

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Chapter One

Debbie Benton has always loved animals, she's been involved in looking after them all her life. In high school, she had an after school job helping in a Vet Clinic, which inspired her to train to become a Vet Technician. After she graduated, she worked for five years in a Dallas animal hospital. Having years of experience working in the field led to her current job as an officer at Animal Services. The Dallas animal rescue agency run by the local city government.

At thirty, she feels she has reached a position and status in her life that brings her great satisfaction and pride. Debbie always managed to turn heads during her life too. Not just for her compassion toward neglected animals, but her beauty is admired by all who know her. Long blonde hair, jade coloured eyes, and a face which appeared innocence, almost naïve that contradicted the extreme cruelty she has witnessed during her life. Most officer's age quickly working in animal welfare, however, Debbie maintained her youthful appearance and had changed little from when she was a cheerleader in high school.

Her love life to this point had been difficult because she's one of those women who always seemed to find the worst men to fall in love with. One boyfriend used to beat her, another was a junkie and died from an overdose, and her longest relationship was with a Hells Angel Biker who made her fuck his friends. This relationship ended when he got sent to jail for armed robbery and resisting arrest. As with all women with Debbie's propensity for 'bad boys', she swore to herself next time she'll find a nice guy she can settle down with. For now, she's happy being single and concentrating on her career.

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This story begins on a Tuesday morning around eight-thirty am. Until now the morning had been like any other Tuesday with breakfast, a hot shower, and driving into Animal Services in her work truck listening to the cheesy morning breakfast radio. Suddenly her radio crackled and the familiar voice of June Wetherill, the Animal Service dispatch officer, began to speak.

"You got a copy, Debbie?"

Debbie picked up the radio receiver and said, "Morning, June, you got something for me?"

"Yeah, we've had some complaints about a large dog, mixed breed, with black fur bothering kids and women at Wildwood, near Mesquite. The complainant is a Macey Jones, 718 Pecan Drive."

*Mesquite*, Debbie thought with a shudder. "Got it. ETA approx. Twenty minutes."

"Copy that."

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Picking up strays is one of the many jobs an Animal Services Officer has to do. Sometimes the volunteer agencies like the SPCA do it, but mostly it's Animal Services. Mesquite has a colourful history of people having big dogs they don't look after. So Debbie knew to approach with caution and assess the situation before acting. She's licenced to use a tranquillising gun, and carries one in her truck. However, she rarely needed to use it as most dogs acting out are scared, not vicious. Still, you can never be sure how a cornered animal will react.

When she arrives at the address June gave her, she knocked at the door to speak to the woman who reported the stray dog. A large black woman answered, dressed in sweats and a tight blouse making her nipples stick out.

"Macey Jones?" Debbie asked.

"Yeah, you here about that dog, eh?" Macey said.

Debbie nodded and showed the woman her official Identification. "Where did you last see it?"

"About an hour ago, heading to Oak Drive. It's a damn pest, been chasin' people all over. Growlin' and barkin' like crazy."

"Has it bitten anyone?" Debbie asked, because if a dog had gone that far it's going to get put down which isn't her preferred option anytime.

"Not that I know of. Just a damn nuisance more'n anythin'," Macey said, swinging her head side to side for a moment.

"Is he from around here? Have you seen him before this?" Debbie asked the woman.

Macey thought for a moment. "Don't know for sure. I don't think I've seen him around here, but there's so many dogs in these parts I can't be certain."

"Well, thanks for reporting it. If you think of anything else, call the office and they'll contact me."

"Sure," the woman said with a slight smile.

OK... Time to see if I can locate him."

Macey's head went stiff and her eyes bulged. "Damn, girl, you gonna need some help! That mutt is bigger than a damn horse. He'll eat you alive!"

Debbie laughed. She was used to people looking at her as a helpless blonde. "I'll manage. Thanks for your assistance, Macey," she said and returned to her truck.

Now came the part Debbie always enjoyed the most in these situations. The hunt, finding and catching the stray. They can hide in many places and since Macey had last seen the dog an hour ago, it could be anywhere by now. So she drove slowly up Oak Drive scanning the surroundings closely, circling back around Pecan Drive. There's paddocks and empty lots all over, so plenty of places a dog can cross where she can't. On a hunch, she decided to drive up to West Gross Street, in case the dog had gone in that direction. Nearing the end of this street, she spotted it at last. Pulling over she pulled her binoculars and looked at the animal lying in the shade of some scrub under a stand of Texas ash trees.

She grabbed her radio mike and said, "Truck sixty-nine, Officer Benton here. Do you copy?"

June answered. "Go ahead, Debbie."

"I've found the stray resting near the end of West Gross Street. I can confirm it has black fur, and appears to be matured Great Dane crossed with possibly a Wolf Hound."

"He's gonna be big. Do you need backup?" June asked.

"I haven't approached the animal yet, so I'll let you know."

"OK, proceed with caution. Dispatch, out."

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Debbie decided her first approach should be without the dog-pole, to see if the dog will respond to her voice and presence alone. Most dogs run for it on first contact, and that's when she ups the ante in catching it. However, first contact with a frightened beast is always a gentle approach as many dogs respond to a friendly voice. As long as they haven't reverted to a wild state already.

The dog is lying under a bush deep into the wooded area, so slowly she approaches it straight on so it can see her. "Here, boy," she calls for it. "Come on, boy... It's OK... Good, boy."

She pats her leg and speaks softly to the animal. He remains still, his ears pricked and head stiff. His eyes bore into her, dark and brooding. She knows he's evaluating her threat status at the moment. His tense body and stiff posture shout a dog on high alert. Once she's five feet from the dog she decides to squat, and take a submissive posture. Sometimes this disarms aggressive dogs by reducing the threat of her presence.

The dog suddenly stood.

Her eyes bulged at the size of it, possibly the biggest dog she's ever seen in her life. Its coat had a lovely sheen to it glistening in the light. "You're well taken care of, aren't you, boy," she said to the animal. "Don't be afraid, I just wanna take you home."

The dog suddenly walked to her and sniffed her. Debbie thinks she has it, and is about to grab the leash from her pocket to snare the dog when it suddenly attacked her. It took her by surprise as the dog wrapped its jaws around her shoulder and bit her, shaking its head to cause maximum damage. Debbie fell to the ground and instinctively kicked at the dog. Her foot connected and it let go of her. Blood poured from her shoulder as she grasped it.

The dog jumped her from behind, sinking its teeth into the buttocks. She screamed in pain as the dog pushed her forward. Her pants and underwear caught in its sharp teeth ripped badly. As she tried to get away, the back of her pants stayed in the dog's mouth. She looked back with bulging eyes and rasping breaths to see her panties hanging from the corner of its frothy mouth.

"NO!" She shouted at the beast, getting to her feet.

Intense pain wracked her shoulder and buttocks, and her body shivered uncontrollably. The dog tilted its head as if trying to decide whether her command is one he has to obey. Obviously, he decided her authority had no place in his life and lunged at her again. Debbie turned to present her back to the attacking predator in a standing foetal position. When he collided with her, he knocked her onto the ground severely wounding her. For a moment, she thought she saw stars as unconsciousness threatened to take leave her at the mercy of this beast.

*God, this dog is going to kill me*, she thought wildly. The large, brutish dog came upon her again. Debbie is now lying on her knees with her face in the dusty ground with tears streaming from her eyes fearing her life is about to end. The dog jumps on her back, his front legs wrapping around her chest with the grip of a vice. He wraps his huge mouth around her neck and holds her. Debbie waits for him to bite her neck, killing her once and for all.

She suddenly feels something warm and wet touch her exposed behind. The object rams into her

repeatedly. *Oh my God*, she thinks in horror. *He's trying to fuck me!* The dog squeezes tighter on her neck and twists her head, making her spread her legs more.

"STOP IT... NO... BAD DOG," she screams.

Too late, his cock finds the sweet spot and as it feels her pussy lips open slightly to his probing, he thrusts his hips hard while squeezing her even tighter with his forelegs. His cock drives home, spreading her pussy apart with such force that Debbie squeals in pain. Once the dog feels her soft, velvety warmth wrap around his thick cock he begins to fuck her with a brutish force. Her pussy isn't prepared for this, and at first the friction causes her pain in her dry pussy. The dog's cock is pumping precum inside her as he fucks, lubricating her, and eventually the pain eases some.

Debbie couldn't believe how big and thick the dog's cock feels inside her. Stretching her pussy beyond anything she has ever known, all the while pounding her with a bestial fury only a powerful predator can have. Her face now pallid, a cold sweat drips from her forehead, making her blonde hair limp and flat. Her chin and lips tremble uncontrollably as she sobs. Her body now moved in sync with the dog's ferocious poundings, he had pushed her forward a foot on the ground by the force of his thrusts alone.

Debbie wanted to scream, however, her voice seemed to have disappeared. She hurt all over, yet the pain seemed overridden by the huge cock that owned her right now. Things were moving so quickly she couldn't process what's happening to her. Still, her body responded to the sexual energy of the beast, and amongst the pain that screamed at her from her shoulder and buttocks, a spark of pleasure began to grow.

"No, stop that," she whispered to her body.

Her brain seemed disconnected from her body suddenly. She could feel her stomach begin to tighten, and her clitoris grow hot. The dog had an unnatural stamina. *I've seen dogs mate before and they don't usually fuck for this long*, she thought. Wondering why it hadn't reached orgasm yet and a word flashed through her mind, causing her to claw at her cheeks, dragging her fingers down in terror.

The word she thought: *THE KNOT*.

Sure enough, something started banging against her pussy lips, hitting her clit and sending shocks of pleasure through her like small orgasms, making her gasp. Debbie tried to move, however, the strength with which the large dog held her overwhelmed any feeble attempt she made. Her body sweated profusely now, and the sound of her rapid heartbeat thrashed in her ears. Yet, pussy betrayed her. The friction of his warm cock sliding into her with such force had grown to such pleasure it dulled the pain she feels elsewhere in her body.

To her surprise, she let out a moan. The mammoth cock slicing her in two with the knot banging against her clit trying to further impale her. Her mind so focused on the sensation of this giant cock and knot trying to own her, she couldn't even hear the dog's deep pants above her. She clasped her pussy down on the dog's cock, not for pleasure's sake, but to stop the knot from entering her. The dog, feeling her pussy clamp tightly around him, lost rhythm for a moment and his thrusting became jerky and awkward.

Debbie didn't realise it, but this change of motion caused her to suddenly orgasm. A strong, powerful orgasm that sent a paroxysm of pleasure pulsating through her body. She moaned loudly as her little body shook under the beast. The most intense orgasm she's had in her short life so far. As she finally released his cock from her gripping, claspings pussy, he found his rhythm again and started to thrust

with force. Her pussy lips loosened slightly in the afterglow of her intense orgasm, and the knot started to work its way inside her. The dog feels her finally open to him, pushed brutally and the knot slipped inside making her scream in pain.

*This is what childbirth must feel like*, she thought hazily feeling the huge knot stretch her even more than she thought she could bear. Debbie tried to relax her pussy to allow it to stretch as she worried he might tear her. She couldn't even guess how big his knot might be, it feels like a basketball inside her. The dog kept fucking her, but as his knot became lodged he lost his rhythm and eventually stopped. Feeling exhausted, she collapsed under the dog, only being held aloft by the cock inside her.

At first she didn't understand what's happening, but something began to feel strange in her stomach.

A warmth growing in intensity.

She even had the sensation of needing to pee, for some reason. Looking under her, she could see a whitish-fluid dripping from her. *CUM*, she screamed in her mind!

The dog is cumming inside her, filling her with his seed and trying to breed her.

The steady drip of dog cum oozing from around its knot and out of her pussy mesmerised her. It ran over her clit, titillating her. As the dog pumped its conceit into her body, she suddenly orgasms again, as the tension in her body grew. Not as powerful like before, but enough to make her close her eyes tight and clench her hands into fists in response. The sudden convulsion of her pussy tightening around the dogs cock sparked it to life, and it began to fuck her again. This pushed her orgasm into another realm of earth-shattering proportions. Now her body shook as waves of pleasure bent her like a blade of grass in a strong wind. Her guttural moans echoed around the grove of trees and as it subsided the dog settled again and continued the deed of pumping endless streams of dog cum into her.

Eventually, the dog grew tired and stepped over her until his arse was level with hers. They remained connected by his purple-red veiny cock. He walked back to the spot he had been sitting when Debbie first approached him, dragging her behind him like a rag doll.

She feels relieved the dog is off her now, as it weighed a ton. When it lay on the ground, she laid with it, resting and waiting for it to end. His huge cock filling her still, so even her soul seemed overwhelmed by its size. Everything in her world suddenly seemed all about his cock, and his dominance of her. She fell asleep, as the pain returned from her shoulder and buttock.

Exhaustion took her away to another place of darkness.

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Debbie woke sometime later to find herself alone. Her body ached all over, especially her pussy. She pushed herself to a sitting position with difficulty, her muscles stiff and sore. Suddenly she could feel herself peeing, and she looked between her legs to see a puddle forming. However, it isn't pee its dog cum, sitting up had caused it to run out of her abused pussy. Pulling the front of her pants away, she looked at her pussy. Her pussy-lips were swollen and red, pubic hair plastered to her mound by dog cum, and her pussy gaped like a raw wound - all red and angry looking. In short, she was a mess down there.

Her watch reads ten-past-eleven am and she knows work will be trying to contact her by now. *If I*

*don't speak to them, they'll come looking and find me like this*, she thought with a shudder. So getting to her feet, she limped toward her truck with dog cum and blood running down her legs. She opened the cab and grabbed the radio.

"Truck sixty-nine, Officer Benton, do you copy, dispatch?"

"Debbie," June said, sounding relieved. "We were getting worried. Are you OK?"

Debbie took a deep breath. "No, the dog attacked me, I've been mauled pretty badly. I'm gonna need some help here."

June went into professional mode, saying, "I'll dispatch paramedics to you immediately, Debbie. One of our other trucks is about fifteen minutes from your location and I'm sending them to you too. Hang tight, help is coming."

"Thanks, June. I'll be here," Debbie said and dropped the receiver.

June kept talking, but Debbie ignored it. She only had fifteen minutes to fix herself before others arrived to help. *Being bitten is no big deal*, she thought, *Being raped isn't something I want to share with anyone*. In one of the truck compartment's she had a change of clothes as working in animal rescue is a dirty job sometimes. She grabbed a water bottle and gave herself a crude douche, flushing much dog semen from her pussy as she could.

Then she washed and dried her battered genitals and slipped on some fresh underpants placing a sanitary pad inside to capture any more leaking cum. She put her ripped nylon work pants back on because she still had wounds on her buttocks. June started to sound as if she's getting hysterical on the radio so Debbie spoke to her to calm her. *Hopefully no one will discover what this dog did to me*, she thought.

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The next day, she lay recuperating in the hospital as some of her wounds were deep and the Doctor wanted her to have a course of IV antibiotics, and let her recover from the operation to clean her wounds and suture them. The Animal Services CEO Dan Hardwick and her supervisor, Bob Greenfield had come to see if she's OK. Debbie had cuts and bruises all over her and her right arm in a sling. Bandages and butterfly sutures dotted her visage.

"Deb, you look terrible. I hope they're giving you plenty of morphine," Dan said with a slight smile.

"Don't worry, I have it on tap," Debbie said and smiled at the men with pearly white teeth.

"I'm sorry this happened, Deb," Bob said more seriously.

"It's not your fault, I under-estimated what the dog would do. I thought it was just scared and lost, so I approached it without protection. It's my fault, really."

The men pulled up chairs and sat. Bob pulled out his phone and turned on the record function and placed it near Debbie. "I'm sorry to push you, but we need to get some information for our report on this," Dan said.

Debbie shrugged indifferently. "Sure, ask away. Some of it's a bit hazy, but I'll do my best."

"Just tell us what happened, in your words."

"OK, I got the call about half-past-eight, and I think I arrived at the complainant's house around nine am," Debbie said.

"Macy Jones," Bob said.

"Yes, that's her. Well, she said she had seen the dog head north of Pecan Drive so I began to drive around the area to find it. I noticed lots of paddocks and empty lots so I knew the dog may be long gone from Pecan Drive."

"Is that why you went to Gross Street?"

Debbie nodded. "I remember at some point having a hunch that's where I'd find the dog."

"Describe the dog," Bob said.

"Medium length black fur all over. He had Great Dane in him, but I think he was a cross breed."

"Wolf Hound," Dan said.

"What?" Debbie asked.

Dan replied, "You told June over the radio a Great Dane crossed with a Wolf Hound."

"Did I?" Debbie said and laughed. "I don't remember, but yeah that sounds about right."

"So what happened next?" Bob asked.

"I approached the dog as it was sitting under a tree. I didn't get too close, but it didn't appear frightened by me so I took that as a good sign," Debbie said. "How wrong could I be?"

She grimaced and laughed nervously.

"You didn't take a dog-pole, or pepper spray?" Dan asked.

She shook her head. "No, I don't normally on first contact. I was trying to assess its temperament first. I expected it to run away, to be honest, most stray dogs do."

"Then it attacked you?" Dan asked, his face going pale.

"No, it stood and walked to me as calmly as anything," Debbie said. "It looked well cared for too. I was about to put a leash on it and take it back to the truck when it suddenly attacked me. I honestly didn't expect it considering the way the dog was acting before the attack."

"You poor thing," Dan said.

"I can only remember flashes from the attack. I woke later surprised I wasn't dead. That's when I made it back to the truck and contacted base."

"Well, you take as long as you need to recover," Dan said patting her hand.

"Have you found him?" Debbie asked.

Bob shook his head. "It's disappeared off the face of the earth. We've had six Animal Welfare vehicles and three cop cars out looking for it. Even the S.P.C.A. have been helping us search for it."



"Don't worry, Deb, we'll find it and end its vicious life," Dan said.

Debbie knew Dan had the hots for her, and the way he's acting here made her feel a bit creepy. She pulled her hand away from his, and said to Bob, "What did the police say?"

"They told us they've been investigating some illegal animal activities in the area, and think the dog may have been a part of it," Bob said. "They wouldn't specify what those activities were but given what happened to you I'd say its dog fighting."

"This dog looked too good to be a fighting dog. No. I don't think that's it," Debbie said, scratching her chin.

Several doctors abruptly walked into her room, so her bosses excused themselves promising to see her again later. Debbie's mind had been sparked though, the investigator inside her said this animal racket is something even more sinister than fighting. The dog fucked her as if it knew exactly how to handle a human female. So she vowed she'd uncover the truth, and make sure the men or women who made this raping machine would come to justice.

Nothing would stop her.

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## **Chapter 2 - Debbie goes back to work**

The mammoth cock felt as if it were slicing her in two, with the knot banging against her clit trying to further impale her. Her mind is so focused on the sensation of this giant cock and knot trying to own her. She clasped her pussy down on the dog's cock, to stop its monstrous knot from entering her. The dog, feeling her pussy clamp tightly around him, lost rhythm for a moment and his thrusting became jerky and awkward.

This change of motion caused her to suddenly orgasm. A strong, powerful orgasm that sent a paroxysm of pleasure pulsating through her body at light speed. She moaned loudly as her little body shook under the beast. The most intense orgasm she's had in her short life so far. As she finally released his cock from her gripping, clasping pussy, he found his rhythm again and started to thrust with force. Her pussy lips loosened slightly in the afterglow of her intense orgasm, and the knot started to work its way inside her. The dog feels her pussy finally open to him pushes brutally and the knot slipped inside making her scream in pain.

She sits up quickly, her heart pounding in her ears, and she's struggling to catch her breath. Her body is covered in sweat and her cotton nightie feels damp. She feels a slickness between her legs, and feels her panties - they're soaked in her juices. She takes a deep breath and sighs. Getting up she goes to the kitchen and gets a glass of water, taking it to the living room and sitting on the couch. Turning on the TV, she flicks through the channels, but only finds infomercials and settles on the one selling the best steak knives in the universe.

Slowly, her body and mind begin to slow, and the cool water helps her relax. These dreams were a constant companion for the last three weeks. Always the same, always rattling her to the core. She looked at the clock and it reads three am. *Great*, she thinks, *back to work this morning feeling like crap*. Eventually, she lays on the couch and pulls a blanket over her, and like every night before this she finishes her sleep in front of the TV.

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This morning she drove into work in her car, and pulled up at nine sharp ready to start. When she walked into the Animal Services facility many of her colleagues were already waiting to greet her. They even hung a 'Welcome Back, Debbie' sign on the wall. Her friends are so pleased to see her, and it heartens Debbie to see she's so well-liked. Dan calls her to his office for a quick chat so she enters and sits opposite him at his desk.

"Great to have you back, Deb," he said, smiling broadly at her.

"Well, it's great to be back. I eager to get to work again," Debbie said evenly.

"It doesn't bother you? I'd understand if you have a few nerves as a nasty incident happened to you last time."

*You don't know the half of it*, Debbie thinks. "You know the old cliché about falling-off a bicycle? Well, that's me presently so going back out is important for me."

"I understand," Dan said, crossing his arms and leaning back in his chair. "Only I have to insist your first week back you buddy with someone. If that goes OK, then next week we'll let you go alone."

Debbie stiffened in the chair and her face went tense, as if trying to hide her displeasure. "I don't think it's necessary, but if that's the way it has to be - OK."

Dan dropped his arms and his body drooped. "Good, I've arranged for you to go out with Biddle. He's waiting for you."

"Batshit Biddle?" Debbie says, then holding her mouth agape. *He probably thinks I need a bodyguard*, she thinks. Noticing the frown on Dan's face, she says, "That'll be fine. Well, I had better get to work, eh?"

They stand and shake hands.

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Biddle is standing by his truck drinking from a bottle of Gatorade as Debbie comes through a staff exit from the facility. Upon seeing him she gives him a wave, which he returns. *Batshit Biddle*, she thinks with a slight shudder. A nickname given him for his propensity for endangering himself unnecessarily. The only reason he gets away with being reckless is he's six-foot-four and all muscle. Braun is just as effective in catching strays as brains and each officer had their own approach.

"Hey, Debbie, I been waiting for ya. You ready to ride with ol' Biddle?"

His voice is about as southern as it gets. Biddle wears his brown hair in a crew cut, has a big mustache, and figuratively looks like a mall cop. Debbie sighs. *It's only for a week, so just chill*, she tells herself.

Hi, Hamilton, how's things?" She asks pleasantly.

"Better 'n yawl," he says. "Don't worry, if a big ole dog even looks at you the wrong way today, I'll fix him."

He suddenly lifts his thick arms above his head and does a front double biceps pose making his muscles bulge through his shirt.

Debbie rolled her eyes. "Steroids on sale this week, Biddle? Better be careful, I hear they shrink

your junk."

Hamilton quickly lowers his arms, scowling at her. "My junk is plenty fine, thank you very much. Now we gonna get to work or what?"

She climbed into the passenger seat thinking he probably wants her with him as much as she wants to be with him. *In the interests of harmony I had better not tease him about his stupidity*, she decides as the truck pulls out. She asks him, "So where we going?"

"Back to Mesquite, another big dog sighted in the area bein' a darn nuisance," he says. A Rottweiler parently, don't know what's goin' on over there these days. We get these call outs, but can never find the darn animal when we get there. Damn strange, if ya ask me."

Debbie remembered how Dan told her the cops were investigating an illegal dog ring in Mesquite, still, she knew Biddle wouldn't know anything about it.

"How many calls have we been getting?" Debbie asked.

Biddle distorted his lips and lowered his huge brow while he thought about it. She tried not to laugh. "Probably two a week since you been off hurt. I think your attacker was the first. All different breeds, but big dogs."

"Weird," Debbie said. "Let's hope we get this one today."

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They arrived at Holley Park Drive and parked across from a large Assembly of God Church where the complaint about the Rottweiler had originated. Many people were in the area as the church is close to 'City Park Lake' where joggers, bike riders, and others enjoyed the park facilities. Biddle said he'd go into the church and talk to the Pastor about the sighting of the dog. Debbie decides to start the search and walks toward the park, this with time pepper spray at her side. The day is fine, and a cool breeze blows over the blue water, making it choppy. Kids are playing on a nearby playground, watched closely by their mothers. Scanning the area, Debbie spots a familiar face and quickly heads toward the woman.

"Macey?" She calls out to the woman. "Macey Jones."

Macy stares at Debbie for a moment with narrowed eyes. "Yeah, who wants to know?"

"I'm Debbie Benton, I spoke to you a few weeks ago about the big black dog in your neighbourhood."

Macey's eyes bulged for a moment as she recognised Debbie at last. "Damn, girl, I told ya not to go near that dog alone. He did you bad, eh?"

The attack had been reported in the local media so Macey's response wasn't unexpected. Debbie shrugged, and smiled. "Yeah, you were right, but I wanna ask some questions about that dog if you don't mind."

"Nah, guess not."

"Where did you first see that dog?"

Macey thought for a moment. "A few days before I called Animal Services I guess."

"What happened?"

"I got off the bus with my kids in Walker Street, and it ran out from behind a black van. Started actin' all ornery, growlin' an' shit. Thought it gonna bite us. My son threw a rock and hit it hard. It ran back to the van. We ran home."

The black van sparked Debbie's attention. "Can you describe the van?"

"The only thing I remember is it's black all over, even the windows were tinted so you couldn't see inside," Macey said.

"Anything else? Think, this could be important," Debbie said, touching her arm briefly.

Macey looked up for a moment, thinking about the van. "I think it had mag wheels, I remember as they looked cool."

"Did you recognise the make, model?"

Macey shrugged. "Nah, sorry. My son might though, he's into cars." Suddenly she calls out, "Leroy! Leroy! Get your ass over here."

A black boy around twelve ran to them, and asked what Macey wanted. After she explained what Debbie was after, he said, "Oh yeah, I remember that. A black cargo van that had Chevy badges on it and cool mag wheels. Never seen it before around here."

"Thanks, Leroy, that's a big help. Just one more question, a Rottweiler was reported to us today, making a nuisance of itself, have you seen it?" Macey and Leroy shook their heads. Debbie grabbed a business card and handed it to Macey, saying, "If you see that black van again, can you call me?"

Macey looked at the card. "Sure, it's the least I can do for sending you after that other dog. Say, did they ever find it?"

Debbie shook her head. "No, it disappeared after it attacked me."

Macey grabbed her hand. "Well, just so ya know, I was prayin' for you after I saw what happened on the news."

Debbie smiled at her. "Thanks, I needed it. God bless you."

"You too," Macey said.

Debbie said good-bye and walked back toward the church to find Biddle at the truck waiting for her. "Come on," he said. "We got a nice ride around this lake to find this mutt."

"What did the Pastor say?" Debbie asked.

"He was weird," Biddle said and grimaced. "Kept saying the dog tried to rape some woman until he came along and kicked it. Never heard of a dog doing that, he probably misunderstood what was happening."

"Yeah, probably," Debbie said, but a shiver ran through her body.

*That's no coincidence, she thought grimly. A black van and dogs attacking women, something fucked up is happening here.* Debbie instinctively knew there'd be other women who've been attacked, and

maybe haven't reported it, just as she didn't. *Who wants the world to know you've been raped by a dog*, she asked herself? *No right-thinking female*. The truck pulled out and she began to scan her surroundings with an intensity only an officer of her experience could.

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The lake is only lightly wooded with well-kept lawns, several amenity blocks so if the Rottweiler was there they would've spotted it quickly. Biddle was about to quit when Debbie had an idea.

"Isn't there a football stadium near here?" She asked Biddle.

"Yeah, the Hanby Stadium. Why?"

"Strays love big empty parking lots, especially where food scraps may be found," Debbie said.

Biddle thought for a moment and smiled at her. "Damn, Benton, that kinda thinking gets you promoted."

"Or attacked," Debbie said.

They looked at each other for a silent moment, and began to laugh. Biddle headed to the Hanby Football Stadium while Debbie kept scanning their surroundings.

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The whole complex is large, especially the stadium also incorporated the Mesquite High School. Biddle dropped her off on the eastern side of the stadium while he went to the western side, her idea naturally. The parking lots on her side were large and mostly deserted. No signs of anything, and the asphalt radiated the heat of the day making it hot. As she walked to out an entrance/exit road toward East Davis Street, she heard a noise near the end of the bleachers on the eastern side of the gridiron stadium. She approached the spot with caution, this time wiser considering what's been happening.

She spots the dog, an adult male Rottweiler going through the garbage from a turned over trash can. Just as the previous dog, the Rottweiler appeared in immaculate condition. Well-fed and groomed, a big black leather collar. She squatted in the shadows, scanning the area for the black van Macey told her about. *There has to be a connection*, she thought. As she crept along the bleachers, she suddenly stepped on some broken glass that crackled loudly under her weight. The dog stopped sniffing the garbage, its head raised - ears forward - on full alert. It spotted her.

"Oh Fuck," she muttered under her breath.

The dog sprang forward running for her. Debbie turned and bolted under the bleachers, her only avenue of escape. She ran as fast as she could, however, the dog gained ground on the recently injured officer. The compulsion to look back at the animal as she flees only made her panic worse and she turned into a corridor that ended being a dead-end. The dog followed her, and eventually had her cornered.

"Get away from me," she screamed at the animal. "Get! Go on, GIT!"

Looking around, she could find nothing to use as a weapon, forgetting in her panic she had pepper spray. The dog became still, watching her and sniffing the air. She finally remembered her radio and grabbed it. "Biddle, can you read me?" All she got back is static. "Biddle! Biddle! Can you read me?"

She waited, under the static she thought she heard snatches of his voice, however, she couldn't understand what he said. The dog stepped closer, growling softly, its head low in a predatory stance of an animal about to attack. *Not my first day back*, she thought. Then she noticed its erect red cock already hanging low under it. This dog only wanted one thing, to fuck her. Debbie weighed her choices. Get mauled and raped again, or give this dog what it wants and hopefully stay in one piece to fight another day.

"All right, you want pussy? OK, I'll give you pussy, just don't bite me. Deal?" She asks the dog.

Undoing her pants, she dropped them - panties and all. Debbie drops onto her hands and knees and presented herself. Pepper spray at the ready. The dog sniffs the air, licked its lips, and came to her. It started smelling her, and eventually his nose settled on her pussy pushing into it to sniff the aroma of her womanhood. *Right, the next time you come up here I'm spraying you*, she thinks. His tongue shot out, running from her mound, over her clit, between her pussy-lips, and into her arse. The rough wetness of it makes her gasp. The dog continued, and before long the all-consuming devouring of her genitals had her moaning loudly. Her clit beginning to throb, as she thrust her pelvis into its tongue.

The Rottweiler knew how to press all her buttons, and before long the can of pepper spray rolled free from her hand. With eyes clenched tight and head hanging low so her hair covered her face, Debbie came hard from the doggy cunnilingus the Rottweiler skilfully applied to her cunt. Before she knew what had happened the big dog is suddenly on her back, his legs wrapping firmly around her chest.

Spontaneously she lowers her upper body to present her pussy for the animal to take. The Rottweiler is humping, trying to find her pussy, when suddenly it takes root in her arse, pushing into her anus with such force and speed that pain explodes across her whole body. She moans loudly, her eyes still clenched shut. Sweat now dripping from her face. The pain is intense, still she doesn't scream. The dog having entered her in the most brutal manner kept thrusting his ever expanding cock deep into her colon. She can feel it in her stomach, moving, pushing her organs around. An intruder inside her body, probing her depths, and filling her in a way she had never felt.

The Rottweilers testicles begin slapping her pussy as he drives his rigid red cock deep inside her arse. The dog finds its rhythm and probes her fast and hard with his huge cock. Debbie can feel the pain, especially around her anus, subside being slowly replaced by a burning friction that feels pleasurable. Her groans of pain dissipate, replaced by moans of pleasure. Another big cock owning her, filling her so every pulsation from it makes her insides buzz and tickle. She reached under and starts to rub her clit, sending immediate sparks of divine pleasure to ripple through her mixing with other sensations.

Her anus begins to radiate such a thrill, her pussy gets wet. All these sensations, and the huge cock impaling her with repeated thrusts of force and strength are turning her legs to jelly.

"Oh God... Yes... Oh, fuck me," she moans under her breath.

His cock, already buried balls deep inside her, begins to get even larger as the dog knot starts to expand. She clasps her anus onto the cock, trying to milk all the pleasure she can from it. Her hand rubs her clit desperately as a huge orgasm builds inside her. She feels a new wetness, and looking under herself to find she's urinating. The dogs knot so big, it's pushing her on her bladder, squashing it, making her piss as a result. A golden trickle of piss wets her pussy and runs onto the ground. The smell of sex and piss fill the air.

"Oh fuck, whata ya doin' to me," Debbie moans as she watches.

The dog knot is now expanded and it's finding it difficult to pull out of her arse, but he keeps fucking her. Debbie thinks she feels his cock prod her diaphragm, it's so deep. Her breath is turning into a panting, similar to the dogs. Memories of the Great Dane cross flood her mind, the last time she felt as if her existence is only to be a vessel for an extremely large cock. Her life seemed meaningless at this point, as if her calling is being filled by a huge cock and knot.

Her fingers bury into her pussy, but even the massive cock in her arse makes this hard. It's pressing everything aside as it dominates her. She can't hold it back any longer, all these passions overwhelm her, her body spirals into an abyss of pleasure. Her body shakes and quivers in convulsive surges making her squeal loudly. The dog senses her release and begins to unload a warm stream of cum deep into her body. It emits a whine of satisfaction, resting its head on hers.

Debbie has no idea how long her orgasm lasted, it seemed an age, or maybe she had multiple one's? The thrill and buzz of the dogs' massive dick began to fade, and this seemed to bring her back to her senses. She found herself lying on the ground behind the Rottweiler arse to arse. *How did we get into this position*, she thought not even remembering the dog moving from on top of her? She took a deep breath and reach behind to feel his cock impaled in her arse still. No cum had leaked from her anus, that's how well he had sealed himself inside her. Yet she could sense his knot deflating in her body.

Looking outside the alley, she spotted Biddle driving past, beyond the bleachers looking for her. Her radio crackled to life. "Benton, where the fuck are you?" Biddle sounded angry.

She grabbed her receiver, and looked at the Rottweiler for a moment, feeling unsure what to say. *Well, I have captured him*, she thought. *It's not the textbook method, but it's one way I suppose. Only thing is I'd probably get fired if he found me like this. Yep, I'd definitely get canned.*

Clicking the receiver, she says, "Biddle, thank god, my radio stopped working or something. I've been trying to contact you."

"Where are you?"

"I spotted the dog, and am following it heading east on Davis Street," she said, feeling bad for lying.

"OK, I'll be there in a few minutes. Don't do anything until I get there."

*Too late for that*, she thought. "Don't worry, I'm just... Ah, tailing it. Cya soon."

She looks back at the cock inside her arse and giggles. "Tailing it, good one, Deb," she said to herself. "Well, dog," she says to the Rottweiler, "you've gotta get that thing outta me before Biddle gets wise and returns."

The dog looked at her and licked his lips, his stumpy tail wagging.

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They lay together for several minutes when suddenly the dog's head raises, its ears press forward. It stands, pulling her arse up with him. "Hey, what ya doin' now?" Debbie says.

Beyond the bleachers, she hears a vehicle approaching. *Great, Biddle's back already*, she thinks. To her surprise a black van pulls up in her line of sight, and a door slides open. A black van with mag

wheels and Chevy badges. A high-pitched whistle sounds, and the Rottweiler begins to whine pulling on her.

"Ow," she complains.

Abruptly his cock pulls free from her arse making a loud plopping noise, she lets out an embarrassing fart as it leaves her. Loud and reverberating around the small alley. The dog runs off toward the van and Debbie gets up to follow pulling her pants up as she goes. The desire to shit became overwhelming as all the dog cum swished around inside her. The dog is in the van quickly, its hard cock still hanging low. She makes it out of the alley as the van pulls away and to her satisfaction gets the plates.

"Benton, you copy?" Biddle asked on her radio.

"Yeah, I copy you. I've lost it, sorry. It doubled back via Wagoner Street. Didn't you get my message?"

"No, I've been driving down Davis Street like a moron looking for you," Biddle said angrily.

"Shit, sorry, Hamilton. My radio is fucked. I'm back at Hanby on the eastern side near the bleachers. I'll wait for you."

"Copy that, be there soon."

So she waddled out and stood in some shade to wait for Biddle. Waddling as she put all her strength in trying to keep the Rottweiler's cum from running out. She knows they'll head back to Animal Services to make a report, so she'll have to wait to use the toilet. As she stood there thinking about the dog that just fucked her, and the black van she knew she's getting closer to busting this case wide open.

Catching these people would be the biggest bust of her career, a dog sex ring. What confused her is why the people behind this would risk so much by letting these animals loose on the general public. It didn't make sense to her, and it's something, she promised herself, to learn for all the women who've been raped by these dogs over the last few weeks. Although, she knew today's adventure wasn't technically rape. She gave herself to the animal, and what scared her the most was the feeling that she'd do it again if given the opportunity.

*No man has ever fucked me as these dogs have, she thought wistfully. No man ever could either.*

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### **Chapter Three**

Debbie couldn't help but feel she had done something terribly wrong. Letting the Rottweiler fuck her at Hanby Stadium was something she found hard to reconcile with herself as time wore on. "It's still rape," she told her reflection in the bathroom mirror. "I didn't have a choice, it would've attacked me."

Tears began to roll down her cheeks. The nasty voice inside her head, the one who always lets you know when you've done something wrong like an angry parent, said: *You wanted it to rape you. You're a slut.*

"NO!" She screamed. "It chased me... It had me cornered... I had no other choice."



*Why didn't you use your pepper spray. You could've at any time, but you didn't. Instead, you dropped your pants and gave yourself to it.*

Her head fell forward until her chin touched her chest. Her breathing ragged and body trembling. There's a glass of bourbon in her hand, so she takes a drink and feels the warm liquid slide down her throat. However, she tries to reason with herself about the attack at Hanby Stadium, the guilt she feels about what happened eats at her from the inside. Was it rape? Did she consent to it? Did she enjoy it? The questions rolled around in her mind at a million miles an hour.

Eventually she asked her reflection, "Why didn't I use the pepper spray?"

It sounded more an accusation than a question. Silence hung in the air. Not even her nasty inner voice offered an answer to her question. She took a sleeping tablet and washed it down with the rest of the bourbon. Leaving the bathroom she went and lay on the couch and fell asleep, hoping tomorrow won't be so bad.

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She arrived at work feeling hungover, and headed straight for the coffee machine in the break room. Dan walked past, and seeing her, stopped at the door. "Hey, Deb, you OK?"

She looked at him with a pinched expression. "I didn't get much sleep last night. I'll be OK," she said.

His brow wrinkled. "Well, you look after yourself. Don't underestimate how that attack can affect you."

A flush crept across her face, as she said, "I'm not, I promise. I'm fine, just tired this morning."

"Well, I have some bad news. It seems Biddle's father is sick and he's taken emergency leave."

"Oh, that's awful. Is his dad OK?"

"Biddle said he's pretty sick. Heart attack, I think," Dan said with sad eyes.

"We must get him a card."

"Yeah, good idea," Dan said and smiled weakly. "The weeks buddying isn't going to work out as planned, I'm sorry, so you'll be flying solo from now on. Do you think you'll be OK with that?"

Debbie smiled for a moment, and she quickly pushed it down not to appear a bitch. "I'm sure I'll be fine," she said.

"Good, you're back in Truck sixty-nine. Stay safe," Dan said and walked away from the door.

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Her first assignment for the day is to go with another Officer to catch around twenty cats from a hoarder. The old woman kept them in her home, which smelled awful from the piss and feces everywhere. It took until midday for them to get all the cats, and return them to Animal Services to be processed. Once she had handed the cats to the Vets and the techs, and filed a report she took her lunch break. Debbie had organized a meeting at with a friend who's a cop named Roberta. They went to school together and were members of the same cheerleading squad in high school. She met Roberta at a café close to the police station, finding her there when she arrived.

"Hey, Roberta," Debbie said, and kissed her cheek.

"Deb, good to see you. You look better than the last time we caught up," Roberta said and smiled. "I hope you don't mind, I've ordered for us already, my boss is riding my ass at the moment. So I have to be back on time."

"Sure, I know the feeling," Debbie said and smiled.

"So what's so important that you needed to speak to me today?"

Debbie frowned. "Can't I have lunch with my best Friend? Why do you expect an ulterior motive?"

Roberta's face shone as she wiggled her eyebrows in jest. "You've never had lunch with me on a working day in your life. You're too busy chasing strays."

Debbie blushed, confirming Roberta's suspicions. Suddenly, a waiter appeared with two delicious smelling bowls of 'fettuccine pollo e porcini', one of Debs favorite meals. "Oh, that smells great. My mouths watering already," Debbie said to the waiter.

The waiter smiled and made small talk with the women and left them to it. Debbie wasted no time putting a fork full into her mouth. Roberta sat still, watching her until Debbie noticed she isn't eating. "So, answer my question," Roberta said.

Debbie sighed. "I think I have uncovered an illegal puppy farming operation in Mesquite," she said.

"Oo, world in crisis. Call the SWAT team," Roberta said, rolling her eyes.

Debbie ignored her. "I have a lead and I need some 'off the record' help with it."

Roberta sat back, narrowing her eyes until they squinted. "What kind of lead?"

"A suspicious black van may be involved. I got the plates, but I need someone to check it for me," Debbie said in a hushed voice.

"Why don't you just go through the regular channels, I'm sure they'd help," Roberta said not taking her eyes off Debbie.

Debbie feels a compulsion to flee as a tingling sweeps up the back of her neck and across her face. *God, I hate lying to her* she thinks. "Well... After the attack a month ago, I'd kinda like to make the bust myself to show everyone at work I'm back on top of my game. Does that sound silly?"

Roberta suddenly laughed. "You don't need to prove anything at Animal Services, you're the best officer they've got. Everyone knows it."

"Maybe I need to prove something to me," Debbie said, she took a spoon of delicious food into her mouth and looked away.

Roberta considered her for a moment. "Is something going on here you're not telling me?"

Debbie sat stiffly and looked at Roberta wide eyed. "I need this one for me, to get my confidence back."

Roberta crosses her arms and looks at Debbie long and hard. Eventually she holds out a hand and says, "Give me the number." Debbie drops her fork and retrieves a piece of paper from her

pocketbook and gives it to Roberta who studies it for a moment. "Texas plates, and you say this van is involved in those big dog incidents in Mesquite?"

Debbie is about to answer when she catches herself. Takes a breath to calm her nerves, she says, "No, these guys are involved in a puppy farm and are using this van to deliver puppies to pet stores across state lines. At least, I suspect it's the people with this van."

Roberta laughed and relaxed. "You animal welfare types froth at the mouth when you hear the term 'puppy farms'," she said.

Debbie shrugged as Roberta put the paper in her pocket. "Eat your lunch before it gets cold, it's so damn good."

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Into her next call out, collecting a stray terrier/cross bitch who had six puppies in an empty lot and is barking loudly keeping nearby residents awake all night, she gets a text message from Roberta. It reads: *Tim Bradly, 1406 Windmill Lane, Mesquite. Be careful, he has a felony record for violence and sexual assault.*

"Why doesn't that surprise me," she mutters to herself on reading the text.

Still, she feels a warm glow inside because all she asked for was the address, Roberta had given her the extra information as a friend. Debbie wrote the message on some paper, then deleted the text. What Roberta did for her isn't legal, still it pays to have influential friends.

She chased the bitch around for a good hour until she caught it with a dog-pole and got her into a cage. Then she went to where the puppies were and took them too, placing them in the same cage as their mother. They looked around four to five weeks old, and were well-fed, which means the mother had done a good job caring for them. *All these dogs will find homes*, she thought happily. Knowing animals are saved and given to owners who'll look after them and give them a life is one of the biggest points of pride she has in her work. As she drives back to Animal Services, any thoughts or guilt from the rapes she suffered had a moment of respite.

By the time she had processed the stray bitch and her puppies her shift had ended, so she changed into civilian clothes, jumped in her car, and headed for Mesquite.

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Three-quarters of an hour later, she parked away from the address and walked past the house. A detached brown, brick-veneer house, single story, no garage, but a high wooden fence closed in the backyard. No sign of the black van at all. The whole street looked white middle class urban, and she thought the dogs in question probably aren't being held in this location. She got back in her car and drove up a lane that ran behind the houses until she came to fourteen-o-six. The back is open, with a driveway next to a small yard. Inside the driveway is a black van with Chevy badges.

"Ha," she says excitedly. "I've got you now."

The yard is surrounded around the back with a high fence, but there's gaps in the pales. She can see no dogs. Not wanting to arouse suspicion, she drives off and parks across the street at the end of the lane so she can see if the van leaves, and what direction it might go. Debbie waited for hours, struggling to stay awake as weeks of poor sleep dragged into an abyss of tiredness. Her stomach growled as she had no food in the car having come unprepared for a stakeout. She fell asleep with a blanket wrapped around her around midnight.

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The Rottweiler is already buried balls deep inside her arse, and his cock is getting even larger as the dog knot starts to expand. She clasps her anus onto the cock, trying to milk all the pleasure she can from it. Her hand rubs her clit desperately as a huge orgasm builds inside her. She feels a new wetness, and looking under herself to find she's urinating. The dog knot so big, it's pushing her on her bladder, squashing it, making her piss as a result. A flood of piss wets her pussy and runs onto the ground covering her body. The smell of sex and piss fill the air.

"IT'S RAPE," she screams.

The Rottweiler looks at her with one raised eyebrow. In a deep masculine voice, it says, "You gave yourself to me, how can it be rape?"

"I had no choice, you would've attacked me," she said back to the dog.

She hears laughter, and toward the mocking babbling being directed at her. She sees the Great Dane cross, its big red cock already hard and waiting for its turn. The dog stops laughing suddenly, and asks, "Why didn't you use your pepper spray? Eh? Eh?"

"I don't know... Please, I don't know," she says to the Great Dane.

"I do," he says. "We all do."

The Dane starts laughing again in an obvious mocking tone.

"Why?" Debbie asks. "Tell me why."

The Rottweiler fucks her arse with its massive cock. It says, "Because you're a slut. A cock hungry whore."

Debbie screams, "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

She wakes in a cold sweat, still in her car.

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Her phone reads four am. *Fuck this*, she thinks. Suddenly, blinding lights hit her right side and she quickly ducks hoping they didn't see her. A vehicle pulls out the lane she's supposed to have been watching and drives away, it's the black van.

"Now we're in business," she says as she starts her car.

The van turned out of urban estate, heading north on Collins Road, then travelling west for a few miles it turned north again on Jobson Road. The trip took less than ten minutes, and the black van turned onto a private dirt road beside a house going go knows where. Debbie parked her car behind some trees, and walked along the crude road. She knows the area and suspects the private dirt road led to a building. She ran in the chill of the morning, feeling her body come alive as her adrenaline kicked in. A third of a mile later, she discovered her instincts had been right and come across a large shed. Only a single light bulb above a door cast any illumination of the area. The black van parked in front of it.

As she approached the shed her walking became stiff, making her knees knock. She sweeps her hand across her forehead to wipe away sweat. She decides to walk around the building to see if

there's another way to enter, or at the least, if there's any windows she can look through. It takes her a while picking her way through the dark, but finds nothing to help her cause. A door at the back of the shed is locked. The only way in is through the front door. *I can't risk going in there while the van is here*, she thinks.

Putting her ear to the wall, she thinks she hears some barking inside. *Damn, this is hopeless*, she thinks disappointedly. So she went back to her car as she thought her best bet now is to wait until the van leaves. Once in her car she parks so she's facing the driveway, but obscured by the acacia trees on the side of the road, after fifteen minutes she falls asleep again.

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Her phone wakes her, it's work. Her clock reads nine thirty am. *FUCK*, she thinks. "Hello, Deb here," she says.

It's Bob Greenfield, her supervisor. "You sleep in or something?"

"Nah, sorry I forgot to call, Bob," she said. "I got a tip-off from Roberta, my police friend, about a puppy-farm operating near Lancaster. So I'm out here looking around. I hope you don't mind. I brought my car so I wouldn't give myself away."

"Why did she tell you about it and not go through the proper channels?" Bob asked, sounding unimpressed.

"I think she thought it might give me a boost after the attack. Get my confidence up to find this operation."

"Hmm... Well, I want a full report when you get here. Don't waste too much time trying to find it because we're short staffed as it and the phones are ringing hot."

"Thank you, Bob. I'll be back before twelve. I promise," she said, then bit her lips with a slight grimace.

"I'll let it go this once, but next time you get a tip-off, bring it to me. OK?"

"Sure, I will and I'm sorry."

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She didn't know how long she could use the attack to manipulate others while she investigated this dog sex ring. However, as she contemplated her guilt for treating her friends badly, the black van appeared on the private dirt road and eventually turned left on Jobson's Road, going away from her. This time she isn't going to follow the van, instead, she gets out and walks along the dirt road to the shed.

The door is locked, but luckily her ex-boyfriend who's in jail had taught her the fine art of lock picking. She pulled a kit from her pocket and went to work. The lock gave way within minutes and she entered. Inside, the shed is much lighter than she expected. Mostly due to the roof having many skylights. The door opened into what looked like a work area. The front of the shed did have two big roller doors. It smelled like grease, and tools and engine parts were stacked on benches and shelves. The concrete oil floor oil stained. She saw another door and head for it.

The door is unlocked, but heavy to push. *I don't know whether I'll find dogs, pot, or a meth lab in*

here, she thinks as she pushes the door open. She discovers the reason the door is difficult is because it has a thick lining of what she thinks is soundproofing material. Once inside she discovers what she's been looking for, ten dog enclosures. Each looked around eight feet wide, and fifteen foot long, with a kennel in the back. The enclosures had dogs in them, bar one. Her stomach boiled as she walked between them.

In one she found the Rottweiler who had fucked her arse, further along, the Great Dane cross who had attacked her. Her body trembled as the Dane looked at her, licking its lips. Its cock already poking out of its sheath as it sniffed the air, remembering her scent. In her mind flashes of the rape the Dane had put her through come flooding back. Her body trembled as she stared at the dog, now with full boner as if daring her to enter.

"Who are you?" A female voice asked from behind her, making her jump.

"Eh..." she screamed and started panting. "Oh my god, you scared the hell outta me," Debbie said clutching her chest.

The woman standing there is around twenty-five, has long-red hair below her shoulders, and is wearing nothing but a silk gown. She scans Debbie, and asks, "Has Tim hired you for his next picture, or are you a buyer?"

*Tim*, she thinks. *The guy who owns the van.* "Movies? You make movies here?" Debbie asks, scratching her head.

"Yeah, special one's. Come, I'll show you. My names Annie, by the way," she says and reaches out her hand.

"I'm Debbie. So you make movies here?"

Annie nodded. Debbie followed her past the pens and into a room with a bed on one side, and bondage equipment on the other. Standing in front of these were several expensive looking cameras. They went to a TV screen on a portable stand with a blue ray player under it. Annie turned it on and a film started playing.

"This footage is for his current project. I'm not in it, sadly," Annie says watching the monitor.

"Why aren't you in it?"

"He's filming his dogs raping women, or at least he's trying to," she says and giggles.

Debbie watches as a camera, using a zoom lens, shoots a boxer attacking a black woman. It rips her panties off her from under her dress and eventually mounts her and fucks her. As she watches she develops stiffness in her jaw and neck, and her stomach has a roiling heat. She turns her body at an angle so she's not facing the monitor. *Oh God, what if he's filmed me* she thinks gritting her teeth hard.

"What do you mean trying to?" Debbie asked.

Annie giggled again. "The stupid dogs run away, and he loses them. By the time he catches them again, they've already done the deed and he's missed it. I told him he'd be better off kidnapping the women first, but he doesn't listen to me." She shakes her head, and throws her hands in the air.

"So how many has he got?"

Annie giggled mischievously. "Two..." She laughs loudly. "Can you believe it, only two on film? What a dick. I could do it better, I told him that too." Debbie didn't say anything but smiles at Annie to give her the impression she found it funny too. "Hey, remember that animal rescue officer that got attacked?" Annie asked.

Debbie feels her heart jump. "Ah, yeah"

"Well, here's something you won't hear in the news. Our Dane, Baxter, did it. Tim told me he fucked her rotten."

She laughed, puffing her chest out.

"Did he film it?" Debbie asked, her hands trembling.

"Nah... Tim found them and got the dog outta there. You saw Baxter, he's the dog who wanted to fuck you in the kennels. He's a fucking horny animal, can go for ages." A big smile appeared on Annie's face. She grabbed Debbie's hand, and said excitedly, "And he has the biggest cock I've ever fucked. God, it's so good being fucked by him. You wanna try it? I won't tell Tim."

"Um..." Debbie looks at the door feeling a dizziness come over her and her legs turn to jelly.

"Come on, you'll love it," Annie says, wriggling hyperactively.

"I... Ah..."

Annie's face suddenly changed to a deep frown. "Hey, you're not lying to me about being into this, are you? Tim doesn't like snoops. He treats them real bad, so they learn to mind their business."

Debbie feels cornered. Her heart is racing and she can hear it in her ears thumping like a kettledrum. "Ah..." she hears herself say. "Sure, if he's as good as you say."

"GOOD! Don't tell Tim this, but Baxter is the best fuck. Better than even Tim," Annie says moving about, unable to stay still.

Annie leads her back to the dog enclosures. Annie is chatting aimlessly as they move, acting hyper out of some twisted sense of fun. Debbie, on the other hand, moved behind her like a zombie - stiff and detached from reality. Debbie found herself being undressed by Annie in front of Baxter's enclosure. The younger woman going on about how beautiful Debbie's body is, even feeling her tits and groping her pussy - sliding her fingers inside.

"Somebody's wet," Annie said in a shrill voice as she pulled her fingers out of Debbie's pussy and tasted them. "Mmm, your pussy tastes divine. I hope you'll let me eat you out after Baxter is finished fucking it."

Debbie is speechless. The door opened and she stepped inside the enclosure. Baxter's cock is so hard and thick - so reddish pink and gleaming in the light. The tip is already dripping precum. It comes to Debbie and sticks his nose into her pussy. She feels her wetness drip onto her thighs. *What am I doing*, she asks herself. The nasty parent voice in her head answers, *You're doing what you have to so you don't blow your cover*.

She whispers to herself, "What cover?"

Soon after she spoke, Baxter's big tongue raked from her arse to her clit, in a long lick which made

her moan. She spread her legs to give him access, the dog that had attacked her and wounded her now is fiercely licking her rosebud, his tongue splitting her pussy-lips and even entering her. Debbie is moving around and jumping as if the floor is super hot, only it's her reaction to the explosions of orgasmic pleasure billowing through her body. Her face is flushed, and her fair skin glows in the soft light. Her hands pinch her nipples, adding to the glorious lechery of the moment.

After several toe curling orgasms, Debbie falls to the floor and presents herself for Baxter. Her head down, and bottom high she waits for him to take her. Baxter circles her, whining loudly. His enormous cock looking as if it's aching with need.

"Fuck her, Baxter. Fuck the shit outta her," Annie screams from the entrance.

Annie has her robe open to reveal a nice firm set of breasts, and a shaven pussy. Her fingers are rubbing her clit as she watches, occasionally sliding deep inside her cunt. Baxter finally mounts Debbie, whose pussy is begging to be fucked. She feels lightness in her chest, a dry mouth, sweaty palms, and her senses seem heightened. Her mind couldn't think of anything else other than the fucking she is about to get. As Baxter jumped on her back, Debbie squealed and closed her eyes. He began to hump, only this time Annie came over and guided his cock to her pussy, and with a powerful thrust his huge cock pierces her cunt. This animal isn't like a big dick man, he's not going to be gentle until the woman gets used to it. No, Baxter is mating her, so the force at which he perforates her cunt with his huge cock stretches her beyond measure.

Debbie squeals even louder, the pain she feels from her pussy being invaded in this manner is intense. Baxter doesn't care though, he drives his hips into her. Annie rubs her clit harder as she admires the muscles at work on Baxter's body. It becomes too much for Annie and she goes and lies in front of Debbie, spreading her legs to display her intentions. Debbie looks at her with glassy eyes. As Annie gets her position right, she grabs a handful of Debs blonde hair and pushes her face into her cunt.

"Eat me, bitch," Annie yells.

Debbie has been with a woman before, so the prospect of eating this juicy, aromatic cunt in her face gave her no pause for thought. Her tongue dragged across Annie's clit, circling it, sucking on it, before exploring her lips and tasting the wet, sticky juices that coated them. Eventually she plunged her tongue into Annie's cunt, as the younger woman squirmed and moaned, squeezing her erect nipples.

Baxter wrapped his forelegs around her chest even tighter, making it harder for Debbie to breathe. The fur on his legs rubbed directly over nipples adding delicious sexual energy to the mating. He humped her at a steady rhythm. Her body moves under him making Debbie's face smack into Annie's cunt. Debbie had fingers inserted deep inside Annie as she licked her and sucked her clit, often flicking it with her tongue too.

Having to pleasure Annie means she can't rub her clit to add to the sexual heat building in her body. The orgasm building inside her from a deep place is going to have to come from Baxter huge cock. The fucking didn't seem as painful this time (once the earlier shock of penetration subsided), as if her recent experiences had stretched her some. Annie's incessant moaning is annoying Debbie slightly. All the 'Oh God's and 'Yes, a-ha's' made her sound like a corny porn actress. Then she remembered Annie is, a bestiality porn actress. Annie began shaking all over, her face turned bright red, as with most of her body, and Debbie feels her cunt squeeze sharply on her tongue. A big gush of pissy smelling water explodes over Debbie's face, and in her mouth. She swallows it, gets more, and swallows that too.



Annie pulls away, panting heavily, looking at the roof dazed and confused.

Now free of her, Debbie reaches under and her hand clasps her clit. *Now things can move quickly*, she thought. A squeal escapes her as Baxter's huge knot slips inside her bloated cunt. She rubs her clit furiously, feeling the energy in her body tighten, as a spring getting ready for release. She takes a moment to enjoy the knot sliding assiduously inside her cunt, the fullness she feels gives her a wholeness she never thought possible. The knot is again inside her and the dog slows, getting ready to cum. Her hand works her clit into a sexual frenzy as she moans loudly. Annie is watching closely, rubbing her clit.

Baxter whines, and reaches his climax. Jets of warm semen cascade inside already bloated cunt, pushing her, filling her womb, until finally she squeals loudly and an orgasm detonates inside her. A whole body orgasm of such proportions she collapses with Baxter on top of her, her body pulsating in convulsive waves. Her eyes are clenched shut, she drools uncontrollably, and her head hits the concrete floor a few times with a loud thud as her body shakes. Annie watches wide eyed, mouth agape, her masturbation paused.

Debbie passes out again, and wakes not long after to find Annie between her legs with her mouth around her gaping cunt. Annie is sucking, trying to get all the Baxter's cum out of her. She notices Debbie is awake, and moves her lips to the engorged clit in front of her. Debbie bends her head to watch, her body covered in sweat. Annie's attention to her pussy causing familiar feelings of desire to grow inside her.

"Omigod, watching you get fucked is awesome," Annie said, before returning her mouth to Debbie's cunt.

Debbie's still panting. Her body feels stiff. "What time is it?"

"Annie looked above Debbie where a wall clock hangs. "Nearly two p.m.," she said.

"Oh fuck, I gotta go. I'm running late," Debbie said, sitting up abruptly.

Annie gave a deep sigh, her mouth falling open. "Go? But we've only just begun having fun."

She pouted. *God, this woman has the mental age of about twelve, or maybe that's her IQ*, Debbie thought? "Help me up," she ordered.

Annie helped Debbie to her feet with some difficulty as her legs were stiff and wobbly. Debbie had a dizzy spell and grabbed the cage to steady herself. "Damn, no fuck I've ever had has affected me like this," Debbie said.

Annie said coyly, "You can come lay on the bed for a while."

Debbie half-smiled. "No, sorry, next time."

*Next time* her nasty inner parent voice asked accusingly?

Debbie ignored it, dressed and got out as quick as Annie would stop trying to stall her with kisses and hugs good-bye.

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Running along the dirt road to her car seemed much harder than it went the opposite way. She made

it to her car to find her phone had many messages on it from Bob. *Oh fuck it, I'm in the shit now*, she thought as she drove off, heading back to work.

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## Chapter Four

It's no doubt Debbie copped hell when she finally returned to Animal Services, and to make up for it, she agreed to work back until eight p.m. without pay to help the facility get back on track. Bob eventually calmed and agreed he wouldn't report her to Dan.

"So how about this tip-off?" He asked.

Debbie shrugged. "I thought the tip was solid, Bob, but nothing ever panned out. I'm going to drop it for now, wait and see if any more reports come in," she said with a glum expression.

"I understand you wanted this one to pay-off, but we have procedures for these things so we don't waste time chasing our tails as you did today. I expect better from you, Debbie."

She nodded. "Sorry, I guess I screwed up."

Bob suddenly chuckled. "Even the best officer's screw up sometimes, just don't do it again."

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Debbie left the facility and headed for the airport where several stray dogs had been reported causing trouble, possibly a pack of some sort looking for food. The airport grounds are well-maintained so the presence of green grass attracts rabbits and hares, which in turn attracts other predators. She pulled into the airport via a service entrance and drove to the maintenance supervisor's office, a man well into his fifties called 'Ash'. She walked into his busy office and sat in the chair and smiled at him. She had been here many times in the past as the airport is a favorite place for stray dogs.

"Hey, Deb, good to see you back," Ash said and smiled.

"Good to be back. How's things?"

"Same shit, different day. You know the score."

So, what've you got for me today?" Debbie asked.

Ash stood and indicated a big map on the wall of the airport. He pointed to the southeast corner, and said, "You know this area near Westport, one of our crew saw these dogs in the scrub around there. Probably four or five of them. There's been signs they've been trying to dig under the fence and get into the airport."

She nodded. "I've caught strays up there before, they're attracted to the rabbits."

"We've plenty of those damn things too. Pain in the fucking ass," Ash said and rolled his eyes.

Debbie laughed. "Sorry, I can't help you with your rabbit problem, but I'll head out to Westport and see if I can catch those dogs."

Fortunately, it wouldn't take her long to reach the area Ash indicated as the three-sixty highway is

close to where she is. So it would only take her fifteen minutes to reach Euless-Grapevine Rd via Westport Parkway to where the perimeter fence of the airport abutted runway three.

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This part of town had large businesses that needed to be close to the airport for freight purposes. So the scrub areas between these big buildings and the airport is reasonably thick to help reduce noise. She drove around the area and noticed places along the airport fence line that had been repaired recently, yet she found no stray dogs. The only choice is to go on foot and see if she can track them, so she pulled to a stop and grabbed her radio receiver.

"Truck sixty-nine, Debbie Benton, to base. Do you copy?"

"We copy, Truck sixty-nine. What's your ten-twenty?" A male voice responded.

"My ten-twenty is off Euless-Grapevine Rd, on the airport perimeter. I can't locate the dogs and am about to leave my vehicle and track them on foot."

"Ten-four, Truck sixty-nine. Take care. Base, out."

Debbie liked this new guy on the radio, no mindless chitchat just straight to business. She left the truck with her portable radio, a dog p, pepper spray, and headed into the dry scrub looking for tracks or dog scat. The evening is balmy, and the insects buzz around her while birds sing merrily in the trees. So far she hadn't found anything, partly because the ground is too hard to leave tracks, so she listened trying to hear sounds for any animals. She spotted a few hares, which didn't encourage her as they would be hiding if predators were nearby.

She reached a small clearing and the need to pee suddenly became an overwhelming urge, so she scanned the area to check for signs of people. Seeing no one, she put her radio, p and pepper spray against a tree and started to undo her pants. *Men have it so much easier*, she thought as she dropped her pants and panties to her ankles. She had to admit a small sexual thrill buzzed through her to be exposed in a public area. Then she squatted and concentrated on peeing. Looking between her legs, she feels relieved her pussy-lips appear less red and puffy after her experience with Baxter earlier in the day. *What a fuck that dog is*, she thought lustfully.

She heard some grunting and panting, and in a moment the small clearing is filled with four dogs sniffing the air and heading toward her. *Oh fuck, gotta stop, gotta stop*, she thought wildly. However, her body had gone into toilet mode, and to her surprise she started to shit as well. The dogs surrounded her, circling, sniffing, and occasionally biting at each other in aggressive play. The mixed aromas coming from her pussy and anus intrigued the animals and soon cold dog noses were stuck in both orifices. Then hot tongues lapped at her, the one's in front were drinking her pee as if it were some wonderful nectar. The ones behind cleansed her anus and cheeks of the fecal waste clinging to her skin.

Debbie didn't know what to do as tongues attacked her from everywhere. As her pee dissipated and stopped, the same tongues soon concentrated their endeavors on her increasingly hungry cunt. A familiar pang grew in her clit as the tongues glided over and around it and without even a thought, she found herself grinding back and forth to take advantage of both sides being sampled. Her legs began to ache, and the pushing of the dogs eventually pushed her forward onto her hands and knees.

"Oh," she said loudly as she went down, her head spinning in a mad whirl.

A Golden Retriever immediately jumped on her back, its legs grasping her firmly around the waist. Its head off to the side, panting loudly, and its back arched around her it began to hump wildly. After several jabs into her thigh and mound, it found her waiting cunt and pushed its cock easily inside her. Feeling her warm, velvety folds wrap around his red hard cock sparked the dog into a frenzy of fucking. Debbie moaned loudly as she feels his slick cock slide between the walls of her pussy. Her body resonated to his primal thrusts, as an orgasm builds in her. Just as the canine intruder started to feel good he lost his balance and fell, his cock sliding out of her in the process leaving her with a soul crushing emptiness inside.

The dog licked her a few times, smelling and tasting her heat. Yet his blunder opened the door for one of the other dogs to take 'P Position', a dirty old, mangy looking boxer jumped on her, wrapping her tightly with his forelegs. His red cock began to probe her and before long pushed inside her moist cavern. He begins bucking his hips in a rhythmic fury, and Debbie gasps as the thick cock pushes into her cervix with extreme force. Her legs wobble, much as her breasts do as her body moves. The wobble turns into a tremble, and a red flush starting at her face moves around her body. She lets out a loud squeal as she cums on this mangy boxer's dick.

The dog feels her bitch cunt contracting on his cock, repeatedly squeezing and releasing. The sensations drives him to orgasm and he abruptly unloads his cum deep inside her used cunt, filling her womb. The previous dog jumps at the mangy Boxer and knocks it off Debbie, his big red cock sliding out easily as he never knotted her. Dog cum dribbles out of her pussy, causing more dog licking to send shivers throughout her body. As the dogs grapple with whose next, an Australian Cattle dog (Blue Healer) gets a chance and mounts her. Before long, his hard cock finds her abused entrance and he pushes with all his strength inside her. The Blue Healer is a young dog so the strength at which he holds and fucks her astonishes Debbie.

Having orgasmed now and her mind clears, she starts to contemplate her situation. Her gear is unreachable as the dogs have already pushed her away from them with the force of their fucking. There weren't even any big enough sticks around she could use to beat the dogs off. *Beat the dogs off*, she thought and chuckled to herself. She had an idea, a gross one, still an idea that just may shorten her raping. The Blue Healer is really getting into it, and she could feel her sexual desires and lust awakening again within her. The first dog, a golden retriever, circled around her whining like a child who had his toy taken away.

As the golden retriever passed her head, she grabbed it, and started to play with its cock. The red cock had retreated into its sheath by this stage, but with some determined stroking it emerged again. The retriever stood still, enjoying her hand sliding over his thick shaft. She used her spit and his precum to lubricate it. Her legs began to feel wobbly again, and her clit vibrated sending pulsations of erotic pleasure throughout her body. Her mouth hung agape, as she breathed heavily, and the golden retriever seeing her moist mouth decided its close enough to the real thing, and mounted her shoulders.

Debbie is stunned as now two dogs are on top of her, and the retriever shoved his thick stubby cock into mouth as if it were her cunt. She gagged as the cock slid down her throat, forcing her to breathe through her nose. The Blue Healer had knotted her, and stared slowing his fucking until he stopped. Her pussy again feels so full and tight wrapped around his cock. Dog semen shooting inside her made her cum again, her body convulsing uncontrollably under the weight of the two dogs. The retriever didn't stop fucking her mouth and she could feel its precum running down her insides into her gut.

The Blue Healer jumped off, standing arse to arse with her as he unloaded his balls deep inside her. With the Healer gone, the retriever now has more room and he fastened his grip to take advantage

of it. Pretty soon the retrievers knot is banging against her chin as it drives his meat down her gullet. Debbie can barely get a breath and feels light-headed as a result. Two big dog cocks assailing her simultaneously drives her to another mind-blowing orgasm. As her body spasms, her mouth opens wider, and the retriever pushes his knot inside it making her jaw ache badly as it's stretched beyond normal. It feels as if she has managed to swallow a grapefruit wh.

The retriever finds it hard to fuck with his knot lodged in her mouth, and slows to a stop. Debbie suddenly feels as if she's choking, the dog is cumming inside her throat, and she could see his hairy balls begin to shrink as they unloaded. She could feel his cock pulsate in her mouth as it delivered its seed to her gullet while the retriever orgasmed. She didn't know why, but the choking feeling subsided and she found she could breathe around this thick dog cock cumming in her throat. Abruptly, the retriever also dismounted and now she's face to arse, and given the knot is still firmly wedged in her mouth, her nose is pressing right against the dog's anus. Every breath she takes now smells disgusting, musky, shitty, and it makes her feel sick to the core.

*Another fine mess you've gotten yourself into, Debbie, she thinks sarcastically. Spit-roasted on two dog cocks enjoying the intense aroma of dog's arse. Good one, Debbie, a proud moment of your career in Animal Rescue.*

She didn't know how long she had to stay in this unenviable position, but eventually the Blue Healer pulled his cock out of her msted cunt. Her moment of respite didn't last as another dog, a Husky/Malamute, mounted her and began to search for her despoiled pussy. You wouldn't think it'd have trouble finding her gaping, stretched cunt, yet it eventually pushed its chunky dick directly into her arse.

"Mmmm mmmmm," she cried in pain around the retrievers knot.

The burning pain from her anus made her body shake, and she clenched her eyes shut. Her head spun in dog overload as the retrievers knot still showed no signs of shrinking. His balls had almost shriveled to nothing, so she wondered how much he could have left in there. The horrible aroma coming from its arse still the most humiliating experience she's had. Her nose jammed right into his arse, touching it, so every breath is scented with his fruity tones.

The Husky fell off her a few times, but managed to get back on before any other dog could claim her. The next time he began probing her with his cock he managed to penetrate her pussy to Debbie's relief. By this time her cunt had become numb, and the grinding of the husky didn't elicit any pleasure from her. The unending probing began to become painful rather than pleasurable as there's a limit a woman has as for sex. Debbie's discomfort didn't deter the husky, he kept fucking her as hard and fast as he could. Debbie, though, had become distracted by the 'Eau de dog's arse' she couldn't escape. The retriever stood bold and strong, its knot feeling permanently attached to her mouth.

She could feel the Husky's knot begin to bang against her cunt lips and reached under to prevent it entering her. By now the daylight had gone, and night had enveloped the clearing. A half-moon casting a weak pall over the place. The Husky came hard, shooting its semen into her. It feels like razor blades to Debbie and her moans try to escape around the huge knot jammed in her mouth. The Husky jumps off, his cock sliding out of her with ease followed by a wet mess. The last dog, a Bullmastiff, takes position and feeling her poor pussy can't take anymore, she covers it with her hand to stop the huge cock entering. The Bullmastiff is unperturbed, and eventually slides its broadsword deep inside her arse.

The knot in her mouth suddenly feels smaller, but try as she may, her jaw is locked and she can't

push it out. The retriever moves, making its anus rub on her nose and face. She wants to vomit. The big Bullmastiff isn't a frenzied fucker as the other dogs were, he keeps a nice steady pace going with his hips. Subconsciously, she clenched and released her anus around the wide cock, massaging it and milking it. The friction of this motion caused her anus a pleasant tingle. As the Rottweiler before, she could feel its massive dick deep inside her body as it pushed her organs aside with its girth. An orgasm builds again deep within her core, and her legs get that familiar wobbly feeling.

So she reaches under and starts rubbing her clit in a circular movement. It struck her strange that even with her nose pressed against the most horrible stink ever, her body could still respond in this manner. The smell isn't even constant, it changed often, sometimes worse and others slightly better. As the retriever let go its wind right into her face, explosions of odor that made her shiver all over. Yet the Bullmastiff's gentler fucking had reactivated her, so she rubbed, flicked, pinched, and tweaked her clit until she could feel herself on the edge of a powerful orgasm. The Bullmastiff suddenly stopped, mercifully its knot hadn't entered her, and it started filling her colon with its seed. His sudden orgasm pushed Debbie over that edge, and her body again shook, flushed, and glowed as she came.

Amid her orgasm, the retrievers cock finally pulls from her throat and mouth, and she falls gasping and rolling on the dusty ground. She coughed and vomited a gut filled with dog cum, and in the darkness of the night passed out from sheer exhaustion.

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Debbie woke feeling cold, her body ached all but over the worst pain came from her pussy and arse. She feels sick, used, and dispensed with. Quietly she stares up at the stars, listening to her labored breathing, and the sounds of the night. Her pants are somehow still around her ankles, and she feels surprised by the fact. Reaching down, she pulls them up, lifting her bottom to get them all the way. Slowly she raises herself to a sitting position, her head spins and her stomach rolls making her feel sick. She closes her eyes and takes some deep breaths waiting for everything to settle, sitting for a long time.

*I don't know how much more of this I can take* she thinks feeling weighed-down by recent events.

Eventually she climbs to her feet, and in the darkness finds the gear she put down earlier when she decided to pee. Debbie feels turned around in this scrub and doesn't know which way it is back to her truck. So she sets off in a random direction, and after thirty minutes finds herself on a road. She sees the silhouette of the truck from the pale half-moon in the distance and heads for it.

Once inside she checked her phone and found a few messages from work. *They're probably wondering why I didn't call-in*, she thought. *If only they knew*. The clock reads one a.m., and she sighs deeply. *If I stay here I'll get busted by an airport security patrol*, she worries. So she starts her truck and pulls out, leaving her headlights off so as not to attract attention. Once she's back in Westport Laneway, exhaustion overwhelms her and she knows she's too tired to drive home. So she pulls into one of the parking lots of the businesses in the area and stops out of sight of the road. Grabbing a blanket from behind, she wraps herself and opens a bottle of water. The water refreshes her and she uses some to clean her face. The sound of planes overhead lulls her into a trance and she falls asleep.

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Debbie woke again just after eight feeling stiff, sore, hungry, and depressed. She drank the rest of the water, and looked at her reflection in the mirror. Her hair tangles with dirt and leaves in it, her

face covered in muck, and her eyes bloodshot with deep dark bags under them. "What a mess," she said, screwing up her nose. "Lucky for you those dogs aren't picky about appearance," she said to her reflection.

Her stomach feels and looks bloated with cum. She climbs out of the truck gingerly, the shifting contents inside her makes her feel sick again. *I don't know whether it's the movement of what's inside me that's making me squeamish, or the knowledge of what it is,* she thinks sadly. She grabs a fresh change of uniform and her toilet bag from the back. Animal rescue is dirty-work sometimes, so all officers carry spare clothes and toiletries they can use to wash themselves if stuck away from the facility. She washed and changed and put a thick pad in her panties to catch any leakage. Then she opened another bottle of water and took a big drink.

She got her phone from the truck and called work. They put her through to Bob. The first thing he said is, "Why didn't you report in, last night?"

"Um... Sorry, I-I kinda forgot. I didn't find the dogs, but I did see signs of them. Is it OK if I head back there this morning to see if I can locate them?"

"The Debbie I thought I knew would never forget to report in," Bob said coldly.

"Yeah, but that Debbie wouldn't have been on duty for fourteen hours straight," Debbie said just as coldly.

Bob remained silent.

"So can I go back to the airport on my way in this morning and see if I can catch those dogs, or do you want me to come and clean out my locker?" Debbie asked, her anger boiling within.

"There's no need for that, Debbie," Bob said curtly. "No one's firing you, we're just concerned. You're not yourself lately, and people are noticing."

*You wouldn't be yourself either, if you've been through what I have, you fucking old cunt,* she screams in her mind. She takes a deep breath to calm her anger. "So I guess that means I can go back to the airport," she said sarcastically.

"I guess so, but this isn't over. We need to talk when you get in."

"Fine, see you then," she said and finished the call. She turned abruptly, stamping her foot and screamed, "AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Leaning back against the truck she clasps her hands to her face and sobs loudly. The tears keep coming as her feelings overwhelm her. Eventually she pulls herself together as employees to the business she's camped near start to arrive for work, so she gets back in the truck and heads for the airport security fence again.

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This time she isn't going softly, she takes her tranquilizer gun and ten darts to bring these animals down. Her eyes were narrow, nostrils flared, and she held her elbows wide from her body with her chest thrust out. Debbie whistled, called the dogs, and eventually she spotted one, the Golden Retriever whose anus her nose a close encounter with for over an hour. It trotted toward her wagging its tail. Debbie raised the gun waiting for it to get in range. She fires and the dog yelped, scrunching up. Soon it fell to the ground asleep. She grabbed its leg and dragged it back to the truck

roughly, putting into a cage and securing it.

Debbie caught the three of her rapists in this manner, eventually feeling her anger begin to subside. She went back into the scrub and circled around the area of clearing where she got attacked. The Blue Healer emerged from the trees, stopping briefly to cock its leg and mark its territory with some piss. The dog yelped as the dart entered its thigh, soon dropping to the ground. Debbie dragged it back to the truck and placed it in a cage with practiced efficiency.

The last dog is the big Bullmastiff, which took Debbie another twenty minutes to locate. It lay in the shade resting, panting noisily as an old steam train. Its tail wagged when he saw her, yet the dog didn't rise. She walked to it, and squatted in front of it. The dog licked his lips and sniffed at her crotch.

"Yeah, you remember that, don't you, boy?" She asked the dog.

The dog's tail thumped the ground when she spoke to it. She smiled, something about this dog warmed her heart. This surprised her since it had raped her, but something in the way it fucked her seemed different to the other dogs. Something almost familiar. Gently she touched it, and slowly stroked its face and back.

"You're the only gentleman in your pack, aren't you," she said soothingly. "Gentleman?" It didn't sound right describing a dog. "Gentledog, maybe." She laughed.

The dog suddenly stood and buried its wrinkly brown face into hers, giving her a lick on the neck. Debbie wrapped her arms around its neck and cuddled the dog. "You badly need a wash, mister," she said to it. "I know because I smell the same, maybe even worse. I bet you and your pals probably even loaded me with fleas and ticks too."

She scratched her left boob at the thought. The Bullmastiff licked her face several times, and wagged its tail in affection. Debbie didn't understand why, but this display of love from the dog made her feel better. It calmed her anger, and after all she's been through she began to feel human again. The dog's tongue whipped across her lips and she opened her mouth and let it enter holding her arms across its back. She feels the slick tongue slide around her mouth and cover her face.

"You're such a romantic," she says to the beast feeling titillated by its attention.

The dog sniffed her crotch again, and whined licking at her pants.

"What are you doing to me, you naughty thing?"

He sniffs her chest, so she opens her shirt and exposes her breasts to him so his big wet tongue rakes across her nipples making them hard. "Ohhh, yeah," she moans.

The dog licks her breasts tasting the salty sweat from her skin and enjoys it. He licks her face and her mouth, so she kisses him back and slides her tongue into his muzzle. Her clit is starting to ache with need so she quickly stands, removes her shoes, and takes her pants and panties off.

"My cunt is still too sore for fucking, I'm sorry. But you can have my arse again, or my mouth."

The Bullmastiff wags its tail and sniffs her pussy close, his tongue shooting out and swiped her puffy red labia. She arches back and thrusts her hips with her legs wide to expose her cunt to him. "See what Baxter and your friends did to me yesterday? They've ruined me for life."



The dog could see her mangled pussy, swollen, almost an angry red and inflamed. He licked her softly as if trying to massage life back into it. Debbie held her pussy lips apart so he could penetrate her. The dog enjoyed the taste, however, it hurt her so she pulled back.

"Sorry... It's as I said, my pussy is a mess."

She goes on to her knees and leans under the dog finding a good portion of its thick red cock had already unveiled itself from the sheath. The strange stubby tip fascinated her, and she ran her hand along it, stroking it gently and feeling it get bigger. The Bullmastiff moved off, so she reached between his legs and pulled his cock out from behind and before she even feels aware of her actions his cock slides inside her hungry mouth. The coppery and salty taste is strong, still she continues sucking its big fat cock from behind. The dog stands still, panting in the morning heat. Debbie deep throats it, swallowing it down her throat in one gulp. A talent she never knew she even had until the Golden Retriever buried seven inches of thick cock and a knot down her throat yesterday evening.

Her mouth took the Mastiffs cock as deep as she could go, even taking his still small knot. Again she found herself with her nose buried in a dog's arse, this time she took in his stinky odor. It seemed familiar yet earthy and less offensive than the retrievers. *Maybe each dog's butt does smell different*, she thought. *Their signature scent which identifies who they are. I never believed it until now.* With his cock sliding out, she works her tongue and lips on the Bullmastiff's shaft, its precum bubbling and gurgling down her chin with her saliva.

The dog pulls away, and she knew what it wanted, so she presented herself to it while placing a hand over her pussy to stop it penetrating there. He mounts her and starts prodding her with his engorged member until eventually it slides easily inside her anus and deep into her body. She grunts loudly, her body shoved forward with the force of the first thrust. Her breasts jiggle and wobble.

"Oh yeah, fuck me... Fuck my ass," Debbie moans loudly.

The Bullmastiff is in doggy heaven, feeling her hot innards moving around and rubbing against his cock sends astonishing pulsations of pleasure into his body. Again he starts to fuck her at a slow, steady rhythm, while Debbie rubs her clit earnestly.

"Do me... Do me," she say loudly.

The dog's legs tighten around her waist and he begins to apply himself slightly faster and harder. The friction on her anus becoming an all-consuming pleasurable sensation, augmented by the rapturous throbbing of her clit.

His knot pushes insider her and she grunts, "Unngg!"

Thinking he might slow his assault, the Bullmastiff seems to ramp up the intensity of his humping. His cock not being restricted by the size of her pussy, he drags his knot through her colon rapidly. Her cunt suddenly gushes smelly dog cum from all the mating she had been put through yesterday. It gurgles out of her like a nasty fountain of filth as the knot in her body pushes against her bloated uterus. The gush of stale semen is soon followed by piss, as the knot squashed her bladder. This makes her rub her clit even more fiercely as she feels the pulsations of this cock buzz inside her body.

The madness of their copulation reaches a zenith and Debbie screams and squeals loudly in another powerful orgasm. The Bullmastiff slowed to a stop and began to empty his balls deep inside body. Debbie's orgasm causing her pussy and her anus to convulse, she cums all over the Bullmastiff's dick. Eventually she begins to descend from the heights of physical pleasure, and rests her head on

the ground panting and gasping.

“God... That was... INCREDIBLE!”

The Bullmastiff panted in her ear, occasionally licking his lips, eventually he lifted his leg and got off her so they were arse to arse. She looked at her watch and thought she had better get moving before Bob calls out a search party. So against all instincts, she grabs his dick and pulls it out of her arse while his knot is still well inflated. The pain makes her gasp. After she got over it, she squatted and shat out all the semen she could. She had learned with the Rottweiler not to hold on to it with a gaping anus and once she decided she had finished, she wiped her butt with some dry grass.

When she stood the Bullmastiff had disappeared. So she quickly dressed, grabbed her things and went looking for it. Grabbing her radio, she said, “Officer Benton to base. Do you copy?”

“Oh hey, Deb, it’s June. How’s it goin’ at the airport,” came the reply.

As she walked through the scrub looking for her most recent lover, she said, “They’re slippery buggers, I’ll say that for them. I’ve got four, just closing in on the last one.”

“OK, I’ll let Bob know. When do you think you’ll be back?”

“If I can’t catch this last one in the next fifteen minutes, I’ll return with the ones I’ve got. I can’t keep them in the truck forever.”

“Ten-four. Cya soon. June out.”

In the scrub ahead, she saw the back of the Bullmastiff walking briskly away from her, so she quickened her pace to try to catch it. She call out to it, however, the dog ignored her. “I guess you don’t respect me in the morning, after all,” she said to back of the dog as she jogged along.

Debbie became breathless quickly, as her body had been put through a lot in recent times and hasn’t recovered yet. Eventually she lost sight of the dog but continued in the general direction it had been going. When she left the scrub and stumbled onto the road that ran along the perimeter fence of the airport she looked around and she suddenly stopped.

With mouth agape and eyes wide, nearly bulging from her head. Her body freezes while a hand reaches up and touches her parted lips absent-mindedly.

Further along the road, about a third of a mile, she sees the old Bullmastiff jumping into a black van with Chevy badges. Once inside, the van accelerates and is gone within seconds.

Debbie falls to her knees, tears running down her cheeks.

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## Chapter Five

After she brought the four stray dogs back to the Animal Services main facility, and handed them over the medical staff to be assessed, Debbie headed to the change rooms to take a shower, one she needed badly. As the hot water rushed over her body, she inspected the damage. Her legs and waist had a few long scratches and she scrubbed these with some surgical wash. The worst damage was her pussy, although the pain is better thanks to Tylenol, her labia remained red and swollen. She douched a few times watching old cum wash out of her, the smell of it is making her feel queasy. The

mental picture of the Bullmastiff jumping into the black van is on a loop in her brain, and every time she thought of it her body shivered and her stomach dropped.

Once she dressed in another clean uniform she went by Bob's office to find it empty, so she went to the staff room to get a cup of coffee. June, the radio dispatcher is on her break and greets Debbie as she enters. Debbie gets her mug and goes straight to the percolator.

"Where's Bob, I went by his office, but he isn't there?" Debbie asked June.

"He went to some hush-hush meeting somewhere, god knows when he'll be back," June said rolling her eyes jokingly.

"Hopefully he forgot I didn't call-in last night," Debbie said, stirring her coffee.

June guffawed. "Don't count on it, that man never forgets anything."

"Guess I'll have to take my licks like everybody else."

"That's the spirit," June said and chuckled.

Debbie told June she needed to do her report on the strays she captured and left the staff room to find a computer she could use.

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As she typed in her report eating a sandwich she got from a vending machine, Animal Services CEO Dan Hardwick approached with another man she knew to be José Rodriguez from the SPCA.

Dan called out to her, "Hey, Debbie, can I have your attention for a minute?"

Debbie swung around in her chair and smiled at the two men.

"Sure, Dan. Hi, José, I haven't seen you in a while."

José smiled briefly. "Good to see you back at work, Debbie. We need officers like you out there."

Debbie shrugged and smiled at him.

"José isn't here for a social call," Dan said. "We've got a situation and it's *all hands on deck*."

Debbie knew the term 'all hands on deck' in the Facility means multiple agencies are involved including the police. Joint operations as this only occur in extreme cases of abuse or neglect. The thought sent shivers up her spine.

Debbie stiffened in the chair, and asked, "What's going on?"

José said, "We got a tip-off about some horses being neglected near Ennis. One of our people checked it out and found ten horses in a stable in terrible condition. When I say terrible, I mean a fucking nightmare."

"Oh my god," Debbie said, her stomach dropping. "Do you know who's responsible?"

Dan nodded. "Oh yeah, and he has form in this area. You've had him prosecuted twice now."

Debbie's head jerked back, as she asked, "Not Bubba Jones?"

Both men nodded with glum expressions.

"Well, if it's as bad as you say, José, he'll do some serious time for this," Debbie said.

"With Bob out, you're the next senior officer, so I want you to be in charge of our end," Dan said. "We're going to take some horses here as the SPCA can't accommodate them all. You can take Martinez and Jamieson with you."

"Have Parks and Wildlife been notified?" Debbie asked. "We'll need their big trailer to transport the horse's back here."

Dan nodded. "They're on the way to Ennis now, with our on-call Vet. An SPCA team is going and the Police Vet as well. You'll have plenty of help, but since we'll be prosecuting this case, you're in charge."

Debbie had a fluttery feeling in her stomach. *In other words, don't stuff this one up*, she thought. "Fine, I'll get Martinez and Jamieson so we can start loading the truck with recovery gear. I'll need to take the camera gear to help collect evidence, so I'll need the authorization form completed."

Dan handed her a piece of paper he'd been holding in his hand, the very form she just requested. "The other two are already loading the truck. Just make sure we have all the right paperwork. We don't wanna give Bubba any chance to wheedle his way out of this."

\*\*\*\*

The trip to Ennis took forty-five minutes, then they turned west going through Bardwell and eventually turning onto a dirt road leading to the barn where the horse were. They pulled the truck into the paddock beside the barn, parking next to the door. Many other vehicles were there already, and the local police stood around, leaning against their cars talking. Debbie gave Martinez the job to film everything, and Jamieson to get the gear ready. Debbie then walked into the barn followed by Martinez holding a Canon 1D in his hands.

The smell in the barn is terrible and she gags, it's a smell of waste and death. A horse has already died in here, it broke her heart. She walked into the first stall to find three Vets standing near it chatting.

One looked at her, a man of subcontinent descent called Dr. Singh, smiled grimly, and said, "Hi, Debbie, welcome to Auschwitz for horses."

The horse standing beside them, an American Paint Horse with a pinto spotting pattern of white and brown colors stood there with its head low. How it stood, she didn't know because it's so emaciated and malnourished it resembled a horse skeleton with skin.

"Oh my god, are all of them like this?" Debbie asked.

The Animal Services Vet, Kathy, a thin, pale woman with long black hair nodded. "This horse is going to have to be euthanized here, it won't survive the trip back to Dallas."

Martinez took many pictures from different angles. Debbie walked to the horse and stroked its forehead, it glanced at her with dull dark eyes.

"That's a good boy," she said as she stroked. "A fighter to the end."

Jamison came in with a case, and they started to measure and catalogue the horse's condition with the Vets calling out their findings. Debbie wrote what they said on a form, filling in the other boxes as well. After about thirty minutes, they had finished and Jamison handed Kathy a metal case that she opened with a key. Inside the case is a row of boxes set into the foam, each box contains a premade syringe with enough drugs to euthanize a horse in a few minutes. The horse won't feel any pain, he'll fall asleep and die.

Kathy took one out and removed the syringe from the box, handing the packaging to Debbie. While the Vets checked the drug, Debbie removed several barcode stickers from the box and stuck them to various places on her forms. She handed the clipboard to the vets and each signed and dated under the various barcodes. Debbie did the same when they handed it back to her.

As the team leader of the operation, Debbie has to give the final word. "I agree, humane euthanasia is required in this case. You may proceed to administer the injection, Dr. Singh."

Several minutes later, the horse was dead.

\*\*\*\*

They found ten horses in poor condition, three had to be humanely euthanized, the other seven needed rehydration before they could be moved, so intravenous drips were inserted and therapy was begun. The Vets and Techs washed and cleaned many festering wounds caused by ropes and ties, some wounds even had maggots in them. Debbie sat in the Animal Services truck going through the paperwork as they couldn't move the horses until the rehydration is finished. Waiting for the rehydration caused a lull in activities, so many stood around now drinking water and some smoking. The mood of the officers present is subdued and serious. Eventually, more Police arrived from Dallas, followed closely by the news media.

So when Roberta banged on the side of the truck making Debbie jump, she couldn't help but giggle. "What are you doing here?"

"We're here to support the local sheriff, so she can free some of her troopers for other stuff," she said.

"Have you been inside yet?"

"Fucking grim. I've seen homicides that turned my stomach less than those poor fucking horses," Roberta said with a scowl.

Debbie nodded.

Roberta said, "Hey, I'm glad I caught you, because I wanna know something?"

"If it's going out this weekend and getting hammered, the answer is yes," Debbie said.

Roberta didn't laugh, her face hard as she stared at Debbie. "What the fuck are you doing?"

Debbie did a double take. "Err, what?"

Roberta placed her hands on her hips. "I had my Sergeant and Bob Greenfield chew my ass this morning about a tip-off I'm supposed to have given you for a puppy farm."

"God," Debbie muttered, her eyes bulging slightly. "What did you say?"

"I covered for you and took the heat, but I wanna know what's really going on."

Roberta stared at Debbie, hands on hips and eyes narrowed. *Oh crap*, Debbie thought in a panic. *Think of something!* She cleared her throat, her stomach fluttering.

"OK, I know what's going on here," she said as evenly as she could despite her stomach trying to enter her throat. "I didn't tell Bob you gave me the tip, I told him I spoke to you about it to see if the police knew anything. He must've got the two mixed up. I'm sorry you got in trouble."

Roberta sighed and her hands fell by her side limply. "Forget it, I know you'd take the heat for me so I don't mind this time."

"Traffic duty?" Debbie said with raised eyebrows, and both women laughed.

"Hey, at least I know your boss is just a big a hard-ass than mine," Roberta said cheekily.

"I don't think so, I can talk to Bob like a person. When was the last time you did with Sergeant Grumpy?"

Roberta rolled her eyes. "Touché," she said and laughed.

Suddenly, her face went serious again as she remembered something important she needed to tell Debbie. "Another thing, the cop George, who did the check for me on those plates told me this, Tim-guy, has been flagged by the major crimes squad."

Now Debbie's internal hysteria ramped another notch. She could feel her hands start to tremble and held them to her legs so Roberta wouldn't notice. Her forehead developing a sweat.

"Really? Why are they interested in him?"

"I don't know, but George told me it's big and nasty. Even the Mayor and the Public DA are involved," Roberta said in a soft voice.

*I wonder whether this meeting with the Mayor is the hush-hush meeting Bob went to this morning*, she thought. "If the Mayor is sniffing around, he must smell a vote winner," Debbie said grimacing.

"You gotta keep away from him. No more following him around to find your puppy farm. You never know what this guy might do to you," Roberta said, putting her hand on Debbie's leg.

*I have a pretty good idea of what he may do to me*, Debbie thought shamefully. The only problem is if he gets busted everybody else might learn about it.

"OK. Well, I've dropped the puppy farm thing anyway, but I had to investigate it," Debbie said with a shrug.

"I wouldn't expect any less of you. You'd have made a great cop, such a waste chasing stray kittens all day," Roberta said with an insolent smile.

They'd played this game before.

"Me? A cop? On the same force as you? Shit, Dallas would never know what hit it," Debbie said in an exaggerated tone.

"Yeah, shame about that," Roberta said and they laughed.

Debbie heard Martinez calling her from the barn and she glanced briefly at her watch.

"Duty calls," she said and jumped out of the truck, pecked Roberta on the cheek, and walked to the barn.

\*\*\*\*

Debbie and her team got back to Dallas around six and the four horses they had were taken to a purpose-built barn. Sadly, out of the ten, three had to be euthanized onsite, they were so far gone and would never have survived the journey to Dallas. When she entered the staffroom she found Bob sitting and watching the press conference about the incident that included her (as team leader, Kathy, and the local sheriff). He smiled at her as she entered, a hint of pride in his eyes.

"Hey, Deb, I hear you did a great job today, everybody was impressed," Bob said.

"Those poor horses, wait until you see the pictures we took. Bubba should suffer the same fate," she said pouring herself some coffee.

He sighed. "Yeah, the cruelest animal on Earth is man."

She sat opposite him. "How's your day been?" Debbie asked then sipped her coffee.

"Just as shitty, I'm afraid. I need to talk to you about since you're virtually second in charge around here. But tomorrow, you've suffered enough horror for one day."

"Bob... I'm sorry I've been a screwup this week. I guess coming back to work after that attack affected me more than I realized," she said softly.

Bob smiled warmly at her. "I'd have been the same. Wanting to prove you've still got it. The fact you realize this gives me confidence you're gonna be OK. I don't say this too often about anyone I work with, but we need you around here. I'm not gonna be doing this job forever and I'd like you to take over when my time comes."

Debbie's eyes welled with tears. "Bob, that's so sweet. Thanks, it means a lot to me."

He suddenly chuckled. "I'm just glad I don't have to do all the paperwork from this horse cluster fuck."

Debbie opened her mouth wide and stared at him, then laughed. "Now that's the Bob I know," she said. "You had me worried for a moment."

\*\*\*\*

The next morning she entered Bob's office to hear about what he learned at the meeting he attended yesterday, although she suspected she already knew. He left her for a moment and came back with two coffees and placed one in front of her.

"Here, I we'll need this," he said with a grim smile.

*I wonder whether Sergeant Grumpy would bring Roberta a coffee, Debbie thought with a chuckle. Probably not.*

"So what's this all about?"

Bob sat back with his coffee in his hand, trying to think of an easy way to say it.

"I'm a big girl, Bob. I've seen and heard my share of shit."

Bob nodded grimly.

"The FBI, with the major crimes unit here in Dallas, believe they've traced an illegal porn ring in our fair city."

*Oh god, here it comes*, she thought, but had to play the game. "Porn? What has that to do with us?"

"Its bestiality, nasty shit too. I saw some of it yesterday and I wanted to hurl. A big dog raping a woman, and it was here in Dallas," Bob said wrinkling his nose.

"In Dallas, where?" Debbie asked, feeling her insides leap around.

"The victim was some poor black woman in Arlington, raped by a Rottweiler. These creeps are using animals to rape women and selling it abroad."

Bob stood suddenly and turned to look out the window, taking a drink from his mug.

"Are there any other victims?" Debbie asked for herself.

"They only showed us a few minutes of that one. Just when I thought I'd seen the depths of cruelty man can do..."

He left the comment hanging, but she knew what he meant. As one of the victims of this racket, she had seen depths he couldn't even fathom.

"So what are we supposed to do about it, it sounds like a police matter to me," Debbie said.

Bob sat again and put his cup on the desk.

"Nothing, but when/if a raid happens they'll need us to handle the animals present," he said. "Yesterday's briefing was to tell us what's happening so we can warn our patrols to be extra careful."

"Have any of these victims come forward?"

Bob shook his head. "It's hard enough to get women to report rape when a man does it. I can't imagine any woman who would want to report this."

Debbie nodded. "Yeah, I wouldn't," she said truthfully.

He stared at her with a face of stone, and said, "There's one more thing."

Debbie's heart began to pound in her chest. "W-What?"

"The FBI guy told me the dog that attacked you is one of these rape dogs."

Debbie's eyes bulged as she began to worry they knew about what had been happening to her. "No," she whispered.



"You got lucky, Deb," Bob said. "Your training probably saved you, but the way it ripped your pants open is a pattern the FBI see in this stuff. Not to mention they have a video of a similar dog to the one you described raping other women."

Debbie dropped her head in her hands, relieved they hadn't seen any video of her.

Bob stood and squatted besides her, putting his arm on her shoulder. "I told you the meeting was fucked up," he said.

*You have no idea how fucked up, she thought.*

\*\*\*\*

Debbie spent the rest of the morning trying to finish her report, and collate the evidence from the horse incident, and after lunch Dan came to her and asked if she could go to Terrell as he had no one else available.

"I really need time to finish this paperwork, Dan," she said.

"I know, and I promise a full office day on Monday, but the owner of this horse is related to the Mayor, and we have a funding review coming," he said.

"Oh, so it's about politics, not animal welfare?"

"Can't it be about both?" Dan asked with a smile. "The horse sounds spooked about something, if it hurts itself with its owners in New York then the Mayor will ask why."

"It's grunt work," she said and sighed.

"Maybe, but all the grunts are busy doing other things."

He stared at her with raised eyebrows and an insolent smile.

"Oh, alright, but once I'm done I'm knocking off for the day," she said.

"Sure, by the time you get back it'll be about that time anyway. Thanks, Deb, you're a lifesaver," he said and walked out.

*More like a damn fool, she thought. Bob is off site, so she couldn't get him to tell Dan no, so she's stuck with the job.*

\*\*\*\*

Terrell is famous for its horse studs, and many residents own horses. The drive to Terrell doesn't take long from Dallas, however, the home where the horse is located proved hard for Debbie to find. After forty minutes of getting lost, and driving in circles, she finally found the address. The home itself, a modern, American style, made her sigh with envy. Whoever these people are, they're loaded. The home had several acres of land, and on an acre paddock that abutted the homestead, she found the horse in question. At the far end of the paddock she could see him, a Morgan horse, brown with a black mane and tail. She got her binoculars out and focused on the horse, it did appear upset about something.

The horse jumped, bucked, stomped, and kicked as if it were spooked. Debbie knew horses could spook if disturbed by certain animals or reptiles, and there would be plenty of snakes in the area.

Scanning the paddock she saw a two pen shed converted into a barn. One door is shut, but the other is open, allowing the horse to use it as he required. While the horse seemed busy with its anxiety attack, she decides to check his stall. Snakes in particular like warm, hay covered barns to hunt rodents attracted to feed.

She climbed over the high wooden fence, and while coming down, she slipped and fell. Her pants caught on a nail, and a large tear formed over her left buttock.

"Oh fuck," she yelled when she hit the ground.

Climbing to her feet, she feels the draft coming from behind, and turns to peruse the damage.

"Oh, not again. How am I going to explain to requisitions how many pants I've been through this week?"

*Oh hey, yeah, I'm sorry, being raped by dogs is just hell on your trousers*, she thought mockingly as she walked to the shed/barn. The horse remained distracted by the hissy fit it's having, so she entered the shed and looked it over. *What a contrast to yesterday*, she thought. From horsey hell, to horsey heaven. The barn had an automated feed dispenser set to drop a predetermined amount daily. The water trough outside the barn had a float so it would never be empty.

The only odd thing, as far as she could tell were various bundles of square hay bales lying around making hay beds. Four such configurations of hay lay in random places, and as the horse is not a jumping horse she wondered why. There's no snakes or other animals in the barn as far as she could tell. Kicking the hay near the entrance something stuck to her shoe.

"Oh crap," she muttered.

However, the way the offending matter appeared it isn't manure, more like dried fruit. Debbie grabbed it, and smells it.

"A treat, maybe," she muttered.

She squished it and felt something hard in it, so she pulled it apart and found a diamond-ish shaped blue tablet. On the side, stamped into the tablet it reads: Viagra.

She grabbed her binoculars again to review the horse. She hadn't noticed before as the horse had been over a small rise, yet under him she could see a massive erection. Suddenly, she laughed. Sure, baiting a horse is cruel, yet seeing this stallion suffer from an enormous case of blue balls amused her too. The horse suddenly started trotting toward the barn, and Debbie decided she didn't want to stick around given her recent luck with horny animals.

So she started to run toward the fence, wondering if she could jump over but it looked too high. Looking back at the Morgan she found it had started to chase her now he had seen her. Debbie broke into a sprint, still the sound of hooves thudding into the grass grew louder and louder behind her. The fence approached, truck69 parked on the other side. She could not only hear hooves like thunder, but now the horse's snorts and breathing seemed loud to her as well.

As the fence came within reach she jumped, landing on the third plank and went to climb. Debbie suddenly lets out a scream as she travels through the air. The horse bit her on her torn pants and threw her back into the paddock as if she were a pro-wrestler trying to tag his partner. She landed on her back, heavily winded, and pants for breath that won't come. The horse has turned and is heading for her, so she rolls onto her front, stands and tries to run.

The problem is her belt and some material remained in place, the rest lay at her ankles. The horse had ripped, shredded them. Only her panties remained, so she turned and as the horse drew near, she dived to the right and it passed by her. Quickly she pulled off her ruined pants and climbed to her feet again. The fence loomed close by and she ran for it, but the Morgan somehow turned much easier than she hoped and its head collided into her back sending her forward headfirst.

She hit the ground and slid on her stomach, over a rock that jagged her panties and pulled them off. Hearing the horse approaching again from her left, she jumps up and runs toward one of the small hay stacks hoping to use it for cover, or as something she put between her the horse. The muzzle of the horse is frothing, now, and Debbie can't outrun it. The beast dives into again and knocks her hard, she tumbles forward landing on the hay on her back unconscious.

\*\*\*\*

In the haze of reduced consciousness, Debbie feels something touch her. The object feels wet and warm, and while it has a fleshy springiness, she had no doubt of its hardness. The object push against her making her body move over the hay. Then something happened that brought her back to reality with an excruciating scream. Her head rises off the hay, her eyes wide and nostrils flared. The pain is coming from between her legs, and what she sees when she stares between her legs is a massive horse cock inside her pussy.

The horse's hips are thrusting. Not long and deep as the dogs had, but short, sharp bucks as the height/size difference between them dictated his actions. Still, the horse could feel her cunt wrapped tightly around its cock head and he had decided to make the most of his opportunity to work off his pent up sexual energy.

The jabs of his cock head had given Debbie a new experience on the ability of her vagina to handle large cocks. She could feel it move inside her, the way its strange shaped head folds and moves is something she had never felt the likes of before, and despite herself she began to feel a similar reaction grow inside her body.

She glances around and sees no one, reaching and grabbing the shaft of horse cock, she tries to pull it free from her cunt. However, the horse had other ideas, and turned his head and bit her on the shoulder.

"Owww! Hey, you fucking horse," she shouted.

His jerky hip movements kept his chunky pole sliding inside her, and heat steadily built from her clit until it throbbed. Debbie couldn't help herself and began rubbing her clit furiously leaning on one arm to watch the massive dick spoil her for any man from now on. *If I wasn't ruined down there before from all those fat dog cocks*, she thought, *I am now*. The tension in her stomach grew, just as the horses spasmodic thrusts became quicker, and to her surprise they came together. Thick, creamy cum dribbled from her cunt, as her legs took on a familiar wobble and shake.

She threw her head back onto the hay bale and grasped it with her hands as her body turned bright red for a moment as she cum all over the Morgan horses dick. She waits for his cock to go soft, yet it stays inside her.

"How much Viagra did they give you?"

The Morgan begins thrusting again, still not satiated. The horse's hips and cock bounced as it tried to stretch her cunt even more. Debbie grunted loudly every time the wide head of its cock pushed against her womb with considerable force. She feels no enjoyment in this fucking as the horse

merely uses her body to find release. She glances between her legs at the shaft and see blood on it, her blood. She cries loudly, hitting the horse on stomach above her, only it is too absorbed in getting off to notice. Her body suddenly lurches as a searing ache burst through her body. The horse has cum again, the sudden gush of cum nearly ripping her open.

She groans loudly pinned to the hay by a giant cock trying to kill her for pleasure. *I've got to try to get away or I'm dead*, she thinks. *I hope he gives me the chance*. The horse stood still as he pumped his cum again into her body, much of it runs out by the sheer pressure and covering her legs in slime. Suddenly he pulls his cock out, leaving her pussy gaping so large a man could put his fist inside no problems. Rivers of horse cum and blood flowed out of her used cunt as Niagara Falls. Gathering as much strength as she can, she forces her body to roll, hoping to land on the ground and far from the massive cock.

Her first try lands on her on her stomach, still on the hay. *Oh, fuck*, she complains in her mind. *Gotta move*. As this thought formed, she suddenly feels the cockhead pressing against her again, and the horse begins pushing to find her cunt. She tries to lift her arse so it'll go back inside her abused cunt, however, the horse punches his cock right into her arse.

Debbie screams. "Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

She feels her anus rip causing such agony, her body writhes and she passes out. The horse finally feels an unrestricted warmth envelope his thick cock as nearly twenty inches of cock bores deep into her body. His hips jerk rapidly, trying to ram as much cock as he can into this more horse-like cunt. He feels an orgasm build that just might end his torture. So with stallion-like prowess and strength, he gets ready to blow his final load.

Debbie is barely hanging onto consciousness now, her body still writhes in pain under the assault, but her mind is more switched off to it. *I'm dead*, the thought rolling around her mind like a dark cloud.

Suddenly the horse rears up, lifting Debbie off the hay bale into the air. The horse stands on its back legs as Debbie slides further down its thick cock to nearly twenty-five inches inside. Debbie's head and limbs hang limply as the horse unloads its balls again in her body. It neighs loudly, its front legs moving rhythmically, its noble head high and mane flowing in the breeze. An enormous orgasm is had by the stallion as a limp Debbie hangs impaled on the huge dick.

As its two front hooves hit the ground, Debbie mercifully slides off and lands on the grass beside the hay bales. She isn't moving, and blood is coming from her anus and cunt.

\*\*\*\*

Debbie drifts in and out of consciousness.

She hears a high-pitched male voice said, "Well, looks like it worked, boss."

"No! No, a female voice yells. "She's alive! Look, she's breathing. I told you so, didn't I? I told you Debbie can't be killed by a cock. No one can take a big cock like her. I told you, didn't I?"

"Oh, shut the fuck up, will ya," high pitch said.

A deep voice suddenly said, "What did I tell you about talking to Annie like that."

Debbie hears a slap and a grunt. Annie giggles loudly.

"Sorry, boss," high-pitch said. "What about the animal cop? You want me to finish her?"

"No! Don't kill her. She's proven herself. No woman has ever survived Trigger before. Please! Please," Annie whined.

The deep voice said, "Alright, baby doll, we'll give her a chance. But don't get your hopes up, this bitch still may die, Trigger might've ripped her up badly inside."

"No, Daddy, you're wrong. Debbie is a natural. She can handle the biggest cocks, you wait and see. I know good talent when I see it. Don't I, Daddy?"

"You do, Baby doll."

High pitch asks, "So what do you want me to do with her, boss?"

"Strip all that cop crap off her and load her into the van. If she lives, a new life awaits her," deep voice said.

"Goody, goody," Annie said.

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## **Chapter Six**

Roberta drove straight to Ennis when she heard something had happened to Debbie. On arrival she found Debbie's supervisors Dan and Bob, standing with a detective and her sergeant talking. In the paddock adjacent the house a forensic team was examining the crime scene. A Shetland pony tethered to the fence. She sprinted from her car and stopped when she reached the four men,

"Where's Debbie?" Roberta asked anxiously. "What happened to her?"

The Sergeant grabbed her arm gently, and said, "Debbie is missing. All we've found is her clothes and err..."

"What?" Roberta demanded.

The Detective she knew as John, said, "There's blood and possibly semen."

Roberta burst into tears, and her Sergeant put his arm around her shoulders to comfort her.

"We have every resource available working on this. We'll find her and the scum that has done this," he said gently.

Roberta clutched her arms to her chest, sobbing freely. "Don't bullshit me, Sarge, you and I both know the chances of a victim being recovered alive in a crime like this."

The Sergeant nodded, his bald head shining in the light. "We can never give up hope, Roberta. Debbie's one of us, so motivation to find her will be high, that I can promise."

Roberta nodded, wiping her eyes.

John asked, "Did you notice anything strange about Debbie this last week?"

The three men watched her with an unmoving stance and a grim twist to their mouths.

"She was acting weird, but I just thought it was nerves from going back to work after the attack," Roberta said.

"Did you two discuss anything specific which may help our investigation?" Bob asked her.

*The fucking puppy farm*, Roberta thought. *That's what this has to do with. That Tim guy I told her to keep away from.*

"I told her how those two reprimanded me for the puppy farm thing, that's all," Roberta said with a pained expression. "Do you think it has anything to do with that?"

"Can you tell us more about that tip?" John asked.

"Someone I met while on duty told me of a black Chevy van involved in some illegal animal operation, err, in Lancaster," Roberta said. "She told me a woman in Mesquite had described the same black van in an incident there, and she was going to investigate it."

"So no one actually said puppy farm?" Dan asked.

Roberta shrugged. "I think Debbie assumed it. She thought a good bust might get Bob off her back."

She stared at Bob and Dan, who looked away, unable to hold her gaze.

"Has she a partner or romantic involvement presently?" John asked.

"Not that I know of. Her last man burned her badly, so she swore off them."

"You mean the one now in jail for drug trafficking, among other things?" John asked.

"Yeah, but she had no idea about any of that," Roberta said defending her friend.

"Did she have any enemies?"

Roberta sighed. "She's a cop, so naturally some don't like her. But as for actual people stalking her or threatening her, I don't know. She never mentioned anything to me, and I'm her closest friend." John handed her a yellow notepad open at a page. It had two addresses on it. The first, 1406 Windmill Lane, and the second, 236 Jobson Road. She looked at them and shrugged. "I don't know? It looks work related to me, ask them," Roberta said, pointing to Bob and Dan.

"We don't know these addresses either," Bob said. "They're not from any call out, we've checked."

"Still," Dan said, "Call outs often take our officers to places different from where they started. It comes with chasing stray animals, so it's probably nothing."

The Detective nodded and put the notebook into a plastic bag, and placed it into his pocket. "If any of you think of anything, please let me know immediately," he said, handing each a business card with his name and phone number on it.

"So what now?" Bob asked, fidgeting from side to side on his feet.

"We wait, and let the cops do their job," Dan said.

Fuck that, Roberta thought. I'm going to find her, you can bet on it.

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The house in Mesquite was empty, as if the tenants who lived there had left in a big hurry, so Roberta headed for Jobson Road, hoping to beat the Detective there. The address led to a house, so she went and knocked on the front door. An elderly man in his eighties answered, balding, and a wrinkly face. He smiled at her when he opened the door as if her grandfather.

"Yes, Miss?"

Roberta showed him her badge. "Hi, I'm Officer Parkes with the DPD, and I'm wondering if you've seen this woman?"

She showed him a picture of Debbie in uniform from her phone.

"Oh yes, the lady in charge of that horse incident. Terrible business that. What some people will do, just amazes me," he said.

"I mean have you seen her around here?"

His hand rubbed his chin as he thought for a moment. "Come to think of it, I think I have. Yeah, I have. I knew she seemed familiar when I saw her on TV," he said voicing wonder and breaking into a chuckle. Damn, my memory isn't what it used to be. Nope, getting old is life's punishment for having too much a good time. Yep."

"SIR," Roberta said sternly to get his mind on what she wanted to know. "When and where did you see her near here?"

Again he rubbed his chin, and Roberta tapped her foot.

"Hmm, let me see. Earlier this week I saw her walking very gingerly from the shed behind the house. Must've been Wednesday, around two," he said. I thought it odd, but she had her car parked in the trees just up Jobson's as if she was hiding or something."

"Where's this shed?" Roberta asked, feeling some hope at least.

The old man pointed behind him. "Back that ways. It's mine you know, I used to run a repair business there. These days I rent it to others."

"Is it rented at the moment?"

"No, my last tenant just left with no notice at all."

"When did he leave?" Roberta asked, thinking of Tim.

The old man laughed. "That's funny because the tenant was a skinny redheaded woman named Johanna Sparks. God, such a ditzy airhead too, wouldn't stop talking for a moment. But I suspect she was doing it for the guys she had worked there, yeah, plenty of men going in and out at all hours of the day and night."

"Sir," she said again to stop him talking. "Can I see this shed, it might have evidence in it?"

The old man suddenly looked shocked, his eyes bulging and his cheeks flushing. "I knew it. I knew it. I said to my wife that guy in the van is a thug. Scared the living crap outta me, so—"

"SIR!"

"Oh, right, sorry. Well, it's open so you can drive there and look around. Help yourself, I don't want no criminals using my shed. That I can tell ya..."

Roberta had stopped listening to the lonely old man, and left him while he rambled on about his life's minor dramas. She drove down the private track and parked in front of the shed, hoping she'd find a clue to where they've taken Debbie.

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Roberta searched the deserted shed and found nothing that might tell her where they've taken Debbie. As she headed for her car the old man suddenly appeared calling out to her to wait, so she walked toward him to meet him. He panted, as he had rushed to find her.

"Officer Parkes," he said, trying to catch his breath. "I'm glad I didn't miss you. I remembered that Sparks woman gave my wife this card to forward her mail. Here, you can have it."

She read the card giving a post office box in Iowa. Damn it, she thought bitterly, out of my jurisdiction. "Thanks, sir, if you do get any mail I want you to forward it so we can see who's collecting it. Understood?"

He nodded. "Sure, no problem, glad to help."

"One more thing, other Police will come here asking about this too. You can tell them everything you know, except that I was here and this address." The old man stared at her with a frown. "This woman is my best friend, and I think I have a better chance of finding her than my colleagues. It that OK?"

"Sure," he said with a wink and a nod. He then laughs, saying, "Back when I was younger you'd never hear of two ladies shacking up, but my times have changed. Did I tell you..."

Roberta tuned out of his rambling thinking about her next move. First she had to get some leave from the force. With Debbie missing and how upset she is about it, the Sarge should agree. Next she had to get packing because she'd have a long drive to Iowa, and those with Debbie already have a head start.

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The post office in question is in Moravia, a small town in Iowa. Roberta drove for nearly twelve hours straight to reach the post office and parked near a grocery store where she could see the boxes clearly. She found the one the old man had been given, number forty-eight, and marked it so she could find it from her car using a pen that only shows through a special filter you can put on cameras or binoculars. So she waited, hoping someone will check the mail eventually, and this isn't a dummy mail point, where the post office automatically forwards it to another address.

Eventually she fell asleep, admonishing herself when she woke early in the morning around six am. Roberta stared at herself in the mirror and gasped. Her long-red hair had become a bird's nest, and it felt greasy. She could smell sweat on herself and her breath seem practically toxic. No date for you tonight, she thought, trying to straighten her hair. Suddenly, she saw some movement at the Post Office and through her binoculars spied a man collecting some mail from number forty-eight.

"BINGO," she said to herself. "Come on, asshole, take me to your leader."

The man is tall, a brunette, in his late twenties, early thirties, and had a muscular build. The way he



carried himself spoke of confidence, or being comfortable in the location. A local, possibly, she thought. He took the mail to an F100 truck and drove away, Roberta followed him. He drove around seven miles, turning off the tarmac near Rathbun Lake in to a wooded dirt road. The dirt road taking him out of sight. Roberta parked nearby, and followed on foot, she had studied the map and decided the track was a concealed driveway, and not one going for miles into forests. The driveway had a sign posted: Beware of Dogs.

The woods gave her cover, so she quietly approached a large building, a shed like in Dallas. Suddenly, she heard a low growl behind her, and she spun to find a large Great Dane cross baring its teeth at her threateningly.

"Easy, boy. Steady now, I don't want you to get hurt here," she said slowly unclipping her revolver from its holster.

Suddenly something hit her from behind and she fell forward onto the ground, winding herself badly. Her gun went flying into the bushes. Another dog, a Doberman bit into her buttocks and started to pull at her sweatpants. The material gave way easily under the ferocious zeal of the Dobermans grip and her pants tore open. Roberta tried to kick at the dog, but the Great Dane came and wrapped his jaws around her neck holding her as he struggled. The Doberman kept ripping at her pants until they were nearly off, and as she wears no panties normally, Roberta found herself exposed. The Doberman proceeds to lick between her ass cheeks and deep into her groin tasting her fishy cunt.

She squirms, trying to kick at the Doberman, while punching the Great Dane to no avail. The Dane suddenly loosens its grip on her neck, and seeing this as a chance to escape, she pushes herself to her hands and knees so she can get to her feet. However, when she's in the position the dogs want, the Doberman bites hard on her neck, holding there. Her mind is racing, trying to think of how she can escape this attack, and having no idea what the dogs have in mind for her. Roberta pushes with her arms and legs to break the grip of the Dane, but it's so strong.

Abruptly, the Doberman mounts her, wrapping his front legs around her waist, making her gasp at its strength. His hips are humping wildly and she feels something wet and warm, poked her thigh and bottom.

"No! Bad Dog! Noooooo!" She yells and struggles more against the animals holding her.

The Doberman finally finds what he's looking for and forces his thick cock inside her red haired cunt, making her squeal at the suddenness of it. He drove it home until his balls slapped against her clit. Thus it began, the manic pegging of the large cock sliding between the folds of her cunt in complete domination. The Dane never let go of her neck, he held her as his friend violated the deepest regions of her womanhood. The sound of sex filled the air, the slurping and slipping of flesh on flesh filling her senses. A feeling grew inside her, a familiar feeling - one she had often felt. Her clit began to tingle, and her stomach filled with butterflies. Despite the revulsion she has in her mind, her body begins to sparkle with heat. Sexual heat.

Stop it, she scolded herself mentally. Yet the tingle in her clitoris grew to a vibration, and her legs began to feel weak and wobbly. The Doberman had found his rhythm and stabbed her cunt with his huge cock repeatedly, his eyes half closed as an expression of pleasure took over his face. His knot now pushing against her slit, trying to get inside her. He increased the force of his thrusts to push those pussy lips even further apart to allow his knot to enter. Roberta let out a screech of pain as the Doberman forced his knot inside her, her cunt spreading alarmingly around it - wrapping it in her flesh.

Still the Doberman fucked her, scraping her insides with his knot and pushing her g-spot with

extreme prejudice. Roberta's body erupted into an orgasm as intense as any she's had before. A red flush travels over her body, making her glow, as her cunt let go and released her orgasm. Her body spasmed, and for the first time she moaned lustfully feeling the buzz ripple through her. The Doberman had stopped and is shooting its cum deep into her, filling her with its hot seed. This added stretching of her uterus keeps her orgasm rolling along. Roberta loses all sense of time and place as her body continues to contract on this huge cock and its load of dog cum.

While this was happening, she didn't even realize the Great Dane had let go of her neck. With some nipping from the Dane, the Doberman jumped off her so his cock is sticking out behind between his legs while still stuck inside her cunt. The Dane, being tall, steps over the Doberman and mounts Roberta. He begins to jab at her with his huge cock and eventually slides off the Doberman's cock and into her arse. Roberta's head shoots up, and her eyes bulge madly. However, the Dane pushed his cock deep into her body, even with the Doberman still knotted inside her cunt. Roberta thinks he's going to rip her to pieces, she has never had a cock as big as this, though it's not her first anal sex.

The brutality of the Dane's huge cock fucking against the Doberman's cock nearly makes her pass out. Her anus burns with such pain as he distends it more and more. The Doberman becomes stimulated feeling the huge Dane cock rubbing against his inside the bitch's body, so he begins to fuck her too. Now she has two big cocks DP'ing her, two dog cocks. Roberta doesn't know whether she should laugh or cry at the absurdity of the situation. Yet her body begins to respond again, and as the burning pain diminishes in her anus it becomes replaced with a wonderful feeling of friction. Her clitoris is vibrating again, and her body starts to tremble with lustful exuberance. Sweat drips from her, and she moans softly, feeling these two extreme cocks work her over.

The Danes' knot pushes against her anus trying to break in, to invade her body. Roberta's orifice had reached maximum capacity and however hard he pushed against it, he couldn't get it inside her. As Roberta exploded into another orgasm and her body shook on those two cocks, the Dane began to pump his hot cum into places cum should never go. Roberta could feel his cock pulsate and throb inside her body as it impaled her, as if she had two hearts beating rapidly. The Doberman slowed to a stop too, since the Dane had. After a few minutes, the Dane pulled his dick out of her now ruined arse followed by a gush of cum to the sound of farting. Roberta's head rested on the ground, panting wildly as she recovered from her intense orgasm.

Not long after, the Doberman pulled his cock free as well, and another gurggle of queefs and cum dribbled from her abused cunt. Her lips now swollen and red, and her ginger pubes plastered to her body with cum. She collapsed in exhaustion, falling asleep within minutes in the bushes that surrounded this place of violation.

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Roberta woke a few hours later in darkness and shivering with cold. The chilly Iowan night air unforgiving on her exposed flesh. Mercifully, the dogs were gone, but the memory and pain of their passage had not. Sitting up, her head spun and she shook it to get the cobwebs out. Roberta knew her body had gone into a state of shock, still she forced herself to stand and think about Debbie. Creeping toward the building it had lights on and several vehicles parked outside it, including the black Chevy van.

She clutched a tree as a wave of pain went through her, taking sharp breaths as she did. Looking at the building again, she said softly, "I know where you are now, Debbie. I'll get you out of this if I have to do every animal between us. Nothing will stop me. I'm coming, so hold on."

With that, she turned and headed back into the trees and bushes, eventually making it to her car.

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## Chapter Seven

Roberta found a motel and crawled under the shower to scrub herself clean after being so brutally raped by the two big dogs. Her body hurts, and her groin in particular ached from being stretched beyond anything she had experienced in the past. After she rubbed her skin red raw she sunk to a sitting position under on the floor of the shower and sobbed. How many times in her career had she dealt with women after a sexual assault had in no way prepared her to handle her own emotions about it? She had never felt so humiliated and violated before, the way the animals fucked her was degrading, and her emotional landscape swung between despair to anger and back again in milliseconds.

*Come on, Roberta, pull yourself together*, she thinks to herself then breaks out sobbing again. However, in this moment of torment she formulated a plan to try to save Debbie from these terrible people. Roberta never forgot why she came to Moravia in Iowa, in in the midst of her despair about being raped. *I've got to save Debbie from these creeps*, she thought. *God knows what they're doing to her in that place*. One problem, she now had is in the struggle with the dogs she lost her Beretta, and after they finished with her she wasn't staying to try to find it. All she had now is some pepper spray and knife. Still, nothing is going to stop here from getting Debbie.

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Early the next morning, around the time anyone in the building would be rising, Roberta emptied two Gerry cans of gasoline around the scrub and tree's near the entrance of the driveway to the large shed near Rathbun Lake. Using a firelighter as a fuse, she lit it, and sprinted to the back of the building and hid waiting for the alarm to be raised. *It's an oldie but a goodie*, Roberta thought about her plan. She waited patiently watching the front of the driveway from her position and the building. After around five minutes she hears and big 'whoosh' sound as the fuel ignites. Given how dry the area is, the scrub ignited easily, and in moments a fierce fire had developed, with gray smoke billowing from it.

Still Roberta waited for someone to discover her surprise, and it seemed to take forever. The fire grew larger, as did the butterflies in her stomach. "Come on, you assholes, wake up in there," she whispered under her breath.

Not long after she heard a male voice shouting, "FIRE! FIRE! Get the fuck out here, NOW!"

From her vantage point she saw four men run toward the front, two had Hessian bags, one an extinguisher, and the last headed for a hose. Roberta could hear a shrill female voice screaming at them. She decided it's time to move, and sprinted from her cover to the backdoor. Her heart pounded in her ears as time seemed to slow, and with all the force she could muster, she hit the door with her shoulder knocking it open. Roberta tripped and landed on the hard concrete floor between two rows of dog enclosures, each containing a large dog.

*Keep going*, she chided herself internally, and got to her feet and kept going. She didn't even look at the animals as she knew her rapists would be there. Reaching another door, she passed through an empty kitchen and into a corridor. One by one she peered inside rooms until she found Debbie lying naked on top of a bed. The sight stopped her dead as Debbie's body is bruised badly from her breasts to her upper thighs.

"Omigod," she muttered, shaking her head. "What have they done to you?"

Sitting on the bed beside Debbie, Roberta shook her to try to wake the unconscious woman to no avail. A quick glance at an arm showed track marks, they'd been keeping her drugged. So grabbing an arm, Roberta pulled Debbie up and over her shoulder in a fireman's lift, and carried her out the way she had come in. She made it out the back door and away from the house when suddenly a tall, muscular man stepped out of the scrub pointing a pistol at her, her pistol.

"I thought you might come back," he said in a deep voice. "But did you have to set my yard on fire? That wasn't very nice of you, now was it?"

Roberta's legs started shaking as the adrenaline began to wear off, and Debbie's weight started to take a toll.

"I won't let you keep my friend, you'll have to kill us both or let us go," Roberta yelled at him through her breathlessness.

The man laughed. "Kill you both?" He shrugged, and said, "I've done worse. Besides, I don't think you're in a position to be making demands here, Officer Parkes."

"How—"

"I had some friends trace the number on your gun. Then I watched the security footage and got quite the shock, I must say. Some women pay a handsome price to be serviced by my dogs like that. You certainly got lucky last night."

He laughed, a dirty chortle making her face flush brightly. She spat on the ground and scowled at him. Two men were suddenly behind her and one pointed another pistol at her, the third man took Debbie from her aching shoulder and carried her inside. Roberta didn't bother struggling, they had her so she waited to see what would happen. The muscular man lowered the Berretta and walked toward her. His posture strong, he walked with wide steps, a gleam in his eyes.

"My name is Tim," he said. "But I expect you already know that, Officer Parkes."

Roberta shrugged.

"What I want to know is, how you found us here. Are you some kind of super cop?"

"Your girlfriend left a forwarding address at that shed you rented in Dallas. She's not very bright is she," Roberta said with a slight grin.

"Damn it, boss, that woman of yours is gonna ruin us one day," the man behind her said in a high pitched voice.

Tim grimaced, but keeps his cool. "I'll talk to her, Curly."

"What about this one. If one cop found us here, how long before the others do?" Curly asked.

Tim watched Roberta closely, his eyes narrowed as he considered the question.

"No one are coming, are they toots? You wanted to be the hero and save your friend before them eh?" Tim asked.

Roberta blushed.

Tim laughed. "I tell you what. Because I'm a nice guy really, I'll let you have your friend for a price."

"How much?" Roberta asked.

"Well, I've spent a bit on keeping the bitch alive and I did have some orders already for some new stuff from her. You should see her getting fucked by a dog, she loves that shit especially in the ass. A real natural at it."

"You're lying," Roberta said with a sneer.

Tim smiled at her.

Curly said, "It ain't no lie, slut, your friend is a big dog whore. We've got it all on video."

"So your dogs raped her, just as they did me," Roberta said, hands on hips.

Tim nodded. "At first, one raped her, sure. You know him too, he fucked your arse last night. But fuck me if she didn't start offering herself to them. I filmed her near the airport, and she let four stray mutts fuck her all night. Even when I sent in my Bullmastiff she did him twice. She is an A grade slut."

Roberta tried to suppress her tears, however, she couldn't. *Debbie offered herself*, the thought made her stomach roil.

"So what's the price?" She forced herself to say.

"A loyal friend, I like that," Tim said. "Five hundred thousand should do it."

Roberta's eyes nearly bulged out of her head as she gasped in response. "I don't have that kind of money."

Tim shrugged. "I figured as much, you Cops don't get paid much do you? But I'm willing to let you work it off, I need some fresh blood as the punters like to see different girls in action."

She stepped back, making the pistol push into the back of her head. "You want me to work it off making porn films for you?"

"Yeah, once you've made me enough new shit to recoup my costs I'll let you and the other slut go. I can't be any fairer than that," Tim said with a self-satisfied smile.

"Yeah," Curly piped in. "Sounds a good deal to me."

"Why don't you do it then?" Roberta said sarcastically.

The men laughed. "Oh, he does, Curly is one of our male stars here."

Roberta shivered. "What if I say no?"

The gun clicked behind her to give her the answer.

"Well, it's a onetime offer and you have thirty seconds to decide," Tim said holding his watch up.

Roberta knew she had little choice. "OK, I'll take your deal."

Tim smiled broadly at her a perfect set of white teeth. "Good, OK, we shoot in fifteen minutes, better get to make up."

"Now?"

Tim nodded, grabbing her by the arm and leading her back into the large shed.

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"Omigod, you're gonna be so good at this, I just know. Tim must think you have talent if he's letting you do this. Yep, you're sure one lucky lady Roberta," Annie said as she applied some makeup to the stunned face of Roberta.

"Don't call me that," Roberta said.

"What?"

"Roberta. Don't you porn people use stage names?"

Annie nodded. "I guess. I'm just known as 'Annie' on the films, but it's not my real name.

"Then I want to be known as 'Nikki'. OK?" Roberta said.

Annie nodded enthusiastically. "Oh sure, that sounds so cool. 'Nikki'. 'Nikki'. I like it, Nikki," she said and giggled. "Tim wants you to wear this on set, so get yourself ready. You don't want him sending someone to get you, trust me."

Roberta stared at the costume and felt sick.

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Outside the small dressing room (if you call it that) Curly waited for Roberta, who appeared wearing a sexy fire fighter's outfit. She glanced at him and rolled her eyes. Curly guffawed, stomping his foot and hands slapping his thighs.

"Looks good," he said, and chuckled. "Come on, they're waiting outside."

He led her to the front where the blackened scrub still smoldered from her attempt to create a diversion. They had set some HD cameras in different locations around a section. Tim smiled when he saw Roberta in the sexy navy blue stretch fabric, double zip front top with gold collar, front suspenders and trim with matching blue elastic waist skirt with gold details on the hem line. She had on black thigh-high fishnet stockings, high heels, and no panties. Her red hair is tied in pigtails and her lips have a glossy-pink lipstick.

Tim wolf whistled. "You look hot, Officer Parkes."

Roberta scowled at him. "Let's get on with it, shall we."

He handed her a 'Fire Chief' helmet that's nothing more than a kid's toy, and a clipboard with a pen shaped like a penis on the end.

"OK, here's the scene, you're investigating this fire when some horny dogs come along and start molesting you. Give us a few sexy poses among the ashes before we release your co-stars. Got it?"

Roberta nodded, and walking to where Tim directed her and turned. Her body shook and her stomach churned as she tried the sexy poses Tim directed her to do. A guy stood off to the side with Canon 5D taking pictures. Roberta wanted to run, forget Debbie and get away from this terrible predicament, yet her legs feel like lead and her mind goes blank, as if her brain suddenly switched itself off. As she bent, showing her curvaceous pear-shaped ass the first dog came into shot, a Rottweiler and begins to sniff her.

She jumped, this time it's no act though, as she says to the dog sternly, "Bad dog, Bad boy!"

*Maybe I can scare it from performing*, she thinks hopefully. However the dog never takes no for an answer, and soon pokes his head under her skirt and laps at her cunt. Again she jumps back, shouting at the dog to stop and wagging her finger at it. The Rottweiler just stares at her blankly. She hears someone make a low whistle, and the dog started snarling at her. Roberta holds out her finger again, and says firmly, "NO!"

The Rottweiler, urged on by a handler, snaps at her hand biting her. Roberta quickly withdraws her hand cradling it in her other hand.

Tim says, "You better give him what he wants, otherwise he might mess you up."

"Alright, doggy. You want my pussy?" Roberta said to the dog. Then she lifted the hem of her skirt to reveal her red pubic bush, and her pink pussy-lips the same color as her lipstick. The handler whistled again and the dog dove into her cunt and began to ravish it with his mouth. Roberta began to feel her clit grow hot and hard, and sparks of delectations shot through her body making her quiver uncontrollably. Another dog came from the scrub, and his muzzle soon lodged itself into her buttocks and began licking her still tender anus. She glanced at Tim, who gave her a signal to unzip her outfit (the zips at the front) and play with her tits. So she did, pulling each D cup breast out one at a time.

As the two dogs continued their relentless licking of her cunt and ass, Roberta pinched and pulled her nipples, making them hard, her face began to show the fire growing inside her as moans escaped her for the first time. As her orgasm builds she throws her head back and uses her fingers to part her pussy lips so the dogs can get inside her.

"Oh... Good, boy... Oh yes... Omigod, yes," she moaned loudly enjoying the laving she's getting.

Then to her surprise, her body began to shake, her face turned bright red, and her pussy and anus began to violently spasm - she came. Of course it wasn't the fact she came that caught her by surprise, it was just how hard she did. Her legs went weak and the dog behind her, a German shepherd, jumped and knocked her to the ground. The black soot and gray ashes left from the fire flew everywhere. Covering her pale freckled skin in a sheen of dirtiness. The German shepherd didn't waste any time, and mounted her once Roberta had climbed to her hands and knees and wrapped his strong front legs around her waist and started probing her with his already erect red veined monster.

Suddenly his cock slid right into her pussy, and feeling her warmth encase his mighty cock he drove it home and began to fuck her with the wild intensity only a dog can. The cameras got all the action, even beneath her filming the odd-shaped phallus slicing her cunt open with quick and hard thrusts. His knot already expanding and slapping her clit. Meanwhile, the Rottweiler stood with his boner ready for action, and Tim called out to her to suck it. The idea disgusted her at first, seeing this thick, long red and purple cock dripping before her eyes. Yet once the feeling began to grow in her body from the Shepherds grinding her cunt with its meaty cock, the idea emerged in her mind that

maybe the Rottweilers cock wouldn't be so bad to suck.

So, she reached out and pulled the cock out from behind the big dog so it poked between his back legs. His huge dick, feeling so moist and hot in her hand. The Rottweiler stood there panting and glancing back at her occasionally. Roberta licked along the meaty length of it and decided it didn't taste as bad as she thought it might. So she slipped it into her mouth, and began to gently move her lips back and forth along the shaft while licking his odd knob with her tongue. The Rottweiler's precum squirted into her mouth, a watery metallic tasting liquid with a salty aftertaste. Roberta swallowed greedily as her body hummed from the fucking her cunt is receiving.

The German shepherd squirted his precum inside her too, making his big cock glide between her cuntal folds with much friction. He squirted so much, in fact, it dripped from constantly onto the scorched earth below. The sounds and smells of copulation filled the air, and all the crew stood watching with obvious boners. Even Annie had a hand down her pants playing with herself as she watched Roberta give herself freely to the dogs. Roberta is now moaning around the big cock in her mouth, the added buzzing and vibrations of her lustful outpourings giving added pleasure to the Rottweiler.

The German shepherd pushes his knot inside her, making her squeal and cum at that moment, her body shaking violently as the tennis ball sized knot presses into her g-spot. The shepherd, feeling her cunt clamp hard on his cock stops and starts to unload his cum deep into her body. The feeling of his hot cum filling her womb sends her into another orgasm of equal intensity, and again her body trembles under the force of the pleasure she's feeling. The Rottweiler lets go too, filling her mouth with is watery semen until it overflows and starts to run down her chin and over her breasts. Roberta grabs the Rottweiler's cock and directing it like a hose, she sprays his cum all over her face and on her big tits. . *There's so much cum*, she thinks reveling in the moment. *So much lovely cum!*

The Rottweiler decides he's had enough and pulls away, and the German shepherd climbs off so his arse to arse with her and drags her across the ground until his cock plops out of her, followed by a gush of cum. Roberta shrieked as the large knot pulled free and fell to the ground, rolling onto her back with her cum covered face and tits in the air, and her cunt gaping and dripping cum. The cameraman runs to stand near her and films her in this used and abused state, knowing the punters will all blow their loads seeing the pretty redhead cop so used abused. Roberta moaned as the men filmed her and took pictures, and eventually Tim called 'Cut' and it was over.

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As Roberta showered, Tim walked in and pulled the curtain back, making her jump in fright.

"Hey, how about a little privacy," she said.

Tim laughed. "You're a porn star now, privacy isn't an option anymore."

"Whatta ya want, haven't got your pound of flesh for the day?"

"I haven't actually. Take a break, but we're shooting your next scene in an hour. We're just setting up in the kennels now."

Roberta stared at him wide-eyed.

"This is porn, Officer Parkes, we shoot as many scenes as we can in a day, and you have three more to get through."



"What scenes?"

"Well, we're doing a BDSM thing, so that's next. You know tied down and fucked by man and dog kinda thing. After that I need a new horse cock sucking video with a big cum shot, and the last scene of the day will be you and Annie in a nice lesbian tryst with some snakes."

Roberta feels her heart jump in her chest. "You're a sick, perverted bastard," she said, and then spat at him.

Tim laughed. "I'm not the one doing it, am I? Besides, you made the deal, so get that cute ass and pussy nice and fresh because I plan to use them lots in the coming weeks."

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## Chapter Eight

Roberta sat beside Debbie in their shared bedroom and helped her sit up, placing some pillows behind her back. Once her friend appears comfortable, she hands Debbie a bowl of soup. Debbie smells it and grimaces.

"Tomato soup again," Debbie complained. "What I'd give for a big juicy hamburger."

Roberta laid back on her bed and chuckled. "Yeah, me too. The Doctor says you'll be able to start solids soon, so it won't be long now."

Debbie puffed her lips out, saying, "Pftttt! You mean that crooked Vet?"

Roberta sighed. "It's better than nothing, and he's right, you are getting better."

Debbie took a spoonful of soup and swallowed it.

"I'm sorry, Roberta. I wish that horse had killed me, at least you wouldn't be here doing—"

"Don't fret about it," Roberta said, cutting her off. "You'd have done the same for me. Just get better so we can get outta here."

"He told you about the dogs, didn't he?" Debbie suddenly asked.

Roberta glanced at her. "What?"

"In Dallas, how I let those dogs fuck me. How I liked it."

Roberta shrugged. "What's not to like? Those dogs of Tim's can fuck better than any man I've known."

"Yeah, but my job and that..."

"Stop with the guilt already. If I told you what's fucked me in the last three weeks it'd make your doggy sex seem practically pedestrian," Roberta said throwing her hands in the air.

Debbie began to sulk, eating her soup with a deep scowl. Roberta noticed and kicked herself for taking it out on her. *The poor thing is stuck in this small room all day and night, mostly alone with her thoughts* Roberta thought feeling guilty herself. So she dragged her aching body off her bed and sat at the end of Debbie's bed, taking a leg and foot in her hands.

"Feel up for some Physio. If we're ever going to escape this hell I need you walking, preferably running," Roberta said with a smile.

"I've been practicing what you told me. I'm getting stronger, I can feel it," Debbie said.

"Good, let's keep working on it," Roberta said and begun pushing her leg back and forth to stretch the muscles.

"Do you have to shoot any more scenes today?"

"I think so, Tim is a kinky bastard so god knows what he has planned."

"Do you like it?"

Roberta thought for a moment. "I've gotten used to it now, so it doesn't seem so bad anymore," she said. "Sometimes I cum hard too, which really surprises me. I try so hard not to like it that much, but sex is sex and my pussy reacts to cock as any woman's does. I guess the species doesn't matter."

"Part of me is jealous, you know," Debbie said.

"Jealous? Of what?"

"Jealous of you getting to fuck and be fucked by all these animals. I sometimes wish it's me out there instead. Do you think I'm crazy?"

Roberta stopped with Debbie's leg in silence, changing to the other one.

"No, I don't think you're crazy. I think you're lonely. Don't give up hope on me, Debbie. When we get outta here you can fuck as many animals as you want."

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Roberta carried Debbie's empty bowl back to the kitchen and washed it under the tap. Suddenly, Curly entered with a stupid grin on his face.

"Oh, good, there you are," he said, the grin never leaving his face. "Tim needs you on set, you're next scene is ready to shoot."

Roberta stared at the tall skinny man with straight long black hair with a downturned mouth and stiff posture. Curly had fucked her a dozen times now in several scenes, and though she hated to admit it his big, thick cock felt good. Yet his personality in general made her skin crawl. She enjoyed it when Curly had his arse fucked by an animal, and imagined him screaming in pain from it. However, he loved it as much as Annie, which made them perfect for Tim's porn empire.

"What's Tim doing now?" She asked.

"Oh, he has something special for you," Curly said, his grin getting broader. "Come on, he's waiting."

Roberta followed him through the kennels and outside to a barn he had set into the scrub. In this barn were several farm animals she had become intimately acquainted with over the last few weeks. The horse Trigger and another called Magic. Several male goats, a ram (male sheep), a Friesian bull, a Lama named Bruce, an Alpaca, a camel, a donkey, and a Reindeer buck. All these animals she had either sucked or fucked in recent times as Tim extracted his pound of flesh from her for her and

Debbie's life.

They approached a stall that had lights and cameras set around it. The guys referred to it as 'The Fuck Stall' since it's the place many scenes are shot. As she drew near, she heard the grunt and snort of a familiar animal and suddenly realized a pig will be her mate for this scene. Now she knew why Curly had been so smug about it. *A pig fucking a pig*, she thought coldly. *Tim is determined to degrade me to nothing*. Tim turned and gave her a big smile. She waited for it.

"Officer Parkes, you'll be pleased to know one of your colleagues has joined us for your next scene. Meet Officer Bacon," Tim said with a sweep of his arm toward the fat pig.

The men present laughed.

"Oh, hardy ha-ha. You have the comedic wit of a retard, and the intelligence to match," Roberta said.

Tim didn't stop smiling. He loved to dig at her, trying to unravel her hard exterior to show the humiliation beneath so he could then make fun of that too. He wanted to break her, so he had been throwing anything he could think of at her, hoping to destroy her so badly she'll turn into another Annie. A mindless fucking machine ready for any cock he tells her to fuck or suck. However, Roberta had proved harder to break than he thought, which only made him more determined.

He broke Debbie pretty easily, by comparison, and knew when she's healthy enough, she'll be ready to start filming again. Debbie craved animal cock now, he knew the signs. Trigger had done more than nearly kill her, he had broken her spirit. Her soul was reborn impaled on twenty-five inches of horse cock, and would take a little prodding to take her place in his stable of bestiality porn stars. The only obstacle to this is Roberta, and Tim knew he had to get to her soon as Debbie is getting stronger each day now.

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The pig had a police cap on its head, and Roberta kicked it off before she started undressing. The men always gasped when she became naked as her body is truly beautiful. Her skin so pale and soft with fine brownish-red freckles dotted here and there. Roberta's long red hair shone, her green eyes sparkled, and her bushy red pubic hair added to her glorious beauty. The way her hip bones showed, and her D cup breasts jiggled as she moved. Last, her pink nipples seemed so perfect, and got so hard when she fucked, the sight, causing many crewmen to jerk-off as they filmed her in action.

Tim allowed this as the women were off limits to the guys except the other actors, and the animals. He knew the dangers of wearing out his money makers, so sex with Roberta (or Annie, Debbie, and Curly) off set is forbidden. He fucked Annie, of course, as she's his girlfriend, but that's the only exception to the rule.

"OK, Roberta, go do your thing," Tim said eyeing her lovely body.

The pig is large, almost the size of a pony, and hairy all over. The hair is mostly a grayish-white, but he also has some black spots on him as well. They had placed a steel framed breeding cage in the center of the stall made of thick metal tubing. The top had a rubber covering designed to allow the pig to rest his weight on while he fucked her. The animal appeared very heavy to her.

Still, she knew Tim wanted more than her just crawling beneath the breeding cage and waiting to see if the pig is interested or not. The animal has to perform, or else she'll be here all night. So going onto her knees beside the huge pig she began to stroke it's hairy back and sides, scratching it lovingly.

"It's OK, boy, I'm not gonna hurt you," she said to the pig.

Officer Bacon leaned into her showing his affection for the way she spoke and petted him. So, as a camera moved into position for a better angle, she worked her hand under the giant pig and scratched his belly. The pig, to her surprise, reacted like a dog and suddenly fell onto its side to give her better access to his belly. She rubbed and scratched his belly vigorously while the pig emitted satisfied grunts in response. As the animal relaxed, she began to work her hand over the sheath of the animal, rubbing it in the manner one would jerk-off a human dick.

Roberta didn't know what to expect at this point as she had never seen a pigs cock before, but as she stroked a funny little corkscrew-like dick began to poke out as if some pink eel. Thin at the head, despite the corkscrew appearance, snaking out tentacle-like. She rested her head near the strange cock and opened her mouth while she stroked. Sure enough, the pigs cock wormed its way into her mouth and she began to suck on it. It didn't taste like bacon or pork, it had a strong musky flavor, a hint of piss, and the smell of filth. She revelled in it, feeling his wormy dick slither inside her mouth emptying precum onto her tongue.

His precum tasted strangely similar to a man's. *Hmm, they say pigs are genetically close to us*, she thought as more slimy and salty goo filled her mouth making her swallow. For the camera, she let it begin to dribble down her chin and onto her chest. The slimy precum hung from her chin in long sticky chords. The pig grunted pure enjoyment of the moment, so Roberta spreads her legs and begun playing with her pussy. The cameras lapped up every moment of her head bobbing on this strange penis while she fingered her wet cunt with four fingers.

After she thought they had enough foreplay, she left the pig, calling to it gently. It quickly stood, following her to the breeding cage. Roberta crawled beneath it, placing her ass and pussy in position for mounting. The pig needed no encouragement and jumped onto the cage causing it to creak slightly. He began to probe her with his curly cock and slid inside her arse a few times until Roberta reached under and guided it inside her pussy. The men scrambled to get cameras in the right position to catch all the angles that'll make their clients cum hard.

The pig kept thrusting, not fast and furious like a dog, but slow and methodical working his length inside her welcoming warm cunt. As he pushed and probed her wet silky hole, the cock grew surprising Roberta at how big it's suddenly getting. The wormy head pushed its way inside her uterus and took root it seems as the thick shaft rubbed her cunt walls. The effect became too much for her, and she began to moan loudly. Her legs went weak under her, and her clit burned with passion. Roberta puts her hand on her hard throbbing clit and began to rub it eagerly.

Her hips pushed back against the pigs cock as it filled her insides, worming around as a snake does inside a pussy. The peristaltic movement of the pigs cock drove her toward the inevitable orgasm now building in her body. Her hips thrust back against the pigs cock, meeting his probing in such a way it sends shivers through her body. Her fingers work her clit: pinching, pulling, and rubbing, trying to pull the orgasm from her body. Eventually she feels her stomach is going tight, and legs and arms turn to jelly. With a camera on her face, catching her lurid expressions, head shakes, and loud moaning, she finally released the beast within.

At first, her head dropped, making her red hair cover her. Then it shot up, eyes wide and mouth agape as she squealed. Her cunt began to contract on the pig's dick sending it over the precipice of orgasm and he started unloading his cum into her womb. Roberta could feel the warm substance fill her and expand her womb until it began to leak from her cunt. The pig stayed still as he unloaded his hairy balls and all they had to offer into her cunt. The pressure inside her body and her continuous rubbing of her clit sent her into another powerful orgasm. Roberta's eyelids fluttered and her eyes

rolled into the back of her head. Drool ran down her chin as she continued her guttural moans of pleasure.

The pig's sticky cum began to drip off her pussy in long foamy chords, sometimes hanging in the air for a moment (as spit does) until finally dripping onto the straw below on. This is replaced by another glob of thick white pig semen hanging silently until gravity pulls it down too. Roberta is moaning wildly as a third orgasm takes her away to a sea of pleasure. The pig finally jumps off the breeding cage, his dick pulling out of her, yet his cum staying inside her. He had plugged her cunt with his waxy mating-plug to hold it inside her.

Roberta crawled out from beneath the cage and Annie appeared, naked as well. Roberta lay on her back with her legs spread as Annie got down and started eating her pig cum filled pussy. She stuck her fingers deep inside Roberta's cunt to break the plug and scooped white cum and sucked it off her fingers.

"Mmm, it tastes so good," Annie said.

"Eat me, bitch," Roberta replied, grabbing Annie's hair and stuffing her face into her cunt.

Annie didn't waste any time, her tongue and fingers worked Roberta's cunt until the policewoman started writhing and moaning like a two-dollar hooker. Every drop of cum rolled into Annie's mouth, which she then dutifully shared with Roberta via a deep tongue kiss. Roberta came hard again and the force of the spasms in her cunt pushed out a large volume of cum right onto Annie's face. Then Roberta licked it off, sharing it with Annie as well. Eventually, the two lay in each other's arms pretending to fall asleep as if two happy contented women.

Tim shouts, "CUT! Beautiful ladies, some of your best work to date. That's a wrap for today, so start packing, guys." Tim went to a thin man with a beard and wearing a dirty Yankees baseball cap standing behind the cameras and handed him a wad of cash. "That pig performed as you said he would, thanks, Joe."

"Ain't no problem, he's a good pig," Joe said. "Do ya mind if I say hello to your star? She really got the old juices flowing."

"Sure, no problem," Tim said, and left him to it.

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Annie had already wandered off to be with Tim, she rarely left his side such is her dependence on him. Roberta sighed and shook her head at how pathetic the young woman is. The skinny farmer suddenly stood before her with his hand outstretched, and a big smile on his face. What grabbed her attention is his teeth, they were perfect. Not what she expected from his outside appearance, but they appeared almost movie star quality. It made her cop instincts tingle.

"I just wanna say that's the sexiest thing I've seen in ages. I never seen nothing so amazing," he said, shaking her hand vigorously.

Roberta extracted her hand from his grip, saying, "Well, it's a living, I suppose."

He asked eyeing her naked body, "How did such a beautiful woman like yerself get caught up in something like this?"

She shrugged. "Let's just say I wasn't given much choice."

He nodded, his supercilious grin and white teeth beginning to annoy her. However, what he said next made her heart leap in her chest so hard it took her breath away.

"How's Officer Benton doing? Is she alive?" He suddenly said in a low voice while keeping the same expression.

Roberta glanced around quickly noticing the others weren't taking any notice of her, and Tim and Annie had returned to the main building.

"Well, it's nice to know I have one fan," she said more cheerfully in a loud voice. With a quieter voice, she added, "Yes, only just, though. I'm only doing this so they won't kill us."

Roberta knew she told him a white lie, but if he's an undercover cop as she now suspected, she needed to let him know she's doing these porn movies against her will. Otherwise, it could spell the end of her and Debbie's careers later.

"We need you to get his film distributors' names and addresses before we can bust him. Can you do that?" The cop asked.

"I'll try, but don't leave it too long. Tim's a clever man, and our throats will be cut in a heartbeat if he suspects anything."

"Well," the undercover cop said loudly. "It's been mighty fine meetin' you Miss Nikki. Hope you'll fuck more of my animals soon."

"You bring 'em, we'll fuck 'em," Roberta said with a smile.

*Thank god, she thought with relief. Debbie and I just might survive this yet.*

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## **Chapter Nine**

Tim needed to go make a phone call while his crew continued shooting scenes involving Annie and Roberta. Life had never been so good for Tim, his movies are fetching top dollar and the market is crying out for more. All he had to do is stay a step ahead of the FBI, so the time is coming soon to move locations. He's even thinking of going to Mexico, where a well-placed bribe can keep the local police out of his business. The only problem is the other crime organizations operating over the border, they have a tendency of extorting any other operation in their area. The other place he considered is Canada, some remote location accessible only by plane would suit him too. As long as he had plenty of actors and animals to shoot with.

He entered his bedroom and pulled out his phone, dialing a number. It rang. "Mario?" He said when it answered.

"Yeah, who's this?" Mario said in a thick Italian accent.

"It's Tim. You got a minute?"

"Sure, what's goin' on?"

"I have a backlog here, you interested?"

"Naturally. Same price as usual?"

"Yeah, I'll arrange delivery."

"I'll arrange payment," Mario said.

"I'll need payment for sixty units," Tim said.

"God damn, you have been busy. Sounds good. How about four days at the regular place?"

"Got it," Tim said.

"One more thing, I gotta tip your place has been made. It's time to hit the road," Mario said.

"Shit! Is it reliable?"

"It's solid, you need to get out now."

"Fuck," Tim said harshly. "OK, I understand. Cya in four days."

"Yeah, chow."

The call ended.

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Tim sat on his bed with his head in his hands, thinking angrily about his location being found. *It's those two bitches from Dallas*, he thought angrily. *They're putting my whole operation in jeopardy.* He sighed and left his room, his mind already going through what he needs to do to get away before the police move on him. As he walks through the hallway he hears a thump coming from Debbie and Roberta's room and decides to go in to see what Debbie is up to. The first thing he sees is Debbie walking gingerly between the beds, her blonde hair limp and greasy, and the T-shirt she wore dirty. To him she appeared thinner, a little gaunt. However, the old T-shirt she wore didn't cover her from the waist down, and for the first time Tim saw the bruising on her thighs and legs had nearly gone.

He cleared his throat, making her head jerk toward him in wide eyed shock. His anger so intense now it caused him to smile, a cold smile of a killer.

"T-Tim I didn't see you standing there," Debbie said blushing.

"No, I spose not," he said evenly. "You and your cop friend have been keeping secrets from me it seems."

Debbie knew Roberta was probably telling him she's sicker than she now appears. She tried to smile, to make light of it, but it came across phony to Tim.

"I'm slowly getting better, thank god."

"Take the T-shirt off, I want to see the rest of you."

The glint in his cold eyes told Debbie not to argue so she lifted the ratty T-shirt over her shoulders and threw it onto the bed to stand naked before him. Tim studied her closely, the bruising on her stomach while still present, didn't appear as bad as it did weeks ago.

"Turn around slowly, give the full Debbie experience," he said.

With her body trembling and her heart thumping, Debbie turned slowly as Tim stared at her body as some cattle inspector. Her shoulders hunched over chest as she maintained a downward gaze.

"Not bad, I think we can work with that. A sexy open cup corset will cover the remaining bruising while still showing those delectable tits you've got."

Debbie stopped, facing him. Her eyes dull and lifeless behind a flushed face. He noticed her discomfort and humiliation, he reveled in it. *These bitches are going to ruin everything*, he thought bitterly. *I might as well get what I can from them before I bury their bodies*

"There's only one problem," Tim said, his smile changing to a smirk.

"What?"

"Has my slutty animal welfare officer still got what it takes?"

His smirk grew larger, making Debbie's face turn ashen and her eyes blink rapidly.

"What do you mean?" Debbi asked with a shrill voice.

He chuckled. "Your performance with Trigger was a virtuoso experience. Truly amazing to behold, and a best seller for us. But are you just a one hit wonder?"

"I d-don't understand?"

Tim's head tilted away and his smile disappeared, still the coldness in his blue eyes never wavered.

"You know what they say about falling off the horse?" He said as his eyes narrowed to an evil stare.

Debbie didn't have time to answer as Tim wrapped his hand around her throat and pulled her out of the room. She coughed and choked, yet he pulled her along beside him effortlessly. Her legs ached in pain as she pushed them beyond what they're ready for trying to keep up with him. He took her out to the barn where the crew was shooting a scene with Annie and the Camel. Roberta jumps to her feet when she sees her friend being dragged into the barn so unceremoniously. She runs to them, however, Tim swats her away with a solid slap to the face making her fall to the floor. Debbie screams as he pushes her into an empty stall. Curly perked up and smiled, coming to Tim while watching Debbie get to her feet in the stall.

"What's goin' on, boss?" He asked Tim.

"Debbie here is ready to get back on the horse, go get Trigger for me."

Roberta threw herself at Tim punching him violently and quickly on his back making him lurch. "We had a deal!" She screamed. "We had a deal!"

Curly grabbed her and pulled her off Tim. Once clear, Tim turned and punched her in the stomach very hard making Roberta fall back onto the dirt floor gasping and rolling as she tries to catch her breath.

"We did have a deal," he said to her. "Until I just found out the fucking cops have made us here, you lying whore."

Curly almost jumped back, his eyes bulging at the news Tim just shared.



"What? Are we gonna get busted, boss?"

Everybody in the barn except Annie is now staring at Tim with worried faces. Annie kept sucking the pink cock of his camel like the trouser she is. Tim glanced around the room, taking in the sudden anxiety his news had created.

"We're not gonna get busted, so calm down. All of you. After we finish shooting today we start packing and getting out of here in an orderly fashion. You all know the drill, we've done it before. I want us gone in two days, then once I find us a new location I'll be in touch."

Murmurs of agreement could be heard around the barn, and those shooting Annie's scene turned to concentrate on it again just in time to capture the camel shooting his cum all over her face, followed by her eating it.

Tim glanced at Curly, saying, "Get Trigger, Debbie's going back to work."

Curly hesitated. "She's bruised, boss. It's not gonna look sexy."

Tim again glanced at the skinny lackey and Curly ran to Trigger's stall and opened it.

He stood over Roberta, who is just getting her breath back from his assault. "I want you to dress her in an open cup corset and put some makeup on her. She's too pale."

"Why should I help you?" Roberta said and spat at him.

He squatted beside her and took a handful of her long red hair and pulled it tightly until she squealed in pain and tried to bat him away unsuccessfully.

"Because if you don't," he said harshly to her in a low raspy voice, "you'll both be dead before the sun goes down, you fucking slag."

He let go of her hair forcefully, pushing her head away from him making her squeal in pain again.

"Just do as he says, Roberta," Debbie said from the stall, tears running down her cheeks.

Roberta stared at Tim with a pinched mouth, as she rubbed her head where had roughly grabbed her. She got to her feet and went to the closet and got the corset, coming back also with a makeup box.

As she helped Debbie prepare, she asked, "Are you sure you're ready for this? Trigger is a mean motherfucker."

"What choice do I have?" Debbie said dolefully. "I'm sorry, Roberta, he caught me walking in the room."

"We couldn't keep stringing him along forever," Roberta said with a sigh. "Let's just try to survive the next few days."

Curly brought Trigger to the stall. The proud and nasty Morgan stamped his hooves and snorted loudly in the presence of Debbie and Roberta. He knew what he's here for and his thick horse cock already hung stiffly beneath him in anticipation.

"Seems Trigger here remembers you," Tim said to Debbie with a smirk.

One of the men came and put a saddle/harness on the horse Debbie had never seen before. The saddle had all the normal parts except two shackles dangled down both sides, and an extra leather cinch wider than the one around the horse also hung below it.

Roberta turned to Tim and shouted, "You're a cunt, a total fucking cunt."

Tim smiled at her, though his eyes were as cold as a snake. "No, you and Debbie are the cunts, I'm just the Executive Producer. Guys, help Debbie into the saddle so she can do her service for its welfare."

The men laughed at his joke, then grabbed her and lifted her off the ground. They slid her feet first through the gap between the two cinches until the small of her back rested in it. Then they put her wrists and ankles in the shackles and pulled them until she appeared as if she were hugging Trigger from beneath the big horse. Last, they lifted a special camera unit onto the back of the horse that pointed remote cameras at Debbie from every conceivable angle for such a shoot. It had metal arms as if a spider coming down from it with cameras attached at the ends pointing at Debbie from different angles.

Triggers massive cock is already slapping at her, trying to get inside her. One of them men grabs it and steadies it ready to insert into her cunt.

"Wait," Roberta shouted and the man paused.

Roberta ran into the stall and retrieved a bottle of lube and squirted it on Debbie's pussy and over the horse cock. When done, she leaned under and kissed Debbie on the cheek. The man pushed the mushroom shaped head inside Debbie's cunt, making her squeal and squirm in the harness.

"Oh God, I forgot how big his cock is," Debbie muttered, tears running down her cheeks.

Curly arrived riding Magic, the other stallion in the barn, and took Triggers reins and tied them to his saddle.

"Take them on the ridge track until Trigger blows his load in the bitch," Tim said.

"Then come back and we'll do the second shoot after that."

Curly nodded and quickly left the barn towing Trigger behind, his cock stuffed into Debbie's cunt.

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Curly didn't take them on a leisurely canter through the woods, he rode the horses until they reached a decent trot. The movement generated by Trigger as he trotted behind Curly made his cock slide inside Debbie's cunt with a force. It easily slammed against her cervix, yet the huge flanging head too big to push its way through. Debbie's body, still recovering from her last fuck with Trigger ached all over as the harsh movement, the jolting, shaking, and bumps took its toll on her. Trotting along with a giant horse cock inside you is not something Debbie could ever have imagined happened to her. Strapped to the beast as if she's nothing more than chattels to be traded.

Inside, she could feel her heart break as the cock pushed and prodded her without mercy. Once one of the finest Animal Welfare Officers in Texas is now nothing more than a receptacle for bestial cock. *How did my life end up like this*, she wondered. Still the movement of the cock started to inflame her desires, something Debbie hated about herself. Once she started having sex her lust overtook her reason, and once again someone had found a way to exploit her greatest weakness. Only this time it isn't fucking members of a biker gang for her boyfriend, it's much worse. It cuts at the very fiber of

who she thought she is. Her greatest achievement in life, being an Animal Welfare Officer, had now become her biggest shame.

Still, that cock worked her dulled, damaged cunt, trying to revive it and breathe life back into it. At first Debbie could only feel how badly it stretched her, it's slapping against her cervix, and the jolts that movement caused. The experience wasn't even pleasurable for her. Nevertheless, ever so slowly sparks began to fire inside her as fullness and friction generated life giving energy. Triggers big cock is doing its own kind of special resuscitation to her cunt, and for the first time in weeks Debbie's clit began to throb. Slithers of life giving energy burst through her body, enlivening and restoring her.

Without a thought she started thrusting her hips back into the cock that pounded her with each gallop. She rode the bumps, the turns, and the cock like a pro. The cameras catch the huge black cock with pink patches grinding into her, and the wetness that dripped from Debbie's stretched pussy lips which surrounded the meaty dick. Curly rode on, glancing back for signs that Trigger has cum, and seeing none, he rode on pushing Magic to go faster. Debbie is now moaning, the mikes near her catching every lewd and lascivious sound that escaped from her lips. Her eyes are closed as her mind and soul concentrated on the excitement radiating from her groin.

Her stomach tightened, and kept getting tighter as an orgasm builds. The giant cock twitches and pulsates in her cunt sending buzzes of satisfaction through her. As this bestial lust builds, with Debbie thrusting her hips into Triggers hardness, and the horse pushing his thick cock into her as deep as possible, Debbie finally reached her climax. Life giving energy flared inside her body with an intensity she had never known. She began to convulse and spasm under the harness, her head hanging languidly as if she passed out. Her mouth drooling uncontrollably.

Her cunt contracts and cums all over the big cock, and thick white girl cum forms around the edges of her stretched red pussy lips. Still Triggers cock keeps fucking her, taking her from one orgasm to the next, in a continuous explosion of physical pleasure. Her muscles, which had been damaged and bruised, shook off their lethargy and joined in the chorus of orgasmic ecstasy. It didn't stop, Debbie wondered just how much she could take of such depravity when another orgasm shook her from head to toe.

Debbie's throbbing cunt, squeezing the horse cock finally caused Trigger to cum, and he shot his load so forcefully that his cock flew out of her like a high pressure hose having been let go. His cum sprays all over her body, coating her in warm sticky semen. Curly felt Trigger pull back on the reins and glanced back to see that he had finally cum, so he stopped and jumped off Magic.

Staring at Debbie and her cum covered body, not to mention cum dripping from her now gaping cunt gave him an instant boner. He scanned the surround area and then undid his pants and dropped them. After stroking his thick eight inch cock to get it nice and hard he pushed into Debbie's mouth. This is against the rules he knew, but he's been wanting to do Debbie ever since Baxter the Great Dane raped her. She opened her eyes to see what's happening to her to see Curly watching her.

"Come on, suck it," he said.

Debbie complied, and opened her mouth to accept his cock. He starts fucking her mouth as Debbie can't move in the harness, and she responds by sucking and licking his cock as it slid through her lips. Curly's cock tastes so good in her mouth, salty and sweaty. She manages to take nearly all of it, which is no mean feat considering her position. Not prime cock sucking position in the belly riding harness. He quickens, his balls grow tight, and he begins to grunt. Then in a flurry of rapid thrusts into her mouth, he cums, filling her with his semen. She rolls it around in her mouth, tasting it as it

has been so long since she's tasted human cum. The salty semen tasted like heaven to her and as he finally withdrew, she swallowed it all in one gulp.

"Oh fuck, that was great. I can't wait to shoot scenes with you. Then we can fuck like a couple of banshees," Curly said pulling his pants up.

"Why don't you give yourself up to the cops," Debbie said. "Roberta and I will put in a good word for you. I'm sure you'd get full immunity if you testify against Tim."

Curly's mouth slackened and he scratched his jaw.

"Shit, now why'd you go ruin it by saying crap like that," he said and sneered at her.

"Think about it. Tim is going to get caught eventually. The fucking FBI is after him. Only Roberta and I can save your ass when that happens."

Curly suddenly slapped her face hard making her scream in pain.

"Tim will kill every one of us if he even suspects crazy shit like you're suggesting. Now we gotta a good thing going here, so stop trying to be the phony ass animal cop and just accept you're nothing but a fucking cock slut. Life will be so much easier when you do,"

Curly mounted Magic and they headed back to the barn.

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## Chapter Ten

Over the next two weeks, Debbie and Roberta were smuggled over the border illegally into Canada, and to a small town in the Alberta province called Worsley, which they were taken by a small plane. After 4WD ride past farmland and into some mountains, they eventually stopped at a log cabin with a huge barn behind it. The place seemed secluded, except a big satellite dish pointed to the sky near the barn showing it's indeed connected to the outside world. A small rocky river ran about one-hundred yards from the cabin surrounded by trees and fresh pine-soaked air. Inside the cabin proved a huge improvement on the shed in Iowa, with some charming rustic/country furnishings and fittings. Roberta and Debbie had to still share a room, only this time they also had to sleep in the same bed, a comfortable queen-size ensemble with a thick comforter to keep them warm.

Curly gave them a tour of the facilities. The barn is similar to the one in Iowa with stalls and areas already established as filming sets. What worried Debbie the most is the barn had caged areas, and she wondered what on earth they'd put in them. The barn already had an assortment of animals ready to go, and the girls knew they'd be put to work again soon. *At least Trigger's not here*, Debbie thought. *That horse is a motherfucker.*

Tim arrived with Annie a few days after they did as he had to deliver the movies they had made in Iowa to his main distributor. He had refused to take the girls as he knew they'd rat him out the first chance they got. A chance he planned to never give them. For the moment they're useful to him as cunts, however, when that position became untenable their employment would be terminated permanently. He'd already picked a place to bury their bodies where no one should find them.

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A couple of days after they had arrived the girls woke to the sounds of trucks pulling away through

the night as some animals were delivered. They didn't see what animals they were as Tim kept them locked in their room at night. He's keeping a tight watch on them since his Iowa location was made by the FBI. He doesn't know how, exactly, but he suspected Roberta has something to do with it, and though he searched several times, he couldn't find anything to prove his suspicions.

So that morning after they had eaten, the girls were taken into the barn to begin the day's shooting schedule. Annie had started earlier and is in the middle of a dog orgy with three of Tim's studs. Annie specialized in dog's, and today showed just why. Not unlike Roberta's experience, young Annie is being DP'd by two of Tim stud dogs. One standing with his back to her still knotted in her cunt, and Baxter the Dane thrust his massive cock deep inside her arse. To make the scene complete, Annie is also giving a blowjob to the Doberman, sliding his reddish purple veiny cock between her lips gently. Precum dribbling out her mouth as the Doberman squirts it inside her mouth like he's pissing.

"Woah, I have to admit Annie getting fucked by dogs is sexy," Debbie whispered, staring at the scene from behind the cameraman.

"She has that innocent girl thing meets the nasty beasts," Roberta whispered back.

The cameraman turned and shushed them with a finger to his lips. So the girls went to the other stalls where they'd be shooting god knows what. Tim is waiting for them with Curly and a guy they didn't know. He appeared smug as the girls approached which immediately sparked their caution.

"What's he up to today?" Debbie said quietly to Roberta as they walked to Tim

"God only knows, but I'm guessing it won't be good," Roberta said so only Debbie could hear.

Tim smiled broadly at the girls, his hands moving about his clothes, and his eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Ladies, I'm so pleased to see you," he said making exaggerated gestures with his hands.

"I don't what you think you're going to make us do today, but we're not doing it," Debbie said with a downturned mouth.

Tim laughed, elbowing Curly, making him laugh though he didn't know why.

"That's fine ladies, if you won't work, I have no need of you. If I have no need of you—" Tim finished his sentence by running his finger across his throat.

"Alright, you fucking bastard," Roberta said, shaking her head with a grimace.

Tim smirked at her.

"I have something special for you today, Officer Parkes. Another colleague of yours, which should make you happy."

Curly guffawed, making Tim's smile broaden. Roberta sighed deeply, while Debbie took her hand and squeezed it.

"Over here, in our caged pen, I'd like to introduce you to Officer Smokey Bear."

Roberta's eyes bulged and Debbie gasped. They went to the pen and sure enough a huge grizzly bear is there laying on the floor. On his mouth is a muzzle made of leather, and his claws are also

covered with leather-mittens. The beast is enormous, with the typical brown shaggy fur you associate with grizzly bears.

Debbie turns to Tim and shouts, "You fucking asshole!"

Tim leers at her.

"Oh, I haven't forgotten you, Debbie, my dear. Oh no, I have something special for you, since you can handle big dicks I thought you might like to go for a ride in the woods today."

"Horses, again," Debbie said with a pout.

"Oh no, better 'n horses," Curly said wriggling his eyebrows.

"Why don't you show her, Curly." Tim said.

Curly went outside and after a few minutes he rode in on a fine chestnut stallion, behind him, though, he led in a giant moose with big antlers. A belly riding saddle had been attached to the moose for Debbie. The girls stared wide-eyed, pale and mouth open.

"Seems you're going to have an interesting day today, ladies. A Canadian wilderness adventure, that's the name of the movie," Tim said, chest puffed out.

"You're a genius, boss," Curly said, sitting high on the stallion.

"I am."

The girls just blinked at each other. What could they say, they were in the hands of a madman, a perverted psycho, and there's nothing they could do about it.

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After several hugs and tears, the girls were separated and Roberta was stripped naked and thrown into the cage with the bear by a couple of rough Canadian criminals. She stood with her back to the opposite wall, staring at the bear while crying and her body shaking all over. The bear rose and ambled toward her, sniffing the air for her scent. To her surprise its muzzle went straight to her pussy and took a deep whiff. Shortly after, a pink tongue shot out and licked her with a titillating wet swipe of her cunt. The bear keeps licking her, and Roberta sighed as this animal seemed trained.

She gingerly patted his shaggy head and the bear groaned in what sounded like enjoyment. So she spread her legs for the beast and let it really taste her fishy womanly nectar. The bear's tongue seemed so wide and thick, which gave it much more force than a dog's tongue. The bear didn't lick as fast and relentless, it seemed to want to savor her more and its tongue probed her cunt and ass extracting all it could from her. Meanwhile, Roberta's pale fearsome pose had been replaced by the wanton porn star pose having her pussy licked while back up against a wall.

Her legs were spread, knees bent, her upper body arched forward as she moaned through pouty red lips. Her skin now had a pinkish glow to it, and a light bead of sweat began to cover her. Her moans and the bear's groan, being filmed by several cameramen, each with a boner tenting their pants. The very thing that made Tim keep both the girls is they're hot, and seeing animals fuck their little cunts is even hotter.

Roberta began thrusting her hips into the bear's mouth as her climax built. She's rubbing her clit in

a circular motion as her legs wobble and shake. Her moans getting louder and louder.

"Oh, oh yeah... Fuck yeah... Eat my pussy... You like my pussy, eh... Oh god, oh god, oh god... I'm gonna cum so hard," she shouted.

So as she predicted, Roberta's body began to shake and her skin glowed a reddish pink as her orgasm released. She grabbed the bear's head as she squealed and shook on his tongue. The fire in her cunt burning her in ecstasy, consuming her, then releasing her. She slumped, the orgasm had been far more intense than she had expected. The bear pulls away and rolls onto its back opening its legs out. There in its groin, is a reddish-pink penis sticking out of its hairy sheath. The head tapers to a point in a conical shape, but the rest appears thick and enticing.

Roberta falls to her knees, crawling to the bear seductively with her back arched so her ass stuck in the air.

"I'm gonna suck that big cock of yours, Mr. Bear." She said, flicking her red hair and making it bounce.

The bear is huffing, a common vocalization made in a courting bear. Roberta takes his hairy sheath in a hand and runs her tongue along the shaft, tasting the musky odor of the bear. His long cock is wet, and some precum dribbles from the tip. It feels so hard thanks to the bone inside and Roberta is surprised at how thick it is too. She swallows the head into her mouth, tasting his salty, slimy precum with a gamy aftertaste. As her head bobs, and her lips massage the springy skin, the bear groans, laying back and closing its eyes. Its big front paws resting on its chest inside the leather mittens.

"You like me sucking your dick don't you," Roberta said, glancing at the recumbent bear. "You naughty, horny bear."

*Ugh, she thought, these dialogue lines are so cheesy, but this dick is kinda amazing.* Roberta tried to deep throat the bear's cock and gagged as it had in bend in it due to the baculum, so to achieve it, she has to become a sword swallower, and bend her body to accommodate the cock instead. Tim is watching as Roberta adjusts her upper body and slowly swallows the bears cock until its balls are resting on her face.

"Damn, nothing breaks this slut," Tim said harshly in a soft voice to an old man standing next to him.

"I can get plenty of big animals, eh?" The man said in a Canadian drawl. "I know a guy who can get us access to nearly anything."

Tim nodded, turning to watch Roberta lowering her pussy over the long cock of the bear, cowgirl style. He watches the cock slice her cunt open and slide inside, feeling his own dick harden at the sight. *Damn, she's so hot,* he thought. *If I didn't have Annie hangin' off my arm every minute of the day, I'd do her.* He sighed and straitened his pants to his semi-erection, as he watched Roberta moaning wildly as she slid all over the long pink dick. The bear laid back with narrowed eyes, blinking rapidly as he enjoyed the feeling of her tight pussy rub his cock.

The bear began to grunt and groan louder, and suddenly cum exploded from Roberta's cunt lips as the bear came hard. His head dropped back languidly and his breathing became ragged. Roberta couldn't help but feel disappointed because ol' Smokey had shot his load much sooner than she hoped. So, in true porn star fashion, she faked one. Her performance was award worthy as she shook and moaned, falling to the floor of the cage as if she were having a fit. Then gradually settling and lying in a lewd position so they could film the bear cum dripping from her used cunt.

Soon after, a cameraman called, "Cut. OK, let's get Nikki outta there."

The Canadian staff only knew her as her porn name; Nikki Zoo.

"Great work, Nikki," one of the men said loudly as she left the caged pen and slipped on a robe. "That was so hot."

"Thanks, boys," Roberta said, forcing a smile.

"The bear will need about an hour to recover, then we're shooting another scene with it. One where he fucks you this time," Tim said, staring at Roberta coldly.

"Whatever. I'm going to have a shower and freshen up," she said just as cold, and left the barn.

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After the reveal of the giant moose, Debbie followed them outside to a staging area. The size of the animal scared her, however, having no experience with a moose before in any capacity other than seeing them on documentaries, the fear of the unknown made her tremble. Still, given her predicament she knew she had no choice. *I don't know who'll kill me first*, she thought. *Tim and his henchmen or some animal they'll try to mate me with?* Some men stood by watching her with frowning with arms crossed, cigarettes burning, sending wispy clouds of gray smoke into the air leaving the stench of tobacco. So with a sigh, she undressed, something she's accustomed to lately is taking her clothes off in front of strangers.

Once naked, and the men ogled her with rude leers, they grabbed her and lifted under the cinch feet first that would hold her beneath the great mammal. Slowly they tied her wrists and ankles over the sides of the moose, it's fur tickling her skin. Once strapped in, a man injected something into the rump of the moose soon after lighting another cigarette and going to talk to his buddies. Curly came to her and offered her a drink of cola, which she accepted.

"What's the hold up?" She asked as he withdrew the can.

"Apparently it takes longer for this drug to kick in on a moose, but they say once it, does he'll fuck the shit outta you."

He grinned as if he thought he's telling her the good news.

"I'd like my shit to come out in the normal manner," Debbie said with a downturned mouth.

"Oh, don't be like that. He's gonna do me tomorrow. I'm excited by it."

"Yeah, but you want to be here," Debbie said looking away.

Curly squatted and shoved two fingers inside her pussy, making her gasp. He swooshes them around and pulls them out, inspecting his wet fingers, and finally putting them in his mouth to taste her.

"You're wet, so stop lying to yourself about not wanting to be here. You love this shit, Miss Animal Rescue," he said and laughed loudly, making the other men turn and stare.

When the men started to talk again, ignoring the pair, Debbie asked, "Have you thought about what I said?"

"Ain't nothin' to think about. Tim needs me, he won't do nothing to me."



Curly stood and turned his back to her. *Why does this bitch always try to bring to kill my buzz with this shit*, he wondered?

As he walked away, Debbie said, "Maybe my murder will convince you of what happens when Tim doesn't need us anymore. Where the one's making him the money and what do we get out of it?"

Curly stopped and turned sharply, staring at her intensely.

Debbie nodded knowingly.

"We get nothing but a hidden grave in the mountains," she said coldly. "If you think Tim won't do that to you once he thinks you're a liability to his operation, you're a bigger fool than I thought."

"Shut the fuck up, or I'll tell Tim what you've been saying to me," Curly said harshly.

Debbie laughed mockingly.

"Go ahead, see what he says. It might just open your eyes to the real Tim once and for all."

Curly stomped off toward the barn mumbling to himself.

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One of the strangers approached and glanced under the rump of the moose they called Bullwinkle. Debbie giggled when she first heard the name due to the cartoon character of the same name.

"I think he's ready for you, slut. Are you ready for the ride of your life?" The man asked.

"Just squirt some lube on his cock before you go stick it in me, thanks," Debbie said bracing herself.

The man laughed, and she could hear several men start to spit on the moose's dick.

"We got your lube covered," the first man said.

Suddenly, she feels something thick and warm push against her slit. Unlike the horses she's fucked, the head of the moose's dick feels pointier, rather than flanged, and it slides inside her with little trouble. The similarities with the horse cock in other ways feels the same to her. The cock is thick, and she gasps as it sliced her cunt in two, eventually jamming into her cervix. The moose feeling her soft, wet folds of flesh squirming all over his hard cock started to move and buck his hips, making Debbie moan softly."

"Save it for the movie, slut," the ugly Canadian guy said and laughed.

Debbie ignored him.

After, they attached the filming rig to Bullwinkle's back and positioned the cameras to capture all the angles. They led them out to a dirt road, positioning Bullwinkle off the road in some grass that tickled Debbie's back. Afterward, they drove a utility with a camera mounted on the back in a stabilizing rig. *Shit, Tim must have some big investors if he can afford this kind of gear*, she thought. *That camera alone must be worth more than ten-thousand dollars, let alone the rig*. One of the crew lifted a case from the utility and on the top the words 'Indigo Films PTY LTD' made her smile. *I'll tell Roberta when I see her*, she thought. *Maybe she's heard of them*

Once the crew had it set to go, a guy shouted, "Camera's rolling?" He glances around to nods from

his people. "OK, ACTION."

*Who does he think he is, Spielberg,* Debbie thought sarcastically.

As the thought flashed through her mind, someone blew a high pitched whistle and old Bullwinkle began to canter along the rough ground with the utility keeping level to film from the side. Debbie's body began rocking in the cinch, and the sound of the animals, heavy hooves hitting the ground sounded like thunder to her. The hard pink cock of the big moose began sliding around inside her, bumping her, prodding and poking. She closed her eyes, feeling her clit begin to throb, she so much wanted to rub it yet her hands were tied. Her orgasm is now at the mercy of Bullwinkle.

Every bump and gallop the moose made caused her body to slide along the cock impaling her wet cunt. She moaned, sometimes screamed as the pointy head of the cock pierced her cervix and entered her womb. They had tied the cinch lower so her body would move, so it did. She could hear the moose panting, and knew it wasn't the gallop causing it. Every bump and jolt caused mini-orgasms to billow through her body, causing her to shake and flush bright red.

Her mouth hung open as if in some long silent scream, and her hair jostled maniacally with the movement. Her first orgasm hit her with the force of a sledge hammer, surging from her cunt and clit through her body on a crest of orgasmic power. Her body shook and her cunt began to contract and spasm wildly all over the moose's big cock. The moose, feeling some sexual heat himself, jumped and kicked his back legs out. The landing ramming his cock inside her triggering another powerful burst of pleasure. The continual motion of the moose is keeping Debbie in orgasm. His thick cock jamming itself into her, filling her, and stretching her sending her to orgasmic heaven.

As she came again and again, nearly blacking out from the rapturous spasms her body experienced. Her eyes were rolled back into her head, while her mouth hung open, framed by her wild hair. The sight itself eliciting more than one "Damn" from the crew filming. Eventually, even Bullwinkle who experienced the joy of this orgasmic cunt continuously cumming on his big cock, couldn't take it any longer and with a grunt and a gravelly low moan/growl that echoed and vibrated through Debbie. His cum exploded from her still spasming cunt, spraying all over her lower stomach, groin, and upper thighs, then slowly dripping in big white clumps to the ground.

The moose had cum so hard that Debbie squealed as its hot cum filled her womb and stretched it, making her stomach bloat as if she were pregnant. Bullwinkle slowed and stopped, panting from his run now and from this crazy vagina still squeezing his cock. Gradually Debbie calmed as the crew kept the cameras rolling until her body eventually sagged in a sweaty, used blob of flesh. Now Debbie panted, and one of the men held a drink for her to sip from.

"Damn, ain't no slut ever fucked Bullwinkle as good as this one, eh?" The ugly Canadian side.

The men all agreed.

"Let's set her up for the next scene, eh," the ugly Canadian man said.

That got Debbie's attention and she focused on him with a cold stare.

"What next scene?" She asked.

The man laughed, Tim had told him to push her beyond anything he had done in the past.

"Well, Bullwinkle he is good for another hour, so we're gonna shoot the same scene going back to the barn, only this time it's gonna be anal. Tim said you liked big dicks up your ass."

*Tim is gonna get it up the ass in prison*, she thought bitterly.

The men loosened her arms so they could reposition her head to appear on the other side of the moose's chest, and tied her tight again. The ugly Canadian led the moose so this time when he runs along the grass, he'll be heading for the barn, instead of away from it. Another man, grabbed the moose's cock and pulled it from Debbie's cunt, laughing at the moose jizz that followed. Next, he unceremoniously pushed it inside her anus, making her again gasp in pain as the thick cock stretched her tight ring.

Before long, Bullwinkle is galloping down the grass on the side of the road, his thick cock now sliding inside her colon unhindered by an annoying cervix. This is where Debbie truly feels the size of the animal as it pushed, jolted, jammed its way deep inside her. Her stomach began to boil as the organ shoved aside her innards with scant concern for previous trauma. Her body stopped swinging against him with his movement as she had too much thick cock impaled in her instead she started to move with the dick.

Her anus settles and the friction of his slippery cock against it starts to build some pleasure. A camera close to her catches how every time the moose's cock thrusts into her ass, her stomach gets bigger, and as it pulls away it gets smaller. Her clit starts to throb, however, she can't enjoy it until she discovers she can lift her bottom slightly so her clit is rubbing against the moose's furry belly. That sets off the sparks she wants so badly, as her anus glows from a pleasure so unique to her cunt. The combined forces meet in her stomach - clitoral and anal - joining to form a chorus of delight that made her spasm with joy.

Debbie concentrates hard on trying to squeeze her anus on the big cock of the moose, and hears its guttural throaty growls in response. *This is one horny moose*, she thinks. The farm is approaching, and Debbie works harder to get herself off, the deliciousness of humping her clit against the furry belly of the moose and the glowing fire in her anus did the trick, and an outpouring of orgasm bliss drenched her from head to toe. Again, she started spasming all over the moose's cock, and the moose growled in delight in return. He released his seed deep inside her abdomen, its gooey warmth triggering more anal orgasms from her until the moose stopped at the sound of a whistle.

They dismounted Debbie and took shots of her cum leaking gaping asshole and pussy, had her eat some for the camera, then told her to fuck off. Debbie waddled back to the house and headed for the shower, praying Roberta is OK with the bear.

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## **Chapter Eleven**

Curly approached Tim while they were waiting for the Grizzly Bear to cover from his first scene with Roberta. Tim was sitting at a desk with another man already editing what they had shot so far. He tapped him on the shoulder, making Tim turn to see who it is.

"Hey, wassup, Curly?" Tim asked, smiling briefly at his tall skinny friend.

"T-Tim," Curly stuttered in his usual high-pitched voice. "Can I speak to you about something?"

"Sure, go ahead."

Curly glanced at the other man, and grimaced.

Tim said, "Oh."

He stood and took Curly by the arm, leading him into an empty pen away from everybody.

"What's on your mind?" Tim asked with a squint.

Curly sighed.

"Well, things are goin' real good lately, 'specially with the new girls. Sales are booming, so you say."

"So?"

"So, I was wondering if you're really gonna kill Debbie and Nikki, like you keep sayin'?"

Tim frowned, wondering why Curly would even care.

"They're still cops, Curly. Despite how much money they're making me, err, us," he said in a patronizing tone.

Curly shuffled on his feet, feeling foolish.

"What if they don't wanna be cops, no more? What if they wanna stay with us, getting fucked by huge cocks daily?"

Tim snorted, he put his arm around Curly's shoulder and turned him to face Roberta, who had just appeared in the barn wearing a pink silk robe.

He pointed to her and said harshly, "See that bitch there? Nikki?"

"Um, yeah. She's hot."

"Hot or Not, that bitch is looking for any way she can screw me over. Get me busted and sent to slam."

"But—" Curly began.

"But nothing. I'll tell you this, my friend, if anyone here tries to screw me, whoever they are, I'll blow their brains out myself. I'm not fucking about here. You got me?"

Curly gulped. *Shit, Debbie was right*, he thought, feeling his legs go weak and his stomach drop.

Tim let him go, and smiled, patting him on the back.

"I know you'd never screw with our business, Curly. I'm just sayin', right?"

Curly chuckled nervously.

"Sure, boss, I know."

Suddenly, the old Canadian animal wrangler signaled to Tim the bear is good to go.

"Well, I gotta go. Old Smokey is ready to get his freak on again," Tim said. "Aren't you doing a scene with the dogs soon?"

"Ah, yeah, with Bull."

Tim chuckled. "That ol' mastiff will fuck you good. Talk later."

Tim headed toward Roberta leaving Curly alone with his thoughts. The words: *'If anyone here tries to screw me, whoever they are, I'll blow their brains out myself'*, echoed through his mind. Then Debbie's words: *'Maybe my murder will convince you of what happens when Tim doesn't need us anymore'*.

"Shit!" Curly said harshly under his breath while kicking the dirt.

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Curly went to watch Annie, the ditzy young redhead who's also Tim's girlfriend. Annie is skinnier than Roberta, though both women have long, straight red hair. She's bonier with small breasts, which makes her appear younger than she is, something the customers crave. Where Roberta is solid and curvaceous with large breasts giving her a sexy MILF appearance. Annie often annoyed Curly with her constant chattering, however he knew it came from her insecurity around people. He liked her, and had sex with her many times in various movies. With Tim's words still bouncing around in his mind the first person he felt afraid for was not Debbie or Roberta, but Annie.

Curly remembered Tim's last girlfriend whose porn name was Bambi Rider, and how she just disappeared one day with no explanation.

Curly asked what happened to her, and Tim said, "I've sent to her work at another studio. We can't keep filming the same cunts forever, however many wigs we make them wear. The customers want fresh models, and in this business, there ain't too many."

By 'this business' he was talking about the bestiality porn one, not regular porn.

"So who's replacing her?" Curly asked.

"Indigo is sending me a total nympho, apparently she'll fuck anything. Her names Annie Hardcock (porn name)."

"So is Bambi working at Indigo?" Curly asked, thinking he'd like to keep in touch with her.

Tim suddenly shook his head, his face turning red.

"Jesus, I don't know. She's fucking *gone*, get over it."

The Tim had said 'gone' had made Curly feel uneasy at the time, and after recent events he concluded Bambi's disappearance was permanent. Tim and those he worked for didn't want any loose ends like former actors pointing the finger at them. Their business model depended on it, so Curly knew Bambi and others he had worked for were dead. A wave of nausea swept over him as he sat to watch Annie at work.

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Her scene is simple. Dress as pretty young schoolgirl with hair in pigtails, a cute plaid skirt, white blouse and panties, and long white socks wearing black leather shoes. She really looked the part, easy passing for sixteen, maybe younger, despite her age of twenty-three. The filming is outside in the woods and Annie strides into the shot innocently bumbling along, a leather bag over her shoulder as if she's on her way home from school. Suddenly she stops and picks up a wildflower and smells it, the beauty melting the hearts of the crew around her out of the shot.

Annie stripped out of her shoes and socks, enjoying the grass and dirt on her bare feet.

The path leads through the woods, strewn with pine needles and dead leaves that cling to her bare feet as she made her way through the woods. Pretty soon Annie came to a burbling creek. She dips one of her feet into the cool water and shivers all over. Something rustles in the brush behind her. Startled, she fumbles with her bag and drops it. A dog, big Rottweiler emerges, panting and wagging his tail. She holds out her hand for him to smell. He suddenly growls, sniffing the air, so she lowers her head and tries to remain calm.

More rustling in the bushes. Two more dogs emerge into the small clearing beside the stream, to have a quick drink lapping at the water loudly. As she watched the one growling in front of me, another; a German shepherd grabbed one of her pigtales in its mouth, yanking her head back. Annie lost her balance and fell backward screaming. The German Shepherd released as another, a Doberman, bit her thigh tugging at the plaid skirt. Instinctively, Annie threw her hands up to protect her face.

Suddenly, the Rottweiler prodded her thigh with his cold nose, sniffing. She shivered, tears in her eyes. His long raspy tongue snaked out and across her white cotton panties, probing her cunt. She squeals and tries to close her legs, but after a quick nip on the thigh and she knows not to mess with him. Annie begins to cry. Another nip and his teeth caught in the fabric of her panties and pulls but they won't come loose. He keeps licking her until her white panties are so wet they become see through, and her shaven cunt is starting to appear red while her clit has become erect.

The schoolgirl (Annie) drops her head back with her eyes closed as the Rottweiler tries to get the nuisance panties off her. His nips to try hook the material right over clit, which sends shockwaves through her body making her shake and moan. The violation of this innocent girl (Annie) continues as the other dogs try to push their way between her legs to sample her tasty young cunt. Eventually, the Doberman hooks his tooth under the gussets, and with a strong pull, the material rips finally exposing her shaven cunt to them. The sudden feeling of tongue on flesh probing her pussy lips and inside her cunt frighten the girl. She glances around hoping no one can see her.

As fear takes hold, she decided to make a run for it, and jumps to her feet as only one so young can, and bolts. The German shepherd is suddenly on her back, her pigtales caught in his powerful jaws. With all his weight he falls onto her small body, tugging, and pulling her head back as she falls to the ground with a scream. He starts grinding his hips against her exposed arse as her skirt falls over her waist. Something warm and moist, with a rubbery feeling, touches her thigh. She tugs her head, and looked back between her legs.

"Oh God! NO! Please, I'm a virgin. Please stop," Annie shouts in her best imitation of a sixteen-year-old.

She weeps, shaking uncontrollably, dismayed that a dog is about to go where no man has gone before. The German shepherd humps against her, pinning her so she can't move, and his powerful forelegs wrap tightly around her tiny waist holding her still. He fucks hard against her, his pointy red cock feels warm as it pokes against her but not finding anything to penetrate. Annie tries to move, wiggling her arse to spoil his aim, but he seems to catch on. He suddenly goes still, readjusting himself on his hind legs with his forepaws still wrapped around her.

He pushes her forward, causing Annie to tilt on her hands and making her arse rise. Suddenly, he thrusts inside her young cunt with the force of a hard punch, and simultaneously begins fucking her fast and strong. To the schoolgirl, it feels as if a hot poker has been crammed inside her cunt. She didn't care who came along now, she screamed as the pain of her hymen tearing from her cunt shot through her. The brutality of how her poor virginity has been spoiled making her weep and sob even as her body rocked from the continuous dissection the German Shepherd did to her cunt with his big

red cock.

The dogs cock grew larger inside her, and she could feel it swelling stretching her tight cunt. The pain in her raw pussy became sharper as the dick swelled, yet something inside her responded to the friction the cock created in her cunt.

She glanced at the other dogs, and couldn't help but look between their legs. Their cocks are emerging from their sheaths also. Red, pointy cocks twitching and leaking in anticipation. Annie's hips arched, involuntarily rolling, bucking back to meet the German shepherds forceful thrusts. Her toes curled in the air, her cunt muscles clasp, tightening around him. Squeezing. Releasing. Squeezing. Releasing. Annie clenched her eyes tight.

"OH GOD. OH GOD, WHAT IS THAT?" She moans loudly.

Something new is inside her cunt, and whatever it is, it's swelling and stretching her beyond what she thought possible. Her clit is now pushing against his cock, and suddenly she's shaking all over. Her body flushes red, and sweat starts to drip from her forehead and wet her armpits. She moans loudly, her world has become this cock, feeling it buzz, slide, and throb deep inside her. Her orgasm takes her somewhere that no awkward twiddle of her clit alone at night in her bed ever did.

The dog slows, and stops with his knot buried inside her. All at once, he explodes inside unleashing rivers of cum into her tight cunt. Annie lowers her head, moaning like a whore, she cums again. She can feel his cock twitch, sending more spurts of cum deep inside her making her scream again. He jumps off her back, but he's still inside her. Trapped. Encased in her flesh. He turns, his hind leg going over her so he's arse to arse with her. Yet he's still in her. Pumping his cum into her. Filling her womb with puppy juice. He drags her backward by his big cock still lodged inside her cunt. This hurts and she begins to cry again. Another dog laps at her underarm sweat, nipping at her blouse. He licks the sweat from her skin. Tasting her salty goodness.

"God, please help me," Annie prays.

The dog inside her eventually slips out, and she tucks her feet under her arse as warm dog cum flows down her thighs with some dripping onto her feet. Annie lays still as if trying to process what happened to her. Curly is impressed with her acting, she was convincing enough to give him a semi.

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The Doberman suddenly leaps onto her back.

"NO!" Annie yells, but it's too late.

He slips inside her easily now her cunt is gaping from the German shepherd. He starts pounding away. Mercilessly. Her stomach hurts. With each thrust, more cum leaks from her cunt and runs down her thighs. She's crying, it hurts and still feels so wonderful. His dick slips out, but he's still humping. Annie reaches back under to grasp his cock. He fucks her hand with his juices splashing onto her belly and over her shaven cunt. He goes still exploding in massive spurts onto her skin, her blouse, skirt, socks, and some even reaches her face.

The Doberman jumps off, so she rolls onto her back. The Rottweiler is eager to fuck her, his big cock fully-charged. Her eyes bulge at the sight of it, bigger than the other two and thicker than her arm. The huge dick seems to shine in the light, mesmerizing her into a trance. Still, how can this pretty young lady take another huge cock so soon after being brutally assaulted already? She touched her pussy and looked at her hand. Blood! The other dogs had really wrecked her, turned her cunt into

mush. Only the blood seemed to further arouse the Rottweiler and she knew if she didn't give it to him, he'd take it anyway.

So she rolled onto her hands and knees again and assumed the bitch position. The big Rottweiler came to her sniffing and licking her dripping, bloodied cunt. Tasting the abuse she's suffered and reveling in it. Letting it fill him with the power he needs to dominate her. Break her. He mounts, clasping her waist tightly with his forelegs, jumping to get his position he scratches her soft creamy thigh making it bleed. She squirms and squeals at his roughness.

He starts humping and hunching, probing for her cunt and without much difficulty finds it, and slams his huge cock as far as he could inside her body.

"Ohhhhhhhhh Fuck!" Annie shouts in a high-pitched moan.

As the Rottweiler pummels her abused cunt, stretching her even more than the German Shepherds knot did, the sounds of sex echoed around the clearing. The wet and meaty 'thwack' his cock made each time he thrust inside her sounding similar to a gun being fired in the distance. He moved his meat canon inside her as fast as any animal during sex, unrelenting, and uncaring. The camera filmed how her belly rose and fell with each thrust and withdrawal, emphasizing the size of the massive cock. Annie moaned loudly as the pain gave way to pleasure again. Her clit throbbing as if some giant speaker at a concert and the bass player is pounding a heavy beat. Her small girl body rocking back and forth with each thrust of the Rottweilers cock. Annie is shaking her head so much one of her pigtails come loose and red hair flew everywhere.

Her incessant moaning sounds like a tennis player in a long rally. "Ah! Ah! Oh! Ah! Oh! Ah! Ah!"

His cock is swelling, and his knot pushes against her pussy lips trying to invade her. It's so big, the camera gets some good shots of it pushing and probing, until as if by some miracle Annie's flesh surrenders and he enters her with a grunt and a snarl. The huge knot, maybe the size of a grapefruit, slides inside her, and rakes her g-spot. Annie is screaming again, the mixture of pleasure and pain driving her into a frenzy. A psychotic lust. The pressure is too much for her and an orgasm cleaves her body making her convulse again. The Rottweiler stops and starts to cum into her womb, his warm cum filling her so much her tiny belly starts to bloat.

Once the Rottweiler decides he's had enough, he too jumps off her and finishes arse to arse with her. He spots a cool spot under a tree and goes to it, dragging her still convulsing, and orgasming body behind him with little care. Annie moans as he drags her by the cunt, and eventually lies and relaxes to wait for his cock to stop filling her with cum.

Annie passes out, and a man shouts, "Cut!"

The men around, relax, adjusting their pants as they do.

Annie looks up at the Director, saying, "Was it any good?"

The Director said, "Fucking fantastic, sweetie. Every guy here wants to whip it out and jerk-off, it was that good."

"Don't let me stop you," Annie said and grinned.

"We just have to do the final scene, can you get Brutus's knot out of you?"

Annie grabbed the Rottweilers cock and held it as she pulled herself free, staying where she is for



the next scene. One of the animal handlers came and put a leash on Brutus and led him away. Annie laid her head and pretended to be unconscious again.

"OK," the director called. "Quiet on the set! Camera's rolling. ACTION!"

Annie lies still for a moment, then started to pretend to come too. She glanced around seeing her rapists were gone. Slowly she got to her feet, staggering to show she's hurt. Cum dribbled out of red swollen cunt and down her thighs. Finding her wet panties she put them on with a grimace, and finally she grabbed her bag and waddled bow-legged through the brush and out of shot. End scene.

"CUT! That's a wrap. Thank you everyone, good work," the director said.

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Curly stood and went to Annie chatting with one of the crew while giving him a handjob. It only took a minute for him to shoot a load all over her schoolgirl plaid skirt and onto her legs. Annie giggles.

"Can I talk to you, Annie?" Curly asks making her turn and smile at him.

"Oh, hey, Curly. Whattya doin'?" She said as the crew member scampered off stuffing his dick back into his pants.

"You don't wanna let Tim catch ya doin' that shit," he said and smiled.

"I'm not fuckin' him, just helping him relieve the tension."

Curly understood. He's sucked off plenty of the crew in his time, especially after he's done a scene and they're horny.

"I need to talk with ya. Do you have time?" Curly asked.

Annie shrugged.

"Guess so, the way Tim keeps me locked away these days it's so annoying. How can I make friends here, I tell him, if you keep me locked away because you're scared they'll fuck me? I say, "Tim—"

"Annie, shut the fuck up for once in your life," Curly said through clenched teeth.

Annie went still, watching him wide eyed and with stiff posture.

Curly took a deep breath to calm himself.

"Has Tim ever told you he'd like to send you to another studio?" Curly asked, staring at her with narrow eyes.

"What? Oh, that! I didn't even know you knew about it. I think it's a great opportunity to expand my career. Tim seems really encouraging too, though it means we won't be together anymore. Oh well, plenty of cocks in the henhouse, as they say. I really—"

"SHUT UP!" He shouted, shaking his head with his eyes closed.

"How rude," Annie said and went to walk by him, but Curly grabbed her arm and held her close to him.

In a low whisper, he said, "Listen to me, and listen carefully. Your life depends on it."

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## Chapter Twelve

Debbie is lying on her bed snoozing when she's startled by Curly shaking her. She sits up, blinking, and wiping her eyes. Her pussy and ass still smarting from nineteen inches of moose cock.

"Curly? Does Tim want me?"

He held his finger to his lips to indicate she should keep quiet.

"No, I'm not here for that. We need to talk," Curly whispered.

Debbie's eyes bulged and she went pale, as she thought Curly had come to tell her Tim is going to murder them soon.

"Stop fretting," Curly whispered. "I'm not here about you or Roberta. It's Annie. Tim is going to kill her."

Debbie recovered herself, swallowing hard, followed by a deep frown making her forehead wrinkle slightly.

"But Annie's his girlfriend?"

Curly snorted. "She wouldn't be the first actress he's killed once he's grown tired of her. Especially if he's got his sights on some fresh pussy."

"What new girlfriend?"

Curly shrugged.

"I don't know, but Annie's in danger. We gotta help her."

*Oh great, she thought bitterly, Annie you'll help, but me and Roberta can die for all you care.*

"So what do you suppose we can do? We're bigger prisoners here than you are," Debbie said sarcastically.

"You must know someone who'll protect her?" Curly said, grabbing her hands and staring intently at her.

She smiled.

"You're in love with her, aren't you?"

Her smile grew to a chuckle as Curly blushed.

"Here I thought you hated her, and all this time it was a cover so Tim wouldn't see how you really feel about her. It's kinda sweet."

"Can you help *HER*?" Curly said with emphasis.

"No, I can't," she said.

"Then what use are you?" Curly said, standing to leave.

"Wait!"

Curly turned and looked at her, hands on hip.

"We can't help her because we're prisoners here. However, *YOU* can help her. I can tell you who to contact on the outside for help."

"Cops?"

He almost spat the word.

Debbie shrugged indifferently to his inbred hatred of authority.

"Tim is involved with an organized crime syndicate here, and you know it," she said.

"So?"

"Well, if you want Annie and you to be safe, you'll need someone who can give her a new life, new identity, and new place to live. Only the cops can do that."

"For giving evidence," he said and sneered.

"Tim will kill you out of paranoia alone, despite your loyalty to him," Debbie said watching him closely.

He didn't answer her, so she knew she was right and he knew it. So she persisted, trying to reel the fish in.

"You and Annie could have a new life together, while Tim and his cronies could have an equally new life behind bars."

"These people—" he began.

"Will kill you once they have no further use for you. Curly, you know too much. Tim knows it too."

"Alright, I'll do it. Who do I contact?" Curly asked, his body sagging in relief once he decided.

Only one number popped into her mind. A person she trusted implicitly. Bob Greenfield, her supervisor at Animal Rescue. She told him Bob's cell phone number and Curly nodded, leaving her alone to wonder whether he'd go through with it, and what that means. She tried hard not to get her hopes up about being rescued. Even if rescue could become a reality, she'd still have to face her friends and colleagues who would know about her various bestiality movies since being held by Tim. Something she grappled with early on returned to her, her guilt about what she's been doing.

Her previous guilt had disappeared because she rationalized the animal fucking since being imprisoned by Tim by thinking she's being forced. Yet deep inside she knew she loved it too, that's why she gave herself to those stray dogs near the airport in Dallas, many weeks ago. She wanted them to fuck her, make her their bitch until it hurts, and though she thought of it as rape, at the time (a self-defense mechanism), she knew it wasn't. It's also why she dropped her pants to the Rottweiler and many other things she's done. The war inside her mind about what she really is, has been won by animal sex. *So my life as an Animal Welfare Officer is over*, she thought sadly. *Maybe I can start a dog kennel and get to fuck as many dogs as I can while their owners are on holidays.*

At this point a naked Roberta suddenly enters the room, or is pushed inside as she stumbles and falls onto the floor. The door slams behind her and is padlocked from the outside. Debbie is immediately at Roberta's side helping her up. Roberta seems weak, and Debbie sees for the first time deep claw marks in her waist, bleeding still, and she reeks of piss or something.

"Oh fuck, what happened to you?" Debbie said in a panic.

Roberta had a big bruise on her face, and several on her breasts and abdomen too. Her red hair is a mess, sticky and damp, as is her body. Debbie laid her gently on the bed and sat next to her flicking hair away from Roberta's face.

"Roberta? Can you hear me?" Debbie asked, her eyes welling with tears.

Roberta finally focused on Debbie, and reached out her hand and took her friends firmly.

"They switched bears on me. I walked into the pen thinking I was with a tame bear and it was a fuckin' wild one," she said with a hoarse voice.

"Omigod, It's a wonder it didn't kill you," Debbie said, tears now running down her red cheeks.

Roberta nodded, tears streaming down her cheeks too.

"So what happened?" Debbie asked.

So Roberta told her the story, leaving none of the gory details out.

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Roberta stood naked outside the pen regarding the Grizzly Bear sitting on his haunches in the corner. The muzzle and claw covers are still in place, but something troubled her about the bear she couldn't put her finger on. *Stop it, Roberta*, she scolded herself. *He's just a big teddy bear with a gorgeous cock*. As she stared at the creature she feels something cool and wet spray onto her back, especially her ass and between her legs. She turns only to cop a blast of spray in her face, making her cough as the putrid liquid enters her mouth. As she gasps, trying to rid herself of the taste the man spraying her ensures her breasts and cunt are well covered too.

"HEY! What the fuck is this shit?" She shouts at the man.

"It's not shit, eh? It's the best damn bear musk in the state. My sow practically drips the stuff when she's in season," the portly man in his forties said.

*Bear musk*, she wondered not sure what he means?

Tim is suddenly by her side and pushes her into the caged pen so hard she lands on her ass with a squeal. The door is closed and locked behind her and the men back off, watching her wide-eyed.

"What did you do that for, asshole?" Roberta shouted at Tim, who had a perverse smile on his face.

"I want you to meet Smokey's cousin, Porky. He'll be your date today," he said smugly.

The words don't have time to sink in before a huge leather covered claw swats her from behind sending her rolling across the straw-covered floor. As she stops, she glances at the bear to see it ambling toward her, a low growl making her shiver all over and piss herself. Roberta's winded, so she gasps for air, trying to push herself to her feet yet her legs have gone to jelly. The bear gets

within inches of her face, stares her right in the eyes with a cold countenance, and roared at her.

At least it tried to, but the muzzle muffled it considerably.

Roberta shook all over, her back against the bars.

The bear sniffed her for a moment, and licked his lips. His tongue shot out, raking over her left nipple tasting the bear musk she's covered in. Then, as if a switch had been turned on in its brain, the look in its eyes softened for a moment. The bear began to huff, and shuffle about as if trying to impress her. He stood on his hind legs, making Roberta squeal with fear, only to reveal a bright fleshy pink boner amongst all his fur.

The way the bear stood trying to roar with his boner on show made Roberta think of Tim, and she laughed. *Oh well, as with any male the only way to shut him up is giving him what he wants*, she thought. So gathering her courage, she crawled away from the bars until her ass faced the bear and she wagged it at him. She didn't know whether her position will encourage the bear to respond, and hoped her position is a universal code for 'fuck me'.

The bear landed on his front paws with a loud thud and before long she could feel his cold nose buried into her groin sniffing her cunt. His tongue explored her wetness and tasted her. The bear suddenly jumped, mounting her. His big paws and powerful front legs wrapping around her. The weight of the animal is too much for her and she collapses with the bear landing on top of her, winding her again. The bear rolls off her and grunts with frustration.

She rolls to the bars again thinking: *That wasn't such a clever idea*. She pulls herself to her feet and screams, "Get me outta here, now."

Tim smiles at her, flashing his white teeth. The portly Canadian wrangler sprays her again with musk.

"Fucking stop," she screams. "This bear will fucking kill me, you fucktard."

"You'd better work it out, Officer Parkes, or Porky maybe your last ever fuck," Tim said smugly.

"You cunt!"

"I'll get more for a snuff film anyway, so find a way to make it work if you want to live."

Roberta sneers at him as the bear swipes her again, so hard she flies across the cage hitting the wall to her left. The force of the blow even knocked the leather mitten off his right front leg. She hears Tim's cold laughter.

"Oh, Rodney, didn't I tell you to bind those mittens firmly?" Tim asked mockingly, followed by men laughing.

She wanted to scream at him, but a huge grizzly bear is coming toward her with a look in his eyes that frightened her. *Think, Roberta, think* she wonders hysterically. She had an idea, however the sudden sight of a claw heading toward her made her move. However, she isn't quick enough and the claw scrapes her left buttock cheek. She gasps as the bear's nails slice her skin with ease leaving a bleeding scratch.

The scent of musk and blood drives him into a frenzy.

Roberta limps toward the opposite side of the pen where a wall stops halfway up the bars on the other side. The wall is the stall barrier of which this cage is in. She grabs the bars and bends displaying her cunt to the bear again, hoping like hell her plan will work. The bear jumps and his paws land on top of the stall barrier, embracing her body in its fur, tickling her. The camera men rush about trying to get the best angles for the action, as the spot she chose isn't a place they had imagined the action taking place.

The bear starts humping his hips into her, and his thick hard cock slams into her cunt making her jump and squeal. The animal is crazed with excitement from the strong smell of musk coming from Roberta. His cock thrusts inside her at an amazing speed as he feels her wet cunt wrap around his cock with its silky warmth. He grunts his ecstasy, his body towering over her, covering her and making the filming difficult. A bonus for Roberta.

Her body soon responds to this bear hugging copulation, and she lets go of the bars and starts playing with herself as she gets fucked. One hand rubs her clit while another squeezes her nipples and breasts. She throws her head back into the body of the beast moaning loudly as the bear smashes his cock into her greedy cunt. It doesn't take long for her first orgasm to be captured on film. Her body begins a slow sway that turns into a shaking, as her cunt squirts creamy white juice all over the bear's cock and balls. She moans loudly, grabbing the bars again to steady herself.

"Oh fuck. Oh yeah. Oh fuck. Oh yeah. Oh fuck. Oh yeah," she moaned as if chanting a sexual mantra.

The bear's orgasm still seemed elusive so he punched her cunt as hard as he could with his long cock. Sometimes nearly lifting her off the floor each time his boner crashed into her cervix. Roberta grunted loudly with each bone jarring hunch, and soon finds her cunt exploding once more into a thrashing cacophony of orgasmic contractions. The Grizzly Bear finally finds his rhythm and grunts as a deep growl as he feels her body spasm on his cock. The sensations become too much for the animal and his hot cum shoots deep inside her. He slows and stops, holding his cock inside her cunt as far as he can go and letting his balls unload in her.

This sensation pushes Roberta into another strong orgasm, and the contractions of her cunt make her cum squirt out of her and coat her thighs. The bear eventually pulls free and jumps off the wall, retreating to the corner. The sound of an air rifle brings Roberta back to her senses and she turns to see a tranquilizing dart in the bear. Roberta falls to her knees, feeling cum dribble out of her. *Who knew a bear could cum this much*, she thought. She remembered his cock and the warmth of his big furry body and shivered with excitement. Hands suddenly grabbed her and dragged her out of the cage, dumping her on the floor as if a piece of trash.

Tim stood over her, staring at her body. Taking in her post orgasmic glow with an obvious semi-hard cock.

"You're one hot woman, Officer Parkes," he said and leered.

"You're a creep, Tim," Roberta said as coldly as she could.

He smiled the same shit-eating grin he always does.

"You love it. The harder I make it, the better you do. I've never met anyone like you before," he said softly. "I bet you're one helluva fuck."

She laughed loudly.

"I'd rather fuck a thousand filthy animals than fuck you, asshole," she shouted, making the other

men titter.

The smile vanished.

"I can arrange that," he said coldly and walked off.

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"Omigod, that bear sounds hot," Debbie said wide eyed.

"He was. I could get fucked like that all day," Roberta said with a slight smile. "Providing the foreplay doesn't kill you first."

They chuckled, but Roberta stopped abruptly as it hurts.

"Well, I think Tim will kill us long before bear foreplay does," Debbie said.

"I don't know how much more I can take, Deb. Tim's beating me, I can feel it," Roberta said and began to cry.

Debbie hugged her, making Roberta gasp in pain.

"Sorry," she said with a grimace.

Roberta took her hand and squeezed it.

"I have some news anyway," Debbie said and told Roberta about her conversation with Curly.

"Do you think he has the guts to do it?" Roberta asked hopefully after Debbie had finished.

"He's in love with Annie. I only hope that's enough to make him go against Tim."

They went quiet, looking away. Their situation is dire, and it's too much to hope for anything at this point. They had to survive, that's all they could do.

"I think I know who Tim has his eye on for his next girlfriend," Roberta eventually said making Debbie look her way.

"Who?"

"Me!"

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## **Chapter Thirteen**

Bob Greenfield is lying back enjoying a nice blow job from his wife when his work phone works. His wife stops and shakes her head.

"Just ignore it, I wanna fuck tonight," she said.

Bob pushed her away, saying, "I can't, I'm on call tonight."

He grabbed the phone, glancing at the screen, however, he didn't recognize the number.

"Bob Greenfield here," he said in a gruff voice watching his boner aching for his wife's lips.

A high-pitched male voice said, "I know where Debbie Benton is."

The last thing he expected to hear is something about Debbie, so the words didn't register immediately.

"Err, what? Debbie?" Bob said.

"Your friend, Debbie Benton, I know where she is," the voice said.

Bob stood, his boner quickly going soft much to his wife's disappointment.

"Who is this?"

"I'll tell you where you can find her and the cop, but I need a deal. You know, protection for me and a friend."

"Is Debbie and Roberta OK?"

When Bob's wife heard the names of the girls she sat up straight wide eyed and mouth agape.

"They're alive, for now," the voice said. "I don't for how long, though. So make me a deal and I'll tell you where to find them. No, find us, we need rescuing here."

Bob scratched his head thinking for a moment. *A deal*, he wondered. *He must think I'm a cop.*

"I'm an Animal Welfare Officer, not a cop. I can't make you a deal," Bob said.

"Then looks as if your friends die," the man on the phone said coldly.

"WAIT! Please, wait. I can speak to the FBI and arrange something for you. Err, witness protection right?"

"Yeah, I'll tell them about the porn operation here for full immunity and witness protection for me and Annie. I'll even testify in court."

"Good. That's good. I'm sure we can work something out. Now tell me something so I know you're genuine and not some prank caller."

Silence.

"Hello?" Bob asked, his brow beginning to sweat.

"We're in Canada. That's all you get for now. I'll try to call tomorrow night same time. If the deals not done, Tim will kill your friends anyway."

The call ended.

Bob sat on the bed with a deep sigh, his body sagging.

"Is Debbie and Roberta alright?" His wife asked anxiously.

Bob glanced at her with a grimace. *Alright*, he wondered? *Being forced to do bestiality porn with the threat of death hanging over them, isn't alright.*



"I think they're alive, so that's a start," Bob said to his wife.

He dialed a number into his phone, and when it answered, he said, "Agent Carter?"

"Yeah," a sleepy voice said.

"It's Bob Greenfield in Dallas, sorry to call you so late."

"That's OK, comes with the job. How may I help you?"

"I just heard from a guy who says the girls, Debbie Benton and Roberta Parkes, are in Canada, and he wants to cut a deal."

After he spoke to the FBI agent, he called his boss Dan Hardwick to tell him the news.

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Roberta had been beaten badly by the wild Grizzly Bear and the morning after she lay on her bed feeling sore and stiff all over. The door opened at seven am and Debbie helped Roberta to the toilet and the shower. Annie entered the bathroom, her appearance noticeably different. No longer did she bounce along as if she were some schoolkid, and her hair seemed flat and lifeless, while her skin had lost a sheen to it. She put some tablets on the vanity, and smiled weakly at the two women in the shower.

"I got these for Roberta, it's Vicodin. Should help with the pain," Annie said.

"Thanks, sweetie," Roberta said.

Annie glanced briefly out the door and turned back to the girls.

"I spoke with Curly and he said he's made contact. Once he's got a deal in place, he'll tell them where we are."

Debbie and Roberta looked at each other and hugged. The best news they've had in a long time. Debbie is noticing how quiet Annie seemed compared to her usual self.

"Are you OK, sweetie?" Debbie asked her.

Her eyes welled with tears which soon trickled down her cheeks.

"No," she said with a sob. "Tim wants to kill me. Kill me? What I have I ever done to him? It's not fair, it's not right."

"Annie," Roberta said making the young woman look at her. "Take your clothes off and hop in the shower with us."

Annie nodded and undressed. Soon all three women huddled under the water in a big embrace. They started kissing, and softly stroking their skin. Suddenly, they found strength in each other's company. They didn't face this thing alone, and the kissing women found strength in a moment of intimacy.

As they began to feel better, a loud noise startled them, coming from somewhere in the house.

Tim.

"FUCK!" He shouted, followed by a loud crash as he threw something.

Loud footsteps along the corridor and the bathroom door burst open with a crash as he kicked it, and burst into the room, staring wide-eyed crazy at the three women in the shower.

"I don't know how the fuck you did it, you slut, but it ends now," Tim said, pulling a Berretta from the back of his pants, pointing it at Roberta.

Debbie and Annie pushed her behind them and stood defiantly staring at Tim. He laughed, a wicked cackle that made the women shiver.

"Don't think I won't shoot you two just to get to her," he said.

"What the fuck are you going on about?" Roberta asked.

"Someone has ratted us out to the cops, and as you're a cop," he cocked the gun.

"Wait!" Roberta shouted.

She pushed Debbie and Annie aside and stepped out of the shower to stand directly in front of Tim and his gun. Her body trembling all over, making her chin rattle.

"How can we have told the police anything? You keep us locked like dogs in our room. We have no access to phones or anything," Roberta said.

"So?"

"So, it wasn't us," Debbie said loudly, still hugging Annie who had started crying.

Tim glared at the women for a moment as their words sunk in, and he slowly lowered the gun.

"Who was it then?"

Roberta sighed in relief.

"You have lots of men working here, more than in Iowa," she said.

"These guys aren't rats."

"Maybe, maybe not," Debbie said. "I imagine the FBI is offering a big reward for us. That might tempt some men into betrayal."

Tim turned slightly as if about to leave when he suddenly hit Roberta with the butt of the gun in the face, making her fall to the ground with a scream. Debbie quickly jumped to her friend's side to see if she's OK, but Roberta is out cold.

"What did you do that for, asshole?" Debbie asked loudly, her face flushing red.

"A warning," Tim said with a sneer. "If I learn you three are somehow behind this, then what I just did to the pig is only a foretaste of what I'll do to all of you."

He left. Annie joined Debbie and they helped Roberta back to the bedroom. Once they laid her on the bed, the door slammed, locking them inside.

"Looks as if you're sleeping with us now, Annie," Debbie said holding her close.

"I just hope 'you know who' is OK," Annie said, and wept.

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Tim entered the kitchen, kicking a chair across the room, making several men leave in a hurry, Curly grabbed his coffee and held it close watching the angry man.

"What's going on, boss?" He asked.

"A contact in Dallas rang me and told me we've been fingered," Tim said, pouring a cup of coffee, then sitting across from Curly.

"The asshole who wanted you to attack Debbie?" Curly asked.

"Yeah, he's now panicking and threatened to come up here. He thinks the FBI is going to break his door in any minute," Tim said shaking his head. 'What a fucking idiot. Dealing with this guy was a bad idea, now we're stuck with him.'

"He did warn us the cops and FBI were on to us, though," Curly said.

"Yeah, only after he insisted we have Officer Benton raped. After Baxter tore her a new cunt, things turned to shit," Tim said. He sat back, sighing heavily. "Do you know how many skanks we could've filmed being raped in Dallas? Hundreds, thousands maybe. No bitch would ever report it."

"Unless she's already some kinda cop," Curly said before taking a noisy slurp of coffee.

"Exactly. But this asshole insisted it had to be Debbie."

"Whatya gonna do?"

"We're gonna have to leave. Lie low for a while until they give up looking for us."

"What about the girls?"

Curly watched Tim with a steady gaze. Tim sat thinking, and drank some coffee.

"We can get more girls," he finally said. "When this asshole arrives from Dallas, we'll take care of them the old-fashion way."

Curly gulped, then forced himself to smile, holding Tim's gaze, hoping like hell he isn't giving himself away.

"Just as the old days, eh" Curly said raising an eyebrow.

Tim laughed.

"Yeah, like the old days. Good one, Curly."

"You could always do some snuff movies with them," Curly said.

"Nah, it becomes evidence these days. No, we do this cleanly. They disappear, so do we."

Curly nodded.

"When?"

"A couple of days tops, then we're outta here," Tim said.

He stood and nodded at Curly and left the kitchen. Curly sagged in his chair, his body shaking as he let all the tension out. *I've gotta get these girls outta here tonight* he thought. *How could I forget the cunt in Dallas who helped Tim? You're damn stupid, Curls. Momma always said I had no brains except what I had in my pants. She's right. Momma's always damn right.*

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The girls stayed naked in their room all day and were given no food or water, or toilet breaks. They feared Tim would carry out the threat of murder to cover his tracks. They huddled under the blankets. When Annie had finally fallen asleep, Debbie touched Roberta's hand to get her attention.

"I can't believe Bob would betray us," she whispered. "I trusted that man more than my father."

"Your father was a molesting cunt, so trusting Bob just shows your daddy issues," Roberta said coldly.

"That's rich coming from you. Your father was no saint."

"He was a drunk and wife-beater, but he never tried to get it on with me or my sisters," Roberta said as if the difference somehow made it better.

"Why are we having this fight again?" Debbie asked, scratching her head.

"We're having this fight because your taste in men has landed us in the shit again. Remember 'Barfly', the fucking Bikie you dated?"

"Yeah? So what?"

"Well, you seemed to have forgotten how he left you in the backseat of his car getting fucked by his friend 'Horse' while he popped into the bank and robbed it."

Debbie laughed as the memory came back.

"Damn, whatta fuck Horse was, his cock, huge," she said dreamily.

"Yeah, and now an actual horse has landed us here," Roberta said gruffly. "I guess we do repeat our mistakes."

"I never asked you to cover for me when Barfly robbed the bank. I had no fucking clue what he had planned."

Roberta guffawed.

"Too busy getting your cunt filled as always to stop and think. You're a slut, Debbie, a fucking nymphomaniac. When are you going to fess up to it?"

The two women stared at each other with intense narrowed eyes.

Finally, Debbie said, "I'll 'fess up' to it when you do."

The tension broke and both started laughing, causing Annie to stir. The silenced themselves, smirking at the truth between them.

"Besides, I never heard you complain when the gang played 'Pass the Parcel' with you," Debbie said with a big smirk. "You did it often enough."

'Pass the Parcel' is game played by the Bikie gang Debbie's ex-boyfriend is a member of. The game means every member gets to fuck the woman (the parcel) being offered, once a guy is finished he passes her onto the next guy. A gangbang, one might call it.

"Yeah, I got some great Intel during those sessions," Roberta said, laying her head on the pillow.

"You're lucky they didn't know you were a cop, they'd have slit your throat and tossed you down a ravine."

"Haven't I always said, 'Hanging out with you will get me killed one day'?" Roberta said as a joke, yet the truth of it seemed obvious.

"I'm sorry," Debbie said.

Roberta glanced at her, her mouth downturned and tears forming in her eyes. They held hands, squeezing to show how much they loved each other.

"It's been a helluva ride, Deb. At least we can say that."

"Yeah," Debbie whispered, and lowered her head to rest against Roberta's, with Annie's below them.

"Let's hope Curly has a plan B to save Annie, and us," Roberta said.

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In the early morning the women were shaken awake in the darkness with Curly telling them to keep quiet.

"We have to leave now, Tim's gonna kill you today," he whispered.

"We need some clothes, don't you think?" Roberta whispered back.

"No time for it, take a blanket or something."

They crept out of the house, stopping with every creak in the floor, and sudden sound which seemed loud enough to wake the dead in the quiet night. However, they got outside the back of the house as the front had a watch monitoring the road in. Curly took them to the barn where he had a horse saddled and ready to go.

"We need to split-up," Curly said. "Annie and I are taking this horse and heading west."

"What about us?" Roberta asked.

Curly grimaced.

"Sorry, the deals off. I got you outta the house. The rest is up to you," he said coldly.

"Curly!" Annie said loudly. "I'm not going with you and leaving our friends here to die. I'm staying

with them. You can run and leave us if you want, but I'll never forgive you if you do."

"Annie, I—"

"I know how you feel about me. If you do love me, then you'll save us all, or no one."

Curly blushed and looked away.

"The other saddles are locked away, with all the gear. What can I do?"

"Not all the saddles," Debbie said, pointing to a familiar rig lying on the floor.

"Wait, no, not that," Roberta said taking Debbie's arm.

"The reigns are locked away, how are you gonna steer the horse?" Curly asked, his voice cracking.

"With my cunt," Debbie said grimly.

"This idea is crazy," Roberta said harshly. "Do you know how rough the ground is in the mountains?"

"Horse cock got us here, so let it take us home," Debbie said making Roberta look away.

"What fun," Annie suddenly gushed and she ran to the belly riding saddle to collect it.

Curly went to a stall and brought out a huge horse cream colored draft horse, with what pink skin around his nose.

"Don't you have anything, err, smaller?" Debbie asked wide eyed thinking about the size of its cock.

Curly shrugged and patted the animal.

"Pinkie here was to be your next shoot. Don't be fooled by his disposition, he's a real goer. Nearly sixteen hands, and a cock that'd give even Trigger a complex," Curly said and smiled.

Roberta took Debbie aside, saying, "Are you crazy? I can't sit-up there knowing you're below with his huge cock pounding you."

Debbie smiled lasciviously.

"Wouldn't be the first time," she said, making Roberta frown. "Relax, will ya. I'll be fine."

Curly fixed the saddle that had a basket on top where the camera rig is usually attached. He lifted Roberta into it, showing her where to hold on if the going gets rough. Annie also insisted on being with Roberta too, so she climbed into the basket much to Curly's chagrin.

Meanwhile, Debbie had already begun stroking the American Cream Draft horse's huge cock and soon had it hard. The dick is pink and kind of looks like a human dick, except the head is flanged in a horsey fashion. She climbed into the harness as Curly covered the cock with lube and stuck it inside her cunt making her grunt. The girls up top tied her arms and legs. At first, the horse seemed fairly tame, accepting his load above and below without a complaint. Curly mounted his chestnut, and threw his riding crop at Roberta, who stared at it, swallowing hard, and wrinkling her nose.

"You know what you have to do," Curly said.

Roberta hesitated.

Annie suddenly took the riding crop and hit Pinkies rump hard, saying, "Giddy up!"

The big horse took off at a speed that surprised even Curly who knows horses. The big cock thrusts hard as he trotted and Debbie moaned as it stretched her and banged into her cervix like a fist. She concentrated on working out how to steer the animal, she had enough movement in the cinch that held her in place to swing her hips. So she clenched her cunt hard on the huge throbbing cock sliding and moving inside her, and moved her hips to the left. To her surprise the horse veered left, so she did it the other way and the horse moved right.

The only problem though is when she stopped clenching the animal returned to going where it wanted to go. He had reached a strong gallop now, his hooves thundering on the ground beneath her. *I can steer him, but I can't see where I'm going*, she thought. *I can't let him cum either, if he goes soft and slips out we're screwed.*

"ROBERTA! CAN YOU HEAR ME?" Debbie shouted.

"YES, ARE YOU OK?" Roberta shouted back.

"YEAH, PINKIE AND I HARE HAVING A GREAT TIME. I NEED YOU TO BE MY EYES. SHOUT LEFT, RIGHT, STRAGHT, AND KEEP HIM MOVING FAST."

"OK" Roberta shouted back. "Straight, we're following Curly."

Debbie's body and swiveled, the giant cock thrusting inside her with each stride of its back legs. Pinkie grunts, and snorting as it feels the pleasure of Debbie's cunt moving all over his cock. The movements of her body out of her control and despite trying to concentrate on what she needed to do, the sensations of sex began to take their toll on her body and she began to moan. Her body ached for release, her clit to be touched and rubbed, yet with all her strength she holds it back. However, this giant cock feels so good inside her. The big cock head, pushing her so much she groaned with pure lustful pleasure.

Her nipples were rubbing against his furry belly as her tits wobbled and jiggled with movement, making them as hard as Pinkies big cock. Sometimes her body swung as if a pendulum, only stopping short as collision of cock and cervix stopped her short with a grunt. Still, he galloped along, aided with the odd hit Annie dished out from above. Yet in Pinkies horse mind it isn't pain from the crop that drove him, but feeling Debbie's hot cunt cumming on his huge cock. He had decided in his primitive mind, he'd run forever for this cunt, this delicious pocket of flesh his cock could feel throbbing, pulsating and contracting on.

"RIGHT!" Roberta screamed.

Debbie took a deep breath and clenched her cunt as hard as she could, followed by swinging her hips to the right. The horse went right, however, as she held his bog cock against the movement of his body as he ran, she suddenly cum. A most inopportune time. Her body rocked beneath the horse and she moaned loudly, closing her eyes to concentrate all her will to hold that dick. Her body fought her back, wanting to contract and release in orgasmic fury, and as Debbie fought her cunt she screamed in a crazed lust.

"LEFT!"

*Oh fuck*, she thought as she swung her hips to the left, still holding that cock tightly in her cunt. Her

orgasm died giving her some relief, but she also felt a wariness come over her. Her body now used tiredness to get her to let go of Pinkies giant penis. She fought it for a good five minutes until she heard Roberta shout, "Straight."

Debbie relaxed her body, and a wave of exhaustion washed over her. *Come on, Debbie, get it together* she thought panting for breath.

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They went straight for a long while, and as the morning light began to peek over the horizon, Debbie could make out the fields below them. She sighed in relief, knowing the farmland means they're only ten miles from Worsley now. *At least it'll be straight road once we're down there*, she thought.

"LEFT!"

Debbie took a deep breath and clasped the big dick in her cunt and moved her hips. By holding his dick so, her body began to rock and move harder, stimulating her even more. She moaned, feeling his cock, vibrate and throb inside her, each throb of the mighty cock buzzed through body making her moan louder. Her cunt is humming and she begins to cum again.

"RIGHT!"

"Oh God, no," she groaned forcing her hips right, and making Pinkie turn.

Her body vibrated and hummed as her orgasm shook her, sweat is dripping off her now and off Pinkie. The throbbing of his cock becomes more intense as every minute passed.

"LEFT!"

With a loud moan and an orgasming body, she swung her hips to the left. Her hands gripped the rope that had her tied tightly. The war with her cunt went on, as it tried to get her to release the giant cock.

"RIGHT!"

She swung her hips again, feeling the giant cock now twitching inside her, sending her into rapturous explosions that shook her to the core of her being.

"LEFT!"

"Ohhhhhh Fuuuuck," she groaned, moving her hips.

Pinkies cock is swelling now, pushing her apart even more and keeping her cumming.

"RIGHT!"

Debbie knew he's about to cum, she had to hold him as if he cums too soon they may not make it to the flatlands, to safety. The face she held the full force of her orgasm at bay made her body ache. She feels a race is on, who can hold off the longest, as she knew instinctively now that Pinkie is also trying to hold it too. Any other animal would have cum several times by now, but this big horse is holding back for her. Debbie feels moved by the love of the animal.

"LEFT!"



It took an enormous force of will for her to move his cock to the left, her muscles aching with pain, and her cunt aching with unreleased tension.

"STRAIGHT! HOLD ON, DEBBIE, HE'S GONNA HAVE TO JUMP," Roberta shouted.

Debbie relaxed, and her orgasm finally released in full force. She only hoped she didn't need to steer Pinkie again soon as her body began to convulse, and tremble. She screamed, prompting Annie and Roberta to call out to her. Debbie couldn't respond, such pleasure shook her, she saw stars.

As Pinkie jumped from the last rock to the flatlands, his cock rammed into again as he landed and with that so he came too. Sticky, hot, white horse semen exploded from around her cunt lips as he emptied his balls into her womb. Debbie gurgled and coughed as her orgasm took off again. Roberta kept calling to her and after getting no response, she shouted at Curly who came back and stopped Pinkie. The poor Draft Horse is covered in sweat, and his snorting, panting, and neighing in agitation.

Roberta jumps off, leaving her blanket, to see how her friend is. Annie unties Debbie's arms and legs, and jumps down herself. Debbie is soaked, her cunt is gaping so much Curly could put his fist inside if he wanted to. Horse cum dribbled out of her, the offending cock now hanging limp, dripping some cum still.

"Debbie? Debbie?" Roberta says, slapping her face lightly.

Debbie just moans.

"Let's get her out of the saddle," Roberta said, and they laid her on the ground.

Curly and Roberta took each hand and rubbed it, speaking to Debbie trying to wake her. Annie suddenly heard a car approaching and ran to the road to flag it down. The car pulled up and the driver window opened, the man in the car took in Annie's nakedness with a smile.

"Is anything wrong, Miss?" He asked.

"My friend's hurt, can you give us a lift into Worsley?" Annie asked.

"Where's your friend?"

"Over there?" Annie said, pointing over the car to some horses and people.

The man got out of the car and to Annie's surprise pulled a revolver on her.

"Annie Hardick, I presume. I'm a big fan," the man said.

Annie for the first time in her life is speechless. She stares the gun wide eyed and mouth open.

"Come on, let's go see your friends. I'm sure Tim will be pleased when I bring you home."

They walked to the others as Debbie is sitting up. She sees the man holding a gun on Annie and gasps.

"Dan Hardwick? Dan? What the fuck?" Debbie said in shock.

Dan pushed Annie to them, making Curly catch her. He took in the scene. Three naked women, one who's cunt looks as if it's just been fucked within an inch of its life. *Why wouldn't you let me fuck*

*you, Debbie, he thought bitterly. Then I wouldn't have had to teach you such an awful lesson.*

"So where do you guys think you're going?" Dan asked.

"We're going home, and you're not going to stop us," Roberta said, taking a step forward with a snarl.

"After everything Tim has done for you and you repay him by running away," Dan said shaking his head.

Curly started to laugh loudly. Dan and the girls watched him with raised eyebrows.

"What's your problem, beanpole," Dan said frowning.

"I remember you now, you're the asshole from Dallas who wanted us to rape Debbie with one of our dogs."

Debbie glared at Dan.

"So what?" Dan said, trying to sound tough, but not successfully.

"So Tim told me yesterday he's planning to kill you too once you got to the farm. So taking us back means death for all of us, even you."

Curly started laughing again. Dan frowned, looking at Debbie, who smiled knowingly, and again at Curly.

"Well, I'll just kill you now, and impress Tim how useful I am to him," Dan said, cocking his revolver.

As he aimed at Debbie's forehead, a sudden loud whinny came from beside him. He turned too late to see Pinkie, the big American Cream Daft Horse's front hooves coming down. Dan tried to shoot the horse, but it was too late, and as a shot rang out the giant hooves hit Dan square in the chest and drove him to the ground. The sound of his grunt and the cracking of bones echoed in the clearing, making the watching group groan and grimace. Pinkie isn't done, though. Again he jumps and his hooves smash into Dan again, taking his life in the process.

Curly ran to the horse and ushered him away, squatting at the body searching for a pulse. He turned and looked at Debbie, shaking his head glumly.

"A fitting end for a total asshole," Roberta said looking at Debbie.

"Let's use his car, it'll get us to Worsley much quicker," Annie said and gathered his keys that had fallen from his hand.

Debbie climbed to her feet with Roberta's help, and limped toward Pinkie. The big horse lowered its head and nestled into her breasts. Debbie hugged him, and kissed his forehead. The horse snorted its approval.

"Thanks, Pinkie. I'll never forget you. Now go, run free in the forest or they'll kill you for this."

Curly removed the saddle and the saddle from the horse he rode. Both horses were shooed away and they ran back to the forest. Debbie cried as she watched Pinkie run away.

They got into the car and drove into Worsley and gave themselves up to the Police. Local Mounties

soon raided the farm in the mountains and Tim and the other men were captured trying to escape. They even had a shoot-out, but no one was killed. Two weeks later, Debbie and Roberta were summoned to the FBI Office in Dallas.

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They sat opposite a man in a gray suit who they knew as Agent Carter. A thin, but muscular man in his late thirties with immaculate blond hair and blue eyes.

"Thank you for coming today," he said to them with a smooth southern accent. "I hope you ladies are recovering from your ordeal."

Roberta smiled coldly.

"Some scars we'll never recover from," she said.

"Surely. I wonder whether you've given any thought yet what you'll be doing in the future," he asked.

They laughed, making Agent Carter raise his eyebrows questioningly.

Debbie said, "Excuse us, Agent Carter, but we're both pretty certain our careers are finished."

"But what happened is hardly your fault," he said."

"Maybe," Roberta said. "But no Cop wants a partner who's an ex-bestiality porn star."

"Animal Rescue doesn't want an Animal Welfare officer who may fuck the animals she saves," Debbie said.

They stared at him with serious faces, and he decided, not to argue.

"So what will you do?" He asked.

They shrugged. Not answering him.

"Well, I wanted to let you know Curly and Annie are in witness protection, and with their testimony we probably won't need yours," he said. "We have enough evidence to put Tim and his goons away for the rest of their lives."

Why couldn't you just call us and tell us that?" Roberta asked, folding her arms across her chest while shaking her head.

"I wanted to meet you myself, and thank you because without you we would never have busted this case open. Curly told me how you convinced him to turn on Tim."

"So?" Debbie said.

"So we could use a couple of undercover agents like you. Willing to go beyond the normal limits, getting information and turning potential witnesses to us."

"What do we get for placing our lives in such danger?" Roberta asked.

"A shit load of money, and the chance to pursue your interests without fear of prosecution," Agent

Carter said evenly.

He picked up a file and handed it to Roberta. She opened it and both read the contents. Another bestiality porn operation in Mexico, where bestiality is legal. Only those who run this business are also part of a big drug cartel shipping ICE and other drugs into the USA. The files had CIA stamped on them.

“You want us to get intel on a drug cartel posing as bestiality sluts?” Roberta asked, eyes wide, staring at Agent Carter.

“I don’t want you to, no. You’d be working for the CIA on this case. They’re offering you Three Million Dollars to go in as contractors with no links to the CIA. Money, up front.

The girls looked at each other and shrugged.

“When do we start?” Debbie asked.

*The End*