedly.

Jenny picked up her binoculars, looked, and recognised it immediately. "Yes, I think it's him. I think it's *THE* black lab," she said, then smiling at Monica.

"OK, here's what we should do. I should go out there and kind of follow it, while you follow me in the car," Monica said.

"Why should you go out there and follow it?"

"Well, you can't follow it, if it sees you it'll fuck you. Then it'll disappear again, won't it," Monica said coldly. "It'll ignore me."

"OK. OK, you're right, sorry. Better get going before it runs off," Jenny said, and Monica got out of the car and ran up the street toward it.

Jenny's phone rang. Monica said on the phone, "It's ignoring me, so I think we're sweet."

"Keep your distance, though, we just want to see what other dogs it hangs out with," Jenny said.

The black lab meandered around for several hours, not really doing anything other than sniffing stuff and marking its territory. But around lunch time, it had walked a few miles to a large drain where it met several other dogs. The German shepherd, the first dog to fuck her in Bitch Hollow sat beneath some shade panting, so Jenny told Monica down the phone. Three other dogs were present, a British Bulldog, a Rottweiler, and a pit bull terrier.

Jenny felt devastated to think one of these other dogs could be the third dog, because they were all such viscous breeds and it made the situation dangerous. Sure, having a dog fuck you is one thing, but if it attacked you these breeds could do you serious harm, even kill you. Monica came back to the car and got in. Puffing a little, she asked, "Do you think one of those other dogs is the third one?"

Jenny sighed. "I'm not sure. I can remember the sensation of it fucking me, but not the breed," Jenny said throwing her hands up in the air.

"Then you'll have to fuck them one by one, to find out," Monica said seriously.

Jenny looked at her wide-eyed. "Do you know what you're saying?"

"Look Jen, you said the fucking isn't bad. You told me last night you liked it. So why not use this curse to expose the last dog. Use the curse against Cerberus. Hey... Look... The pit bull is wandering off alone, here's our chance," Monica said, pointing to it.

Jenny shivered. "I'm scared, Mon, I mean they're a nasty breed. What if it attacks me?"

"It won't attack you," Monica said followed by a heavy sigh and shaking her head. "It'll smell your pheromone, get horny and fuck you. Now slip your panties off so you can present yourself more easily."

Jenny obliged sliding her panties down under her dress and taking them off. She started the car and drove five-hundred-metres along the road to where the pit bull terrier stood in an empty lot, sniffing about some rubbish for something to eat. They stopped, and looked at the mean dog fearful. They could tell this was a stray, and judging by the scars on its body, and the nips taken from its ears, a nasty dog as well. Jenny got out and walked toward the dog, which suddenly stopped and looked at her. It growled at her to warn her to keep her distance. Jenny lifted her dress and exposed her pussy to it, and suddenly felt a familiar tingle in her pussy, making her squirt the sex pheromone down her leg.

The pit bull waddled over sniffing the air, walking around her a few times. Jenny got on her hands and knees and spread her legs for it, and it came in and began sniffing her wetness. The dog licked her pussy in one big raking movement that sent jolts of pleasure through her body. It licked her more, tasting her pussy inside, and out, while Jenny moaned in pleasure.

The dirty old street dog suddenly bit her arse cheek, pushing its tongue deep inside her pussy. She moaned loudly in pain and pleasure, as it now lapped her blood and her juices. Eventually, it started walking around her snapping at her in frustration and she didn't understand why the dog didn't mount her and fuck her. Jenny looked under the dog to see no boner at all. *Shit, it's neutered*, she thought in horror.

The dog returned to her pussy and continued to lick her like a mad beast, and orgasms ripped through her as a result. However, the poor animal was never going to get any release, and she knew it. This made it dangerous, so she had to get out of there. The suddenly dog walked off for a moment, and pissed on the fence. Jenny took this as her chance to escape and ran for the car. The dog noticing, came after her barking at her to stop, but she made it because Monica had the door open. It jumped up wildly on the car wanting Jenny to come out, but Monica started the car and drove off. It didn't bother to chase them.

Monica, looking at Jenny and the road intermittently, asked, "What the fuck happened out there?"

"The poor old dog was neutered. He couldn't fuck me, and if I didn't leave he would have attacked me out of pure frustration. He has already bitten my arse, the bloody rotten thing," Jenny said.

Monica asked, "Are you OK? Have you had all your shots?"

"Yeah, I'll live, and I've had my shots."

Monica snorted and laughed for a moment. "What about distemper or mange?" She asked and laughed again.



Jenny crossed her arms and pouted. "Oh hardy, har-har," she said in an exaggerated voice.

Monica pulled the car over where they could see the other dogs still mucking about. Jenny looked out her window at the dogs and felt her heart sink. "Well, we've ruled out one dog, two more to go," Monica said, taking her hand and making Jenny look at her with a frown.

"You're taking this pimp thing seriously, aren't you?"

Monica shrugged. "I know this is hard, but we gotta push on. Hey..." she shouted, pointing past Jenny, who turned to look in the direction of Monica's finger. "The bulldog is heading off. Let's follow it."

"God, I hope this one can fuck. I felt really disappointed the old pit bull couldn't fuck me. Jesus, do you hear me? Hear what I'm becoming?" Jenny said, wrinkling her nose.

"Don't worry, I have a good feeling about this one. His balls look enormous," Monica said, and winked at her.

They followed the dog in the car, and it took them to another park on this side of town called Martin's park, which had lots of bushes to hide in while they watched the bulldog. Jenny ran into the park and hid in some bushes while Monica tried to corral the dog toward her. The Bulldog finally broke through the bushes to where Jenny waited to find her with her dress up to her waist rubbing her pussy. Masturbating in a public park is risky, but Jenny thought the smell of her pussy would bring it to her far quicker than Monica's efforts. The risk being that masturbating could attract every other dog in the park close enough to smell her too. At least she hoped it would.

The bulldog began sniffing the air, and came lumbering to her and sniffed her wet pussy. Like the other dogs, it didn't take long for it to start licking her. It probably smelt the pit bull on her too. *But, hey, I'm a slut so what does the dog expect*, she thought. The Bulldog licked her juices like a thirsty man lost in the desert would drink a glass of water. Its tongue felt so good, and each orgasm he brought her made her squirt more juice in its face making it lick her harder. The dog lapped her pussy so fierce, its teeth often raked her clit sending thunderous climaxes through her body.

Finally, she could take it no longer and rolled to her knees, sticking her pussy up in the air for it. To her surprise, a large dog cock slid deep inside her making her gasp and moan. It pumped her hard, filling her pussy full of its meaty goodness. Her body quivered and shook as she moaned in pleasure until she started orgasming again, and again, as the curse took hold of her. This dog amazed her, it pumped her solid for twenty-five minutes before its knot grew too big to fuck anymore. Jenny had so many toe curling orgasms she lost count. She laid their glowing at feeling its cum fill her insides, and after what seemed another age the dog pulled its cock out, and she rolled to let it lick her again.

It lapped all his cum as it squirted from her pussy, bringing her to several more climaxes in the process. After an hour, the dog wandered off now bored with its play thing. Jenny lay there feeling she just had the best fuck of her life. Better than Roller even whose huge cock she dreamed about. Monica had been watching eagerly getting very wet herself at the sight of her friends' wild sex with the Bulldog. She walked into the clearing as Jenny lay there half nude in a post coital glow.

She asked, "Was it the one?"

"Uh? Oh... No, it wasn't him. But my god, I think I'm in love. Why can't guys fuck like that? I could fuck that bulldog all day, every day of the week," she said her face glowing in the shade.

"Come on, pull yourself together. We've got one more dog to check out, if it's still around," Monica

said holding out her hand.

Jenny took it and pulled herself up, feeling her head spin a little. "I think I really am in love," she said blushing.

Monica giggled. "Come on, girlfriend, get your head in the game. You can't fall in love with every stray you fuck," Monica said sarcastically.

"Speak for yourself," Jenny joked.

Suddenly a very hairy old English Sheep dog burst into the clearing putting its head up Jenny's dress and lapping her pussy, which started spraying pheromones almost immediately. Monica sighed. "Here we go again." She ran out to look for its owner, who seemed a portly sixty-something man calling for his dog. Monica went to him, and asked, "Did you lose your dog, Mister?"

"Yeah, an old English sheep dog, have you seen him?"

He smiled at Monica, almost leering at her. "Oh, I love those dogs," Monica said sweetly, grabbing his arm. "Can I help you look for him? I think I saw one down there in those trees."

"Sure, let's go, his name is Bean. My name is Joe," he said nicely, as they walked in the opposite direction of Jenny and Bean fucking in the bushes.

"I'm Julie, nice to meet you," she said sweetly. Then Monica faked a slip and Joe caught her, so she gushed, "Oh you're so strong. I have a weakness for strong men." *This guy would have to a complete moron if he falls for this*, Monica thought.

"Oh really, well I have a weakness for pretty women," Joe said.

Monica knew she would be able to keep this guy distracted while Jenny did her thing with his dog. *Talk about taking one for the team*, she thought.

"Are you sure he's down here," Joe asked as he helped to her feet again. "I looked already and didn't see him."

He looked over at Monica and she saw the glint of desire in his eyes. She walked toward a copse of tall trees, hoping for some shelter and privacy. The thick branches of the pines spread above them, creating a space which seemed strangely intimate. The air smelled of pine resin and earth, a seductive perfume. Joe called out for his dog several times, and Monica joked, "This is where you find a lost dog, they love trees."

"True, Bean pisses on everything, but trees are his favourite," Joe said, looking around to see if they were alone. He reached out, pushing a lock of hair away from her eyes. "Ah, but Julie," he said. His fingertips grazed her temple as he tucked the stray hair behind her ear, and she froze wishing Jenny would appear and rescue her. "You're a beautiful young woman."

She stayed frozen for a second, her heart beating faster. He tucked another strand of her black hair behind her ear, and slid his hand down her cheek and under her chin, holding her face gently as his eyes searched hers. Monica had no doubts about his intentions, they were plain on his face. "To me, there's nothing more attractive than a thoughtful young woman." He looked at her, his face serious, and she looked briefly past him, hoping to see Jenny or the dog.

He kissed her once very softly, and as he drew back, looking for her response. They kissed slowly

and carefully, while she wondered how far she'd have to go so Jenny could get her kicks. His mouth felt warm and soft against hers, so gentle it made her feel like she'd never been kissed like. His kiss, nothing like other kisses she'd had, his experience obvious. His hand grasped her breast. His fingers flexed immediately and he studied her face for a moment, clearly surprised she isn't warding off his advances.

*Hurry, Jen, you bitch*, Monica thought, as she kissed the old man again. His hand resting on her breast. He pressed himself against her body, dropping his mouth to her neck. She feels the sudden solidity of a tree trunk behind her back, and the searing heat of his tongue on her cool skin. "You taste good," he murmured, as he kissed her throat. "Soft and clean."

She feels the pressure of his lips against her skin, the throb of her pulse beneath it, and couldn't help but moan. This man knew how to treat a woman. His fingers stroked her breast, sending ripples of pleasure through her whole body. His other hand slid down her hip, gathering the fabric of her dress, until he could move his hand beneath the hem. As his hand made its way between her thighs, Monica had a moment of panic. *Where the hell are you, Jenny*, she screamed in her mind?

His fingers moved between her thighs and curved around her pussy, as his fingers slid over the gussets, pressing up against her, she feels a familiar twinge of pleasure. He stroked for a few seconds, while his mouth continued to explore her neck and throat, trailing kisses. She jumped when he bent his fingers, applying pressure, and she slid down, pressing herself even harder against his hand in the process. Monica squealed, partly from surprise, but more from the sudden streak of pleasure zipping through her.

"I've got you," Joe said, as both hands moved to catch her. He straightened, holding her by the waist, and looked at her. He lifted her arms and positioned them to wrap around his neck. "Hold on to me."

He knitted her fingers at the back of his neck, as his hand drew her dress up again. Once more she feels the heat and pressure of his hand, and realised he's slipping fingers inside her panties. A moment later, his finger slid over her vulva and she gasped at the sensation making her head swim. He stroked slowly, without slipping between her vulvas, watching her face. His finger dipped inside and continued stroking lightly, teasingly enough, she found herself moving her hips in response, unconsciously trying to direct his touch.

"God, you're wet," he said.

As she leaned against him, she became aware of the cool breeze blowing through the trees, and the motion of his hand as he moved it to the front of his trousers. He shifted his body slightly, but kept one arm tight around her shoulders. His erection plainly visible, its length clearly defined as it strained against his pants. She watched as he undid the button and pushed the zipper down. His cock strained at the fabric, in a few seconds he had freed it and held it, his fingers around the shaft, and began to stroke it slowly.

*JENNY*, Monica shouted in her head!

"Take your dress off for me," he said.

He let his arm drop from her shoulders and stepped back, his eyes flicking from her face to her chest. Her fingers trembled as she grabbed the hem of her dress and began lifting it over her head. Joe is patient, his hand moving leisurely over his erection as he waited. She threw her dress on the ground. The fastener for her bra is in the back, so she drew the stretchy material down and under her breasts, exposing them to Joe's focused stare. His face very serious, but a small smile turned the

corners of his mouth, and he sighed. "Gorgeous," he said in a whisper.

He ran a hand slowly over her breasts and down between them. He placed her hand around his thick, long cock and had her stroke him slowly. She let him kiss her, slightly passive, as he stroked her breasts, and she focused on varying her strokes.

Joe suddenly pushed her to her knees, grabbed her head in his hands, and brought the tip of his cock to her lips, dragging it across them. "Go on, slut," he moaned, "This is why you brought me here, isn't it?"

She flicked her tongue out and tasted him, salty and earthy, and continued to paint her lips with his precum. As she took him into her mouth she thought, *you owe me big time for this, Jenny*. Monica stroked the length of him with her hand as she sucked the head. He sighed appreciatively and grasped the branch of the tree just beside him for support. She gently drew the fabric of his trousers away from his scrotum, slid her fingers beneath, and cupped his balls in her hand. Joe let out another sigh from above her and his hips surged forward, forcefully pushing his cock into her mouth.

She looked up at Joe, her mouth full of his cock, his balls in her hands, and noticed the mean glint in his eyes. "You young women today," he said as he watched her suck him. "When I was a young man women knew how to act in public. Not today, you young sluts'll fuck anything with a cock these days." He suddenly laughed harshly. "Shit, I bet you'd even let Bean fuck you."

His comments made her angry, and the temptation to bite his cock became intense. However, she steeled herself. *I'm not doing this for you, or me*, she said to Joe in her mind. *I'm doing this to help my friend, something you'd never understand, you dick*.

Joe's hands were on either side of her head, holding her as she bobbed forward and back. His grip tightened, and loosened as his arousal surged. She could tell he is getting closer to cumming, as his breathing grew harsher and he began thrusting forward, pushing himself into her mouth. Monica let go of his balls and hung onto his the back of his legs, letting him have control.

"I'm going to cum, Julie," he said.

His hips rocked more quickly, as he repeated it, almost chanting, sometimes with desperation, sometimes with admiration. His eyes were wild and his face showed the strain. She closed her eyes for a minute to let his excited voice and ragged breathing fill her head. Monica vaguely feels the cool breeze, the spongy ground under her knees, and the goose bumps over her skin, but mostly she feels Joe's thick cock fucking her mouth.

"I'm cumming," he said suddenly.

He released her head from his grip and stepped back, taking his erection in a tight fist. He started pumping fast while she watched mesmerised by the sight. Thick ropes of white semen erupted from his cock and landed on her face and chest in a sticky mess. "Oh God..." he moaned, "Oh God... Julie."

Monica could see him quivering, his cock twitch and throb as he climaxed, his body tensing before each spurt of cum, as if it were in slow motion. He swore, panted, and grasped her face in his hands, and rubbed his dick on her face smearing his cum all over. She looked up at him, at the exhausted expression on his face, and hated him.

"Christ, girl," he said, still panting, "Wow!"

A fear crept over her that he'd want to fuck her now. *Where are you, Jenny*, she asked herself? As

Joe caught his breath, a deep sounding dog's barking sounded from behind them. The bark sounded as if it were coming from across the park. Joe poked his head out from behind the tree, recognising the bark. "Shit, it's Bean. Well, I guess this ends our playtime, Julie," he said, stuffing his cock away.

Without saying anything further, not even thanks for the head job, he walked off toward the barking dog leaving her alone. "You fucking old cunt," Monica said under her breath and began to clean herself and get dressed. As she left the trees she spotted Jenny running across the park toward the car. Monica sighed, and followed.

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Monica climbed into the car to find Jenny wiping herself with some wet-wipes they had in the glove compartment. Jenny looked at her and noticed her downturned mouth, and gruff expression. Concerned, she asked, "Are you OK? Did that guy give you a hard time?"

Monica sat, pulled her keys out of her pocket and placed them in the ignition slot. She sighed. *He treated me like a common whore*, she thought bitterly. "I'm OK. The old guy was a creep, but if he'd caught you fucking Bean it would've been worse."

"Bean?"

Monica smiled coldly. "The old English sheepdog was called Bean."

"Oh, I see."

"How about you? Are you OK?" Monica asked.

Jenny broke out into a broad smile, nodding. "I've never had such great sex."

Monica frowned, jerking her head back as she did violently rolling her shoulders as if her dress is causing discomfort. "Great sex... *WITH DOGS!*" Jenny blushed deeply, realising how she sounded. Her head suddenly dropped, and she closed her eyes tightly, trying to hold back her tears. Monica reached across and grabbed her leg, saying, "I'm sorry, Jen, but we need to keep it real."

Jenny's eyes filled with tears. "I know... I'm sorry too, Mon, this curse is getting to me. Turning me into a complete dog slut and I can't seem to stop it," she said.

"Try to remember the old Jen, what she's like. Think of her, keep in your mind what you're fighting for."

"It's getting harder to even remember what my life was like before the curse. All I can think about is dogs, and what they'll do to me," Jenny said, she covered her face with her hands and started sobbing.

"It's the fucking demon, Jen, it's not you."

"Yeah, I know," Jenny said, wiping her eyes.

"OK, we still have to find the third dog. Are you up for it?"

Jenny nodded. Monica smiled at her and started the car. They drove back to drain culvert where they were earlier in the day.

When the girls returned to the drain culvert the other dogs were gone, and they couldn't find them

again. So they decided to head back toward Ikeman's Park to see if any of them had gone there. They staked out the place for hours with Monica inside the park, and Jenny in the car looking through binoculars. Darkness began to fall and Jenny wanted to stop as she feels hungry, but Monica didn't want to give up. "The next full moon isn't far away, Jen," she would say to keep Jenny's mind on the job.

However, they were getting tired, eventually going back to the motel and ordered some pizza to be delivered. As they ate, Monica assured Jenny they'd find the third dog tomorrow.

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Chapter Five

Over the next five days they could not find the three dogs again, with only a few near misses with similar looking dogs from the same breeds. Some funny incidents did occur though, one time Jenny got fucked by a black Labrador which was a guide dog for its poor blind owner. So much for the guide dog training, because once the dog caught a whiff of Jenny's pussy it left the blind man to fend for himself while he fucked Jenny stupid. The blind man tried vainly to feel for the dog, calling its name, and it looked very comical. Monica had to laugh at the absurdity of the situation. She went and distracted the man while Jenny got her freak on.

Another time they spotted a German shepherd Jenny thought looked like her one, unfortunately it was a Police Dog involved in trying to catch a criminal who just robbed a nearby convenience store. The cop searched frantically for the dog, blowing a whistle and calling for it while it fucked Jenny behind a high brick wall. Monica really felt frightened they'd be caught, so once the dog stopped fucking she pulled the dog off Jenny before the knot had shrunk. If she hadn't, then the cop would've surely caught them in the act. She overheard the cop's reunion with the dog and when he discovered the dog still had a big boner dangling down between his legs he laughed loudly.

"Ah, so while we've been working our arses off out here," the cop said loudly, "You've been fucking some dirty bitch's arse off in the bushes, eh? Looks like it's back to training school, Duke."

On another occasion, they thought they'd spotted the German shepherd again, and set off after it only to come across a dog walker with eight big dogs. The dogs, upon catching Jenny's scent burst loose from the walker, and ran after Jenny with leashes dangling behind. Monica knew Jenny had no hope as the alley they ducked into to hide turned out to be a dead end. She had to think fast. Eight dogs are going to take Jenny awhile, so she turned and ran toward the dog walker.

She grabbed his arm as he went past, forcing him to stop. The man raised one eyebrow and gave her a glassy stare. "Hey, lady, let go I have to catch them dogs or I'm screwed."

"It's OK," Monica said sweetly. "The alley is a dead-end, and they can't go anywhere. Besides my friends down there with them, keeping them company. She'll bring them out shortly."

The man seemed to relax. "'Cool, thanks. You've no idea what would happen to me if anything bad happened to those dogs."

He wiped some sweat from his forehead. Monica laughed, and said, "Oh? Who owns them? The Mob or something?"

"Close enough," the man said with a grimace.

The man looked early-thirties, dark hair, and had a Latino complexion. He looked average height, with a solid build, but not overweight. Monica fluttered her eyebrows and smiled seductively at him. "How does a cute guy like you end up walking dogs for the mob?"

The man smiled nice white teeth. "Just lucky, I guess." He looked down the alley with a frown. "Are you sure it's a dead-end?"

"Yeah, you don't have to worry. Besides, isn't it nicer talking to me than a bunch of filthy dogs?"

He looked at her again, scanned her body openly. "Sure, you're much nicer than walking dogs."

Monica didn't know why or how, but she knew when Jenny is in the grip of the curse, meaning getting her pussy fucked by a dog, it seemed to have a residual effect around her. Sexual arousal seemed to filter out from Jenny and infect others nearby without them knowing. Something which helped Monica keep stranger's distracted while Jenny is under the power of the curse. She had taken to wearing short skirts and tight tops that accentuated her nice breasts and figure, as taking one for the team had become a regular part of her job.

"So... You think I'm hot?" Monica asked, blushing slightly and feeling a warmth flooding her body. "What would you do with me if you had the chance?"

The man snorted loudly. "Are you one of Leroy's girls, or maybe..." he scanned her again, "Big Mike's."

Monica shook her head. "I ain't no street bitch," she said, screwing her nose at him.

The gang-banger suddenly grabbed her wrist forcefully bending it until she squealed in pain. "What's your game, slut? You tryin' to play me?"

"You know what I want," Monica said.

The man laughed at her coldly, and pulled her suddenly behind a dumpster. Monica resisted just enough to further inflame the man. He pushed her into the wall, saying, "So it's gonna be like that, eh?" He undid his pants and let them fall, leaving his underpants with a large outline of cock straining against the fabric. "Come on, you nasty slut, come get what you want."

Monica fell to her knees and grabbed the hem of his underpants and pulled them down. The Latino man's cock sprung out, hitting her on the cheek as she did. He had a big cock, maybe eight or nine inches, and very thick. The thickness is what surprised her, making the head of his cock look somehow small, by comparison. She wrapped a hand around it and began to stroke the big cock while leaning in to suck and lick the head.

"Oo... You like that cock, don't you bitch," the man moaned. "No teeth, slut."

Monica looked into his eyes, mouth full of his cock, and nodded. To her surprise, his cock and precum tasted as delicious as it looked and she found herself getting wet. She gently rolled his golf-ball size testicles in her hand while sucking on his shaft.

"Oh yeah, you definitely one of Big Mike's bitches, they know how to suck cock and mean it," the gang-banger said. "There's enough cum in those balls to make you spit out Latina babies until your ovaries go dry."

To Monica's dismay, his penis became larger as she caressed it. She couldn't believe the size. Erect, only the head of the gang-banger's shaft fit her mouth. The gang-banger instructed her how to work his cock with her hands while running her tongue and mouth along it. She had no choice but to comply with his demands for her friend. Monica told herself this anyway. Her rings sparkled on her fingers as she gracefully tugged on his caramel coloured appendage. It twitched, startling her slightly. She held the man's shaft in her hands, with length to spare.

The gang-banger feels as if he's about to cum, and says, "Makes sure ya swallow, bitch."

Monica didn't want to swallow the nasty, white cream spurting into her mouth, but the gang-banger prevented her from pulling away. After the first couple of mouthfuls, he could tell the taste became less distasteful to her by the way she started gulping it. The gang-banger released his hold and she continued milking and swallowing the last drop of cum from his cock. When cum eventually stopped flowing, Monica pulled her mouth away, leaving a thread of cum momentarily spanning from his cock to her lips, like a web of a spider. She noticed the time, not nearly enough for Jenny to be finished with eight dogs.

The gang-banger pulled his pants up, so in a panic, Monica asked, "Is that all you're good for? A two-minute blowjob, you disappoint me."

His pants dropped again, he grabbed her wrists and pulled her to her feet. "Oh, you not satisfied? Eh?"

Monica didn't back off. "I just thought you were more of a man," she said in the most demeaning tone she could manage given her fear.

He suddenly pushed her into the wall face first, and before she knew what is happening he had pulled her panties down. The gang-banger dropped to his knees and spread her arse cheeks looking at her anus and pussy from behind. "Let's see what nastiness you got hiding down here," he said, and stuck his tongue in her arse.

Monica squirmed at his rimming, and felt fingers slide inside her pussy, slippery against her wetness. The man moaned satisfied he had her right where he wanted her, shoving fingers in her arse so both holes were getting fingered. Monica thrust against his finger fucking, moaning quietly as she spotted people and cars going past the end of the alley. She heard barking from behind, and prayed Jenny would soon be done. The gang-banger removed his fingers and shoved them in her mouth, she sucked on them.

"Yeah... Taste your nastiness, slut," the gang-banger said.

His free hand grabbed his big cock and aimed it into her pussy, holding it against the opening. Then grabbing her shoulders with both hands, he thrust deep inside her in one go. Monica began to squeal, and he quickly grabbed her mouth to silence her. Once he had impaled her with its full length, his balls touching her, he paused to allow her to get used to him.

"I bet you ain't ever had a cock like this before, eh, slut?"

Monica shook her head, and heard his self-satisfied laugh as a result. He began slowly grinding against her, stretching her beyond anything she'd known, feeling her warm tightness wrap around him. As he thrust harder inside her, she felt her legs go weak, her stomach tighten, and her clitoris get inflamed. She couldn't help herself but feel pleasure at the friction this thick cock provided. It rubbed and pushed her in ways she had never known. She soon became lost in the sensations which overwhelmed her. His thickness and roughness, the growing heat inside her body, and the

intoxicating grunts of his manliness as he worked his massive cock in her. Suddenly, in the haze of lust and pleasure, a quiet voice whispered in her mind, *imagine continuously fucking cocks like this, only bigger. Filling you, and giving you such pleasure you never knew existed?*

"Yes," Monica moaned.

Do you want all that cock? Can you handle it, the voice asked?

"Yes!" She moaned again.

She looked behind and got startled as the gang-banger no longer stood there. He was there a moment ago his Latino face etched with deep concentration and some sweat. No, now stood a big black dog pummelled her pussy with its huge red cock. The dog's tongue hanging languidly at the side of its mouth surrounded by spittle with a faraway look in its eyes. The dog's head is turned to the side, and its legs wrapped around her tightly. The cock of this animal stretching her, absorbing her almost. The pleasure she feels from this big animal filling her body with a heat that began to burn at her, pushing her to the limits. Monica begins to thrash under it, but that cock had taken her over. Noticing a strange reflection in a puddle on the ground, she turns to look over her other shoulder. The huge dog which had to be the size of a horse at least didn't have one head, it had three. Each head showing great pleasure from the experience, licking their lips, and panting a breath that smells of sulphur and death.

She closed her eyes and let loose a primal scream, "Nooooooooo!"

The gang-banger grabbed her waist to hold her, "Oh yes! You wanted it, now shut the fuck up and take it like a slut."

Monica looked again to see only the gang-banger, pounding her hard now, and making his balls slap her pussy. She couldn't help herself anymore and came hard, her body shaking and twitching in orgasmic delight. The gang-banger shouted, "Woo hoo, ride 'em cowboy!"

He then grabbed her waist again, tensed over her, and shot his load deep inside her pussy. He grunted and groaned as he unloaded inside her. After a few moments, he pulled out. Stepping back, panting, and groaning as he did. "Dang, girl, you're fucking wild," he said, slapping her arse. Monica sat on the concrete, trying to catch her breath and make sense of what happened to her. The gang-banger keeps talking, but she didn't really listen or care about what he said. The memory of the three-headed dog fucking her is all she could think about.

Suddenly, the loud voice of a man shouting down the alley made her and the gang-banger jump. A loud crashing sound soon followed and several dogs ran out of the alley past the two and down the street. "Shit," the gang-banger said, and ran after them.

Monica collected herself and stood, despite her legs feeling wobbly, and after pulling her panties up, she dashed down the alley to find Jenny. She passed an older bald man in a chef's uniform trying to keep a couple of Dobermans from eating something. The man shouted at them, and threw stuff at them. Around a corner, she found Jenny behind a dumpster with a Boxer standing with its arse to her. The dogs' thick red cock stuck in her pussy.

"I'm sorry, Jen, but we gotta get outta here," Monica said, and grabbed the cock and pulled it out.

Jenny moaned in pain, and dog cum ran out of her pussy like a tap once the pressure had been released. Monica grabbed her and dragged her to her feet, and they walked out of the alley with the Dobermans following. They wanted Jenny, but Monica got her in the car and drove off, leaving them.

Monica looked at Jenny lying across the back seat, still in a daze with cum dripping from her. She sighed and shook her head. *We had better find this dog soon*, she thought. *I'm not sure we can keep going like this.*

Sunday afternoon they got lucky again, and the two dogs they knew were back near the culvert playing and sniffing about for god knows what. With the two dogs, the black lab and the German shepherd, a big Rottweiler pranced around clearly the alpha male of the pack. The girls sat in the car watching them, and waiting for the Rottweiler to wander away from the others. They had to make sure this dog is the other head of Cerberus, and to know for sure Jenny had to fuck it. At least that's the theory anyway, but Monica could tell Jenny is getting too eager to fulfil her duties as a bitch in-heat. She no longer complained about it, and seemed to look forward to her encounters.

"Maybe I should just go down there and let all three of them do me," Jenny said, feeling horny.

"Don't be daft. We're dealing with a demon here, not just some stray dogs. I have a funny feeling when they're together they might be very dangerous. No, we'll approach it while it's away from the other two, which'll be safer," Monica said hopefully.

"Since when have you become the expert?"

Monica shrugged. "I've been talking to Tricia on the phone while you've been getting your freak on with every dog we come across. She thinks our plan is sound."

"Oh, and why haven't you told me about this," Jenny asked, surprised, given how Monica abused Tricia when they first met face to face.

"Sorry, I forgot. Hey... Look, I think it's leaving," Monica said, pointing.

"Nice way to change the subject, Mon," she said, but looked and sure enough the Rottweiler is heading away from the other two.

As Monica started the car to follow, Jenny suddenly grabbed her arm and squeezed, making her look at her friend. "What?"

"I know you probably think I'm too far gone now to think straight, but I don't want this, Mon. I don't want my life to be like this," Jenny said, tears filling her eyes.

Monica nodded. "I know. I'm doing all I can to beat this thing. I'll never let Cerberus have you, count on it."

"Thanks, I don't know what I'd have done if you hadn't been here."

"Come on, we have to keep going. Are you OK?" Monica asked, leaning to hug her.

"Yeah, I can do it."

Monica started the car and they followed the Rottweiler as long as they could. They eventually stopped and continued on foot. The dog entered the front yard of an old run-down weatherboard house, walking through a battered picket fence and to the backyard. "Perfect," Monica whispered. "Go in there and let it fuck you and we're done."

Jenny grimaced, and shivered. "What if someone is home and catches me?"

"That's what I'm here for, to distract people so they don't catch you."

"OK, but I have a bad feeling about this one. I don't know why, but I feel scared," Jenny said, clutching her arms around her chest.

"Maybe that's a good sign, I think this is the third dog. Now go and confirm it," Monica said as cheerfully as she could muster while slapping Jenny playfully on the bum.

Jenny sighed, and walked into the yard through the hole in the fence after the Rottweiler.

The yard looked overgrown with litter scattered, making it hard to know if any people lived there or not. The place could be abandoned for all she knows. She walks toward the back corner of the house, reminding herself how she met Roller for the first time. Her heart lifted whenever she thought of Roller, to be in love with a dog made her feel ashamed though. She rounded the corner to see the Rottweiler lying on an old mattress on the ground, chewing on a bone.

She cleared her throat, the dog looked at her for a moment, then continued to chew its bone. "How rude," Jenny said, so she got closer.

Once she stood directly in front of the animal, only a few feet from it, it looked at her, but continued to chew on what looked like a lamb shank. Jenny lifted her dress to show it her pussy, it looked at it and lick its lips, which seemed encouraging until it returned to its bone again. Suddenly, she felt a familiar tingle and wetness dribbled down her thigh filling the air with the smell of her heat. However, the Rottweiler didn't budge.

She reached down with her hands, grabbed her pussy lips, and pulled them apart to flash the inside of her cunt at the dog. Bending her legs and arching her back as she did to make sure it had a real good look up her. The Rottweiler looked, and licked its lips, and returned to chewing the bone.

"Are you kidding me," she said, wondering why this animal could resist her.

A cold nose suddenly touched her butt, as another dog had caught her scent and came into the yard. The dog, a black-and-white border Collie, seemed very interested in her pussy and began licking her juices off her thigh. She spread her legs to allow the new dog access, but continued to watch the Rottweiler whom now watched the new dog. Her body quivered as the persistent tongue of the Border Collie doing its work, and she went down on the ground. The Border Collie mounted her, its cock sliding into her pussy with no trouble. She moaned in pleasure as her first hard orgasm shook her, but the dog isn't finished. The Border Collie continued to fuck her, pushing her into the dirt and dog shit lying on the ground around her until its cock grew a decent sized knot and started ejaculating inside her.

After a few minutes of taking it cum, the Rottweiler barked at them and the border Collie pulled its still thick cock out of her, causing her pain. Dog semen ran down her leg, but before she could collect herself, she felt another dog sniffing her from behind and turned to see a Beagle mix breed. The dog looked larger than a pure-bred Beagle, maybe had some Lab in it. But it licked away the semen, and mounted her too. The beagle-mix began fucking her.

Meanwhile, the Rottweiler lay there chewing its bone and watching her. A strange heaviness filled the air, similar to the one she experienced at Bitch Hollow, as the presence of Cerberus filled the place. Jenny now knew the Rottweiler is the third head of Cerberus, and it's bringing all these dogs to the yard. She looked around the yard, there were at least fifteen other dogs present, with more squeezing under the back fence. *Oh fuck, she thought, looks like I'm in for a doggy gangbang.*

One by one they mounted her, and fucked her. Some were small dogs making her lay on her back in the shit and dirt. Others were huge mutts with cocks that made her scream, they were so big. However, the curse means she has to take them all, and as an obedient bitch she did. They pumped her full of what seemed gallons of dog spunk. They made her roll in it, so it's on her clothes and in her hair. Some dogs even pissed on her after they had fucked her. The Rottweiler just sat there, watching the action and chewing its bone. Suddenly, someone grabbed her and dragged her to her feet, pulling her away from the pack of horny dogs and into the house.

Monica!

Jenny lay on the floor feeling exhausted as Monica retrieved some water and washed her face. After a few minutes, Jenny came around and sat up quickly. She looked at Monica with a crazed look on her face, "What the fuck? Why did you stop me?"

A few weeks ago, Jen would've been in tears after a raping like that , Monica thought. Now she seems to enjoy it more than anything. Even the acts of degradation seem to please her. . "Jen, there's like fifty dogs in the yard and more coming, I couldn't leave you there."

Jenny shivered and shook her head. "No, sorry... Thanks, you're right." Jenny got to her feet, saying, "Well, I'm sure the Rottweiler is the dog we've been looking for. I don't understand why it didn't fuck me, though, but it somehow brought all those dogs to do the deed for it."

Jenny looked at her filthy dress, wiping a glob of semen off and putting it in her mouth without even thinking about it. Monica grimaced as she watched. "How did they get in there, as no dogs came from the front. You were taking so long, it reminded of me of the bulldog you did last week," Monica said, watching her once very straight-laced friend act so craven gave her a pulling sensation in the gut.

"They came from everywhere, how could you not see them?" Jenny asked wide eyed.

Monica blushed. "I didn't see any dogs at all, I swear on my life."

Monica burst into tears, covering her face with her hands. Jenny puts her arm around her and said, "Don't blame yourself, we're fighting the powers of hell here. So it shouldn't surprise us if they trick us sometimes. This demon has been doing this much longer than us."

"We had better get out of this house before the owner comes home, you need a shower and a change of clothes. Then I think we should go around to Tricia's and get some final advice," Monica said.

Back in Tricia's kitchen, they sat sipping cola and planned how to get the three dogs back to Bitch Hollow. Jenny was still taken aback because the Rottweiler didn't fuck her. So she asked about it, and Tricia said, "Well, chile, the beast does things in order. The third dog cannot... err... copulate with you until the other two have before it."

"So the poor thing always has to go sloppy thirds?" Jenny laughed. "But one thing I noticed is my scent didn't have any effect on it."

"Which means we may not be able to lure them to Bitch Hollow," Monica said glumly.

Tricia said, "They're immune to your scent, chile, cos they made it. You'll not lure them by offering sex."

"Then why put a fucking sex curse on me," Jenny said, her face going bright red for an instant.

"Chile, sex is how he breaks you. They want your soul, not your body. To get it, they'll make you screw every vile creature they can. They sent you after the nasty pit bull, and the bulldog you liked. Cerberus wants you to love and hate it. They want you to roll around in the filth so much, it becomes you," Tricia said sadly.

Monica sighed deeply. "Then what do we do?"

Tricia took Jenny's hand, saying, "My son's will help ya. You have pictures of the dogs, and where you saw 'em, right?"

"Yeah," Monica replied, nodding.

"Good. You girls lay low and keep away from dogs best you can. My boy's will catch your three dogs and we'll deliver them to bitch hollow in cages so you can shoot them. We need to act fast, as the next full moon is this weekend," Tricia said gravely.

"Thank you, Tricia, I don't know what we'd have done without you," Monica said.

"I'm doing this to honour the memory of my Momma and Aunt Ellie May. They didn't get the help they needed, but this time we can change. One more thing girls, you need to kill them in order of how they first did you, jenny girl. So from what you have told me it should be the German shepherd first, then the black lab, and the Rottweiler last. Don't leave it too long between kills, as Cerberus can transfer to other dogs if one of the dogs head is alive. You have to be quick about it, do you understand?"

"Yes," both said in unison.

"Good, now let's see those pictures," Tricia said.

The girls waited a tense few days in their motel room for news from Tricia about the capture of the three dogs, the representation of the demon Cerberus on Earth. The creature which placed this vile curse on Jenny, turning her into a loathsome bitch in-heat for any dog who wanted her (which is all of them). Monica could really see how this had changed her friend, and though they were lying low there were times when Monica had to go find a dog for her friend to fuck. If Jenny went too long without fucking a dog, she started climbing the walls. Monica now saw a glimpse of what it'll be like for Jenny if the curse is fulfilled, and Cerberus claims her soul. The curse isn't Jenny will have to fuck any dog she unluckily runs into, she'll crave dog sex constantly, she'll seek it out, and finish god knows where. Monica isn't going to let that happen to her friend if she can help it. Jenny just isn't strong enough to live such a depraved life.

Monica also wrestled with her own demons, as having watched and experienced all this craven, wild animal sex, had really turned her on. Part of Monica envied Jenny for the wild fucking, and those amazing orgasms shaking her body as if she were having a seizure. A weird shift occurred for her too, as a few weeks ago the idea of bestiality would have totally grossed her out. But now, she found herself sometimes thinking about getting fucked by dogs too. She knew her behaviour hadn't been exemplary during this time, and she's had to fuck some creepy guys to distract them from Jenny.

She's even been raped by man and beast. So even if they succeed and kill the three dogs, Monica knew their lives had been changed forever.

The day before the full Moon, Tricia called and told them they had all three dogs and her boys would place them in Bitch Hollow tonight. She told them, "All you gotta do is get there before midnight, and shoot the dogs in the cages, in the right order. Whatever happens, don't let them out of the cages or they'll overpower you, and all will be lost."

The girls told her they understood. When the phone call ended, Jenny gave Monica 'the look', and she sighed and left the motel room to find Jenny a dog to fuck.

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## Chapter Six

Monica and Jenny parked the car near the path which led down to the area known as Bitch Hollow. They grabbed torches from the trunk, Monica got her handgun and checked if it were loaded. When she had held the gun her hand trembled badly and she had to grab it. Jenny had been constantly straitening her clothes for the last hour so Monica knew her friend was nervous too. Monica asked, "Are you ready for this?"

"No," Jenny said, and shivered all over.

"Me neither," Monica said giving her a hug.

Without any further words they walked toward the dimly lighted path toward their destiny.

Jenny stopped after a few minutes and looked around. She turned her torch on and found the tap she remembered as the place she tried to wash her clothes, before it started. "Down there," she said.

Monica remained close behind her, shining her torch around looking for any signs of trouble. Jenny surveyed the area for a few minutes at the tap, trying to decide which way she ran after the black lab stole her dress. She spotted a small path which seemed familiar. "This way, I think," she said, pointing her torch and illuminating the path.

The path wound its way through thick, tall pine trees, low ferns, and bushes. As they quietly walked along their legs began to feel unnaturally heavy, requiring them to stop and rest several times.

"How long is it to this place? Feels like we have been walking for hours," Monica said between breathless pants.

"It's weird, when I first came here I was there in a few minutes. Now, I feel like I'm walking up a steep hill, though it's dead flat here," Jenny said, wiping the sweat from her brow.

"Do you think it's Cerberus?"

"Who else would it be?" Jenny snapped. She stooped and turned to look at her friend with a glum face. "Sorry, I didn't mean to sound like that."

Monica gave her a weak smile. "Yes, you did. It was a dumb question. Guess I'm freaking out a bit."

"Makes two of us. Come on," Jenny said with a forced smile and walked off.

They kept going until finally they were climbing a hill Jenny remembered. "Bitch Hollow is over this

rise," she suddenly said.

Monica grabbed Jenny's arm forcefully to stop her. "Wait... Maybe I should go and check it out first."

"It won't make any difference, Mon, he knows we're here."

Monica frowned, wiping sweat from her brow. "Please... For my sake?"

"OK."

When Monica reached the top of the rise, what she saw didn't exactly fill her with confidence. Bitch Hollow is cut into the hill and surrounded by tall trees. She could make out the three cages and the dogs were inside them. However, there were other dogs around too, so it looked like Cerberus had called for reinforcements from his canine buddies. Monica looked back at Jenny in the pale light, her body trembled and her hands shook. *Who knows what Cerberus will make the other dogs do to stop me killing him*, she thought, *and I only have two rounds of bullets for the gun*.

She walked down the rise to Jenny, to find her in the middle of coitus with a Bull Mastiff fucking her like crazy. Jenny moaning in pure ecstasy, as the big dog slammed its huge cock in her. "Oh Jenny, I'm sorry... I should never have left you," she said.

Normally, their plan had always been to let the dogs fuck Jenny and finish, however, tonight they couldn't wait, and with all these other dogs around, Jenny might never get to the Hollow and Cerberus wins. However, Monica had a 'plan B' and reached into her jacket and pulled out a can of pepper spray.

"I'm sorry, doggy, it's nothing personal," she said, and sprayed the pepper extract into its face. The Bull Mastiff quickly dismounts Jenny and runs into the bushes yelping in pain. Monica squatted in front of Jenny, shook her hard, and she came too.

"Sorry to interrupt your fun, but we have work to do," Monica said quietly.

Jenny stood, straightening her clothes. She looked at Monica with a weak smile, saying, "Can't take me anywhere it seems!"

"I wouldn't be too quick in buttoning your pants just yet. Cerberus has many dogs up there, so I suspect your dog sex experience isn't over yet," Monica said glumly.

Jenny nodded. "I can take them all, if I need to. Come on, let's go. I'll keep them busy while you send Cerberus back to hell," Jenny said walking up the hill.

A mixed breed dog came out of the bushes and ran toward Jenny, whose eyes started to glaze over when she seen it. Monica sprayed the dog in the face with pepper spray, and it ran away yelping.

"Oh, poor dog, Jenny said, and sighed.

"Keep going!"

At the top of the rise, Monica pushed Jenny into the hollow, toward the cages. The evil in this place is stifling, like a heavy invisible weight pressing you from all sides making movement difficult. The air seemed thin, and the girls almost panted trying to get some air into breathless lungs. Sweat poured off them. In the Hollow there must have been at least fifty dogs by now, all shapes and sizes, surrounding Jenny in a sea of wagging tails and panting tongues. If one could see below this furry

mass, many dog boners were ready for action.

Jenny turned to Monica, and screamed, "Do it! Kill them!"

She fell beneath the pack, and dog after dog tried to mount her in a frenzy of canine excitement. Monica went to the cages, the three dogs sat behind the steel mesh doors watching her. Their eyes glowed red, and they growled menacingly at her. She held out the gun and pointed at the German shepherd, it looked at her with contempt. Suddenly, Monica felt a strange tingling in her pussy, a wetness in her crotch, and a sudden urgency of desire gripped her.

"NO!" she screamed. "You won't do this to me."

She heard a whispery voice in her head, one she'd heard before. The familiarity of it surprised her, as unknown to her, Cerberus had been grooming her. *Feel the pleasure of being my bitch, and a bitch to all my kind! You want it, I can see it in your soul*

"You're lying... You don't know me," Monica said, as several dogs stuck their muzzles into her crotch to smell.

The voice laughed, a cool, cruel, foreboding laugh. *It feels so good, my lovely, to be filled with so many cocks*, Cerberus whispered in Monica's mind. *You crave this life of constant pleasure, I can see it.*

Jenny struggled with so many dogs trying to fuck her at once, it meant no dog got anywhere, as they would start fighting with each other to claim her. The pheromone ran down her leg like piss with all these dogs around. All those tongues felt good licking her, but once a cock achieved penetration it soon got pushed out by another. Among the turmoil of excited dogs, Jenny could see Monica holding the gun at the German shepherd, but started to worry because the deed was taking too long. This dog orgy is not like the ordered fuck she had before when the Cerberus dogs had been present. Telling her Cerberus isn't concentrating on her at the moment, but on Monica who had the gun. *Something's wrong*, she thought. A sudden panic gripped her. *Mon needs my help*, she thought fearfully.

Monica knew she differed from Jenny. She's stronger than her, and would be better able to cope with the demands of being Cerberus's bitch. *I can protect myself from the horrible men, too*, she thought. Monica understood now, whenever a dog fucked Jenny, it was really Cerberus through the dog. *This isn't a curse, it's a union with a powerful demon*, she thought madly, *That's why the orgasms are so good*. She had watched Jenny be fucked so many times now, so maybe part of her really did want this.

Jenny managed to push herself to her knees, her head rising above the swarm of fur trying to claim her. She could see Monica, her face blank the gun now by her side. A surge of energy burst through her and she shouted with all her might, "MONICA! DON'T TURN FROM THE LIGHT! MONICA!"

Monica's head fell back sharply as if some unseen hand had slapped her. She shook her head, willing herself to fight against the evil lust that enveloped her. Lifting the gun, with a shaking hand, she aimed at the German shepherd and fired. A yelp echoed around Hollow and the dog fell dead. All the dogs trying to molest Jenny suddenly stopped and looked at Monica on high alert. Some even ran off into the night. Monica fired again, and the black Labrador fell dead. Dogs suddenly started running everywhere, all determined to leave as fast as they could.

Jenny pushed herself to her feet and shouted, "Wait!" Monica looked at her, prompting Jenny to say, "The last one's mine."



She pushed herself over to stand beside Monica and took the gun. Falling to her knees in front of the cage she aimed the gun at the Rottweiler's head. "Go back to fucking hell and stay there, YOU CUNT!"

Jenny fired, the Rottweiler fell in the cage with half its head blown off.

She slumped, dropping the gun. The evil weight in the Hollow vanished in an instant. Monica kneels beside her friend and wraps her arm around Jenny. They sob uncontrollably as the new full moon peaks over the horizon.

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Post Script

A week after the incident, two pretty girls arrived at Tricia Brant's house to get her counsel. After cola and snacks were distributed by Tricia, they sat at the same table in the kitchen looking tired and feeling nervous. Jenny told Tricia what happened from her side, and Monica then told Tricia what happened to her. They nervously waited for her response.

"Have dogs been bothering you since that night?" Tricia asked Jenny.

"Only for regular dog things like scratches and hugs," Jenny said, smiling briefly.

"Tha's good, chile," Tricia said, squeezing her hand warmly.

Monica asked, "What about me? Am I OK?"

Tricia looked at Monica thoughtfully. "Ya never gave yourself to him, so you're fine."

The girls sighed and smiled, giving each other a hug.

"Thank God it's over," Jenny said tearing up.

Tricia asked, "What about them men that attacked you Monica?"

"They're in jail," Monica said. "Apparently the cops found videos of other women they used Jenny's pheromone on. There's enough evidence to put them away for a very long time."

"They deserve it too, the creeps," Jenny added screwing up her nose.

Tricia nodded in agreement. "Well, the place be jumpin' with rumours about the shootings and dead dogs at Ikeman's park. I'm so proud of you girls. You're the first I heard of to ever beat ol' Cerberus."

Monica went wide-eyed for a moment. "I thought your Mama saved your Aunty?"

Tricia suddenly looked away, fidgeting with her pink hanky and squirming in her chair. Jenny said, "Tricia, come clean with us. You owe us the truth."

Tricia wiped her eyes as tears formed. "Mama shot the dogs, but by the time she got to the last one the new full moon had already risen. She was too late, my Aunty was lost."

Tricia burst into tears.

The girls looked at each other with frowns, the idea that Tricia's Mama had defeated Cerberus was what gave them courage to fight on. Now to find out it was all a lie made them feel angry, however, watching Tricia cry so mournfully blunted it. Tricia looked at the girls and realised what they were thinking.

She cleared her throat, and said, "I never said my Mama and Auntie beat the curse, so don't look at me like that."

"What happened to your Auntie?" Monica asked.

"I told ya, she disappeared never to be heard from again," Tricia said with a frown and stern voice. "Mama said she probably kill herself, but I hear rumours a few years later she was in Mexico doing..."

Jenny reached across the table and put her hand on Tricia's. "It's OK," she said warmly. "We get the idea. We're really sorry for prying."

"Yeah, sorry Tricia, you've been so good to us. We'll never forget it. Anything you ever want from either of us, just ask," Monica said.

Tricia nodded, wiping her eyes. "You're such good girls, that's what beat Cerberus. Your hearts and your love."

The End

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### **Bitch Hollow - An Alternative Ending**

Picked up just before they enter Bitch Hollow to kill the dogs...

She walked down the rise to Jenny, to find her in the middle of coitus with a bull mastiff fucking her like crazy. Jenny moaned wildly, as the big dog slammed its huge cock in her. Monica felt in a bind for a moment, as their plan before this night had always been to let the dogs fuck Jenny and finish, however, tonight they couldn't wait, and with all these other dogs around Jenny might never get to the Hollow.

Luckily, she had a plan B for situations like this. Monica reached into her jacket and pulled out a can of pepper spray. "I'm sorry, doggie, it's nothing personal," she said, and sprayed the pepper extract into its face. The effect immediate, it quickly dismounted and ran into the bushes yelping in pain. Monica squatted in front of Jenny, shook her hard, and she came too. "Sorry to interrupt your fun, but we have work to do," Monica said quietly.

Jenny stood, straightening her clothes. She looked at Monica with a weak smile, saying, "Can't take me anywhere, it seems!"

"I wouldn't be too quick in buttoning your pants just yet. Cerberus has many dogs up there, so I suspect your dog sex experience isn't over yet," Monica said glumly.

Jenny nodded. "I can take them all, if I need to. Come on, let's go. I'll keep them busy while you send Cerberus back to hell," Jenny said, now walking off up the hill.

A mixed breed dog came out of the bushes and ran toward Jenny, whose eyes started to glaze over

when she seen it. Monica sprayed the dog in the face with pepper spray, and it ran away yelping. "Oh, poor doggie, Jenny said, and sighed.

"Keep going!"

At the top of the rise, Monica pushed Jenny into the hollow, toward the cages. The sense of dread and evil in the place felt stifling, and moving seemed difficult, as if trying to run under water. In the hollow there must have been at least fifty dogs now, all shapes and sizes, they surrounded Jenny in a sea of wagging tails and panting tongues. If one could look below as well, many dog boners.

Jenny turned to Monica, and screamed, "Do it! Kill them!"

She fell beneath the pack, and dog after dog tried to mount her in a frenzy of canine excitement. Monica went to the cages, and the three dogs sat behind the steel mesh doors watching her. Their eyes glowed red, and they growled menacingly at her. She held out the gun and pointed at the German shepherd, it looked at her with contempt. Suddenly, Monica felt a strange tingling in her pussy, a wetness in her crotch, and a sudden urgency of desire gripped her. "No, you won't do this to me," Monica screamed.

She heard a whispery voice in her head, one she'd heard before. The familiarity of it surprised her, as unknown to her, Cerberus had been grooming her. "Come, my sweet, I know you want this. To feel the pleasure of being my bitch, and a bitch to all my kind! You want it, I can see it in your soul."

"You're lying, you don't know me," Monica screamed, as several dogs stuck their nose into her crotch to smell her alluring scent.

The voice laughed, a cool, cruel, foreboding laugh. "It feels so good, my lovely, to be an object of lust for all creatures. To be filled with so many cocks, your life will be one of constant pleasure. You crave it, I can see it."

Jenny struggled with so many dogs trying to fuck her at once, it meant that no one really got anywhere, as they would start fighting with each other to claim her. The pheromone ran down her leg like piss with all these dogs around. All those tongues felt good licking her, but once a cock achieved penetration it soon got pushed out by another. Among the turmoil of excited dogs, Jenny could see Monica holding the gun at the German shepherd, but started to worry because the deed is taking too long. This dog orgy is not like the ordered fuck she had before when the Cerberus dogs had been present. Telling her Cerberus isn't concentrating on her at the moment, but on Monica who had the gun. *The fact I'm still able to think straight tells me something's wrong*, she thought. A sudden panic gripped her. *Mon needs my help*, she thought fearfully.

Monica knew she differed from Jenny. She's stronger than her, and would be better able to cope with the demands of being Cerberus's bitch. *I can protect myself from the horrible men, too*, she thought Monica understood now. Whenever a dog fucked Jenny, it's really Cerberus through that dog. *This union isn't a curse, it's a union with this powerful demon*, she thought, *that's why the orgasms are so good*. She had watched Jenny be fucked so many times now to know she did really want that.

Suddenly, Monica dropped the gun to her side, and said, "I will serve you Great Cerberus, only if you let my friend go."

*If you give yourself freely to me, I will release her*, Cerberus dark raspy voice whispered in her mind.

"I give myself freely. Release her," Monica said, bowing her head.

*The curse cannot be released until you seal the pledge. You know what to do,* Cerberus spoke in her mind.

Monica dropped her gun on the ground, slipped out of her shoes, and pulled her pants off. Standing naked from the waist down, she stepped forward and unlatched the three cages. The three dogs walked out sniffing the air, so Monica got on the ground and the German shepherd mounted her sliding its long-red cock into Monica's pussy.

Jenny tried to see what Monica is doing, but a large dog's cock suddenly entered her pussy and the others backed off to let it fuck her. God, it felt good as it pumped her with its huge red poker and orgasms began rocking her body. She spaced out in the grip of the curse, and forgot Monica as the pleasure shook her small body.

Monica orgasmed repeatedly as the German Shepherd nailed her, but it didn't cum inside her, it pulled out after a few minutes and the black lab took over and began fucking her. Images flashed in her mind of an eternity of being Cerberus's bitch, making her cum even harder. Again the black lab didn't cum in her, it hopped off after a while and the old Rottweiler jumped on her with its huge cock sliding inside her with ease. She gasped as it roughly fucked her, and she felt pain as its knot began to grow, but it kept fucking her using her pussy with contempt, until finally she felt it blow its load inside her. In her head, Cerberus whispered: *You are mine. I always wanted you. I only used your friend to seduce you. You are mine.*

The dog's semen felt like fire, and her body quivered as a huge toe curling orgasm shook her entire body. She screamed in ecstasy as she took her place as the new bitch of Cerberus.

Jenny felt the huge dog pull itself out, and suddenly all the other dogs were looking toward the cages in complete silence. She pushed herself onto her feet feeling dog cum run down her leg, and turned to look for Monica. Her eyes bulged and her mouth hung open in shock as she realised what Monica had done. She screamed, "No! Mon? What the fuck are you doing?"

The Rottweiler still lay on top of Monica, feeding her pussy cum, while the other two dogs were lying in the grass nearby, eyes closed.

Jenny slapped Monica's face who opened her eyes and looked at her friend. "What have you done? Speak to me?" Jenny asked frantically.

"I offered myself to take your place, and he accepted. You're free, Jen! You're free," she said in a whisper.

"No, I won't allow this. Do you hear me?" Jenny screamed.

She spotted the gun and ran over to it, picked it up, and pointed it at the Rottweiler. She aimed at its head, but she remembered what Tricia had said, turned, and fired, hitting the German shepherd in the head killing it instantly. She shot the black lab dead in a moment, and finally as the Rottweiler tried to dismount Monica, she shot it dead. All the other dogs suddenly fled the hollow, leaving them alone.

Jenny ran over and pushed the carcass of the Rottweiler off Monica, and helped her up. Both walked out of Bitch Hollow leaving the three dead dogs laying there.

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Spiro's and Paulie were arrested by the Police within two weeks of them raping Monica, and they

found recordings of other dog rapes done to several women. The men used Jenny's piss to stimulate the dogs involved, however, only Monica and Jenny knew that. The perverted men were looking at a long stretch in Jail for their trouble.

The shooting of dogs in Evans Park became gossip for a while, with explanations of kinky sex parties, satanic sacrifices and rituals, or kids mucking about with guns. The Cops never did get any solid leads about what happened there either, so the case was quickly dropped, and the press moved on very quickly to other news.

A few days after the incident, two pretty girls arrived at Tricia Brant's house to get her counsel about what happened that night, as it clearly didn't go to plan. After cola and snacks were distributed by Tricia, they sat at the same table in the kitchen looking tired and feeling nervous. Jenny told Tricia what happened from her side, and Monica then told Tricia what happened to her. They nervously waited for her response, because they wondered since Jenny killed the dogs, if that freed Monica as well. Tricia looked at Monica sternly, and turned to Jenny and said nicely, "Jenny girl, you did right killing those dogs. I think from what you've both told me you're free of the curse. Have you been near a dog since that night?"

"Yeah, they don't seem to want sex with me anymore," Jenny said, smiling briefly.

"That's good, chile, I think you're free now," Tricia said, squeezing her hand warmly.

Monica asked, "What about me?"

Tricia turned to face Monica, and the sternness in her face returned. "You, chile, is fucked!"

In unison, both girls asked, "What?"

"You gave yourself to the demon as an act of free will, and you sealed your pledge by..." Tricia gulped in disgust, "By being with the three dogs. Cerberus owns you now, chile, you belong to him. You've sold your soul to the devil," she said coldly.

"But Jenny killed them, so the curse isn't fulfilled. You told us that's how it works?" Monica said, fighting the urge to cry.

"Chile, Jenny was taken against her will. The month of dog sex is meant to break her, so she'd submit to Cerberus willingly in the final ritual. Killing the three dogs before that final ritual was done has saved her," Tricia said, annoyed at Monica's question.

Monica, still not getting it, asked, "So why didn't it save me?"

Tricia sighed in annoyance. "Chile, you submitted yourself willingly, which makes it different. Cerberus doesn't need to wait a month for you, he owns your soul... **NOW**!"

"So why aren't dog's doing Monica, as they were doing me?" Jenny asked.

"You killed the three dogs, so Cerberus spirit has been sent back to hell. As its presence in this world is very weak now, Monica will have a period of respite. But once his presence grows strong again, he'll start to take her over. Only it'll be worse than you ever suffered, Jenny, much worse," Tricia said.

Monica trembled at Tricia's words, and asked, "How long have I got before it starts to happen?"

"There's no real way to tell, chile, but you might have six months," Tricia said.

Jenny asked, "Isn't there any way you can help her with your knowledge?"

"Please isn't there anything I can do?" Monica begged desperately

Tricia stood abruptly, staring down at Monica with a sneer of contempt. "Get her out of here, I won't have no devil chile in my house any longer. Jenny, you're welcome to return, but do not bring her here again."

The girls stood, Monica began crying, and they left the house. They could hear Tricia chanting some spell in the kitchen as they opened the front door. In the car, Jenny held Monica close trying to comfort her friend. Suddenly, a rock hit the car door behind the driver's side, and Jenny turned sharply, but could see no one responsible for throwing it. Another rock bounced off the back window, leaving a crack. "Get out of here," Monica said, and Jenny sped off as a rock landed on the bonnet making them jump and scream.

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Back at the motel again, Jenny poured a couple of scotches and handed a glass to Monica. They sat in silence drinking as they were silent on the trip there as well. Finally, Monica said sadly, "I'm sorry, Jenny. I really fucked up this time, didn't I?"

Jenny shook her head sadly. "Why'd you do it? Why'd you give yourself to those dogs, and don't tell me it was to save me because that's bullshit and you know it," she said.

Monica jumped to her feet and looked at her friend with a deep frown. "I did it... I wanted it. I wanted to be fucked stupid by every stupid dog I come across. I wanted the danger and the excitement, and the enormous fucking orgasms." Monica's face was turning red. She continued, "I wanted them to treat me like a piece of meat, to roll me in shit, piss on me, cum all over me like I'm nothing. I wanted it. Is that what you wanted to hear?"

The outpouring of her confession made Monica collapse on the floor panting, pressing her hands to her face, and sobbing.

"Well... Looks like you're gonna get it, and then some," Jenny said quietly, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"What am I going to do, Jen? I'll never be able to be this... thing... And keep my old life," Monica said, her hands still over her face as she cried.

"At least this respite gives you time to put your life in order before all you can think about is fucking dog's," Jenny said.

"I'm going to have leave everything, aren't I? My career, my family, my boyfriend, my friend's, my life... EVERYTHING!" Monica said, in a whisper.

"Yes, you are. To protect those you love the most, you're going to have to disappear."

"But where will I go?"

"There's always old Fred's offer of protection. I mean he is a total pervert, but compared to others he's the least bad apple in a barrel of bad apples," Jenny offered.

Monica laughed softly. "Could you stand it if I were fucking Roller?"

Jenny thought for a moment, "I think I've had enough sex with dog's to last me a lifetime. So you can have Roller with my blessing."

"I'll think about it," Monica said.

Jenny knelt next to Monica and hugged her. They stayed that way for a long time. Monica had been the best friend she'd ever known, the way she helped her through the curse something she'll never forget. However, as Monica had been there for her, Jenny could not be there for Monica in the same way. Each woman knew this, but didn't want to say it. Tricia had been right about Monica giving herself willingly to Cerberus, and that changed everything. Jenny knew if she stuck with Monica that Cerberus would find a way to ensnare her again, and she couldn't let that happen. Sadly, Monica is on her own now, and Jenny couldn't but feel responsible for it.

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Monica set about getting her life in order before taking up her new calling. She split with her boyfriend, but she had no choice. She didn't want to sully his life with this sin, or see him turn into a man like old Fred. She finished out her semester at University, and dropped-out completely, knowing that her planned career as a lawyer is now over. Fortunately for her, she's quite well off thanks to her parents, so financially she can support herself for a long time.

Jenny finished the semester at the University too, but transferred to another college clear across the other side of the country. She told Monica she needed to go somewhere the memories were not so disturbing, to start afresh and rebuild her life. Monica felt sad to see her go, but she understood why Jenny needed to escape this town. Several days after Jenny had left, Monica was walking through the Mall when she spotted a stocky man with gray hair and a beard putting up a 'lost dog' poster. She noticed the lost dog was a Great Dane. She asked him, "Lose your dog, Mister?"

"Yeah, two days ago. He ran away, and I can't find him anywhere. His name is 'Roller', have you seen him?"

Monica shook her head negatively. "I think I'd remember seeing a big dog like that around, sorry. But good luck, hope you find him soon."

"Thanks," the old man said, and walked off.

Monica kept walking on and couldn't help smiling. *Well, well, Jenny, I guess it isn't such a new start for you after all*, she thought, and laughed.

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Several months after that night in Bitch Hollow, she had her first real experience in her new position when she went to a friend's house for dinner. Upon leaving, she went through the backyard (as her car was parked in a back lane behind the house) and met with her friend's Cocker spaniel. The funny thing is, coming in, the dog didn't even have any effect on her or show any interest in her other the usual dog's curiosity. However, on her way out, as she reached down to pat him she felt her pussy tingle. Within minutes her panties were off, her dress up around her waist, and a cocker spaniel cock rode her hard.

She tried to keep quiet as best she could, but the orgasms were intense, even better than she thought they'd be. Part of belonging to Cerberus is the orgasmic pay-off, though it will eventually

degrade her on many levels. After ten-minutes of fucking, the dog settled and started ejaculating inside her. Monica reached down trying to get some on her hand, so she could eat it. Suddenly, to her absolute dread, the back porch light came on, and the door began to open. So she pulled the dogs cock out of her pussy, and scrambled behind the garden shed.

She watched as her friend Mary brought some food out for her dog, calling his name 'Pepsee'. He came to her wagging its tail, and she patted it. Monica squatted behind the small shed with her hand cupped under her pussy collecting cum. She noticed her panties lying on the ground near the back gate, which made her heart race with anxiety. Mary turned as if to leave, while Monica lifted a palm full of dog cum to her mouth, and ate it. Mary stopped, as she heard a noise, and turned back seeing the panties lying there on the ground.

She walked over and picked them up, knowing they weren't hers. At first she looked around the yard, seeing nothing obvious, she opened the back gate and saw Monica's car is still there. "Monica?" Mary called, turning from side to side to survey the alleyway.

Monica felt panic grow inside, and when she saw Mary walkout the gate, she quickly up and legged it over the fence into the next-door neighbour's yard. She landed hard on a veggie patch, but lay still absorbing the pain of her fall silently so as not to give herself away. She heard Mary open the little shed she just hid behind, on the other side of the fence from her. "Monica, are you still here?" Mary called again, making Monica's heart pound harder.

Suddenly, Monica's pussy tingled, and she felt a cold nose touching her bottom. Without even a thought, she pulled her skirt up to give the dog the run of her pussy. The dog started licking away merrily, cleaning the cocker spaniel cum for her. Mary walked out the back gate again, looking around the alleyway worried her friend had been hurt, abducted, or raped.

The dog in the neighbour's yard was a German shepherd, and it fucked Monica hard making orgasms rock her body. Trying to get her to moan loudly to humiliate her in front of her friend. Monica kept quiet, but the sex staggered her. She reached under and rubbed her clit as the long cock pumped her. To Monica's utter dismay, her cell phone started buzzing in her pocket. Mary is trying to call her. She reached in and turned her phone off quickly, but Mary had heard it, and tried to look over the fence into that yard.

Monica dragged herself and the dog under a tree covering them in total darkness as the dog knot kept them attached, however, the back porch light of this house suddenly turned on too. The dog kept silent at least, as its load gushed inside Monica's pussy. She knew it's just a matter of time before she's caught, so she reached back and grabbed the cock and pulled it out, causing her much pain.

She stood with cum dribbling out her pussy and down her leg, moved silently across the yard, and climbed into the next backyard just as an old fat man, with a balding head, came out with a torch to see what the disturbance is.

She landed on her feet this time and squatted, waiting for her eyes to adjust to the darkness around her. Again she scooped up some German shepherd cum and ate it. Her pussy began tingling again and just as she thought: *Fuck, give me a break here*, another medium-sized dog of mixed breed came sniffing her. So she lifted her skirt and let it lick her clean of the German shepherd.

Rolling on her hands and knees, Monica puts her wet pussy in the air and the dog mounted her with precision, with its rather large-red dog cock penetrating her deeply. She so wanted to scream in



ecstasy, but knew she couldn't, so she closed her eyes and lost herself for a moment in the pure joy of being fucked hard.

"Hey Bob, you there?" Mary yelled over the back fence.

"Yeah, it's me. Are you OK?"

"I'm worried about my friend, I think she's around here somewhere, and something has happened to her," Mary explained.

Bob opened the back gate to the alley, and Mary walked into his yard. He pointed his torch at his veggie patch and said, "Well, someone has been here, I reckon, lookin' at that mess."

*I've been there fucking your dog*, Monica thought wickedly, as the new dog sent her into bliss after bliss. She could hear the two talking about calling the cops, and she knew that would be bad when the search dogs found her and started fucking her. Well, it wouldn't be bad for her, but the Cops would not be happy.

The mutt on her had stopped, and she knew she had no time to wait here to let its knot deflate naturally while she enjoyed the bonding with the knot. So again, she pulled the dog out of her used pussy, causing her considerable pain without making a noise. She noticed some clothes hanging on the line, so she grabbed a towel and wiped herself. Then, she took some panties and put them on, and walked along the side of the house to the street out front.

Mary came running out of Bob's backyard when she heard Monica's car unlock in the alley. She seen Monica at the driver's door and yelled, "Hey... Where have you been? I was worried sick about you!"

"Mary? What's going on?" Monica said, pretending to be surprised.

Mary reached into her pocket and pulled out her panties. "I found these in my backyard, and well your car was still here. I thought you been raped or something."

*I've just been nicely fucked three times while you were looking for me, hardly rape, though*, Monica thought. Then she reached down and pulled her skirt up and showed her the pink panties she had on. "Sorry, but they're not mine. I decided since it was nice night I'd walk down to that 7/11 on the corner and get some chocolate for a treat. Sorry if that scared you," Monica said.

"I tried to call you," Mary accused.

Monica took out her cell phone and looked at it, "Oh crap, looks like it's gone flat. Jesus, what a fuck up," she said, and laughed.

"OK, I'm sorry... But I just got worried about you, and it seemed as if something weird was going on. I guess it was just my imagination. I'll talk to you later, eh?" Mary said, finally cracking a smile.

"Yeah, don't forget we've got lunch on Friday!" Monica said, smiling back.

"Sure, CYA Mon," and with that Mary walked back into her yard and shut the gate.

Monica drove off feeling invigorated. Hiding from Mary while she fucked those dogs, one of the kinkiest things she'd done. She felt horny as all fuck, thinking about what happened, and deciding she wanted more. So she headed off to the culvert where she knew many stray dogs gather. Tonight she's going to fuck as many dogs as she could, as her master grew stronger every time she did, and

Monica wanted him back.

Monica is ready to be Cerberus's bitch.

*The End*