

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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My father passed away when I was 12 and then my mother died right after I graduated from high school. I was an only child and both of my parents were only children. All of my grandparents were deceased, so I didn't have any family. We never had much money, but by the time the estate was settled, I had enough money to buy myself a small house a few miles outside of the suburbs. It was a small, older house, but it was cute and it was located at the end of a dead end street. It was a bit far from the few friends I had, but it was really all that I could afford to buy. I worked full-time as a cashier at a retail store. It didn't pay much, but I made enough to pay my bills but without much money left over for anything else.

The small house was a bit isolated and being an 18-year-old girl living alone was scary. Oh, my name is Kelly Brook. I'm a petite blonde, only 5 feet tall and only weigh 96 pounds. Some people say I'm a bit skinny, but I have a nicely rounded ass and perky c-cup breasts, so I'm quite happy with how I look.

Anyway, I figured the best thing to do to make myself feel safe would be to buy a guard dog. I'd feel much safer with a big dog in the house watching over me. So, I went to the local animal shelter and that's where I saw my future dog. He was 9 months old, not quite grown, but he must have weighed 100 pounds. The people at the shelter said he'd been rescued from a laboratory where they were going to do some experiments on him. I thought that was just awful and I immediately adopted him. The people at the animal shelter said that they thought he was half pit bull and half mastiff. He had the softest fur I'd ever felt on a dog. It was dark gray and really short, but it was almost silky feeling. Also, he hadn't been fixed yet and I sure didn't have the heart to do that to him. His balls looked like two large oranges hanging down. I think he certainly deserved to keep them.

So, I took him home and named him "King". He immediately made himself comfortable in his new home. He would sleep inside and since my house had a spare bedroom, I just converted it into a dog room for him. I instantly felt safer with King around.

King wasn't fully grown yet, and to my surprise, he kept growing. When I adopted him, he actually had already weighed 120 pounds and by the time he was about a year and a half old, he had grown to a full 200 pounds. His paws here twice the size of my own hands, his head came up to my chest and he could lick my face while standing on all fours. And I couldn't help but notice his balls were the size of grapefruits. I figured that was a good quality in a guard dog.

King was a bit demanding at times. He didn't like doors, especially closed doors. He wanted to be able to move through the house freely. He'd sometimes break the doors in the house just by pushing against them really hard. Eventually, I just removed every interior door in the house, though King had managed to break most of them already. I also installed an oversized doggy door at the back door so he could go outside to the large fenced in yard. Sure, a burglar could easily get through the doggy door, but they'd have to deal with King. I always felt safe with King around.

The biggest problem was his appetite. He ate a lot of food and he didn't like dog food. He preferred meat, preferably fresh steak. And if he didn't like what I fed him, he'd sometimes eat the food I'd made for myself. There were more than a few meals that I missed because King ate them instead. He was just so big that he usually got his way and got what he wanted. I actually ended up losing about 6 pounds because of King and the meals I missed because of him. But, I learned my lesson and though it was expensive, I tried hard to always have meat for King to eat. It really cut into my budget, but I figured it was worth it. I didn't really have a social life, so it wasn't hard for me just to spend less money on things like clothes.

By the time he was fully grown, I really had no control over King. He went wherever he wanted in

the house and ate whatever he wanted to eat. I'm just thankful that he was housebroken. I really had no privacy from King and though he never ever hurt me, he could get a bit rough at times. I think I lost about two articles of clothing a week that he ripped or chewed up.

As King grew, he became more dominant, but as long as he kept me safe, I was fine with that. At home, King made the rules. He decided what time I got up and when I ate meals, and sometimes even when I was allowed to leave the house. He typically watched me take a bath and stood in the bathroom while I showered. Even though he had his own room, he slept in my bed whenever he wanted. By the time he was fully grown, my bed was too small for both of us, so I ended up sleeping on the couch in the living room. I got the impression he didn't want me to sleep on the couch because he eventually tore up all the couch cushions. Since I had nowhere else to sleep, I ended up just sleeping in his oversized doggy bed, since he wasn't using it anymore. But, I at least dragged it into my bedroom and put it at the foot of the bed. I wasn't going to let King kick me out of my own bedroom.

I had no social life. I lost contact with all of my friends, so my life outside the house was just work and grocery shopping. King didn't like me being gone for too long and he'd let me know it when I got home. It almost felt like he was punishing me for being gone for too long though I'm sure it was just him being very protective of me. When I came home, he'd just wait until I was changing clothes. Once I was down to my bra and panties, he'd push me over, then lay down on top of me. But, he'd lay down backward, so that his two huge balls were right on my face. He was just too big for me to move. His huge body could easily pin me down. I'd have to just lay there with his balls in my face until he felt like getting up. I found that if I gently kissed his balls over and over he would usually let me up sooner.

A few months ago, when I got home he waited until I was changing, as usual, but this time he pushed me down and sat on my hips and used his big paws to pin my arms down. Well, at least then his balls were on my belly instead of my face. He just looked down at me and would lick my face with his huge twelve-inch tongue.

Then, I felt something on my belly. I looked down and saw his huge doggy cock sheath, which was about 6 inches wide, and his big doggy cock was slowly sliding out of it. His cock was about 5 inches wide and it just kept growing longer and longer, sliding across my belly and chest. At around a foot in length, it was nearly poking my chin, but it kept growing. At 16 inches, it reached my lips, which I kept tightly closed, but the tip was oozing clear, gooey precum, which coated my lips within seconds and trickled down my chin.

More syrupy precum drooled from his cock, coating my mouth and nose until my nose was completely covered. I had to open my lips just to breathe but as soon as I did, precum trickled into my mouth. It was slippery and warm, a little sweet and just a tiny bit salty. I was actually surprised that it didn't taste bad at all. It was actually good. Within seconds, it was flowing over my teeth and into my mouth, coating my tongue. I kept having to swallow it to keep it from collecting inside my mouth.

This went on for half an hour by which time half my face and most of my chin and neck were covered in doggy precum. Also, I was getting hungry because I hadn't had dinner and I'd skipped lunch today. I squirmed and struggled, but King had me thoroughly pinned. I couldn't move at all.

My stomach was growling and I was feeling weak from not eating anything in more than 12 hours. King's precum didn't taste bad at all... so maybe... if I made King happy, he'd get up. So, I opened my mouth and tilted my head up, wrapping my soft, warm lips around the thick head of his doggy cock. Though his cock was about five inches thick, the tip was much narrower and I could just barely

slide my lips around it.

I began sucking on the tip, nursing hungrily, my lips tugging at King's cock. I opened wider and more of his cock pushed into my mouth. More and more precum flowed from King's cock and I swallowed every bit. I bobbed my head as best I could and wiggled my wet tongue against his cock. After a few minutes, his cock throbbed and pulsed and began spurting cum into my mouth. Without thinking, I gulped it down before it flooded my mouth. As quickly as I swallowed, my mouth began to fill up again. I swallowed a second, then a third, then a fourth time. Finally, after gulping down six large mouthfuls of King's cum, the flow slowed to a trickle, then stopped. A few moments later, King's cock began to withdraw into his sheath. King stood up and walked away, heading into the kitchen for food.

I followed King into the kitchen and fetched him a fresh steak from the refrigerator. Out of habit, I looked for something to eat as well but realized that I wasn't at all hungry anymore. My belly was full of King's semen. I blushed at the embarrassment. I'd just been fed a meal of cum from my dog's cock.

I cleaned up, brushed my teeth, and crawled naked into my little doggy bed at the foot of King's bed, which used to be mine, and soon fell asleep.

After that, King began feeding me my dinner from his cock every evening. Then, it became both my breakfast and my dinner. I frequently skipped lunch to save money, so soon, nearly all my meals were from King's cock. I practically had to sneak into the kitchen in order to eat actual food whenever I was at home. But, even that was rare, because King kept me full. On days that I didn't work, I'd get three or four cum meals from King throughout the day. I quickly got used to it... plus I was saving a lot of money by not having to buy as many groceries. After a few weeks, I began looking forward to being fed by King. Soon, he didn't have to pin me down. I'd come to him. Sometimes he'd walk away from me when I wanted to be fed, making me follow him around. Some days it seemed I almost had to beg him to feed me.

Over the past year and a half since I'd gotten King, my life has changed so much. I've become almost dependent on King while working primarily to provide food and shelter for him. While I'm at home, he doesn't allow me to wear any clothes. If I try to get dressed in anything but my work uniform, he'll snatch it away from me and chew it to pieces. I have no privacy from King and he gets upset if I am not in the same room as him. He prefers to have me next to him, stroking his cock and balls with my tongue before and after my feeding times, which are always up to him.

I suspected it would happen one day... and I think I even secretly wanted it. One day, King simply pushed me down to my hand and knees, then came up behind me and mounted me. I screamed as his huge cock stretched my pussy open and pushed inside. His cock was so thick that I thought I was going to pass out. His cock just kept going deeper and deeper until it slammed against my cervix. But, King wanted more and he kept pushing. He was so big and strong that he pushed my small body across the floor until I was pushed into the ottoman. I slid onto the top of the ottoman and held on tightly. Eventually, his cock pushed hard enough to force my cervix open. I squealed loudly as his cock slid into my womb. Finally, with one final thrust, he was all the way inside me, his big knot nestled against my stretched pussy hole.

I gasped and panted, but held on tight to the ottoman as King pounded his huge cock back and forth, hammering my poor stretched pussy until it became sore. I was so stretched that his cock hurt, but I endured as best I could. Finally, King flooded my womb with his cum. Unfortunately for me, I didn't orgasm. King pulled out of me, requiring me to grip the ottoman to keep from getting dragged across the floor. Finally, his 18-inch cock slid out of me. He turned and walked into his bedroom and

jumped up onto his bed. I scurried to follow, curling up in my little doggy bed at the foot of his bed.

King fucked me once a day. It always hurt and I never quite orgasmed. Several times I tried to masturbate, but King somehow heard me and would growl a warning for me to stop. It's like he didn't want me to orgasm. It became so very frustrating that I'd sneak into the bathroom at work and masturbate. But, somehow King would know what I did when I got home and he wouldn't fuck me or feed me. He'd just growl until I went and laid down in my bed and stayed there for the rest of the night.

A month passed and I hadn't orgasmed once, but King fucked me every evening and fed me two to three times a day. A few times I got really close to cumming but didn't quite reach it. Getting fucked by King didn't hurt as bad after a while. I knew, eventually, I would orgasm, but it was driving me crazy. When I got home, I'd strip naked and lay myself over the ottoman, legs spread wide, gently begging King to fuck me, hoping this time I'd orgasm. Each time I'd get just a little closer, but I'd end up even more frustrated because I was getting so close but didn't quite get there. King would growl and nip at me if I tried to reach orgasm on my own.

I stopped leaving the house altogether, except for going to work. I had groceries delivered once a week. Since King fed me all of my meals, the only food that was delivered was steaks. I really couldn't afford to buy food for myself anyway.

Then, I got some surprising news. My aunt had passed away and as her only relative, she had left me more than a million dollars. About two months later, the money was transferred to my account. I quit my dead end job as a cashier. I had enough money to live on for many, many years. But, aside from quitting my job, nothing about my life really changed.

Each morning, King would wake me up when he wanted to be fed. Then, I'd lay on top of the ottoman and King would fuck my pussy and womb, which would leave me so very horny. I'd end up just on the verge of orgasm, but for some reason, I'd never ever cum, though King always did. After that, I'd suck King for about half an hour and then he'd feed me a meal of dog cum.

Every morning I would either give King a bath, wash dishes, do laundry, order groceries or clean the house. After that, I'd suck on King's cock for about an hour and King would feed me again. Then, King would fuck me and then take a nap and I'd take a shower or watch TV for a while. Afterward, I'd fix King his dinner then wait until he had eaten and was ready to feed me again. Finally, he'd fuck me again before heading to bed.

Then one day, something changed. Maybe King was upset with me for something, I'm not sure. One morning, while I was sucking on his cock, he began to piss down my throat. He began to growl in warning. I didn't know what else to do, so I swallowed his piss. After that, King would only piss down my throat, never anywhere else. He would nip me on the ass when he needed to piss and I'd drop to my hands and knees and wrap my mouth around his cock.

My diet of cum and piss caused me to lose a bit more weight. I was down to 85 pounds. Meanwhile, King had grown a bit more and now weighed 260 pounds. He now weighed three times as much as I did. His balls were the size of coconuts and his cock had grown to 18 inches long when fully hard, and that didn't include the knot.

Recently, I realized that I haven't even worn clothes in months. King has chewed up most of my clothes and since I never go anywhere, I never bother to get dressed. The only time I go outside is to get the mail or take out the trash. My house is at the end of a dead end street with a lot of trees around me, so even when I do walk outside, there's hardly any chance that anyone will see me.

I don't even get very much mail since I pay all of my bills electronically. My weekly delivery of groceries are simply left on the porch and I get them after the delivery driver has gone. Though a few weeks ago, I did run into a very embarrassing problem when I ordered a new futon for my living room.

I ordered the futon online and scheduled a delivery. On the day of the delivery, I watched for the truck to arrive. As soon as I saw it pulling into my driveway, I ran to my bedroom to get dressed. But King followed me into the bedroom and as soon as I pulled a pair of jeans on, he grabbed them and pulled them off me and proceeded to chew them up. So, I grabbed a pair of sweatpants but he did the same with them too.

So then I grabbed my bathrobe but didn't put it on. It was about lunchtime, so I quickly ran to the kitchen and prepared lunch for King. Warming up a refrigerated steak doesn't take long. By the time I was done, the delivery guys were on the porch ringing the doorbell. King gave a few loud barks, but he went into the kitchen to eat. He insisted on feeding me after he ate, so this delivery would need to be quick.

While King ate, I pulled on my bathrobe and answered the door. The two delivery men, both young and fit, needed me to sign for the delivery. Then they were nice enough to take my old sofa out to the curb before bringing in the new futon. King gave a few more barks from the kitchen but was content with eating.

As the delivery guys brought in the new futon, King finished up as well and trotted into the living room. The delivery guys gave King a worrisome look because he was quite an enormous beast. Just as they were sitting the futon down in the living room, King walked up behind me and grabbed my bathrobe with his teeth. King tugged and jerked backward, pulling my bathrobe right off me. He immediately proceeded to tear the bathrobe to shreds.

The two delivery guys looked very surprised at first as they looked at my petite, skinny naked body. I scurried backward, only to bump into King who was still behind me. He was certainly big enough to block my way. The two delivery men stood there looking at me. I managed to stutter out, thanking them and asking them to please leave. They slowly made their way to the door. They walked out onto the porch but didn't bother closing the front door.

As the delivery guys turned to look at my naked body again, King decided to knock me to the floor, onto my back. The two delivery guys laughed loudly as King sat down on my hips, his enormous cock flopping onto my belly and chest. The delivery guys were taking their time leaving and I thought I saw them with cell phones in their hands. Already, King's cock was pressing against my lips and he was looking down at me pinned and helpless, with a look of demanding expectation. He gave me a growl of warning and gave my ribs a little nip.

I sucked on King's big cock for about ten minutes until he spewed into my mouth and throat, which I swallowed, of course. I certainly didn't want to go hungry and there wasn't a lot of food for me remaining in the house. By the time I looked up, the delivery truck was driving away, but I have no idea how long they stood there and watched. At least no one would ever believe them if they told anyone.

I've grown worried that if something were to happen to me, what would become of King. So, I contacted a lawyer online to get some legal advice. I had researched online and found a lawyer that specialized in Dog Law on a website called Dog Forum. The website was very pro-Dog and even had extensive articles about taking care of dogs and having sexual relationships with dogs. Some of the posts on the website were quite surprising and descriptive of what some people did with their pets.

But, it seemed like the best advice to take concerning King was from people who really loved their pets.

So, I learned that I could indeed create a trust fund for King so that he would be taken care of. I contacted the lawyer and set up the trust fund so that King would receive all of my money if I died. I certainly don't know anything about the law, but I ended up setting up something called a living trust. This would ensure King was taken care of even while I'm still alive. I was able to do all of this electronically, which certainly made things easier for me. All I had to do was sign a bunch of paperwork including something called a Power of Attorney, and send that to my new lawyer. It all seemed complicated, so I'm glad the lawyer was able to handle all of this for me.

A few days later, I tried to purchase some new clothes online. King had managed to chew up pretty much every article of clothing, including all of my shoes. I literally had nothing to wear and needed something just in case I needed to leave the house. I think I will need to start hiding my clothes from King. About the only place King couldn't reach was the attic, so I guess I'd have to start storing my new clothes there.

But, when I tried to place the order, I couldn't. My debit card wouldn't go through. I checked my bank account online and found that it was empty. I couldn't understand what had happened. I quickly contacted the bank and was informed that the money had been transferred to another account by my lawyer.

Okay, this was beginning to make a bit more sense now. There must have been some part of the paperwork that I hadn't understood. I contact my lawyer and he politely explained that my money was now in a trust account that was solely for the purpose of taking care of King. This meant that all of my utility bills would be automatically paid from that account, as well as grocery bills and anything regarding pet supplies or the health and well-being of King. That all sounded fine because that was the vast majority of my bills anyhow. All other expenses had to be approved by the executor of the trust fund. The executor of the trust fund was my lawyer, Mr. Robert Canis. This made sense to me, more or less, once it was explained to me.

So, I submitted my request to my lawyer regarding purchasing clothes. I didn't tell him that I had nothing at all to wear, so my request was denied. This was frustrating but he told me that buying new clothes was a personal luxury and was not part of the well being of King. Fortunately, household supplies, toiletries, and sundry items were allowed. I just couldn't buy clothes or food or furniture or anything like that for myself.

At this point, I had no clothes and no food in the house except for steaks for King, which he didn't allow me to eat. This was going to be a problem. King fed me about four to five times every day, but I'm sure, eventually, I will need real food. But, I did some research online and discovered that semen was actually extremely nutritious and, assuming a person consumed sufficient quantities, could easily sustain a person indefinitely. Well, considering that King fed me between one and two cups of his semen each day, it was just barely enough. I suppose it was a good thing that King was also urinating in me as well. Sure, it seemed gross, but if his cock was in my throat, I never really had to taste it and it provided some added nutrients as well. Aside from that, I drank a few glasses of water each day.

Three months after setting up the trust fund for King, I received some unwanted news. My lawyer, Robert Canis needed to come by my house and check up on things to ensure that King was being properly taken care of. I didn't have anything to wear! King had managed to chew up everything - all of my shirts and pants and shorts and skirts... even all of my undergarments. I certainly couldn't explain to my lawyer what had happened to all of my clothes. It would seem like I wasn't a good

owner or was careless. Maybe I could pretend that I was some sort of naturist and preferred not to wear clothing at home. It would be embarrassing, but it was the only idea I could come up with.

I wrote Mr. Canis and explained that I was a naturist and did not wear clothes at home. It seemed silly, but it was better than the actual truth. He replied that it would not be an issue at all. I was sort of relieved but also worried since a stranger would be seeing me completely naked.

So, a few days later Mr. Canis arrived. I had cleaned up the house extra well the day before and given King a bath. I answered the door, naked, of course, with King at my side, which made me feel a bit reassured.

Mr. Canis stood on my porch wearing an expensive dark gray suit. He was much better looking than I had expected. He was about 6'4" tall with dark hair, blue eyes, broad shoulders and a slim but muscular build. I guessed him to be in his late 30's. I blushed as he looked down at my skinny, petite body. My nipples grew hard as a cool breeze blew in through the open door. I felt embarrassed, but there was nothing I could do about it. I just had to get through this without anything awkward happening.

He introduced himself and I asked him to come inside. King gave him a brief sniff, then barked, but otherwise didn't cause any mischief. I gave Mr. Canis a brief tour of my house, showing him where King slept... though I didn't tell him that I slept in the doggy bed on the floor and that the bed belonged to King. King went with us, of course, to keep an eye on us, I suppose. King is very protective of me. So, then I showed Mr. Canis the kitchen where King got fed. A brief look into the few other rooms and then we returned to the kitchen. We sat down at the kitchen table. King sat down beside me. With me sitting down on the kitchen table, King's head was actually a few inches higher than mine.

Mr. Canis asked me a few questions, mostly about King's diet and when he received his last checkup from a veterinarian. I realized that King hadn't been to the vet in quite a while. I took him a few times the first year after I acquired him, but not since then. I don't think King would even fit in my car now, and I told the lawyer exactly that.

Mr. Canis said that he could arrange for a veterinarian to come by and examine King every six months. House visits would cost extra, but it would just come directly out of the trust fund. I agreed, since this would simplify things for me and until I could remedy my clothing problem, I really couldn't go anywhere. He also said that King needed to wear a collar. He gave me a website where I could order a high-quality collar online and that the purchase would be approved. After a few more minutes, Mr. Canis departed. King and I escorted him to the door and said good-bye.

I was so relieved that nothing had gone wrong with the visit, but I'm sure he would come back at some point. Plus, now I would have a vet coming by, probably soon. But for now, I went online and ordered the collar for King. The website said their collars were high-tech, made of a flexible material that was as strong as steel, but very comfortable to wear. The collar adjusted to fit almost any size neck and could only be removed by the owner once it was on. It also had a GPS tracking device built in.

A few days later, the collar arrived. It was a lovely collar. It looked like it was made from woven cotton, but it certainly seemed strong and flexible. It had a little metal identification tag on it. The tag had my address on one side and on the other it had "PET". I must have forgotten to tell the website the name of my dog. Oh well.

After unpacking the collar, I took it to King to put it on him but he would growl every time I tried to

slide the collar around his neck. I petted him and tried to soothe him by talking softly, but he simply refused and would growl at me each time I tried. Silly dog.

I figured I could show him that the collar wouldn't hurt, so I slid it around my own neck and snapped it shut. It was a bit loose, but I easily adjusted it to fit my slender neck. I showed King the collar but he didn't seem interested. Oh well. I could wait a few days and try again.

I reached up to remove the collar, but couldn't figure out how to remove it. There was no latch or anything, just two metal ends that were firmly attached to each other. I checked the website. Apparently, the owner had to send a command to the GPS tracker in the collar to release it, but once I checked the website, I wasn't listed as the owner. Technically, my debit card was in Mr. Canis's name, so he was the owner.

I sent Mr. Canis an email asking him to unlock the collar, but he replied that the collar was for King's own well-being and needed to stay on. I certainly wasn't going to tell him that the collar was on me and not King. That would be too embarrassing. I felt silly wearing the collar, but I guess it would have to stay on me for now.

I received an email from Mr. Canis last week. He ordered that an invisible fence is installed around the house to keep King from leaving the yard and getting lost or hurt. The invisible fence worked with the collar that had recently purchased for King but had ended up around my neck instead of his. I was too embarrassed to tell Mr. Canis that I was wearing the collar. The installer came by earlier today and buried all of the sensors underground. Luckily, he didn't even knock on the door. He just did the work and left.

I think the collar must have made King upset because, for the past few days, he hasn't fed me any cum. I tried to just go to him and put my mouth on his cock, but he'd growl and walk away or nip at me. I tried crawling to him and that didn't work either. I begged and whimpered, lying on my belly on the floor and he'd just ignore me.

After three days, he finally came up to me and pushed me down onto my back and pressed his cock to my face. I eagerly opened my mouth and wrapped my lips around his cock and sucked it, feeling relief and gratitude that King was once again going to feed me. But, as he pushed his cock deep into my mouth, he began to piss instead. He spent about 30 seconds relieving himself down my throat, then pulled his cock from my mouth and walked away. I was very disappointed.

King ended up doing this four more times during the day. Then again the next day and the day after. He wouldn't urinate anywhere else but down my throat. My belly was almost constantly full and sloshing with King's piss. He must be pissing more than a gallon every day. It was almost too much for me. I didn't like it at all but I didn't dare refuse. With no food in the house for me, I had to find a way to get my cum meals from King's cock.

King did still fuck me at least two or three times a day but he became rougher about it. He'd push me down, clamp his teeth around my neck, and fuck me hard and deep. His huge cock felt wonderful stretching my pussy, but it also hurt and with his teeth on my neck, I just couldn't seem to manage to reach orgasm. It seemed unfair that King got to cum every day and I hadn't had an orgasm in months.

So, I ended up having to follow King around, constantly trying to get my mouth on his cock in hopes of being fed some cum.

I realized that my situation had become bad. I had no clothes, no access to money, and until I figured out how to get the collar off I was trapped at home. I had no food and was utterly dependent on King

for sustenance. I was totally at his mercy. I didn't know what to do.

The veterinarian came by my house a few weeks ago. It certainly didn't go well at all. I had nothing to wear so once again I answered the door completely naked, with King right beside me. I was slightly relieved that the vet was a woman. She was attractive, maybe in her early 30's. I was about to explain my nakedness, but she told me that Mr. Canis had already explained that I was a strict nudist. I guess that's as good of a lie as anything else.

So, the vet's name is Dr. Vivian Shelby and she went straight to examining King. She admired how large and healthy he seemed though she couldn't determine exactly what breed his parents might have been. King didn't seem to mind her touching him and he remained fairly calm and well behaved. Luckily she used a bit of topical anesthetic before drawing blood, so King didn't even notice. King's exam only required a little over half an hour. I was relieved when Dr. Shelby said she was all finished. There would be some lab work she would need to do once she returned to her office. She said she would email the results to me as well as to Mr. Canis.

Dr. Shelby did notice the collar I was wearing. She said that although it looked cute on me, it really belonged to King. I was about to explain why I was wearing the collar when King, who had been good throughout the vet's visit, suddenly pushed me down to the floor onto my back. A moment later, he was on top of me and his huge cock was pressing against my lips. I heard him growling and I knew that I had no choice. I opened my mouth and slid my lips around the first few inches of his big cock. He nudged forward, sliding his cock deeper into my mouth and into my throat, then began to relieve himself. I felt the warm piss spewing down my throat and I had to swallow over and over. It felt like King pissed for a solid minute or more and my belly was sloshing by the time he was finished. He finally got up and trotted off, leaving me there on the floor with a belly full of his piss.

Dr. Shelby had witnessed all of this with utter dismay. My face was red with humiliation and I tried to explain that I didn't know how to stop King from doing this. It felt like a flimsy excuse, but Dr. Shelby didn't seem to care. She said that her job was to help ensure that King was healthy and happy. If this is how he preferred to relieve himself, then trying to get him to stop might cause undue mental stress on him. The vet said that I'd just have to keep doing it. If I stopped and it caused King to suffer unduly, then Dr. Shelby would have to report this to Mr. Canis. If Mr. Canis believed that I was not taking good care of King, then I'd no longer be allowed to be King's caretaker.

Dr. Shelby left shortly afterward and informed me that she would be back once a month to check up on King. After she left I immediately contacted Mr. Canis about this. He confirmed what Dr. Shelby had said and that since all of my (former) money, my home, and my property, all technically belonged to King, then if I were deemed unsuitable as a caretaker, I'd be evicted from the house. Technically, I was King's unpaid employee, not his owner.

If I were evicted, I'd be out on the street with nothing. No money or clothes or anything. I complained to Mr. Canis that this isn't what I wanted when I set all of this up, but apparently the wording of the legal papers I signed stated otherwise. There was no way to change any of this unless the legal relationship between myself and King were to change. I didn't understand, so I asked Mr. Canis to explain what that meant.

Because King was technically the owner of my house and property, under an obscure phrasing of local law, he had certain legal rights that normally only pertained to humans. Most significantly, as a landowner, King could get married. If I were to marry King, I could get half of King's property. I laughed when Mr. Canis told me this, but he was serious. We could even get married via email and never have to leave the house.

It just seems ridiculous for me to marry a dog. But, having King use me as his personal urinal five times a day was becoming unbearable. I had to get some money and get out of there or else I'd eventually starve to death. With each passing day, my resolve weakened until I contacted Mr. Canis again and told him to get the paperwork ready so that King and I could get married online.

A few days later, King and I were officially husband and wife. Soon, all of my problems would be over and I could go back to a normal life.

This is ridiculous. There was an error when the marriage license for me and King was filed. On the marriage license, I was listed as a dog and King was listed as a human, instead of the other way around. I spoke with Mr. Canis about this at length and he told me it will take some time to undo the error, assuming it can be undone. So, legally, I'm a dog. This is insane. And because of this, Mr. Canis told me that my driver's license is now revoked and my social security number is now invalid. Legally, I have no rights. I'd need to take my birth certificate and picture ID to the local courthouse and fill out a bunch of paperwork just to start the process of getting my identity back, but since I can't leave my house because of the stupid collar I'm wearing and the invisible fence around the property, I can't do anything about it. That means that under the law, King is my husband as well as my owner.

On top of that, Mr. Canis got angry with me because I've been calling him three times a day to try and get this problem fixed. Then he informed me that due to my lack of money that he was no longer my lawyer. Technically, he was King's lawyer. Then he had my cell phone service turned off and my internet service turned off. Now I had no way to communicate with anyone.

Electricity, water, and gas are all automatically paid for and my house... which is technically King's house now... is fully paid for. A delivery service brings food and some supplies once a week, but the order is all automated as well.

I have no clothes, no money, and no way to leave the house. The only people who ever come here are the veterinarian once a month, who is paid by Mr. Canis and not likely to help me, and the weekly delivery person, who I always hide from because I was naked.

King had decided weeks ago that I was his personal urinal and would only piss when his big dog cock was in my mouth. He was so much bigger and stronger than I was that I didn't really have a choice. King weighed about 260 pounds to my petite 83 pounds. I'd lost about 12 pounds over the past few months due to my diet of only King's cum and piss. To make it worse, King hadn't even fed me any of his cum in weeks.

My only hope was to try and remind King just how good it felt to have his cock in my throat, so I followed him around constantly. Anytime he'd stop, I'd wrap my mouth around his cock and suck on it eagerly. Finally, after sucking and teasing King's cock for hours, he finally pushed me to the floor and fucked his cock down my tight, slick throat. I was so grateful when he spewed cum down my throat and into my hungry belly. I'd been slowly starving but now, as long as I kept this up, I'd be okay. I was so happy to be fed that I nearly cried.

So, now I just follow King around and as soon as he lies down or sits down, I crawl over to him and start nursing on his huge cock. I keep his cock wet with my saliva throughout the day, my lips always stretched tight around his long thick shaft. Now, between the pints of cum he feeds me each day and the gallon of piss he gives me, I stay full all the time.

When the veterinarian, Dr. Shelby, came by most recently for King's monthly checkup I try and explain to her my predicament, but she just doesn't care. Mr. Canis pays her so well that King is her

only patient. She won't do anything to jeopardize her arrangement. She warned me that if I don't keep King happy, she will sedate me and remove my vocal cords so that I can't ever speak again. She did tell me that she was nice enough to give King a testosterone boost and a slow-release, long-acting doggy viagra so that he'd stay happy fucking my mouth and pussy six times a day, every day, until his next monthly checkup.

So, I'm completely trapped and helpless and only two people even know about my situation and neither of them want to help me.

King's personal veterinarian, Dr. Shelby, came by for King's monthly checkup. She had some surprising news. King had been rescued from a laboratory that conducted experiments on animals - that much I already knew. But what I didn't know was that King wasn't the only dog rescued from that laboratory. Another dog was rescued as well who is also King's brother. This other dog was aptly named Prince. He had been living in various places, moving from home to shelter to another home, because he was so large and difficult to control. Mr. Canis became aware of Prince and thought that Prince might do well if he was brought here to live with his brother, King.

Personally, I didn't like this idea at all, but Dr. Shelby said that Prince was already on his way here. I had no say in this at all. The weekly food deliveries would be doubled and Dr. Shelby would be Prince's vet as well, which likely meant more money for her.

The next day, Mr. Canis showed up driving a van. By the time King and I had gone outside, Mr. Canis had opened the van. Out jumped a dog that was nearly as big as King and looked almost identical except for having slightly darker fur. The big dog bounded around the yard happily for several minutes before setting down. Then he came over to King and they greeted each other. Apparently, the two big dogs remembered each other or something because they immediately got along. Mr. Canis didn't say anything to me and was soon back in the van and leaving. I went back inside while King and Prince scampered around in the yard for a while longer.

So, I fixed dinner for King and Prince and afterward King fed me my meal of cum from his cock. Afterward, Prince familiarized himself with the house. He would have to sleep on the floor since King used the only real bed in the house and I slept in King's old doggy bed. But, that evening, I learned otherwise. King took the bed and Prince flopped down into the doggy bed, leaving me to curl up naked on the floor. I certainly wasn't going to try and push Prince out of my bed that he had now staked as his own.

The next morning I again fixed a meal for the two large dogs. Afterward, I laid down on the floor, ready to be fed. I certainly had learned my lesson and wasn't going to resist being fed my only source of nourishment. While King fed me, Prince watched with curiosity. Prince's own big doggy cock slid from its sheath, and Prince's cock nearly as large as King's enormous cock.

Once I had nursed on King's cock for several long minutes, he thrust into my throat and spewed a half a pint of cum into my stomach. Then, he slid his cock free of my tight, slick throat and looked over at Prince. Prince stepped closer and some sort of silent doggy communication was exchanged, I think. As I got up to my hands and knees Prince stepped over until he was standing over me, his large cock bobbing in front of me. He growled and gave my ass a painful nip. Apparently, Prince wanted his doggy cock sucked too and King had given Prince his blessing... or whatever it is that dogs do.

I slid my soft, moist lips around Prince's cock and began to suck on it. I knew that I had no real choice. I didn't want to risk upsetting either of the large dogs.

Within a few minutes, Prince's cum was gushing down my throat. I swallowed the gooey semen from his testicles, each the size of a large apple. I gulped down what felt like another half pint of dog cum before Prince pulled his cock free of my mouth and throat and trotted away happily. Prince seemed to catch on quick on what my place was and began using me five or six times a day. Not an hour passed during the day when a dog's cock wasn't in my mouth, ass, or pussy. But, at least now I was getting more to eat every day.

By the time Dr. Shelby came by a month later for the next checkup, I'd gotten used to living with two huge dogs and being utterly controlled by them. I couldn't imagine how the situation could get any worse. When Dr. Shelby saw how well Prince and King were getting along and how well Prince had adjusted to his new home, she said she had some good news. King and Prince and three more brothers - Thor, Apollo, and Zeus. The three dogs would be arriving in a few days.

Mr. Canis arrived a few days later in a truck hauling a trailer. It was one of those trailers used to transport horses and cattle. He quickly opened the back end and out sprung two large dogs, who he informed me were Thor and Apollo. Both were about the same size as Prince. Thor had short gray fur with lighter fur on his feet and tail. Apollo's fur is a light gray, almost white. Then, out stepped the third dog, Zeus.

Zeus was the largest dog I'd ever seen. He was even bigger than King. He must have weighed 300 pounds. His fur was solid black and he was enormous. He trotted up to me and his head was the same height as mine, even if I was only 5 feet tall. But, as he walked right up to me, I saw that he was actually just a bit taller than me. The huge dog looked down at me and I trembled. He stepped forward and barked at me. I was so utterly intimidated by Zeus that I dropped to my knees.

Mr. Canis chuckled as he climbed back into the truck and drove off. I looked up at Zeus, who towered over me as I sat there on my knees. Zeus had immediately known my place here... I was the bitch and he was the leader.

The other dogs were all dominant over me, but Zeus established himself as the pack leader. Even King opted to be second to Zeus. And now I was constantly busy cleaning up after the five dogs, feeding them (steak, of course, never dog food), and bath them. And at night, Zeus took the bed, while King and Prince each slept in one of the spare bedrooms, and Thor and Apollo slept in the living room. I ended up being allowed to sleep the corner of the living room.

The rest of the dogs quickly learned from King and my day became even busier. Each dog loved to have its cock sucked at least three times a day, but usually four or five times. Zeus wanted his cock sucked at least six times a day. So, typically I was giving one or two blowjobs an hour throughout the day. The five dogs kept me so full of cum that I was almost always full. And, of course, the dogs loved to fuck me. Each one fucked me once or twice a day. Most of the dogs had cocks that were just a little smaller than King's huge cock, but Zeus was bigger.

Zeus seemed almost always horny and his enormous pink cock slides out from his sheath a full 22 inches. He was so big, his cock wouldn't even fit into my pussy. I could only barely accommodate King's huge cock and it was extremely painful. But Zeus was just too big, yet he insisted on fucking me. So, he managed to get his huge dog cock into my ass. I nearly passed out from the pain. His cock was about 5 inches wide but he managed to force all of it inside me, stretching my poor hole to its limit. I howled and screamed, kneeling on the ottoman as Zeus's giant cock nearly turned me inside-out. By the time he was done, I was a quivering mess... sore from being fucked by Zeus, but so extremely horny too.

Usually, as I kneeled on the ottoman recovering from Zeus's pounding, one of the other dogs would

step up and mount me, thrusting into my pussy until it too was sore. I'd always get really close to orgasm but never did. I hadn't had an orgasm in months. But by the end of each day, my stomach was bloated with dog cum and my pussy and ass were sore and drooling cum. It seemed these dogs had an amazing capacity to produce cum.

When the veterinarian, Dr. Shelby, came by next, I asked her about my inability to orgasm. She chuckled and told me that the "vitamin" shot that I'd been getting from here every month had a drug in it that prevented me from reaching orgasm. As property of the five dogs, it had been determined by Mr. Canis and Dr. Shelby that I had no need for orgasms. I tried to argue and complain, but Dr. Shelby said that if I didn't shut up about it, next time she'd take my vocal cords and leave me mute. As a pet, she said I didn't need to talk anymore. So, that was the last time I brought it up.

So, I've had almost everything taken from me. I have no rights, no freedom, no money, and I spend every waking moment serving five dogs or being used by them. My every meal comes from dog cocks since the only food in the house is exclusively for the dogs.

Most recently, Mr. Canis had cameras installed throughout the house. He didn't even bother telling me what they were for and I was afraid to ask. But a few weeks later, I found a flyer in the yard. It was an advertisement for a website called "Slave to Dogs". There was a picture of me with King's huge cock buried down my throat.

Mr. Canis did stop by again a few weeks later. A ranch was being built that would be far from any town and all of the dogs, as well as me, would eventually get moved there. He also told me that although Zeus, King, and the other dog's would likely live for 20 years or more due to their unique genetics, someday there would be new dogs. They would be the sons of Zeus and King and the others and they would be just as big, but even smarter.

I would be the slave of dogs for the rest of my life. But, I'm not even sure if I'd know how to do anything else. My place was kneeling under a dog. I'd become scared that the dogs would grow tired of me. I didn't want to be cast off and left naked and hungry with no place to go. This was my life from now on.

The End