

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One: Abroad

"Oh, hallo. Womit kann ich Ihnen behilflich?" a woman answered the door to the small cottage. She appeared to be in her forties, with a gentle, welcoming grace about her.

"I'm sorry..." the young girl standing upon her doorstep looked uncomfortable. "I - I don't speak German," she explained.

"No?" the woman feigned surprise. The girl's bright blonde hair and startling blue eyes certainly fit the part. At a passing glance, these two could very well have been mother and daughter. "You are American then, yes?" the woman spoke English, but with a thick German accent. The girl sighed with relief, but this was only the first hurdle.

"Yeah," the girl nodded while eyeing the woman, trying to size her up. She was dressed in khaki, linen pants, with a soft white button down blouse, the sleeves rolled up above the elbows. Her own dirty blonde locks were pulled into a loose, messy bun atop her head. Her smile was kind and inviting, a certain motherly charm and humbleness to her that could put any the wayward traveler at ease. Any but this girl.

"How may I help you?" the woman opened the door wider, also studying the one before her more closely, though without being nearly so obvious about it as she.

The girl was in her early twenties, the woman supposed. Her features were sharp and demeanor serious. Her pinkish lips were drawn down in what appeared to be a permanent scowl. Her eyes, tired and bloodshot, were ringed by dark circles beneath. A result of too many drugs, lack of sleep, or both.

That said, she was still extremely attractive, seductive even - the woman couldn't deny that. There was an exotic - erotic look to her. If it weren't for the half-sleeve tattooed across the girl's left shoulder and down her arm - some kind of skull and floral design - and all the other ink and piercings spoiling the attributes of her slim, hourglass figure, the woman suspected the girl could have been a model of some sort - that, or a pole dancer or porn star more like it. Little did she know, but her assumptions weren't that far off.

The girl was dressed about as skimpily as one could be, and still be wearing what one would consider clothes. The tight tank top could barely contain the girl's huge... the word "melons" came to mind. They approached a size too large for her small and slender frame.

Not only that, but the woman could see the girl's nipples jutting right through. It was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra. Beneath, like the girl's ears, nose and tongue, the woman could tell that her nipples were pierced with small metal studs as well.

And her cut-off blue jean shorts - something only an American would wear - were far too short, near scandalous, riding right up into the girl's vagina. She suspected that they covered little of her backside. The woman spotted an additional large tattoo reaching down the side of the girl's left thigh, but did not linger upon it.

"There was an ad..." the girl answered her, swinging her backpack around front. Digging through it, she produced a folded up newspaper, this specific ad circled in blue ink. "It said you were offering part-time work in trade for room and board?"

"Valda!" a heavy male's voice called over them from the yard. The girl jumped, spinning where she stood, raising her arms and fists as if to defend herself. "Valda, wer ist das? (Valda, who is this?)"

He was... smiling. There was no threat. No danger. The girl bit at her tongue, chastising herself for her overt, over-reaction. She had been stupid. She forced herself to relax, dropping her arms back down to her sides.

The girl was immediately struck by the size of him, tall and burly. The man was the size of an ox! He had a thick set of short, peppered gray hair and beard, and dressed in a worn flannel shirt, frayed jeans and boots, he looked like a lumberjack. The girl guessed he was a little older than the woman, in his later forties, possibly fifties, his skin tanned and forehead creased from too many days in the sun.

Busy studying the man, the young girl missed the woman named Valda eyeing her curiously from behind. Indeed, the girl's shorts did leave little of her ample backside to be imagined, but that wasn't what she was so inquisitive about. She hadn't missed the girl's odd reaction, and it made her think.

"This is... oh, I'm sorry, dear. I did not get your name?" Valda asked her.

"E - Eva..." the girl said, though almost more as a question than stating her given name. Valda raised a brow, her suspicions only deepening.

"A beautiful name, Eva," the woman offered. "I am Valda, and this is my husband, Adolf," she completed the introductions.

"Eva is an American," she now addressed her husband. "Here about the ad in the newspaper," her voice was tender and reassuring.

"That so?" Adolf likewise continued in English, but with that same, hard German accent.

He gave the girl Eva a quick look over, not bothering to be coy about it. And Eva did not wilt as he eyed her up and down, even though most would find this large man peering at them so extremely intimidating. He was not looking at her suspiciously or with incrimination, but simply as one might examine an automobile before they considered purchasing it. She was, after all, here to apply for a job.

"So, Eva," Adolf eventually added, softening some. "Have you ever worked on a farm before?" he asked in a half chuckle, revealing his doubt.

"No," Eva answered truthfully.

"I didn't think so," Adolf took over the conversation from his wife. "The work's hard. Lot's of heavy lifting. I don't think you'd much like it," he was blunt with her.

"I can handle it!" Eva drew herself up to her full height, holding her chin high. "I'm tough. I am a hard worker and a quick learner - you won't be sorry!" she avowed confidently. It had been a lot of trouble and a long ways out here from Munich. If this didn't work...

Adolf laughed heartily at her insistence. "I'm sorry, Eva the American, but this is no work for a young lady such as your-" he was about to decline her.

"Adolf," Valda suddenly interrupted him. "Was mit den Zwingern? (What about the Kennels?)" Valda

rattled off rather hurriedly in her native tongue. Eva glanced at Valda, then quickly back to Adolf. She could not understand what had been said, but gathered that the woman was pleading her case for her.

Eva stared intently into Adolf's eyes, as if trying to bend him by her will alone. She was unsure of herself for what felt like the first time in her life. She did not like this feeling. She did not like being without control, and right now, she was at rock bottom. This had to work. At the moment, she had no where else to go.

"Den Zwingern? (The kennels?)" Adolf questioned, giving his wife a queer look. "Was meinst du, weib? Den Zwingern?! (What do you mean, woman? The kennels?!)"

Per the tone of his response, Eva suspected this was not going over so well. Why couldn't they just speak in English!

"Ich meinte genau das, was ich gesagt habe. Schaut sie euch an, sie ist perfekt sein könnte! (I meant exactly what I said. Look at her, she could be perfect!)" they carried on in their private conversation.

"Ha!" Adolf scoffed.

Eva's eyes narrowed in on him. She may be young, but she was not naïve. A lot was being said. A lot that she could not understand. They had been having a perfectly fine conversation in English, they both knew she could not speak German, and one would only do such a thing if they wished for the third party to specifically not be able to understand. Eva did not trust anyone, and got the creeping suspicion that something was up.

"Haben Sie Ihren Verstand verloren, weib? (Have you lost your mind, woman?!)" Adolf shot back. "Sie haben gerade erst traf dieses Mädchen, und Sie denken ...? (You've only just met this girl, and you think...?)"

Eva chewed on her cheek as she listened to them go back and forth. She was teetering on her next move, but eventually resolved that she was being paranoid. These too looked about as dangerous as a pair of kittens, the woman especially. What trouble could they possibly be up to? Besides, she was more than capable of handling herself, if it ever did come to that.

"I'll do whatever you need me too!" Eva interjected. "Just give me a chance!" Eva pleaded. She was not one prone to beg, and it left a sour taste in her mouth, but she didn't even have a phone to call a cab to come get her, much less the money to pay them. It was a long walk back to the closest town from here.

"Du seihst, Adolf?! (You see, Adolf?!)" Valda elated. "Sie ist verzweifelt! (She's desperate!)" Valda put an arm around her shoulders and hugged her close.

"Sie sind lächerlich! Sie wissen nichts über dieses Mädchen... Sie sind für Ärger, Valda! (You're being ridiculous! You know nothing about this girl... You are asking for trouble, Valda!)"

"Machst nichts du. Die Zwinger sind meine Verantwortung! (Never mind you. The kennels are my responsibility!)" Valda disregarded her husband's opinion. Eva was perfect for this, she just knew it!

Eva, meanwhile, was becoming so frustrated at this talking behind her back, that she felt violent. She had to struggle to keep her cool. Popping off at the mouth right now would get her nowhere, and would more than likely result in a very long walk back to town.

Then... Adolf's demeanor seemed to change. Eva couldn't put her finger on it, but he began to look differently upon her, as if seeing her in a different light. He smiled, meeting her disgruntled gaze.

"You must forgive me," he started apologetically, switching back to English and now addressing her directly. "I do not mean to be rude, the farm just isn't much of a place for a lady such as yourself. We've never taken on a female before, but..." he spared one final glance to his wife. Valda nodded.

"Do you understand the offer?" he asked Eva.

Eva nodded, her hopes reigniting. The thought of another night on the road was enough to make her sick.

"There's no wage. It's part time work, for backpackers and tourist like yourself, just looking for a free roof and a warm meal on their stay. Nothing too demanding, we understand you are on holiday and will want time to see the sights and such, but it's not a free ride either. You'll be expected to earn your keep. Agreed?" he was straightforward with her.

Eva appreciated his candor. She never had time for people who liked to beat around the bush. No wages sucked, she needed a way to get her hands on some cash, but there was no way she was about to turn down a free bed and food at the moment either.

"Agreed."

"Nun, ich hoffe du ist Recht über ihre, (Well, I do hope you're right about her,)" Adolf said to his wife, before adding to Eva, "Very well then," Adolf gestured towards the house. "My wife says we shall give you a chance, and I do not argue with her. Let's show you where you'll be staying."

Eva smiled inwardly with devious glee.

"It's not much, but..." Valda began apologetically.

"It's fine," Eva said, eyeing one of the two, small, twin sized beds tucked away in the upper loft. She was tired - so very tired - and looked forward to a good nights rest in her own bed. It had been a long road here.

"Well," Adolf and Valda, the Bergers she'd learned, smiled broadly. "I'm glad you like it!" Valda said.

"Ben," Adolf added as an after thought.

"I'm sorry?" Eva responded, unsure if what he'd said was in German.

"Ben," he repeated. "An American like you." Eva did not like this sound of this. No Americans. Danger. "He's finishing up down at the stables now. You'll get to meet him soon, but, this is a small house, and he sleeps there," Adolf pointed at the second bed. They weren't five feet apart, separated only by a narrow bedside table against the wall.

"Oh," Eva took note of his personal belongings set aside.

"I'm sorry, but this is all we have. Like Adolf said earlier, we usually just have boys staying with us. Ben is a well behaved young man, though. There won't be any problems, if you're comfortable with it..?" Valda posed.

Eva nodded absently, while considering her options. She didn't have any. The house was small and simplistic. The downstairs comprised of a single large room that blended together the living area, kitchen, and dining room. Adolf and Valda's master suite was the only private bedroom. The loft, where she and apparently this Ben would be sleeping, was overhead, filling in the space of the vaulted ceiling. It overlooked the downstairs, connected by a steep ladder, with a wooden banister and railings as the only thing separating it from below. As it was, it was left completely open. By this, and sharing it with another, she wouldn't be getting any privacy.

"Whatever," she relented, as if she had a choice.

"Perfect!," Valda elated. "We all share the wash room downstairs," she pointed towards a door Eva could see at the far side, next to the master bedroom's door. "Your dresser," she gestured to the small chest-of-drawers at the foot of her bed. "A computer you're free to use," she pointed to a small desk on Ben's side of the room. "It has internet. Unless you have any questions, we'll leave you to get settled in?"

"No," Eva said, slumping her bag off her shoulder and onto the floor at her feet. "This is fine."

"Dinner will be served at seven. Take your time, dear," Valda took her husband's hand and led him away, to give her what little privacy they could.

Back downstairs, Eva could see them both in the kitchen whispering huddled together, which also meant that they could both see her in the loft, should they care to look. They needed only to spare a glance up, but Eva was never the timid type. Without any hesitation whatsoever, not even bothering to check and see if they were indeed spying on her or not, Eva stripped herself right down, tossing her clothes into a pile next to her backpack. She slipped into bed, pulling the soft covers over her nude body. She was tired, and was looking forward to this more than anything. Her head had hardly hit the pillow before she was fast asleep.

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## **Chapter Two: Breakfast**

A rooster's morning call woke her up. A god damn rooster. Really?!

"Figures..." Eva stretched her tired limbs beneath the blanket. It was far too early, and the dawn's air chilly. Though the bed was small, it was still warm and very comfortable, not easy to climb out of. She blinked her eyes open, the morning Sun shining brightly through the open window above the nightstand.

'Morning?' she jerked herself up. It took her a second to remember where she was. The Bergers. She had scored herself a place to stay - her own bed. It had been the better part of two weeks since she'd last slept in a real bed.

She looked around. The bed across from her was empty and already made. She looked at the clock. Six fifty-seven a.m. 'Too fucking early!'

"Damn..." she rubbed at her sallow eyes, remembering she'd fallen asleep here as soon as they'd shown her where. She must have hit the sack and slept the entire evening and night away.

The alluring aroma a scrambled eggs and frying bacon filled her nose. She reached for her stomach as it grumbled. It had cost her nearly everything she had to purchase the flight to Rome, the rest of it spent making her way north. She hadn't much a plan then - or now for that matter. She was

running, putting as much distance in between herself and the only place they'd be able to track her to as she could. She hadn't had anything to eat since... it took her another minute to think of what day it was. Finding this little setup out in the middle of nowhere was a godsend.

She kicked her legs off the bed, throwing back the blanket. Her over-sized breasts bounced in sway, but came to a rest standing tall and firm. The cool morning air bit at her bare skin, riddling her with goosebumps. Her pink nipples stood out like daggers, sharp enough to cut glass, but they were perpetually hard from the platinum studs poked through them anyways. Her eyes searched the floor for her clothes, but... nothing, just her shoes.

"That's weird..." she was sure she had left them just beside her...

With an intense spike of adrenaline, Eva jumped up off the bed, frantically searching for her back pack! Her fat tits clapped about like two loaded water balloons that might burst! The immense relief she felt when she finally spotted it on the floor, leaned up against the chest-of-drawers...

'No!' That was not where she had left it. Eva perked her ears, on edge, as still as a statue. She heard voices.

"Adolf, would you fetch the milk and OJ from the fridge." Valda.

"The rain last week washed a few posts out down by the south end of the creek. Thought I'd start there this morning?" A voice she did not know.

"That's fine. I'm still busy on that cursed tractor!" Adolf.

"Would you mind..." Harmless jabber. Eva crept to her backpack, picking it up, and sat it on the bed. She flipped the top open, quickly taking inventory.

She didn't have much with her, just the bare essentials. Toiletries. A few pieces of make-up. Some random hair ties. Maps. A flashlight. Some trash strewn in. A pocket knife she'd shop-lifted in Milan. Her little black book... she pulled it out, thumbing it open, making sure it was safe and intact. She sighed. It was. This little book... it could both get her killed, and save her life. She stowed it back in and closed her bag.

"Where are..?" she looked back around for her clothes. Gone. She didn't understand. She bent down and looked under the bed, the chilly air tickling her naked, slightly parting labia and dangling nipples on the wooden planks of the floor. Nothing. She stowed her backpack safely beneath, before continuing her search.

She was certain she'd left them on the floor... wasn't like the room was that big anyways. There weren't that many places for them to hide. Her eyes finally landed on the dresser. 'Had Valda..?'

For the first time she noticed a white coat laid out atop the dresser. A recent addition. She picked it up, letting it unfurl. It was thin and simple. It looked like a doctor's or scientist's lab coat. She noticed "Madam Zuechter" embroidered in dark red letters across the left chest. She tossed it across the bed before checking all of the drawers. Empty.

"What the fuck?!" she cursed under her breath, growing irritated. The smell of food wasn't helping. She was hungry. Her eyes fell back on the smock. She made a decision.

"For crying out loud!" she mumbled angrily, appraising her new wardrobe. The coat was short, too short, and apparently a couple of sizes too small for her. It was barely long enough to cover her

pantiless ass, and with an elastic band hugging it tight around her lower back, the bottom of it flared out like a mini-skirt.

The top wasn't much better. Comprising of all of three buttons, the last ended well below the base of her cleavage. The sterile jacket clenched tightly across her body, gripping her like a second skin, exhibiting all of her shapely figure. The sleeves were short, hugging only her shoulders, and the folded collar vee-ed outwards broadly across her chest. Eva's big tits were left all but hanging out and on full display.

"Whatever," she said to herself, plopping down on the bed to put on her shoes.

But then... there was something else. A weird smell. Eva looked about for the source, but there was nothing out of the ordinary. She lifted her arms, sniffing at her pits. It had been more than a few days since she'd last showered. She caught a stronger whiff, but couldn't place it. Something pungent, but not BO.... Was it the coat?

She just shrugged. It looked clean. Didn't matter. At the moment, all she could think of was the food waiting for her below. She'd just have to deal with her clothes and the coat later.

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"Eva! Good morning!" Valda greeted her as she made her way down the ladder from the loft.

"Yeah," Eva said with a hint of mockery. It hadn't been that good of a morning.

She stopped as she heard the fall of silverware clinging over an empty plate. Halfway down, she glanced over her shoulder to see a boy, a little younger than herself, with his jaw hung to the table. His face was a beet red. Having been caught staring, his head began to spin in circles, shooting back and forth from her to his plate to the Bergers, as if unsure of where to look.

There was nothing special about him. Scruffy brown hair, thin, his complexion a bit pale. He had an innocent, boyish look. 'Little bitch,' was Eva's honest first impression of him. He looked like he should still be sucking on his mum's tit. 'What's his problem?!'

But then she spotted Adolf staring directly at her as well, boldly and unabashed - unlike the "little bitch." She found her gaze lingering on the older, confident man. He was sexy, in a rugged, handsome sort of way. Her mind wandered, betting on how big a dick he had in those pants, and plotted how she might corner him away from his wife and find out for herself.

No... he was not at staring at her, but under her, Eva eventually realized.

"Right..." she mumbled. The coat. She wasn't wearing panties, and from this angle... "Pervs!" she began making the rest of her way down.

"Oh good, you found the coat I left for you," Valda briefly took note, before carrying on with setting the table. Apparently, she was the only one not to notice that this was all that Eva was wearing.

"Hope you're hungry!" she said, beckoning Eva to a seat once she had made it to the floor.

Eva turned on the men as she flattened back out the fanning skirt of the jacket, eyeing each of them accusingly. Adolf didn't seem to be too bothered by her threatening glare, simply smirking and offering her a "Guten Morgen," before turning his attention back to the table of food.



The little lost sheep, on the other hand, looked as if he'd just spotted a wolf. As Eva made her way to the table, indeed stalking him, his eyes were involuntarily ensnared by her swaying, only partly concealed breasts. It was only after she stopped to take her seat, that his eyes lifted to catch her glaring murderous daggers into him.

"Cah-haugh-hah!" being caught in the act yet again, he started coughing and hacking heavily, hopping in his seat as his eyes jerked wildly around the room, searching for a place to look, anywhere but at her.

"Eva, I'd like you to meet Ben," Valda introduced. "Ben, Eva."

"Oh-uhh..." the little bitch started fidgeting nervously in his seat, not able to meet the young girl's overbearing gaze.

"Ben, are you okay?" Valda asked, clapping his back as he started choking again. Eva rolled her eyes at him, taking one of the two free seats. 'Pussy,' she thought to herself.

"Y-yeah... I-I'm f-fine..." he cleared his throat, trying again to look at Eva, but could hardly get past her busting cleavage.

"S-sorry..." he tried to take hold of himself. "I - I'm Ben. It - it's a p-pleasure to..." he quaked, unable to gather the words. Instead, he settled for offering Eva his hand.

Eva ignored him, offering him only a short, mock smile, before moving on to begin filling her plate. Ben awkwardly lowered his hand back down, not saying a word as Valda settled into the seat opposite.

"I hope you don't mind, I put some of your clothes in the wash. They looked like they could use it!" Valda said motherly, beginning a casual conversation. Ben began choking again.

"Good god, Ben! Are you sure you're okay?!" Valda seemed concerned, slapping him on the back once more. Ben could only nod, wheezing, his face turning redder and redder by the second. Valda turned back to her and smiled pleasantly.

"Yeah, that's fine," Eva glared at Ben while shifting in her seat, pulling back up the plunging collar about her bulging tits. "Thank you," Eva corrected herself, smiling a fake smile back at Valda. She couldn't stand people messing with her shit, but least that explained her missing outfit.

"If you have any others you'd like me to wash for you, I'd be more than happy to," Valda offered kindly, as if not considering that if Eva did have other clothes, she wouldn't be dressed like this.

'Is the woman that stupid, or just clueless?!' Eva was incredulous. She shook her head no, noticing Valda herself was wearing a similar coat, but hers currently unbuttoned and hanging loose about her. Beneath it, she wore a black button down and slacks. If Eva had to guess, Valda's jacket was much larger than her own.

Forgetting all of it, Eva began to fill her plate with the rest. She was hungry.

"You know, Ben, Eva is from the States like you," Valda continued the conversation, watching the young girl discretely beneath her lashes. Eva was scarfing down the eggs and bacon as if she hadn't eaten in days. The backpack, the clothes... Something peculiar was up about this girl...

"O-oh yeah?" Ben croaked out. "W-where from?"

"Dee-" Eva started, before catching herself. "New York. New York City," she spouted the first - alternate - place that came to mind.

"A big city girl!" Valda erupted. "Come to work on the farm!" she laughed, as if what she said was funny. "Ben is from Texas," she informed Eva, as if Eva cared. Eva offered another one of her fake smiles.

"D-Dickson... it's a small town outside of..." Ben carried on, but Eva blocked him out, wholly uninterested as to anything he had to say. She was focused on breakfast.

"Perhaps, Ben, you can show Eva around later! Wouldn't that be nice!"

"Y-yeah!" Ben exploded. "I - I'd be more than h-happy too!" his eyes fell longingly upon this fascinating looking girl sitting next to him.

"That's okay," Eva dismissed the idea out-of-hand, without even bothering to look up. She missed the crushed look befallen Ben's face. Eva did her best to sit the rest of the morning convo out.

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"Well, are you ready to get started?" Valda asked, finishing up with the dishes. Eva was the last at the table, the men already headed out the door. She was still busy polishing off the rest of the bacon and eggs.

"Sure," Eva said absently, her mind on other things. She'd never had a real job before, unless you counted stripping or selling drugs - and she didn't. When she'd found her way out here, she really hadn't given much thought to the fact that she might actually have to do work. Her mind had been more consumed by the idea of a bed and food.

She glanced around the small house, beginning to plot her eventual exit - the sooner the better - but there didn't really seem to be anything of any real value to steal. There was the computer upstairs and a TV in the living room, but they'd be more than difficult to lug out and would earn her little. She'd have to wait for the opportunity to sneak into their bedroom to look for jewelry or guns, though she wouldn't know where to hawk them if even there were.

She needed to find a way to earn some money and keep moving. For the time being though, this place, a remote farm out in the middle of nowhere in the German countryside, with a roof over her head, a warm bed to sleep in and food on the table, it was a good of place to be as any at the moment.

Let things settle down. Let them forget about her. The Bergers, and Ben especially, were harmless. Easy pickings. She'd bide her time. They'd have to reach far to find her here.

"Good. Follow me," Valda pulled her back, and led the way out of the house.

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Chapter Three: Duties

Eva had no clue as to what she'd truly gotten herself in to. The ad in the newspaper had been short and simple. "Help wanted. The Bergers' farm. Room and board provided. Backpackers welcome." From Adolf's explanation to her, she imagined herself having to pitch hay or drive a tractor around, that or whatever else it was that people did on farms.

"I know. It's beautiful, isn't it?" Valda noted as she caught Eva looking around the sprawling countryside.

Beautiful... that's not exactly a word Eva was accustomed to using. She'd hitch-hiked out here, but she hadn't really paid any attention to the scenery. People like Eva did not take the time to stop and appreciate such things.

The first thing that struck her were the rising Bavarian Mountains in the distance. They were both daunting and... beautiful? She hardly remembered having crossed them to get here. Well, in her defense, she'd run out of cash after Milan, and had been busy sucking off the truck-driver as a bribe for taking her so far. Eva's face grimaced as she remembered the smell of his sweaty groin and the taste of his foul spunk.

The farm itself was large, for the most part just open field sprinkled here and there with aged, tall trees. The grass eventually gave way into a thick forest that seemed to completely surround them, swallowing the entire farm within its midst. No other house was in sight.

"No neighbors?" Eva asked Valda, looking intently, but finding no other signs of human life. It would be much easier to rob them while keeping her disguise here.

"Closest ones are five miles down the road that way," Valda pointed off vaguely into the distance. "It's why Adolf and I bought the place. Secluded. Perfect for our kind of work."

'Our kind of work?' Eva found this statement to be a little odd, but just as quickly forgot it. She paid more attention to the surrounding buildings, recognizing the large barn and the chicken coop set beside it, remembering that damn rooster. She was afraid it was going to have to meet a very gruesome end, very soon.

She guessed at what she supposed were the stables, spotting a few horses meandering around it. They were all huge, with solid black coats, and less she admit it, they sort of frightened her. To her right, she saw a horde of pigs wallowing around in some mud in their gated sty. Gross. Behind them, goats climbing on some sort of structure. Ugly. Further out in pasture, she could see the silhouette of cattle.

There were a couple of other various sheds, one housing a tractor she spied Adolf already laboring over, but that more or less constituted the entire farm. Ben was nowhere in sight.

A stiff breeze swept through, wafting over the bare cheeks of her ass and lifting the skirt of her coat, reminding her of what she was wearing.

"Um... are my clothes about ready?" Eva asked, patting the pleats of her smock back down. "This coat is a little..."

She'd just put it on to appear somewhat decent for breakfast. She hadn't actually intended to try and work on a farm dressed like this. On that note, "What's the jacket for, anyways?" she pictured herself trying to pitch hay in it, and things didn't add up. "Says 'Madam Zuechter' on the chest..?"

"Madam Breeder," Valda answered Eva's last question first. "It's German. That's the name of my business," she explained. "Adolf and I started it when we bought this place," she gestured towards a large building ahead of them. Unlike the others, this one was built of brick, more modern, with a high, chain-link fence stretching out in either direction, disappearing back around behind it.

"I'm afraid your clothes are still drying, dear," Valda said passively. "But don't worry, you'll be fine."

Adolf and Ben tend to the farm," Valda informed her. "You'll be helping me in the kennel."

"Madam Breeder? Kennel?" Eva asked, vaguely associating the words with the likes of dogs. She'd never really been around one before – any animal for that matter. She thought of all the horses and pigs, goats and chickens. A real farm.

"Yes," Valda said. "I breed them," she opened the steel door to the building, smiling gaily, and led Eva inside.

"Breed..?" she started, but was suddenly accosted by the percussing eruption of loud barking and yapping, echoing all around the hard building. "Oh..." she stumbled, beginning to understand as she spotted the countless number of dogs locked in their kennels towards the back. Dogs...

The building was much larger than it appeared from the front, longer than it was wide, with brick walls and concrete floor. At the front, it looked much like she would imagine a vet's clinic to be. There were a couple of stainless steel examination tables, and various medical instruments hanging on the walls and strewn across shelves. A desk with computer and files to one side, additional, tall shelves laden with bags of dog food and other supplies on the opposite wall. Beyond, there was a wide aisle, the fenced-in kennels holding the countless number of dogs bordering it on either side.

"I had no idea..." Eva became short of breath. The dogs were going wild in their pens, and though she'd never admit to it, they intimidated her. She surprisingly found herself wishing she was just pitching hay.

Standing behind her, Valda smiled deviously to herself. The scent she had sprayed earlier this morning, the same one she had washed into Eva's coat, had all her boys worked up, and she spotted more than one of their red tips already poking out their sheaths.

Carrying on as if this chaos were nothing out of the ordinary, Valda gave her a quick tour. At the front of the kennel, she explained the purpose of this, pointed out that, and then moved on to the dogs.

They were grouped by their breeds. First were the Weimaraners, six in all, not counting the couple of litters of puppies. There were four on one side, two on the other with the puppies with them.

They were beautiful dogs, with sleek, silvery gray coats and bobbed tails. Even Eva had to admit to their grace, which was saying something.

Next were three Alsations, again two on one side, one on the other with a litter of puppies. Alsatian – that's what Valda called them at any rate. To Eva, they just looked like German Shepherds.

The Doberman Pinschers followed. She knew them as vicious guard dogs, that she'd had a run-in with once before after having broken into someone's house. She wished to steer clear of them.

"Gah!" she remarked as they reached the last.

"My Great Danes!"

"They've got to be as big as a horse!" Eva recalled the animals she had just seen outside. There were only two, one on either side of the aisle, and again a litter of puppies locked up with one. Valda just laughed.

"So... you, like... breed them?" Eva asked, struggling to comprehend what exactly that meant.

"Yes," Valda said, admiring her beautiful beasts. "It's a very profitable business. The bitches don't earn as much, but each of the males are worth anywhere from five, to ten thousand Euro."

Eva gasped at the revelation.

"Roch there," she pointed out her the Great Dane on the left. "I'd expect to receive no less than fifteen for him, if ever I chose to sell him."

"Wow!" Eva exclaimed, looking upon all the dogs in a new light. She didn't know the conversion from Dollars to Euros, but understood that it was a lot of money! "There has to be like twenty of them in here! I had no idea you could..."

"Yes," Valda said excitedly. "Eighteen to be exact, not counting the various litters. Twelve studs and six bitches. The other animals," she noted, gesturing flippantly back towards the door. "They are just a little something we offer on the side. They attract a few... unique buyers, but for the most part, my Adolf," she said his name lovingly, "He does love to play cowboy!"

'Other animals... offer on the side... unique buyers...' Eva did not understand what the woman was talking about, and passed right over it.

"Why... why are the males worth so much more?" Eva inquired as she continued to study them, already trying to plot how she might be able to sneak one or two of them out when she decided it was time to make her getaway.

"They are specially trained. Extremely valuable to the right buyer," Valda answered her offhandedly, still speaking in some kind of code. Eva didn't press her on it. She was busy trying to figure out how to tell the males from the females, but was clueless. All she could see were the Dollar signs.

"The kennel will be your main responsibility. You'll be in charge of feeding them - twice a day, once in the morning, and once in the evening. Besides that, just ensure their water bowls are kept full, their stalls and the kennel are in tidy order, and that's all you really have to do. The rest of your time you'll be free to do as you please," Valda instructed her.

"Seems easy enough," Eva commented, looking around curiously.

"And oh yes, I almost forgot! You'll be responsible for keeping them well... exercised," Valda added this last part peculiarly, eyeing a solid, closed door to the left that stood between the shelves. Again, Eva didn't seem to catch on.

"Sure, whatever you say."

"We'll see if you're still saying that tomorrow," Valda said in barely more than a whisper, still eyeing that closed door.

"What's that?" Eva turned back to her.

"Nothing, dear. They can be quite a handful I was saying," Valda explained. "You'll find their food there," Valda pointed to the loaded shelves full of dog food and a bin on wheels. "You are to let them into the yard out back in turns, never the studs with the bitches unless we're actually breeding them. I may have you help with other things as needed. I have a showing on Saturday. If you're up to it, I may even have to assist in their... training."

Eva eyed Valda. She was being weird.

"Are you ready to begin?" Valda acted as if all was normal and well.

Eva just shrugged, nodding, not exactly enthused by the prospect.

"Very well then. I have my own duties to attend to," Valda excused herself. "Let me know if you have any questions."

Valda produced a set of keys and unlocked the only other door in the kennel besides the front and back, shutting herself away behind it. Eager to get this all over with, Eva started for the food.

She dragged the laden bin down the aisle. Looking left and right upon the two lines of cages... it was very strange. All those on the left were going berserk, prancing anxiously about, jumping against their fences, barking, whining, begging. All those on the right were simply lounging and at ease. Eva went for the obvious, and started with those on the right.

Only half the kennels on this side were used, the rest left empty. There were six in all, plus the puppies of course, two Weims and Pinschers each, and one of the Alsatis and Great Danes. Each of the dogs were eager for some attention, bothering to get up to greet her, but then took right to their bowls as she fed them. The puppies were adorable, but Eva did not take the time to stop and play with them. Most of the water bowls were at least half-full, but with their own individual faucets coming out of the wall above them, she topped each of them off.

The whole right side took her all of five minutes. Easy smoochy. Nothing to it. Way better than having to pitch hay, or fuck with those horses or pigs. 'Maybe the kennel wasn't so bad after all?' she thought to herself. She'd no more than thought it, however, than she realized she was now left with those on the left. The crazy ass fucking half!

"What the fuck is your problem?!" she stood at the gate of the first's, a large Weim, her hand on the latch. It was going nuts within, running in circles, yapping, looking as if it meant to pounce on her the second she opened it. Its antics made her a little nervous. The dog looked to be nearly as big as her, if it didn't actually weigh more.

Eva swallowed it. No one gave her shit. She wasn't scared of anything - especially not some fucking dog.

"Sit!" she yelled at it, the one command she knew that you could give to a dog. She was surprised when the crazy animal actually sat. They were obviously well trained. Valda had let on to as much.

She didn't trust it though. Its whole body was quaking uneasily as it licked frantically at its chops. It was staring at her as if she were a fresh piece of meat.

"Back up!" she shouted sternly at it, taking charge, and was again surprised as the dog obeyed her, doing a quick little circle, coming to a sit a couple of feet back.

"I said back up!" she yelled at it again, pressing her luck, pointing towards the back of the cell. It didn't look happy about it, but again the dog obeyed. Eva, with her eyes locked on it, and its eyes locked intently upon hers, his snout nosing the air madly, she slowly, cautiously lifted the latch, opening the gate.

She didn't like that look in its eyes. It looked like it wanted to eat her! With the scoop of dog food in hand, Eva crept in.

"Err!" the dog whined pathetically, shifting anxiously.

"What the hell is your problem?!" she said as she moved deeper in, the dog eyeing her every move. She dumped the scoop into his bowl.

"EEK!" she shrieked, falling back against the chain-link fence as the large Weim charged.

She honestly expected it to go for the bowl, but she wasn't so lucky. The massive beast was on her in the blink of an eye, and shoved its cold, wet snout right up her...

"OH!" she gasped, her hands reacting instinctively, grasping at the large dog by its huge head... that was currently stuck up the skirt of her smock. She tried in vain to push it away, but the dog was obviously much stronger than she.

As she had fallen backwards, her legs had shifted ever so slightly to brace herself. They were now left parted by a couple of feet. There was nothing beneath to shield her.

"Holy mother of..!" she yelped as the dog's broad tongue raked across, catching her clit.

Valda locked the door behind herself, turning slowly to take in the room about her. Its walls were of painted cinder block like the rest of the building, floor concrete, but at its center was a large black pad. Circling it were a few chairs, with three expensive looking cameras on tripods, and spotlights in between to capture the action. There was a shelf to one side containing all sorts of device devices, as well as a stack of various props pushed away into one corner.

"Soon..." she promised, before turning right, walking through another open door into a small office. She slipped off her shoes and took off her slacks, folding them carefully before placing them on the desk, shortly followed by her panties, leaving her naked from the waist down.

She opened the center drawer of her desk, retrieving out an bizarrely shaped dildo. It was life-like, but only those familiar with canines would recognize it. It started deep red in color, before fading to a tinted pink, lined by a myriad of purplish veins. Its tip was pointed like that of a javelin, its shaft sloping, until finally blossoming out at its base into the shape of a fist.

Valda shook the mouse of her computer, bringing the dual monitors to life. The images on the screens were each divided into four smaller squares, each playing a live recording of what was occurring out in the kennels. Valda leaned back in the chair, spreading her legs as she began to watch what unfolded, teasing her pussy with the odd shaped dildo.

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## **Chapter Four: Just a Taste**

Eva slammed the gate closed, dropping its latch just in time as the deranged Weim lunged against it from the opposite side.

"Wha' - what in the hell..?!" she was panting. With her legs weak, giving out beneath her, she spun and fell over, her back colliding with the gate. She didn't have the strength to hold herself up, and ever so slowly began slide down it until her naked ass came to a rest on the cold, concrete floor.

Safe, she paid no mind to the dog going ape shit just behind her. She hardly had the wherewithal left to see straight, much less think.

Sweat ran down over her brow. Her chest was heaving. By the way she had crumbled, her legs were left splayed, knees in the air, her heels tucked close to her ass. And as she was, the skirt of her short coat had folded open along the slit below the buttons. Either flap was now draped to one side, crumpled up along her bare hips.

Eventually, as she finally began to catch her breath and her senses returned, something glistening in the lights below caught her eye. She looked down. Her... pussy.

"Fughck!" she groaned, exacerbated. Her entire sex was coated in... with dog's saliva! Her mind began to race again as the recent events played back to her.

She had nearly cum. She was still on edge, a stiff breeze all that was needed to send her plummeting over. Absent yet gawking, she reached down with one hand, using her index and middle finger to spread the lips of her drenched pussy open.

Her labia were blossoming outwards like the petals of a flower, swollen and aroused. She could see her hardened clit, pierced with its metal stud, throbbing violently with her beating pulse. Her entire pussy felt like it was on fire, her own juices pouring at as if in an attempt to douse the raging flame! What had just... happened?!

Eva leaned her head back against the gate, trying desperately to put two and two together, but she still couldn't think straight. Goaded by some far away itch, her fingers began move without her permission.

"Uhhn!" she moaned as they teased her distended clit. One touch and her whole body shook.

She had to hook two fingers through the fence with her free hand to brace herself from falling over as she road out the violent spasms. She was about to cum at any second!

She began rubbing at her clit faster and faster and harder. The fire swept into a raging inferno. A bolt of electricity jolted through her as the dog began to lick her fingers through the fence.

"C-cool it, y-you m-mother f-fucker..." she mumbled, glancing lazily back at it, her lids heavy, eyes glazed over.

She was swimming, caught up yet again in the soothing pleasure of that magnificent tongue. That same tongue, that was only moments ago lapping at her... That tongue that had shaken her to her... "I'm about too...!!!" she screamed, finding herself being catapulted by a rush of euphoria.

"Oh!" she froze. Just as quickly as it had risen, the bottom of her well of ecstasy dropped out. Reality came crashing back in its place. Eva snatched away her hand away from both the fence and her pussy.

"What am I..?!" she grunted, a strange and dirty sensation washing over her. The heightened state of arousal vanished. She spared a glance to the door she'd seen Valda disappear through... Safe. She hurriedly scrambled back up onto her feet, finding her balance still a little off.

Smoothing back out the skirt of her jacket, she grabbed her spinning brain in a strangle hold, forcing it to focus. She looked back up. In front of her, there were six docile dogs, all but ignoring her. Behind, twelve mongrels losing their shit!

"What is going on..?" she stumbled over to the next kennel in line, holding the skirt of her jacket down protectively across her sex. This dog was going nuts just like the rest on this side.



"Sit!" yelled at it, testing if she still had command. Albeit unwillingly, it sat, trembling with angst just like the last. "Back!" she pointed, ordering sternly. Again it listened, though its paws scratching, dancing as it moved.

"What is with-?" Eva continued to question, but then bit her tongue as something odd caught her eye as the dog once again sat near the back of its kennel.

"Huh?" she gasped as her eyes zeroed in on something that did not belong. Something foreign to her, alien. Something threatening, blood red, shimmering in the light, with a pointed tip, criss-crossed with deep, violet veins. It shook her, filling her belly with an army of butterflies.

"Is... is that its..?" she slowly began to put two and two together.

Eva tripped back to the first kennel on the left, ordering the dog to sit, before she squatted down to peek beneath its belly. She did not notice her pussy literally dripping onto the floor. She had other things on the mind - and sure enough, poking out a good three inches from its fury sheath, was shining, thick, menacing...

Eva jerked back up, staring dazedly at the far wall of the kennel. She found it hard to breath. She looked down the line - dogs, but now all she could see was their...

She spun around, racing so fast back to the first kennel on the right that she fell against the chain-link fence. She had to call this dog to her, then told it to sit. She ducked her head down, but there was nothing to see - just the hairless patch of its belly. She glanced back behind her, seeing once again the angry horde, and beneath each and every one of them... red!

She went down the line on this opposite side, to each dog, calling and commanding them to sit, though finding nothing there. 'Could it be?'

There was no denying it. Eva looked to the closed door Valda had passed through. She stalled.

"What?" Eva said to herself. "You gonna go crying for help?!" she bit. "They're just dogs!" she squashed the butterflies roiling her stomach.

She was human. They were dogs. This was just some kind of... she didn't know what to call it, but the idea that they wanted her - in that way - was absolutely preposterous!

Eva picked herself back up, taking hold of the situation. She marched over, angrily scooped out a yield of dog food, and "Get back!" she screamed at the dog, pointing towards the back of the kennel. The dog scrambled beneath her ire. They were just stupid animals! She had nothing to fear.

Confident and without hesitation, Eva lifted the latch, swung open the gate, and with her eyes burning a mad fury into the scared beast, she stomped over to its bowl. She took her eyes off of him to drop its food.

"NO!" she screamed as he bolted for her.

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"Get... back! You... mother! Fucker!" she screamed at him, scooting back on her ass, using her legs to kick and keep him at bay as she reached for the gate. Slingshotting it closed, she scrambled over onto her hands and knees, ramming her shoulder against it, and threw down the latch.

"FUCK!" she cried. With the last of her energy depleted, she collapsed again, rolling onto the flat of her back in the middle of the aisle.

Her arms and legs were sprawled out like a star, too weak to move. The buttons of her coat had been busted loose from their slits. The two halves now laid crumpled and fanned out beside her. She was once again out of breath, her entire, naked body soaked with sweat. She stared absently at the ceiling.

That dog... She had cum. There was no use in denying it. She had cum harder than she ever had in her life. When that dog had attacked her, she had fallen again, and found herself too weak to fight him off. He had lapped deliriously at her cunt, raking her with orgasm after orgasm after orgasm.

He had tried... Eva shook the images from her mind. She had barely made it out of that kennel with her life. Had that dog just tried to..? 'Was it even possible..?' she questioned. She took another moment to gather her breath and allow some smidgen of her strength to return.

"Ungh!" she winced as she rolled onto her side, picking herself up on an elbow to look over her stinging hips. There, Eva found her answer. There, Eva found a trail of angry red whelps from the dog's claws scratched up and down her bare hips. That fucking dog had just tried to... 'to fuck me!'

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Valda was leaned back, sprawled out, sweating and panting herself in the chair of her secret office, coming back down from her own, intense climax. Her coat was likewise fanned out around her, the buttons of her blouse ripped open, her bra pulled beneath her heaving tits. Only the end of her red and pink dildo was left sticking out her cunt, the tennis ball-sized knot stuck up inside her.

She came back to life, leaning forward in her seat as she watched Eva pick herself up off the floor on the screen.

Eva wobbled, nearly falling back over. Valda became tense, scooting to the edge of the chair as she watched with baited breath as to what would happen next.

Eva stalled, first folding her coat back over herself. She just... stood there, as if confused. She looked down. She buttoned back up her coat. She looked to the dogs. She did... nothing.

Valda turned and looked to the closed door as Eva did. "No..." she begged the girl. She scowled as Eva began to trip towards it.

But then... Eva stopped. She looked back to the dogs, her face visibly hardening. Valda saw the girl's lips move, but it wasn't loud enough for the mike's of her cameras to pick up. Eva turned and started back to the bin of dog food. "Yes! Keep going!" Valda pleaded, her pussy gushing out around the dildo stuffed up her.

But she had no sooner said this than Eva stopped again. "Come on! You can do it!" Valda encouraged her.

As if unsure of herself, daunted, Eva turned back to the door. She tripped all the way to it. Valda's heart sank as Eva tried the handle, finding it locked. She lifted her fist, prepared to knock. Valda frowned. But... the knock never came. Valda spun back to her screens.

Eva was making her way back to the bin. "That's my girl!" Valda cheered as Eva pulled it to the next kennel, the dog going crazy inside it! "Give yourself to them! You dirty, dirty girl! You know you

want it!"

Valda watched Eva toss the dog food right through the chain-link gate without opening it. Valda grimaced as Eva moved on to the next and did the same. And then the next, and the next, until all the dogs were fed and she had not opened a single other gate.

"You stubborn girl!" Valda cursed her. "Time for plan B..." she was not giving up. Not yet.

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Chapter Five: Money Making

"I'm very sorry..." Valda offered. "Do you not have any other clothes with you?" Having rummaged through the girl's backpack only last night, she already knew the answer.

"Are you fucking kidding me?!" Eva held up her shrunken tank top and shorts. They were now hardly large enough to fit a child! "No!" she fumed. "I DON'T have any others!"

"Oh..." Valda played coy. "I'd be more than happy to lend you some of my own."

Eva eyed the woman angrily, like she'd enjoy nothing more than punching this stupid bitch right in the face! But then... she let her anger go, swallowing it. Popping off wouldn't get her anywhere. She needed the Bergers more than they needed her. She had to keep her cool.

"You're not exactly my size," Eva seethed through clenched teeth. Valda being much taller than the girl, it was just the answer the older woman was hoping for.

"I'm so sorry, dear! I'll send Adolf to town first thing in the morning to buy you some new ones!" Valda made a promise she had no intention of keeping.

"Whatever," Eva huffed. "I - I just..." she was exhausted. Her little run in with the dogs had left her totally depleted and off kilter. "I need a nap."

"Take as long as you need, dear. I'll let the dogs out and tend to their stalls. I've had a large order come in though, and will need your help this afternoon," Valda said as Eva made her way up to the loft.

With her mind spinning from this morning's "activities," it was only after Eva had dropped her little coat on the floor and crawled into bed that she was able to process what Valda had said. "Large order?" she mumbled to herself, confused, before drifting off to sleep.

Valda stood in the middle of the living room, smiling deviously, quite pleased with herself. Her initial plan had not worked entirely as she had intended it to, but so far, so good. Eva had gotten her first taste. There was still Plan B.

Valda had come to the conclusion that the scent she'd sprayed in the kennels and on Eva's coat, that of a bitch in heat, was perhaps a little too forthcoming. It had worked initially, but Eva had proven herself too stubborn and smart for the trap, and Valda did not want to press the girl too hard, less she chance ruining it all. She would let the air clear, and the dogs calm back down before moving on to her next sinister plot.

Having personally gone through the girl's belongings and discovering what little she had on her,

Valda knew that not only did Eva not have any other spare clothes, but also that the girl did not have a cent on her. No money. No passport. No cell phone. Just a few trifle items, a pocket knife, and a little black book filled with names, addresses, and telephone numbers. No tourist traveled like this. Eva was in some sort of trouble, penniless, and Valda planned to exploit it for all that it was worth.

She went to the kitchen, made a sandwich with chips, and left it on the table with a note for Eva to meet her in the kennels when she was finished.

Eva jerked awake, bouncing up in her bed, prepared to shove the beast off of her! But... no one was there. She found herself panting and sweating again. It had just been... a dream.

"What the fuck..?!" she cursed, shaking the images of that dog licking her cunt and trying to fuck her again from her mind. What a fucked up dream!

Eva crawled out of bed, looking for her clothes, before remembering that she did not have any. Disgruntled, she put back on that damned coat, and headed downstairs.

The house was empty. She looked to the closed bedroom door, considering plundering the house now while the coast was clear, but she just as quickly declined. Say she did find something of value, then what? She still had no way to get to town. She spotted the sandwich and chips, and hungry, had lunch.

She saw the note, but did not bother to read it until she was just about finished eating. 'Back to that damned kennel...' she loathed. No way was she going back into the stalls with those deranged animals! Eva decided that she would just have tell Valda she wanted to do something else around the farm. Confident in this, Eva marched her way back to the kennels.

Whatever confidence she had gained, quickly melted away as she stood before that ominous metal door. She tugged absently down at the hem of her coat, pulling it as low as she could get it, wishing desperately that she had some pants on underneath.

"This is stupid," she said aloud as she realized what she was doing. "They're just dogs!" she reached for the knob.

Eva loosed a heavy sigh of relief as she opened the door, and was not hit by all the dogs' crazed antics and barking. They... they were all just laying there now, both the males and the females. Eva began to regain her lost self-assurance as she stepped inside.

Valda was no where in sight. A few the dogs lifted their heads lazily to inspect the disturbance. A few more got up to walk to their gates - but none were going ape shit like earlier. Her mind now free, Eva remembered what Valda had told her earlier, "a large order?"

'What was that old bat talking about? Was she selling off some of these mutts?' Eva pondered as she approached one of the stainless steel tables, noticing something new that she hadn't seen earlier. Eight plastic jars.

"Eva!" Valda suddenly came out from that separate door, spooking her. "Just in time! How was the nap?"

"Fine," Eva shrugged, shaking her head at herself.

"Did you find the sandwich and chips I left you?"

"Yeah... thanks."

"Perfect! Now then, we've got a lot to do!" Valda started for the kennels.

"Whoa!" Eva protested as Valda went to retrieve the first Weim on the left, covering and pressing down the front of the coat over her sex. "W-what... what are you doing?!"

Valda just smiled innocently and cocked her head at the girl. "Something wrong?"

"N-no... it's just..." she felt her knees begin to shake as she looked warily upon that beast. "You're not... you're not letting him out, a-are you..?" Eva had no more than said it, than she became disgusted with herself. 'Little sniveling bitch, shut the fuck up!' she hardened herself once more.

"What's gotten into you?" Valda chuckled, before disregarding Eva's antics and opened the gate, calling to the dog. "Fritz, heel!"

Regardless of her attempts, Eva still jumped as the large dog came out his pen, but... he looked to her, his nose sniffing in her direction, but did not charge her or try to rape her. Obediently, the dog followed at his master's side to the edge of the table that held the plastic jars.

"Did everything go okay this morning?" Valda looked on curiously. "You seem... nervous?"

"Yeah!" Eva spouted back a little too forcefully. She did not like being talked to like this - like a child. "It - it's fine," she battled to reign in her nerves. The dog was sniffing the air more intently now, nosing her coat, but... 'Everything's fine,' Eva reassured herself.

"You said you had some big order or something?" the girl changed the subject.

"Yes!" Valda said. "And I am so glad to have your help! I need to get it out today and I still have a ton of paperwork to finish up!" Valda said as she picked up one of the jars. "I'll get you started, but then I'm afraid I'll have to leave you to it. The papers have to be ready to be shipped with them."

"V-Valda... look, I'm sorry, but..." Eva did not like the idea of being left alone with these dogs once again. She was about to tell her that she wanted to go help Adolf or something, but then... that damned foolish look from Valda. She couldn't stand it. She stopped herself.

"You were saying something, dear?" Valda asked.

"Never mind," Eva dropped it. Whatever. 'They're just dogs,' she kept up the mantra.

"Alright then. Here, first you'll need one of the jars," Valda gave her the one in her hand. "Come around here so you can see," Valda guided her to the side of the dog as she rolled up her sleeves. She then had Eva kneel down with her as she hugged one arm around the dog's haunches, reaching beneath his belly with the other.

"Whoa!" Eva guffawed as she watched with her own two eyes, Valda take hold of the dog's dangling sheath and pull it back, revealing that dangerous, red pointed tip beneath. "What the fuck are you doing?!"

Valda, still holding the dog's sheath, looked up to her peculiarly, as if Eva were the odd one and that what she was doing was nothing out of the ordinary.

"I'm a breeder, Eva," Valda laughed, as if amused by Eva's bashfulness. "My dogs are in high demand. Other breeders will use their semen to artificially inseminate their bitches," she said if it were all so simple.

"Semen?! You mean..." Eva stumbled. "You're actually about to... with a dog?!" she put it all together.

"Hahaha!" Valda laughed at her. "Masturbate him? Yes. It's all very clinical, Eva. Not to worry, I'll show you how to collect the sample."

"Wait..." Eva jerked up and tripped back a step. "You don't actually expect me to..?" she couldn't even begin to fathom.

"Yes," Valda said to Eva quite simply. "These are champion breeds, and I have to finish the registration to accompany the samples. I would show you how to do the paperwork, but I'm afraid that would take far too long. Like I said, I need to get this order out today."

"No fucking way!" Eva put her foot down. This was sick!

"Eva," Valda scolded her. "There is no reason to be so immature about it!" Valda began, but Eva was shaking her head fervently 'No!' Time to play her next card.

"Look, I really need your help, and..."

"No! No way!"

"If you'd let me finish..." Valda carried on. Eva was silent. "If you'd be willing to help me out, I'll make it worth your while. Their semen is extremely valuable, and I know you weren't expecting any wage, but I'd be willing to split the proceeds with you if you could do this for me."

"I - I'm not going to..." Eva started, but then stopped, becoming distracted. Valuable? "Wait... split the proceeds?" she didn't mean to, she wasn't - couldn't possibly consider such a thing, but the words just came out, her greed taking over.

"Yes," Valda said. "I think that's fair. I sell each sample for two hundred Euro."

"Two hundred Euro?!" Eva guffawed. "For a little dog cum?!"

"For their semen," Valda chuckled, shaking her head as she corrected the girl. "And yes, two hundred Euro."

"That's like..." she looked to the jars, doing the math.

"Eight hundred for you, dear," Valda summed it for her.

"Just for wanking off these dogs?!"

"For collecting their semen," Valda again corrected her, eyeing the girl peculiarly.

"Geez..." Eva breathed. That was a lot of cash.

"It's very simple. I'll show you how to do it with Fritz here, and then there will just be seven more to go."

Eva could not believe how nonchalant Valda was about this, but she took her at her word. This was a kennel and Valda was a breeder after all. With the promise of cold hard cash – cash she was in great need of... Eva did not yet agree, but she did not say no either. Eva nodded for Valda to carry on.

“Thank you! You do not know how much of a help this will be!” Valda gleamed, before looking back down beneath the dog. “Come closer so you can see,” Valda drew her in.

“Canines’ penises are different from a man’s,” she began Eva’s education. “Their penises essentially remain hard, but retract and extend out of the sheath depending on if they are aroused or not,” Eva watched Valda pull back on it, producing the dog’s cock once more. “They literally have a bone... well, in their boner,” Valda laughed at her own joke. Eva did not find it so funny. Valda carried on.

“You will need to rub it back and forth to goad out the penis,” Valda demonstrated. Eva looked on in awe as, sure enough, the dog’s veined shaft began to lengthen, extending out its sheath.

“So I have to... to get it hard?” Eva asked. Valda grimaced at her choice of language.

“Once you’ve worked enough of him out, you will then want to take his penis in hand,” Valda slid her hand down, taking its cock in her fist.

‘Want to? Bullshit!’

“Don’t you have some gloves or something for this?” Eva asked. Valda just laughed at her as she began pumping the dog’s cock.

“Why are you..?!” Eva spouted as Valda reached down with her other hand to begin massaging the dog’s dangling balls.

“It helps the process go faster,” Valda explained. Eva spared a glance to the beast. He appeared to be in pure heaven – men! Play with their cocks a little, and they’d become putty in your hands! She looked back to its grotesque cock, mesmerized by the sight of this woman jacking it off – reminding herself that this was a dog, and not a man.

And the dog’s cock kept growing, reaching out a full eight, nine inches, and swelled to over an inch, maybe two inches thick. Most men could only wish they were so lucky!

“Do you see his knot forming at the base?” Valda asked Eva, working him over now at a feverish pace. With her jaw hanging to the floor, Eva could only nod as she noticed and stared upon it. This was something... different?

“It will grow to be more than twice the girth of his penis. The stud will use this to tie himself with his bitch. Once he feels it enter her, he will then begin to ejaculate, and the knot will seal his penis and sperm inside until he is finished, increasing the chances of impregnation,” Valda remained professional about it all.

Eva couldn’t believe what she was witnessing! Indeed, she could see the dog’s obscene knot ballooning outwards to the size of an orange!

“To simulate the tie so that the stud will begin to ejaculate, you will want to use your free hand to hold him tightly behind his knot, and begin to massage it while you continue to masturbate him,” Valda did just that.

Eva felt an odd sensation sweep over her. This was all so crazy! She was watching another woman

wank off a dog! A dog with a bizarre, strange looking dick! And this woman was acting as if it were all so normal! Eva was crossing over into an alternate universe!

"Eke!" Eva jumped. Her face had mindlessly wandered to just inches from him. Quick, successive spurts of a thin, clear liquid suddenly erupted from the tip of the dog's cock!

"Eva! The jar!" Valda went into overdrive, jacking his cock with a rapid fury, her fist moving in a blur as her other hand gripped firmly about his knot, squeezing and massaging it! The dog even began to whine as his hips started to buck!

"He's cumming?!" Eva asked in amazement, watching the continuing spurts splatter onto the concrete.

"It's just the pre-cum, but yes!" Valda herself was getting worked up. "The jar!" she had to remind the girl.

"Oh... right!" Eva pulled herself out of her trance, and produced the jar below the dog's tip, trying to catch the coming jets.

"It - it's so hot!" she guffawed as his cock flopped around, some of his cum squirting right across her bare hand holding the jar. A dog was cumming on her hand, and Eva did not so much as think twice about how gross only minutes ago she would have found this to be.

"Yes! Hold the jar higher, over his tip!" Valda guided her, and Eva obeyed. Rapidly, Fritz's spurts were becoming thicker and heavier and more abundant.

"He's filling it!" Eva astounded.

"You're doing well, just hold it there!" Valda fisted the animal's cock with all she had. And little by little, the spurts kept coming, and the jar kept filling.

"Err!" the dog whined with pleasure, his hips thrusting into Valda's hand.

"That's it, Fritz! Good boy!" Valda doted upon her beast. Eva watched as he blasted load after massive load into the jar.

"Oh my gawd!" Eva cried, unaware her pussy growing wet. The jar became full, and ran back over onto her hand. Valda let go the dog's cock.

There was a long, awkward pause after Fritz, fully sated, showed himself back to his kennel to lick his own cock clean. Eva... Eva was holding the jar up, only inches from her entranced orbs, watching the opaque liquid swirl within. Valda reclined back on her heels, wiping her hands on her coat, watching the girl. Perfect.

"Very good, thank you," Valda eventually interrupted, taking the jar from her and screwing on its lid. She placed the jar on the table and handed Eva a new one as the girl slowly crawled up onto her feet. Eva had to brace herself, her balance a little unsteady... hoping Valda had not noticed that.

"I need to get started on the paperwork. Do you think you can handle it from here?"

Eva, looking off into the distance, did not exactly answer her, but clutched the empty jar close to her chest.

"Thank you," Valda took that as a yes. "I'll check on you as soon as I can," she promised, before

disappearing back behind that closed door, leaving little Eva alone with all the dogs yet again... with seven more jars to fill.

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## **Chapter Six: The Truth**

A trail of clothes led from the door to Valda's chair in her office: shoes, coat, pants, blouse, panties and bra. Fully naked, Valda watched Eva with the dogs with ever increasing anticipation. Her plan was working. Three dogs down, and she knew - she hadn't been wrong about the girl, she was naughty by nature.

Eva was becoming more and more confident in her task with each dog. She did not display that same timidity with the second as she had with the first, and by the third, there was no hesitation whatsoever as she began to stroke him off.

What's more, though the scent Valda had sprayed in the kennel had long since dissipated, it was still very much laden across Eva's coat. Each dog could smell it. Each dog sniffed at her eagerly as she retrieved them from their kennels, though Eva had denied each of their advances in turn. One after the other though, the spectacle was growing, and Valda knew it was only a matter of time.

Valda could see it on the girl's face, read it in her body language. Eva was getting turned on by what she was doing. Beneath that coat, Eva's pussy was growing wetter and wetter with each passing dog, her own husky scent being coupled with that of the one on her smock. With the stimulation she was providing them, each dog grew more animated and aggressive as Eva carried on.

As the first dog tried to shove his snout beneath Eva's coat to get at her pussy, Valda had watched the girl angrily swat him away. She had to shout and kick and shove at him to get him back in his kennel once she was done collecting his cum. After the third, Eva was jumping and skipping away from him, almost flirting with the dog.

Valda prepared herself as Eva stood before the fourth dog's gate, the girl glancing several times back at the closed door, looking hesitant. This was it! Something more was bound to happen! She pulled out her mock dog dildo, and then after first contemplating, a black rubber butt-plug. She scooted down in her seat, kicking her legs up over the armrests. She slowly began to work it into her ass as she waited and watched!

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"Okay..." Eva said more to herself than to the dog. "Your turn..." she slowly lifted the latch and let out the beast. She was not surprised as the dog lunged right for her. She expected it. She was prepared for it.

"Oh!" she gasped, catching his head as it swept up beneath her skirt, his tongue catching her sex. "Gawd!" she cried aloud as it split her folds.

"Come on!" she did not fight him, knowing that was a losing battle, but instead battled against the electric shock he sent coursing through her, and turned and skipped towards the table. The dog followed her in quick pursuit.

Eva could feel her inner thighs rubbing slick together. Her pussy was drenched, running down her legs. She'd never been this wet in her life! But... Eva refused her mind from following the path her body was venturing.

'They're dogs... It's just a job... Eight hundred Euro...' had become her constant mantra, forcing out the images playing through her corrupt mind. But she was so fucking horny it hurt!

"Hold on!" Eva shouted at the dog as he scrambled up behind her, lapping at her bare ass as she retrieved the next jar. Just four more to go...

But Eva stopped. As if curious as to what would happen, as if she didn't already know what the dog would do, she reached back, hiked up her skirt, and pulled open the cheeks of her ass.

"GAWD!" she cried wantonly as his tongue swabbed first her pussy, then over her puckered asshole.

"That fucking tongue!" She'd meant it as only a test, but found herself lingering as he burrowed into her taut, brown hole.

"Ungh!" she grunted, falling over the table, scooting out her feet and stretching her ass open even wider. It felt sooo good!

"Wha'..? NO!" she yelled at him as his tongue left her, and he tried climbing up her hips.

"Just wait! You're going to get yours!" she slurred to him, pushing him away, as she dropped down to his side. "Oh!" she exclaimed. The dog's cock was already hanging out a good five inches, ready to go. He was still trying to get at her.

"Hold still!" she quickly latched onto his cock with her fist. The dog froze. "See?" she began stroking him, amazed by how much these animals behaved like men.

Eva went through the motions, wanking him, massaging his balls, grabbing hold of his knot and squeezing it as it began to bloom.

"Err!" the dog whined in appreciation.

"You like that?!" she pumped him harder and faster, watching with awe his visible response to her efforts. In no time at all, she felt his hips begin to thrust, and then that throbbing pulse shoot through its dick. Eva looked beneath him. Sure enough, he was cumming.

Her mind suddenly went blank. Every sane, tangible thought escaping her. She stared with wonderment upon that magnificent cock, at his pointed, dangerous tip, losing herself within the maze of never ending veins. She licked at her lips as she watched his cum jetting out, wasted upon the concrete floor. Not realizing what she was doing, nor why she was doing it, Eva let go his knot. She reached with her now free hand, palm up and open, and pumped his cum right across her hand and fingers.

She jumped. It was so hot. She allowed him to coat her hand and fingers entirely, before she stopped what she was doing all together, and lifted her now soiled paw to her face, inspecting it. Runny and clear. She sniffed it. It didn't really smell like anything. She stuck out her tongue and tasted it. Salty. Definitely cum, but not as bitter as a man's.

The dog's begging whines brought her back to reality. Eva blushed as she finally realized what she'd just done. With the salty taste still on her tongue, Eva quickly finished him off, filling the jar.

She sprinted to his cell with the dog chasing her. She ran inside, doing a quick circle, fooling him, and slipped back out, slamming the gate closed and set the latch. Smiling, quite pleased with her cleverness, she moved on from the Weims to the fifth, an Alsatian.

"And what's your problem, huh?" Eva taunted the dog as he paced anxiously back and forth before his gate. "Want your big cock wanked too?!" she was having fun with it, teasing the dog like she would some stupid boy. "Maybe I'll just skip you and go on to your friend, hmm?" she made as if to move on.

"Err!" the dog cried pathetically, barking and begging her.

"Hahaha! Boys! You are all so predictable!" she came back to him. "Sit!" she turned stern, commanding him. He sat, though looking like he was about to burst.

"What's wrong? You want some of this?" Eva lifted the hem of her coat, parting the two slats, revealing her swollen and wet pussy to the dog on the other side of the gate.

With the bottom of her coat flipped back, Eva noticed for the first time the sloppy stitching and loose thread. It looked like some amateur seamstress had just thrown this together, or altered...

"Errr!" the dog cried, eyeing her crotch. He made to jump up, drawing Eva's attention back to the matter at hand.

"Nah-ah-ah!" she denied him. "Sit!" the dog sat back down. "Stay!" she ordered, before slowly lifting the latch, ensuring that the dog would obey.

"Staaay..." she left open the gate, standing in front of the exit. The dog was crying and yelping as if he were being tortured. "Staaay...." Eva relished in the power she wielded over him, wondering how far she could push it. "Staaaay..." she lifted back up the skirt of the coat, tormenting the poor dog, but he held.

"Staaaay..." she kept repeating, shifting out her feet, spreading her legs and pushing out her groin. The dog was losing his mind! Valda had them well trained. That, or...

"What a stupid fucking-" Eva did not get to finish. The dog broke and bolted for her, slamming into her, sending her crashing onto her back.

Her head having popped on the concrete floor, seeing stars, it took her a moment to regain her senses. And then... Fire!

She could hear the sloppy lapping reverberating about the hard room. Her whole body convulsed with the ripples of ecstasy shooting up and down her. She could feel his furry head between her legs. She could feel the strength of his tongue opening her up, dragging across her pussy and clit. Lying on her back, legs spread, she knew what was happening, but... she did - could not fight it.

"Gaawd!" she moaned, her mind reeling. Eva reached down and grabbed hold of her legs just behind the knees. Not realizing what she was doing, Eva hauled her legs and bent knees higher, spread eagle into the air.

"You like that?!" she groveled, lifting her head to watch as the dog ate out her cunt. Dog...

"Hey!" she yelled at him, snapping back out of it. The dog looked up to her, his tongue now lapping eagerly at his drooling chops. Eva was amazed by how well behaved they were.

"I asked you a question!" she taunted him, holding her position, pussy still open and vulnerable, tempting him. The dog cocked his head.

"Sit!" she told him, testing her control. The dog sat.

Eva dropped her head, looking back at the table holding the jars. She paused. She was so damn horny. She had not forgotten the insane orgasm one of the other dogs had given her only this morning with that damned tongue. She considered allowing this one to finish what he'd started, but as horny as she was... she just couldn't – she couldn't forget that this was a dog.

"Stay!" she told him as she let go her legs and crawled back up onto her feet. "Come on, lets get this over with!" she exhaled deeply, shaking off the goosebumps over her.

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"Cool it, would you! Goddamn!" Valda listened and watched the young girl on her monitor as the last and final dog nosed her rear as she reached for the jar.

Valda was busily fucking herself with her dildo, ramming the mock knot against her swollen pussy lips, picturing the young girl on her hands and knees beneath one of her dogs, taking the real thing.

Just below it, only a black rubber nub could be seen sticking out her ass. Valda had hoped for more by now, but things were moving in the right direction. It was still only the first day.

After her little experiment with the sixth dog had gone too far, Eva had retracted, and had completely denied the seventh dog, displaying her full dominance over him with stern commands. She had still jerked him off into the jar, but had not allowed him to come anywhere close to her wet, needy pussy.

Valda watched as Eva dropped to her knees before the dog, stroking its head, preparing to begin. Four Weims, two Alsations, and one Doberman down, this was the eighth and final dog. Valda had already accepted that she would just have to be patient, but then... Valda froze with her dildo buried up inside. Eva spared a glance back to the closed door that led to Valda's secret room and office. Valda knew that look – mischief!

"That's a girl! You know you want it!" Valda slurred at the monitor as she watched Eva turn back to the dog, and then set the jar aside.

"Yes!" she cried triumphantly, as Eva shifted her legs and dropped back onto her ass.

"Stay..." Valda heard Eva tell the dog as she positioned herself on her back, before carefully folding back the slats of her coat. She then slowly repeated her position earlier, lifting her legs into the air. The dog, though anxious, awaited obediently.

Sparing one final glance towards that door to ensure the coast was clear, Eva then released one leg momentarily to pat her pussy, before grabbing hold of it again, and spread both as high and wide as she could above her!

Valda jumped up out of her seat! Finally! Eva was giving herself over to them! She watched the dog devour the young girl's pussy, excited as the girl writhed with ecstasy upon the floor. She sung as she listened to her moan and groan with unbridled lust! Valda herself glanced at that closed door.

She contemplated. She could go out there right now, and catch her in the middle of the act! She could join her, guide her, teach the girl the pleasure of a dog! But... what if she scared her? What if she ruined everything?! Valda was at a crossroads.

If necessary, she reasoned that he could try and blackmail her... she had her on camera! But... she had only just met this girl, but she knew that Eva was not one to fall for such a threat. The girl would dare her to go ahead and try, just out of spite. She was too headstrong. Valda decided she would just have to let the girl progress at her own pace. No point in ruining a good thing. Valda retook her seat back in the chair, and enjoyed the show.

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Eva was seeing stars again. She had never, ever known... gawd it was amazing! She had cum three, four - she couldn't count how many times! And these weren't just your usual "wham bam thank you ma'ams."

Her whole body was tingling, flying! She'd just been cast to the most extreme heights of pleasure a human being could ever know. And from a dog!

She was lost on cloud nine. As she slowly came back down, she could feel something wet and slobbery licking her face. She came to realize that it was the dog. He was now standing over her, his back paws between her spread legs, his front straddling her on either side next to her slumped tits.

"H-hey..." she panted, pursing her lips, trying to twist her face out of his direct line of fire. She didn't have enough breath left to gather the words to order him to stop.

Eva let go her legs to try and push him off, but she was so weak. "S-st..." she just couldn't get there.

She then felt a foreign warmth spreading across her belly, a liquid soaking into her coat. She could feel him moving, jerking atop her. Still dazed and out of it from her insane orgasms, she struggled to lift her head to see what was going on.

The dog was crouched over her, humping the air. She didn't miss the bright red tint of his cock, fully extended, reaching out for her. And then... the dog was shooting his cum, right over her belly!

Without the wherewithal left to stop and think of what she was doing, as if being drawn to it like a moth to the flame, Eva reached for him with both her hands. She took him in her grasp and formed her hands around his thrusting shaft, allowing the dog to hump them like he would a bitch's pussy.

Feeling his cock connect, wrapped in flesh, something warm and tight, the Doberman went wild! He really started to get into it, thrusting harder and faster, fucking her hands. Laying beneath him and getting a firsthand view, Eva became entranced by his gusto, and wanting to return the favor, she squeezed him even tighter, reaching back with one hand to take hold of his knot.

"Get it!" she encouraged him.

As the dog pumped faster, dancing between her legs, his quick spurts rapidly becoming thicker and heavier, squirting all the way up onto her breasts. Eva did not stop as his cum began to coat her chest, drenching her tits in his spunk!

The beast humped harder, jumping up over her waist. She could hardly keep a grip on him, he was jack-hammering her fists so hard!

"That's it!" His cock grew closer and larger as he danced up her. She felt his searing bursts squirting onto her neck, and then onto her chin, and then... as his hind legs were now near her tits, she felt his cum pelting her cheeks and lips and face.

She didn't even try to move out of its way. She was so close, so enamored by the magic of it, that she hardly stopped to blink, even after his stinging cum splattered into her wide, open eyes.

Eva, she... she licked at her lips, savoring the taste of the dog's hot, sweet jizz spread over her slightly parted mouth. It fueled her. Eva wrenched them open, holding them as wide as she could as she clamped down on his knot with one hand, and began pumping his cock as fast as she could, meeting his rapid thrusts with the other. She aimed him, milking his sweet nectar right into her open, awaiting mouth.

His cum washed across her tongue, igniting her taste buds. It pooled in the back of her mouth and she swallowed. It pooled and she swallowed. Thicker, heavier, more pungent, it pooled and she swallowed, loving and getting off on every second of it!

She tugged at him, pulling him closer while lifting her head. Drawn by an uncontrollable desire, her forming, reaching lips weren't even an inch from the tip of his spurting cock. She wanted it. She wanted him. She wanted that cock in her mouth, to taste, to savor him fully. To give him the full pleasure that he had so gratefully given her!

And then the Doberman tensed up, drawing hard once, twice, three times, filling Eva's mouth full with an extremely thick load of his cum. So full that it was running over her chin before she had time to swallow it. The tip of his cock brushed over her curled lips, and then... he was gone. The dog abruptly pulled out of her grasp, dismounted her, and began to lick his cock clean. He was finished.

Reality. Eva just laid there for another full minute, panting, trying to come to terms with what had just happened... what had almost happened. She had almost had a dog's cock in her mouth! She had almost just sucked a dog off! And she knew - deny it all she wanted - she had wanted it!

Eva realized her mouth was full, slowly drooling. She swallowed. Terrible. Only after the fact, did she recognize the fact that she was drinking was dog cum.

She looked down. She was covered in it! She could feel her whole face plastered with the mess! She could feel it in her hair! It slowly dripped from her chin and jaw line down onto her chest! She could see her nipples. Her coat was soaked right through!

Her head jerked towards the door! She released a sigh of relief. She had not yet been discovered. Eva scrambled up onto her feet. The empty jar was still on the floor. She forgot it as she raced, tripping and stumbling as she went, making a mad dash for the house.

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Eva waited in bed patiently, pretending to be asleep, until she heard Ben's heavy breathing turn into snores. It was late now, after midnight.

"Ben?" she whispered. "Ben?!"

Nothing. Satisfied, she carefully peeled back the covers, and tip-toed over to the computer. She was dressed in an old tee of Adolf's that had the sleeves cut out, the large, massive holes showing a great deal of her side-boobs.

What a day! First thing, after having fled from the kennel before anyone saw her, Eva had dove into the shower, kennel coat and all.

She had stepped out in a towel to find Valda awaiting her. The older woman made no mention of the

final, missing jar, and Eva could only assume she had finished it herself.

Instead, Valda had provided her with this shirt and a pair of Adolf's boxers, which didn't come close to fitting her, so she hadn't bothered trying to put them on. Valda had thanked her profusely yet again, and promised her the cash in the morning, as well as some new clothes.

Eva put the day to rest as she fired up the computer, and opened its search engine. She had a plan, and a good one at that!

At two hundred bucks a pop, Eva could steal all the cash she needed, and unlike jewelry or the TV, none would be the wiser. In a matter of no time, she could have all she needed to move on and be back on her own again. What she needed now though, was to figure out how to sell it.

In all her vulgarity, the clinical terms of what she was looking for weren't even in her vocabulary. Eva quickly typed in the words, "dog cum," and hit enter. The results that came back...

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Chapter Seven: Knot Fooled

"I told you!" Valda gloated triumphantly to her husband, just as soon as Ben had made it out the front door and they were alone.

Eva had woken up early, and had met Valda downstairs to help with breakfast. The older woman did not miss that the younger was in a particularly cheery mood this morning, considering her normal, sour self.

Eva had explained that she wanted to get an early start with the chores, as she had a full day planned out. Valda did not question her, harboring her own suspicions, and felt them confirmed as Eva excused herself from breakfast before anyone else was through.

"That little slut can't wait to get some more of that dog cock!" Valda had already shared with her husband about their day in the kennel yesterday.

Valda took her sweet time with the dishes. She lingered even longer after she was through, making sure she gave Eva plenty of time for the events to unfold. She wanted to catch her in the middle of the act, not chance interrupting her from beginning it.

She crept up to the closed door of the kennels slowly, her knickers already soaking between her legs. This was all just too perfect! With her hand on the knob, she pressed her ear to the door, to see if she could hear that tell-tale sign of moaning and grunting of a girl getting fucked by a dog.

She heard... the door suddenly opened.

"Eva?!" Valda gasped, caught off guard.

"Hi, Valda," Eva said casually, smiling.

"You..?" she did not understand. She had not expected this. Valda peered around the girl to spy into the kennels, but all the dogs were put away. Had she missed it?!

"Dogs are all fed," Eva informed her. No. The girl was not flushed or disheveled as she would have

otherwise been. "I'll be back later to let them out and see to their afternoon meal."

"Oh..." Valda mumbled, suddenly finding herself a bit speechless. This was not how it was supposed to go at all.

"Eva!" Valda called after her as the girl passed her by.

"Yeah?" Eva turned back.

"The truck..." she was having to think on her feet. "Some - something seems to be wrong with it. Adolf couldn't get it started this morning. He's working on it now..." she lied. "I'll send him to town for your clothes as soon as its fixed!" she couldn't let Eva out of that coat and into more concealing clothes until the girl'd sealed the deal. She was pushing it, bracing herself for an angry response, but...

"That's okay. Thanks anyways," Eva said, quite out of character, before turning once again to wander off in her tiny little kennel coat, hips rolling and fine ass jiggling beneath.

Valda... just stood there, watching her go. She did not understand.

'Plan... C?' she wondered to herself, thinking if she had any more tricks up her sleeve.

"Can I help you with something?" Adolf stood, his large frame filling the doorway of his shed.

"Oh!" Eva spun around from the work bench, blocking what she was working on. "I was just borrowing some of your tools... hope you don't mind?" she pulled back her shoulders, pushing out her cleavage, hoping to distract the man from what was behind her.

"My tools?" he carried on with what he'd come in here for, going over to his tool box to fish out a set of sockets.

"Yes," Eva said. "Making Valda a little thank you present," she smiled innocently. "You know, for being so kind to me."

"That so..." Adolf said passively, as if uninterested, still digging around his tool chest. "Just make sure you put them back from where you find them. That damn woman..." he trailed off, mumbling under his breath, only half committed to their short conversation.

"Get the truck running?" Eva searched for something else to say as their silence drew out.

"Hmm..." Adolf picked up a wrench, studying it, before shaking his head and tossing it back in. "The truck? Something wrong with it?" he huffed.

"No..." Eva showed no surprise. "Never mind," she waited for him to leave.

Eventually finding all that he came in here for, Adolf looked up to spare the young girl a glance, taking advantage of the view. Eva indulged him, still holding out her chest, the coat's buttons and collar straining to contain her big tits. He smiled appreciatively, taking his time in looking her up and down, before giving her a wink and set back out without another word said.

Valda stood on her porch smoking a cigarette. It was a terrible habit, she knew, but she was unreasonably nervous at the moment.

It wasn't as if Eva's participation was essential. Valda had run her kennel for eight years now by herself, only intermittently having been able to hire some help with the training, and even more seldomly with the showings. Wasn't every day you found a willing employee for her kind of business, and even then, those girls had been nothing more than cheap street hookers with a bad drug habit.

But... it could also make all the difference. Valda had never had a potential buyer leave without making an obscenely expensive purchase after seeing a proper demonstration of what her dogs could really do. She often performed the shows herself, but at forty-three, she wasn't what she used to be, and it always seemed to weaken her bargaining power after they had seen her degraded so.

A strong showing could make the difference of thousands of Euro, and right now, that money counted. She turned a good profit off her dogs, but buyers were few and far between. Land wasn't cheap in Germany, not to mention all the other animals and feed, the kennel and everything else they'd built. With the mortgage, bills, and taxes, it all added up, and she'd been putting off opening the stack of letters from the bank.

She had the potential for a very lucrative business, but Valda needed an edge. She had the capacity to sell more. She knew the right circles, the clientele. But... the missing link?

What she needed, was someone young. Skinny. Sexy. Erotic. A seductive temptress with huge tits and a big, round, plump ass to be seen getting hammered by her dogs. Someone driven, naughty, dirty like her. Someone that wouldn't be afraid, that would howl like the bitch she was as her beasts fucked her, putting on a real show! Marketing.

What she needed, was a girl like... Eva. It had been fate that this girl had been delivered to her, here and now in her moment of need. Valda believed it. She just had to make it work!

Two days. Valda had just two days. It being Thursday, on Saturday, she had one of her biggest auctions yet, six prospective buyers, all with deep pockets. She could clear an entire year's worth of bills and more if she played her cards right, if she could just... she had a lot of ground to cover to prepare Eva before then.

Valda sipped her wine, staring out over their farm. Her farm to save. Plan C. She'd sprayed the scent in the kennels again, but not as heavy as last time. She didn't want to be too obvious about it, just enough to get them going.

For Eva, Valda had prepared a couple of bottles of wine and a bottle of chilled vodka. She didn't like it. She wasn't proud of herself for it, but the plan was to get Eva drunk, and then lead her into the kennels for their end of day chores. What happened then... she would let Eva decide.

There was just one problem. It was getting later by the minute, and she hadn't seen Eva in hours. The girl should have been back by now. What if she had missed her? What if Eva was in there now, finishing up, Valda missing her opportunity?! Nervous, Valda grabbed one of her bottles and headed to the kennels to check.

Valda sighed with disappointment as she stepped in, the door swinging closed back behind her. Eva was not here.

Something moved in her periphery, from where the door had just been. Valda didn't stand a chance. Someone was behind her, grabbing her. Their arms were beneath hers, pinning them back. Her attacker clung across her back, fighting her. A pungent, foul rag was covered across her face, across her mouth and nose.

She fought, grunting and muffled screaming. She struggled, flailing her arms back and forth, but her assailant held her in a death like grip. And then she felt light headed, her eyes rolling back. Weak. Growing weaker. She dropped the bottle in her hand, it crashing to the floor. Everything began to fade. Black. And then sleep.

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## **Chapter Eight: Tables Turned**

Valda rustled back awake, gradually pulling herself out of the strangest of dreams. Her head was light, still dazed. She had to struggle to peel open her eyes, everything white and hazy.

Her entire body ached, the pain in her knees and shoulders particularly acute. Valda came to discover she was sleeping in a very awkward position, lying prostrate, bent over her thighs and knees, her arms stretched out straight above her head. She... she couldn't remember where she was, or how she had gotten here.

"That's it, bitch! Rise and shine!" another's voice roused her.

Valda yelped as they grabbed her by the hair, and savagely yanked her forward, so that she rocked forth onto her hands and knees. She tried to lift her hands, but something tugged at her wrists, preventing her from raising them no more than three inches off the ground. She heard the jingle of metal on metal, of... chains?

"Eva?" Valda matched the voice with the fuzzy face, fluttering her heavy lids, straining to regain her vision. "Eva, what are you..?" Valda trailed off as several things accosted her at once.

First, as she gazed up, Valda spotted the girl now sitting before her on an upside down bucket, leaning towards her in a bold, intimidating posture. Eva had her elbows rested across knees, chin high, eyes burning daggers back at her.

By the way she was sitting, her legs parted, Valda did not specifically mean to, but nevertheless, caught a glance straight up the skirt of the girl's splayed coat. The glint of silvery metal attracted her eye, a stud pierced right through the girl's clit, her slit tight, her pussy bald.

Valda tried to move her hands again. She looked back down to find that her wrists were strapped by two thick, crude leather cuffs. A small chain ran from either to two large screws with eye-holes drilled right into the concrete!

She tried to move her legs, but only the same. She looked back, realizing for the first time that she was completely naked, her double-dee tits swaying freely below with her movements. Her ankles were restrained just the same as her wrists.

"You like them? Made them myself," Eva answered Valda's unspoken question. "Hope you don't mind," Valda heard the jangle of keys, looking back to Eva to see the girl rattling her set of keys right in front of her face, taunting her with them. "Found your little sex room, you sick bitch! Had I known, I wouldn't have gone through all the trouble with those!" Eva spat venomously, gesturing to Valda's makeshift bindings.

"Eva! It's not... what did you do to me?!" Valda struggled against her cuffs, but it was useless. For the first time, she realized she was in the middle of the aisle, in the middle of the kennels.

"It's a homemade recipe I know. A little diesel, some bleach, a touch of rubbing alcohol and Draino, and bam! Got yourself some chloroform!" Eva seemed proud of herself.

"You - you drugged me?!"

"Hardly!" Eva dismissed her. "Just enough to knock your ass out."

"But... why?! Why are you doing this to me?!" Valda cried.

"Oh, spare me the theatrics!" Eva shot back at her. "Madam Zuechter..." she seethed.

"Madam..?" Valda did not understand.

"That's right!" Eva declared. "Did a little searching on the internet last night. Found your website..." Eva tapped at the embroidery across her left breast.

"Oh..." was all Valda could say. Well, the girl was much smarter than she'd thought to give her credit for.

"So what?!" Eva slewed. "Thought you could turn me into one of your little bitches?! Have me raped by your dogs?! Put my pictures all over the internet?!" Eva accused her.

"No!" Valda pleaded. "No Eva, nothing like th-"

"Shut it!" Eva cut her off, scooping up a spray bottle she had her feet, squirting its mist right in Valda's unsuspecting face and babbling mouth!

"Blaghphht!" Valda choked. She hadn't seen the bottle. She hadn't seen it coming, but she knew the smell. She'd never tasted it before - it was horrid! Valda spluttered, raking her tongue over her teeth, spitting back out on the floor.

"E-Eva! It - it's not w-what you..!" Valda continued to blabber as Eva stood up, making a circle about her, angrily pumping at the bottle.

"Save it!" Eva said. Valda could hear it, feel its mist raining down upon her from head to toe, until Eva finally settled down behind her, and sprayed the scent all across her sex. That was way too much! "You're going to need your energy!" Eva toyed with her.

"What - what are you..?" Valda was still too dazed from whatever Eva had done to her, struggling to put it all together. "Oh..." Valda guffawed as Eva opened the first kennel, her intentions becoming clear.

With the scent of a bitch in heat thick in the air, all her studs were going bonkers in their pens. Fritz lunged for Eva as soon as she opened his gate, but the strong girl forcefully took command, and redirected his attention to the chained bitch prepared for him.

"Let's see how you like it!" Eva walked up, standing ominously above her, folding her arms across her chest as she waited to see what, if anything, would happen.

Fritz was no amateur, and had fucked Valda many times before. He knew exactly what he was doing. Overcome by the strong scent though, he was far more excited than Valda had ever had him, and it

scared her.

Fritz hardly spared her a lick in the face as a hello, his paws scrambling so fast, slipping across the concrete as she sprinted to get behind her.

"Aggh!" Valda chirped as Fritz shoved his snout right into her awaiting pussy. "Gawd!" she cried as he began to devour her with that glorious tongue.

"Ow!" she yelped as he wasted no time in climbing up onto her back, his claws scraping along her bare hips.

"He's really going to..." Eva's face dropped with amazement and shock. She hadn't really known what to expect, but this?! So fast?! She'd seen all the pictures, the videos last night from the websites that had popped up during her search, but to see it live, right in front of her with her own two eyes... Eva darted around behind Valda and the dog, dropping down to her knees and peering beneath to witness it first hand!

"Geez-us!" she guffawed. Fritz was humping madly atop his mistress, his long, red dog-meat already fully extended, prodding and stabbing at her as he shuffled and hopped around her legs...

"Holy! FUUGH..." Valda reeled from the intensity. "Ayiee!" She screamed her last scream.

"FUGHCK!" Eva seconded her. After only a few failed tries, Fritz found his mark, and thrust his cock right up into Valda's awaiting, unprotected cunt-hole with the force of a steam roller!

The dog went from crazed to absolutely berserk in the blink of an eye. There was nothing Valda could do to temper him, to slow him down. She just had to grit her teeth and bear it.

It was pure and utter chaos, right from the get go. Eva watched with shocked, unflinching eyes as Fritz danced behind his bitch, pounding her pussy with the speed and intensity of a jack-hammer! Eva listened to the bitch grunt and moan and shriek in rhythm with the violent staccato of their clapping flesh. She saw the bitch's tits bouncing and slapping together as the dog rapped her back and forth at a blinding pace!

"OH-UNGH-OH-AGH-GAH-UNGH-AHD!" Valda howled as the savage beast tore into her, his entire nine inches reaching back and shoving forward, thrusting in and out her pussy like the piston of a revved v12 engine! He was completely out of control, but it wasn't as if Eva was going to stop him.

Instead, Eva found herself swept up in the allure and fascination of the raw and primal mating taking place right in front of her. She fell closer. She reached for it, mesmerized by the vile, unnatural scene, placing her open hand on the woman's belly, wanting to feel - feeling the bulge of the dog's cock plunging in and out of her!

And then she saw it, just as she had seen as she had jerked all those dogs off, just as she had seen in all the pics and vids on the internet. The dog's knot began to swell. At first small, slipping in and out the bitch's cunt, causing her to yelp and squirm even louder, before it finally grew too big, and the dog had to fight and battle to thrust it back up into her. But oh how he did. Valda lunged forward, as if in attempt to escape, but there was nowhere for her to go.

"AYIEEEE!" Valda howled, her toes curling to the ceiling with a mad orgasm as her pussy swallowed him. Like a fish taking the bait, she became hooked!

Panting. The dog. Valda. Eva. Eva could only hear ringing in her ears, the percussion of the dogs'

loud barking from the kennels only background noise. She wondered if she had just cum too?

Valda certainly had. Without a doubt. Eva could see Valda's pussy foaming about the dog's shaft. She could see Fritz's balls squeezing and pulsing. He was cumming, filling Valda's womb with his doggie jizz, and Eva could see it all. So much, that she could almost feel its searing heat in her own belly.

"E-Eva..." After what felt like hours of waiting, coming back down from her extreme climax, her belly bloated and bloating, Valda finally found the strength to speak. "Eva, I - I didn't..." Valda wanted to explain, for the girl to understand.

"I really wish you'd just shut the fuck up!" Eva didn't give her the chance, picking herself back up and marched away.

"Eva?!"

Eva opened the gate to the second dog. Valda, she herself currently occupied, as her Weim, Axl, jumped aggressively at the girl, knocking her back a step, for a split second, the older woman thought Eva had been so turned on by what she'd just witnessed, that she was about to give it a try for herself! But... Valda could only be so lucky.

"Sit!" Eva quickly regained control, pushing the dog off her. "Heel!" she grabbed him by his collar and led him - or rather he led her - to just before Valda's bowed head.

"Eke!" he began lapping eagerly at the sweat running across Valda's face.

"Settle down!" Eva had to stop him from jumping the woman. 'Not yet,' anyways. "Stay!" she commanded him, squatting down to where she was beside both Valda and the dog.

Valda said nothing, could say nothing, only able to watch the events unfold. And just as she had taught the girl, Eva hooked one arm around the dog's haunches, hugging him tight, and with her other hand, without any qualms about it whatsoever, reached down to begin jerking him hard. Valda did not miss the irony. Ohhh, how the tables had turned!

"Open your mouth, bitch!" Eva commanded Valda, while still pumping her fist over the dog's cock.

Valda, she... she sighed, looking the girl directly in her eyes. If Eva wished to beat her, punish her in some way, she wasn't going to accomplish it like this. Already knowing what would come next, Valda smacked lips open with flare, wrenching her jaws as wide as she could get them, saying "Ah!" and dared Eva to do it.

Eva did not hesitate. She ringed her fingers behind the dog's knot, redirected his aim while tugging him closer to the target. Eva then shoved the dog's cock right into Valda's awaiting mouth.

"Suck it!" Eva grabbed Valda by the back of the head and forced her down, but Valda did not have to be told, did not have to be made to do it. She enjoyed it!

"Mmm!" Valda hummed enthusiastically over the dog's cock, sucking him deep, battling against her gag reflex to take him all the way into her throat.

"Gawd! You are a little dog whore, aren't you?!" Eva spouted, partly disgusted at the sight of the woman, but also partly...

Eva felt her breath becoming hot and heavy. She could not pull her eyes away. The dog began to whine with appreciation. He was loving it! Valda was obviously loving it! And Eva... she became distracted as Fritz suddenly dismounted his bitch, turning ass to ass.

"What... what's happening?!" Eva asked, her tone softer now, as if she forgot how mad she was.

"He - he's tied inside me..." Valda spat out Axl from her mouth, a long line of drool spilling onto the floor, moaning haughtily as she took pleasure in its throbbing cock. "You saw him thrust his knot into me..?" she played at the girl.

Eva just nodded, her face betraying shock.

"It's throbbing! It's soo hot! He's filling me with his cum!" Valda shared every detail.

"Oh..." Eva gasped, clutching at her chest.

"Eva..." Valda had to call her back. "A little help here?" Valda nodded to Axl, his red cock dangling right in front of her face. The dog too was looking expectantly at her, as if saying, "Could you hurry it up?!"

"Y-yeah..." Eva mumbled, reaching and lifting him back up, his cock scorching and heavy in her hand.

Valda took him between her lips again, slobbering over his tip and head as Eva continued to support his long shaft, either unwilling or unable to let go.

Her eyes transfixed, Eva watched the red, veiny meat glide in and out from between Valda's wrapped, lush lips. Eva's hand began to move, creeping at first, and then little by little, sliding further up and down, slowly jerking him off while Valda sucked him.

"Mmm!" Valda hummed, popping her lips off once more. "He's about to pull out..." she informed the girl, motioning over her shoulder at Fritz. Valda caught Axl's cock with her mouth just as Eva let go, smiling wickedly to herself as the girl rushed back around behind them.

"Gawd... it's leaking out of you!" Valda could feel the girl's finger run up her slit, pooling the dog's dripping cum in her hand.

"UHMGN!" Valda grunted over the cock in her mouth as Fritz tugged at her.

"Holy shit, I can see it!" Eva astounded as the knot stretched Valda's lips open, trying to pull free. "It's so fucking big! How can you-?" Eva did not get to finish.

"UGHNNMM!" Valda squirmed. Fritz pulled hard. And then with a loud, slurping, sucking plop, the dog's knot slipped from her cunt, followed by an insane deluge of its cum dumping out onto the floor.

"Geez-us!" Eva remarked. Valda could not see her do it, Eva herself didn't even realize she was doing it, but as the girl stared upon the woman's gaping, leaking cunt, she began to lick at her lips. She reached, her fingers beginning to explore. Valda rolled her hips, moaning softly from the stimulation.

Eva stole herself, pulling herself out of her trance, and reminded herself of why she was here. She hardened once again. Determined to punish this bitch, she stood back up, and headed to the next

kennel.

With her lips still wrapped around Axl's shaft in her mouth, Valda peered out of the corners of her eye to watch Eva pass over the next dog in line, drawing up at the fourth's. Rommel. Valda's largest Weim, larger than any of her dog's save the Great Dane.

'Would this be it?!' She had tried so hard.

Rommel quickly proved to be a handful, and Valda could see that the girl was weakening, but she did not yet give. Struggling, beating him back, Eva was eventually able to wrangle him under control, and to Valda's continued disappointment, she began leading him by his collar to her once more. Not yet. Valda braced herself for her next mating.

But... it was Eva's fingers that touched her once more, rubbing around her sloppy pussy, into her pussy, and then...

"Eva - NO!" Valda suddenly spat out the cock in her mouth, her heart lurching in her chest. She'd toyed with it with her dildos, but... "I can't! I've never! He's too big! It will hurt me!" Valda rattled off, protesting vehemently as Eva smeared her puckered asshole with fresh dog cum, pressing one, then two of her fingers right into Valda's rectum.

"Like I give a shit!" Eva denied her, revealing her resolve. The whore was lucky enough she'd taken the time to grease her shithole!

Eva slipped her fingers back out, before moving out the way. The next thing Valda knew, she had another huge dog on her back.

"EVA!" Valda cried as the dog mounted her. The girl quickly grabbed hold its already thrusting cock, and aligned it with Valda's virgin ass! "PLEASE! DON'T!"

"Whomph!" all the air seemed to get sucked out of the room. Too late.

Now this! This was what she had been after! To make this bitch squeal! And oh, did she squeal! The bitch screamed bloody murder, rattling the chains of her bindings as her whole body shook and convulsed, lunging forward to escape the pain, but having nowhere to go. And Eva... Eva held him in place, watching, waiting for him to bury it in all the way!

Valda's asshole caved inward from the force, her tight sphincter pinching hard at the dog bulbous head, battling with its all to keep him out. The dog thrust, his cock ramming into a solid wall, it bowed in her hand, but he did not quit. Pushing harder, its pointed tip narrow, her rim slimy with her last lover's cum, it was to be a losing fight for her. Eva watched it give, slipping, ringing open wider around him.

"That's it! Give it to her!" she cheered the beast on, keeping his cock on target.

"OH! FUGHCK!" Valda yelped as Rommel pushed hard, breaking through the dam, burying several inches into her ass all at once.

"YES! FUCK HER!"

"E-EVV-A-UGH!" Valda howled as Rommel, feeling his cock wrapped tight in a hole, went into overdrive, and began thrusting, his cock swiveling in and out the woman's beaten ass.

It was so damn hot! Eva slid her hand down with the dog's ever sinking, disappearing shaft, until her fingers were pressing against Valda's now overly stretched, raw asshole. The resistance defeated, all ten, possibly twelve inches of his oversized cock was plunging in and out the woman's ass at will, at an ever increasing, blistering pace.

Valda's squabbling, blustering grunts and moans were music to her ears! Still squatted, without stopping to think of what she was doing, Eva reached down with her other hand, and began to rub fiercely at her throbbing clit as she watched Rommel pound Valda's ass like he would a pussy! That was a lot of cock in such a little place!

"FUGHCK!" Eva began moaning herself, slipping two fingers into her own cunt, for the first time recognizing how wet she was, and how turned on. She was loving it! She was about to cum! But...

"EEE! OH! AGH! UNGH!" that stupid bitch was ruining everything with her pathetic sniveling and bleating. She couldn't focus with all that ruckus!

Eva tried to stand, but her legs too weak, she toppled right back down onto her knees. She had to settle for crawling around on her hands and knees, reaching for Axl's cock to stuff back into that bitch's mouth and shut her up! She grabbed it, but just like that, someone grabbed her.

No.. not someone. Something. There was no warning. Before she knew what was happening, it was clambering up her backside.

"Ow!" she cried as it scratched at her hips. Her coat had ridden up over her back. And then she felt her waist clenched within a tight, vise-like grip. She could feel a coarse fur rubbing across her delicate skin. A tremendous weight fell across her back, pinning her against the concrete floor.

"Fritz!" she screamed as the Weim's head came to rest within her view, hugging over her shoulder.

And then Eva made a fatal error. Her head spinning, trying to comprehend what in the hell was happening here, Eva wasted what few precious seconds she had left. She felt herself rocking beneath the dog. She felt something hard and sharp stabbing at her backside. She... she couldn't believe it! He'd just...

The command was coming, the command to put an end to this madness and get him off her. Her lips were already formed, the breath prepared. It was at the tip of her tongue, but in that last fateful moment... she did not get it out in time.

"WHUGH!" Eva's breath was stolen from her, knocked from her lungs by a powerful blow. Fritz hit his mark, and plunged his big dog cock up into the small girl's wet pussy!

Her eyes lit like saucers. Her mouth was left open, gaping, not making a sound. And then like a tumbling snowball, she felt the searing heat blistering her flesh, the auger tunnelling, ripping savagely into her channel, her pinned body being jostled violently back and forth, her tits bouncing, and then, as she felt it all burying deeper, reaching for her core... the eruption came, and Eva howled like a true bitch in heat, her head exploding! A dog was fucking her, and she was cumming!

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Chapter Nine: The Confession

Eva and Valda were facing one another, though each with their heads fallen within their folded arms upon the floor, their faces buried beneath mops of sweaty, matted hair. With their backs arched

beneath the bellies of the two stoic beasts, asses trapped high in the air, they appeared as still as statues. The only signs of life were the rising and falling of their chests pressed against the cold, stone floor.

All was quiet again, the circus having climaxed with an all arousing performance. Only the sounds of heavy panting and breathing, of soft moaning and grunting of a growing discomfort could now be heard.

Eva had been careless. Three dogs. Three well trained male dogs. She'd sprayed that damned scent whimsically about as if it was nothing more than an air freshener. She couldn't have known that Valda had already done the same. It had been proven to be a most foolish move. With one of the bitches already occupied, her own attire and position vulnerable, she'd been easy prey. Too easy. She hadn't stood a chance.

"Err!" The lonely Weim, Axl, was pacing, making circles and figure-eights around them, anxiously awaiting his own turn. His hard cock still throbbed wantonly beneath his belly. His constant, pitched pleadings and random laps at the face slowly drew the two back from whatever pinnacle they were finding their way home from.

In unison, the two girls shook themselves out of it and looked up, unable to miss that huge, glistening slab of meat glaring them both right back in the face. It taunted them. Reminded them. Made them a promise. As Axl moved out of the way, their eyes fell to each other's.

Awkward. Neither spoke. What was there to say? They just waited. Could only wait.

One would wince, shifting uncomfortably from the massive intrusion embedded inside. Another would gasp as the dog across their back moved or tried to tug himself free. Back and forth, their antics went. As the seconds dragged into minutes, Eva finally couldn't take it anymore.

"How..." She began, her usual, all-confident manner reduced to a mere whisper. "How long does this take?" She rasped, sucking in a pained wisp of air.

The truth of her predicament did not escape her. She'd seen the pics, the videos online. She'd jerked the dogs off first hand. She knew what happened. What they did to their bitches. What this dog had stuck inside her now.

Valda looked upon the girl, studying her for a long moment before gathering enough strength to answer.

"Is... Did he knot you?" She asked the obvious. Eva grimaced. She didn't want to think of it, but... She also couldn't ignore the insane swelling inside her belly.

"Yeah," she finally admitted, nodding. "You?" Eva looked back up.

Valda likewise grimaced, nodding regrettably. Her face twisted uncomfortably with the effort. "C-Could last fifteen, t-twenty minutes maybe. J-Just depends..." She struggled to speak, her ass stuffed so full.

"On what?" Eva hissed between clenched teeth.

"Err-ruff!" Axl reminded them of his presence, and of his need, making another pass.

"Is... Is he still cumming in you?" Valda groaned out.

Eva shot the old woman an accusing glare. "H-how... Ugh," she was so full. "How would I k-know?"

A tremor passed over her. Eva didn't appear to be doing any better than Valda. "You'd know," Valda said heavily, trailing off as her whole body shook, her eyes rolling back into her skull.

Eva didn't know if the woman was dying or cumming again. "Valda!"

"S-Sorry," she trembled beneath her dog, slowly coming back out of it.

"I think he... He's still..." Eva trailed off as she began to focus.

Valda was right. Eva could feel in intricate detail the heartbeat of the dog's massive cock pulsating against her squeezing walls. She could feel the sudden swell, the spurting release, and then the heat of his cum churning inside her womb as he dumped more and more of it into her.

She could feel her pussy, of its own volition, working about the dog's cock, massaging it, milking him of his seed as if hungry for it. She had no control to stop it. Spurred on by this, Eva soon found herself mimicking Valda of only seconds ago, gasping as another strong orgasm claimed her, sending her crumbling back down onto the floor.

"Eva?" Her name sounded like a distant echo. "Eva, are you okay?" It kept repeating.

"Y-Yeah," the girl eventually pulled herself out of it. "I'm fine," she lied. She most certainly was not! With this dog's cock knotted inside her, filling her with his cum. "Fughck," she moaned and trembled.

"When you feel it stop, brace yourself," Valda warned her.

"Huh?" Eva mumbled, only half there.

"When he's finished... He's going to try and pull out," the woman informed. "You're going to want to be ready for it."

"Oh," Eva intoned, seeing images of red cocks and grotesque knots flash before her eyes.

Of the pics and the videos of all the girls she'd seen mounted and being fucked by dogs last night. Of herself right now. "Err," Axl made another round, coming to stand in between them, blocking their view of one another once again, his cock reminding Eva of what was trapped up in her own pussy right now. It was so huge, she couldn't begin to fathom how it could possibly fit! More awkward silence.

"I wasn't going to force you," Valda found the need to explain from the other side of the beast. "Not like this," she said, shaking at her chains.

"Yeah?" Eva spouted, hidden. "Not like one of those girls on your website," she said accusingly.

"I didn't force them," Valda defended, wincing again from the sharp pain in her ass.

"No?" Eva guffawed, becoming roused. "I suppose they all just begged you to let them fuck one of your dogs?"

The idea was preposterous. "I paid them," Valda refuted.

"Paid them?"

"Yes!"

Axl moved and they were left staring at one another again, Eva's eyes burning, Valda's filled with remorse. "For what?!" Eva slewed, but just as quickly interrupted her own salvo. "Fuck! It's too damn big! I can't even..." Eva complained, but was choked off as the dog's knot tugged against her abused entrance, straining to pull free.

"Tell me about it," Valda took note of the girl's pain, shifting her weight.

Awkward silence again. "Why?" Eva suddenly asked, bringing them back around to the matter at hand.

"Why what?" Valda repeated, trying to remain calm and relaxed, less her asshole tense up and burn in protest.

"Why would they do that? Pay them for what? Your website?" She continued. "Thought you just sold the dogs for... you know," she paused, trying to readjust herself to alleviate some of the insane pressure still building inside.

"Money," Valda said flatly. "It... It helps fetch a higher price," she struggled to explain, completely out of breath. "I don't part with my loves - ungh - for cheap. I invite those - ungh - those interested in making a purchase," she was having trouble putting together the longer sentences. "To... To here... To the kennel, and put on a little - ungh - demonstration for them. If the buyer can see the dogs' true - ungh - potential," she grovelled on.

Eva pondered this for a moment, "A demonstration? So, it's like... What? Marketing?"

Eva half-laughed, making a joke. "Pr-ugh-cisely," Valda spurted, quivering from another quake rippling through her. Eva perked her ears. No joke.

"Err-ruff! Ruff!" Axl came back around yet again, barking at them.

"How much?" Eva disregarded the mutt, keeping on with the interrogation. Valda just stared at her.

"How much what?"

"How much did you have to pay them to...? To do that?" She clarified.

"Why? You interested?" Valda grinned mischievously up at her, though it quickly vanished back into her pained grimace.

"No!" Eva shot back. "I just..." She didn't know why she was asking.

"More than they were worth," Valda didn't press her on it, still distracted by the dog's knotted cock tormenting her ass.

Eva was not yet aware of it, but that seed had indeed been planted. As the two women waited in further silence for the dogs to finish their business, Eva's mind wandered further into that forbidden territory.

She'd been furious with the woman when she'd found her website, but that was when she thought Valda was trying to have her raped by her dogs. Now Eva may be a stubborn girl, but she wasn't unreasonable. Now that she had a better glimpse at the full picture, Valda's story seemed to add up.

None of the girl's she'd seen on Valda's website looked too happy about what was happening to them, but it wasn't as if Eva had a bleeding heart. Valda said she had paid them, and Eva believed her. The whole 'rapist' bit didn't fit Valda's persona, and if she had forced them, wasn't as if she could just post their pics online and get away with it. Fuck them if they couldn't take it. Fair's fair. They'd gotten theirs.

Then there was the whole conundrum of Valda's business, what this seemingly innocent, 'soccer-mom' lookalike did for a living. That was hard for Eva to swallow, but here she was, wasn't she? Front and centre. She'd seen the website. She'd now see it all first hand.

"Specially trained..." Valda's own words played back to her. She'd thought the woman was being weird! Specially trained, that she could now personally attest to. "Certain buyers!"

She'd never even heard of sex with animals before. She herself found the idea repugnant, but after all she'd seen online last night, of the number of websites and pics and videos, of men and women alike, Eva could see where Valda found all her takers. They were out there in number. Maybe it was gross to her, but who was she to judge? She'd done more fucked up shit in her life than she cared to think about! "Five to ten thousand Euro!"

Really? "People really pay that kind of money to get fucked by a dog?" Eva did not mince words.

Wasn't as if she was the timid type. Wasn't as if she didn't have a dog's cock knotted in her pussy right this second. But shit! That was a lot of money! This particular detail Eva didn't understand.

Valda's head jerked back up. She hadn't seen this coming. "For a well-trained dog, yes," Valda nevertheless answered her. "It's - ungh - a lot of work."

"Damn," Eva remarked.

That was a lot of cash, and for what? A mangy mutt? Maybe she didn't fully understand, but the more she thought about it, the more it all made sense. Valda's weird behaviour, the website, the kennel, the dogs, and the girls, it all fit.

Eva hadn't finished high school, but that didn't mean she wasn't street smart, that she didn't understand business. She got all of what Valda was talking about, perhaps even better than the old hag herself. Sex always sells, and hell, there was obviously plenty of interest in her product, all those creeps and pervs she'd seen online. Get yourself a kennel, train the damned beasts, hire some young pussy to show them off, and watch the money pile up!

Eva knew the practice quite intimately. This wasn't her first rodeo. She'd worked at a number of strip-clubs, selling it herself. Put on a little show for the clientele, get their dicks hard and their blood boiling, and voila, you've got yourself a pocket full of their cash! This was a little different, but at the same time, not so different.

That all said and accepted, there was still one more glaring omission in Valda's story. If Valda hadn't intended to have her raped, what exactly had the woman been up to? Why all the cloak and dagger? Why not just turn her away at her doorstep? These questions led Eva to the final predicament.

Valda didn't actually think she'd, Eva no more than thought it, then the answer slapped her in the face. *Look at me now!* The more Eva thought about this, the more it lit her anger once more.

"Why don't you just do it all yourself?" She baited the woman, "With the demonstrations. The Marketing. Looks to me that you like fucking them way more than any of those girls anyways?"

Eva pressed her. There was still one more hole in the woman's story to fill. Valda eyed her. "Let's just say it hurts the bargaining power," Valda said. "Besides, I'm not as young as I used to be," she admitted.

Eva nodded. Wasn't too far fetched. But then, it still didn't answer what Valda intended with her. Eva already knew the answer, but would not get the chance to put the woman on the spot.

"Ow," the young girl was suddenly interrupted as the dog on her back slid off, and turned ass to ass with her. It hurt something fierce! She was shocked to find him still every bit as knotted in her cunt as he had been. "What's he doing?" She shrieked.

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## **Chapter Ten: An Offer**

It hadn't been pretty, listening to these two women give birth in the same room at the same time, one from her canine virgin pussy, the other from her never before tainted ass. And yet, was it a spectacle worth watching! It hurt so bad it felt good.

Both were left reeling, but Valda did not allow herself to dawdle. She forced herself out of it. She knew her dogs all too well. If she didn't act and fast, there was no telling how long this could all go on for, and with her ass on fire, possibly torn, she just couldn't stand another rough pounding at the moment.

"Can you get up?!" Valda beckoned Eva. Eva didn't seem to hear her. "You need to get them put away!"

"Could you give me a fucking second?!" Eva shot back, her body still quaking from the violent disengagement. "Feels like my guts were just ripped out..." she slumped towards the ground, still on her elbows and knees where Fritz had left her.

A light, steady drip. Sudden, heavy splatters. Bubbling. Drip. Drip. Splatter. Drip. The melody of rain into a filling bucket... or rather, spilling cum farting out into a pair of ever-widening puddles between their knees.

"Unhook me!" Valda pleaded urgently, her eyes on Axl as he continued his rounds, picking out the next bitch to be. Eva just glared at her, utterly spent and unaware of the still present danger.

"You need to hurry! Axl!" Valda tried warning the girl. But Axl had found the bitch he liked. His tongue marked her. That caught Eva's attention!

"No!" the weak and depleted girl was only able to roll onto her back, using her trembling arms and legs to hold the attacking beast at bay.

"Come on! Reach!"

"This is all your fault!" Eva inched her way back, half fighting the dog, half reaching for Valda's restraints. The dog wasn't listening to her, and she was far too weak to hold him off for long.

Eva barely managed to free one of Valda's wrists, then having to devote everything she had left to stop the dog from humping her. That was all Valda needed. Wrist. Ankles. She was finally free. Valda barely made it to her feet, nearly tumbling back over in the process.

"Axl! NO!" she stumbled for her dog. But seeing their bitches pulling free, all mayhem was let loose in the kennels.

Goaded by the strong scent in the air, the dogs in their cages went nuts, barking and yapping, begging for their own turn. Rommel and Fritz came back into the picture, swarming around Valda, jumping on her, blocking her path.

"Valda!" Eva wasn't having much luck on her own, the horny beast all over her.

"Rommel! Fritz! Stop it!" Valda tried to sound as stern as she could in this desperate hour, but she was still very short of breath and weak. She'd never seen her dogs like this, losing all control.

With a few pops on the nose from their Mistress though, the dogs were reminded of their place. "Axl!" she grabbed at the Weim's collar over Eva, and battled to pull him off the girl.

"Ahr-ahr-ahr!" the dog started yelping bloody murder as if she were torturing him! He kept fighting her, lunging his weight forward, not happy about being pulled off his mate.

"Geez!" Eva sighed with relief. "What's his fucking deal?!" she pulled herself upright, but was not yet strong enough to stand.

Valda noticed the girl's big tits were hanging out. They been tossed free from the short cleavage of her coat during the hard mating, now smooshed together and pressed forward. Rommel and Fritz were making circles about them, though careful to keep a safe distance. All three cocks were whipping about beneath their bellies, swords drawn for battle.

"I'm sorry!" Valda apologized over the ruckus. "I've never seen them like this!"

"Ahr - ahr!" Axl kept begging as Valda struggled to pull him further and further away, though getting no where with the strong beast.

"He sounds like someone's killing him!" Eva, oddly enough, found herself feeling sorry for the poor mutt. Boys! Only able to think with their dicks. While the other two had gotten to fuck, poor ol' Axl had only received a short tease.

"I know! I don't know what's come over them!" Valda exclaimed. That wasn't entirely true.

"Well shit," Eva bemoaned. "If he needs it that bad, just let him," she groaned out harshly, obviously not happy with what she was doing, but did it nonetheless.

Valda heard, but wasn't exactly listening, considering all else that was going on at the moment. But when she saw the girl's fingers begin to fumble with the buttons of her jacket... When Eva loosened it from around her body and allowed it to slip off her shoulders and fall to the floor... After she pivoted around back onto her hands and knees... Valda tripped on her own two feet and was sent crashing back down onto her ass.

"Ahrff! Ahrff!" Axl started lunging, yanking against his collar. Valda still having a tight grip on it, his two front paws came up off the ground, pawing the air to get at his now naked bitch!

Valda was... dumbstruck. Was this a trick? She didn't understand. But as the sexy little vixen assumed the position on her hands and knees, ass and pussy now facing her and Axl... Eva looked over her shoulder expectantly at them. Valda's hand... opened. Stupified, not realizing what she was doing, she'd accidentally let him go.

"Ow! Fuck! Slow down!" Eva hopped beneath him, trading off with either hand to help the dog get his paws locked about her waist.

"Eva... what are you..?" Valda said breathlessly, but her words did not reach beyond her own two ears. It was too loud, her lungs too weak.

Valda could only watch as Axl mounted the girl. He began to hump, thrusting wildly across her back. Eva did not fight him or yell at him to get off. She... braced herself beneath him. He was stabbing all over her, jamming his cock into her thighs and up the crack of her ass. And then...

"OH SHIT!" Eva cried. Those were the last words she'd get out. The well-trained Weim had found his mark, and plunged his red meat up into the girl's pussy.

With her arms braced behind her, holding herself up, Valda sat dazed, watching... seeing...

She blinked. Her eyes did not lie. Axl's red meat was moving in and out of the girl's cunt in a blurry haze. Over the large pack's insane barking, all she could hear was the bitch's moaning and gruntings and squealing as Axl pounded her with everything he had. The rapid slosh of wet sex filled her ears. The slapping a fat tits beat out the rhythm of the blazing mating.

Tongues raked over her hardened nipples. Lapping up her own tits, chest and neck, all the way to her face. "Mmm!" Valda moaned, opening her mouth, allowing Rommel's tongue to wash across her own. She mindlessly reached down with one hand to find his cock. It was still as rock hard as ever.

"That's my boy!" she said haughtily, glancing over to see Fritz just the same. She looked back to the girl.

She was taking it hard, but... she was taking it. Her second straight dog, and this one, of her own free will. Valda could see the girl's toes and feet curling into the air, her knuckles gripping the concrete, screaming her lungs out as she came from the dog's huge cock owning her. Valda forgot all about the pain in her ass as she herself pivoted, and crawled back onto her hands and knees. Rommel was on her in an instant!

"Yes! Fuck me!"

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Valda and Eva were now both lying sprawled out on the flats of their backs, side by side in the middle of the aisle, both staring dreamily up at the ceiling. Their breaths were ragged. All the previous sense of urgency was gone. The three dogs had shown themselves back into their kennels, all but closing their gates behind. They were done with their bitches. How many times they'd each fucked them, well... they were dogs. Dogs can't count.

"You... you gonna be okay?" Valda was the first to speak, showing true concern for the girl. This hadn't exactly been a easy first go at it. For the unprepared, the dogs could be brutal.

"Yeah, I - I'm fine..." Eva panted. "I just need to... a minute to catch my breath," she sighed, her mind filled with a million different things.

"O - okay..." Valda accepted her answer, beginning to worry about the pain creeping back into her ass again, and what damage Rommel might have done to it. Consumed in her own thoughts, Valda was yanked back as Eva began to laugh, loud and hard, her back flopping upon the ground like a fish out of water.

"What?" Valda rolled her head over on the concrete to look at the girl.

"Hahaha!" she was still laughing, staring at the ceiling. "Nothing, just..." Eva trailed off, a big, shit-eating grin spread across her face. "I've done a lot of crazy shit in my life, but never imagined I'd get fucked by a dog - dogs!" she quickly corrected herself.

Valda was yet again struck by the girl's bluntness, her boldness, and how well she was coping with all this. Valda had seen more than one of the prostitutes she'd hired break under the stress of just one rough, unnatural mating, not to mention what young Eva had just been through. She'd regretted on numerous occasions, the way they had left here bawling, that some of the less willing whores had probably required therapy to get over it. This lifestyle wasn't for everyone. But Eva...

"Geez! Would you look at that!" Eva guffawed. Valda was pulled out of her reverie to find the girl up resting on her elbows, peering down between her legs, spreading them even wider. "It's still coming out of me!"

"Yes... They - they can cum a lot," Valda intoned, surprised yet again by this girl. A large puddle was slowly spreading out from around Eva's ass - a puddle of dog cum, straight from her used cunt - and far from being disgusted, the girl seemed amazed by it!

"I can't like... get pregnant from them, can I?" the girl turned and asked, her face pinched with curious bewilderment.

Valda was... speechless. She had been more right about this girl than she could have ever dreamed! With her jaw hung in awe, she just shook her head no. Eva then noticed the same puddle forming between Valda's legs, waiting and watching it grow.

"How's the ass?" Eva asked jeeringly.

"I - I'll live..." Valda winced. It hurt. But at the moment, her mind was on other things.

"Sorry, but you had it coming," Eva said, though she did not seem too sorry about it at all.

Valda forgot about her burning asshole for the moment. This girl never failed to surprise her. Dropping all the cloak and dagger business, Valda decided to just go for it, to put it all on the table.

"I... I have a showing this Saturday..." Valda finally worked up the nerve to say. Eva raised her eyes to meet the woman's, looking upon her incredulously.

"Ha! I knew it! You actually think I would?!" Eva scoffed. Valda just shook her head.

"It's not so bad..." she kept at it. "I could make you an offer."

"Like I'm one of your whores?! Have my picture posted all across your website like one of those bitches?! No way!" Eva shot her down.

"No... no pictures," Valda breathed, not missing that what Eva had objected to was the publicity, not the actual having to...

Eva snorted, shaking her head, but... her mind kept wandering. Oh, that dangerous mind! It always got her into trouble. She had already caught on to the woman's devious plot, but... the truth was, as Valda had said, it hadn't been so bad.

In fact, it was probably the best sex of her life. No, without a doubt it was. She'd never cum so hard!



That all said, it didn't change the fact that these were still dogs. But dogs... dogs that were worth a lot of money.

"Half," Eva finally said, looking Valda straight in the eye.

"Huh?"

"I know what you're up to, and if you want me to help sell these dogs – if you want me to put on a good show and fuck your dogs in front of these pervs, then I want half," Eva repeated, before quickly adding, "And as partners. I'm not going to be one of those bitches that you can just boss around!"

"No," Valda said calmly, shaking her head on the concrete. "As partners I'm willing to consider, but this is still my kennel. I'll give you ten percent."

"Forty," Eva negotiated.

"Twenty, and not a cent more."

"Thirty!"

"Twenty and we're partners, that's my final offer."

Eva... said nothing, not denying, not agreeing. Twenty percent... She tried doing the math. Valda herself expected to get fifteen thousand Euro for that Great Dane, five to ten for the rest.

"This showing..." she didn't know why she was even considering it, but... "How many do you expect to sell... on Saturday that is?" she asked all the same.

"It's the biggest one I've ever put on..." Valda eluded, preparing the girl. "There's six buyers coming," she revealed, but the girl didn't seem phased by the number. "Without you, I'll sell two, maybe three. With you, six, possibly more..."

Eva saw only the Dollar signs rolling. Six! Possibly more?! That was a lot of cheddar!

"As partners," Eva made this requirement very clear. "What – what would I have to do?" she wanted the specifics. She understood the obvious, but didn't want any surprises.

"As partners?" Valda quipped. Eva nodded. "I supply the product," she glanced to the dogs, "and you sell them," she kept it vague.

"And how do I do that?"

"You're a smart girl, Eva. I think you already know the answer."

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Chapter Eleven: A Bitch to Be

Eva didn't like it. Nope, not one bit.

First, the obstinate girl had a type-A personality – to the extreme. She took shit from no one, and was no one's bitch. But at this particular moment in time... she didn't kid herself. That was exactly what she was about to be, in every meaning of the word.

Dogs. Fucking dogs! What more was there to say? Before, she'd caused so much trouble and mischief in her life, that didn't even know that she had limits. Now, however, she was most definitely aware of their existence, and that she was pushing them.

And that led to the nerves. As a confident ego-maniac, she was wholly unaccustomed to feeling this way, to the butterflies in her stomach, to the doubt plaguing her mind. It was now Saturday, and that meant... show time.

On Friday, yesterday, Valda had gone so far as to suggest that Eva continue to "practice" with them, so to speak, to become more familiar with the dogs, but Eva had rejected this as ludicrous.

Maybe some got off on it, but she still saw them as nothing more than disgusting animals. Thursday had been a forgivable accident, something she could right off. Fucking them for a pile of much-needed cash was another thing, but she wasn't about to do it just for the fun of it! They were dogs!

'Is the bitch crazy?!' Eva found herself pondering more than once since the beginning of their agreed partnership.

On top of all of this, and true to her word, Valda had produced the money she'd promised Eva for the collection of jars - of dog cum. Eight hundred Euro, cash in hand. It was no chump change. Eva did not have to do this, this little sex show for Valda. That cash was more than enough to set her on her way, but then... go where? Do what? And walk away from the promise of thousands more to come..? Eva found herself seduced by her greed.

Greed and convenience. She not only had a way to earn a lot more money - somewhat the honest way, but also a place to crash, a warm bed, and food. She was not ignorant to her situation. She was in a foreign land without a passport. Some very dangerous and very powerful people were looking for her right this second. If they found her... she was dead. She'd never find another opportunity like this. Hidden. Safe. She still didn't fully trust Valda, but better the devil you know, than the devil you don't.

"These aren't on, are they?" Eva asked as Valda prepared her "uniform," staring uneasily upon the three cameras circling her in Valda's little "sex" room.

Their "clients" would be here at any minute. Eva had already resolved that she was going to go through with this, one way or the other, but the one thing she could not tolerate, was her face being plastered across "Madam Zuechter's" website. Way out here, that would be the only way they'd be able to find her. No clues.

"No," Valda answered her. "Unless you'd like them to be?" she toyed with the girl.

"No!" Eva made herself clear. "Is all this really necessary?" Eva glanced down at her nude, glistening body.

In preparation for the showing to come, and much to Eva's disgruntlement, Valda had overseen a drastic make-over of the girl. She'd had her freshly bathe, and shave her legs, arms, and pussy, which was all fine and dandy, but the rest of it?

Valda had personally coated the girl's entire body in fine oils, leaving her skin slick and shiny and new. She'd applied a gotty amount of make-up: heavy eye-liner and mascara and shadow, rich red lipstick and blush. Lastly, she'd braided Eva's hair into cute little pigtails, something the girl before would never have allowed. Eva hated it. It was overkill. She was here to fuck dogs, not seduce royalty!

"Yes," Valda answered nonetheless, coming back to the girl. She lifted Eva's right hand, and proceeded to wrap a thick, studded, black leather cuff about to her wrist.

"What's with this room anyways?" Eva moved on, allowing the woman to do as she pleased. An eerie, creeping sensation tingled up her spine as Valda attached a second identical cuff to her other wrist.

"Here, give me your foot," Valda knelt and began to wrap the same leather straps around the girl's ankles before answering her. "For an additional fee, many of my clients like to have their own, professional videos made. That's all," Valda said simply as she drew the strap tight and latched it in place.

"You don't think you're going to be tying me down or anything, do you?!" Eva said vehemently as Valda moved on to her second ankle, remembering all too well what she'd done to the woman only two days ago with these same kind of straps.

"Did you want to be?" Valda wiggled her brows at the girl as she stood and excused herself to retrieve the final piece.

"Don't even think about it!" Eva warned her.

"Would add to the effect..." Valda toyed.

"Fuck you," Eva dismissed her, looking curiously at the longer, black studded leather strap in Valda's hands as she returned. "What's that?"

"Your collar," Valda stated.

"You've got to be shitting me?!"

Valda gave her a look. "We've already been over all this, Eva. If this is going to work, you're going to have to get into the role. The buyers don't want some snarky bitch popping off at the mouth every five seconds. Do you think you can handle that?" she scolded the girl.

Oh, they'd been over it alright. Slave. Sub. It was the exact opposite of who Eva was, but... could she do it? She found this particular part to be even more difficult than the idea of having to fuck one of these woman's dogs - in front of an audience no less!

For twenty percent of the takings though, it wouldn't be easy, but she was willing to give it a shot. When the need suited her, Eva could be a great actress. Grimacing, she brushed her braids out-of-the-way and offered Valda her neck.

"I still don't understand the point this whole act?" Eva talked as Valda placed the collar. "It's stupid. Why not just let me be myself?" Eva asked as Valda tightened the strap snugly about her neck.

Valda did not answer her, and Eva did not expect one. They had already exhausted the subject. She was to be the obedient bitch, here to showcase the prowess of Valda's "magnificent," well-trained beasts.

"I think you're doing this to me just out of spite!" Eva narrowed her eyes on the woman. Valda just smirked, drawing the collar tight. "I'm not going to have these perverts groping me, bossing me around," Eva accepted the role, but drew her red-line as she felt Valda lock the collar in place.

"They are here for the animals, Eva. You are just the model. As we've discussed, they will make their

requests to me, and I will in turn instruct you. I will make sure you don't have to do anything... too bad," Valda eluded, though with an undisguised grin.

"Too bad?!" Eva scoffed. Everything about this was bad!

"If there's a problem, you know the safe word."

"Safe word?!" Eva snorted. "Yeah, you want me to bark like a fucking dog!" Oh, how she hated this.

"It's just an act, Eva, but it is important," Valda waited for the girl to acknowledge her.

"Whatever," Eva relented.

"There! You look perfect!" Valda stood back to admire the girl's full, erotic beauty. With the addition of all the leather straps, the girl's tattoos and nipple and clit piercings completed the ensemble. It was indeed... perfect!

"Huh?" Eva guffawed. "This is it?! You're not going to give me some clothes or something?!" Apart from the leather straps and collar, she was still completely naked.

"I could give you a tail, if you like?"

Eva just glared at her, daring her to go ahead and try. Valda laughed heartily.

"Now then, what are you going to do once they arrive?" Valda saw the need to rehearse their plan one last time.

"I know what to do!" Eva snapped at her.

"I am sure you do, but just the same, I would feel more confident if we went over it once more."

"I..." Eva scowled. Damn was this hard! "I'm to get down on all fours and... and stay like that," Eva chewed out.

"Excellent! And are you allowed to speak?"

"No," Eva blurted unhappily.

"Are you to look at them?"

"Not in the eye," Eva added a curse under her breath.

"And how shall you be addressed?"

"Valda, this is..." Eva started, but the woman waited patiently.

"As... as 'bitch' ..." Eva just got it over with, burning red with a mix of humiliation and anger.

"There! You happy now?!"

"And when I give you a command?" Valda disregarded the girl's last comment and carried on.

Eva glowered at her.

"This is important, Eva. If we are to be partners, if you want to earn your share, then this is what it's going to take. I know what I'm doing. You're just going to have to trust me. I know it's not easy for

someone like you," Valda acknowledged, "but do you think you can manage this? If not..." Valda did not finish the threat.

"No anal," Eva said through clenched teeth. Valda chuckled.

"Would serve you right!" she teased.

"No anal!" Eva repeated fervently.

"Fine," Valda remarked. "That's not something I'd expect anyways."

"I'm not sucking their dicks either," she laid out her own ground rules.

"Eva..." Valda sighed discouragingly. "Anal is one thing, but you're going to have to..."

Eva looked away from her, picturing those dogs' disgusting looking cocks, imagining actually having to put one of those things in her mouth. She hadn't forgotten that first day, when she'd almost...

"You know you're going to have to have sex with them, right?" Valda chastised her, as if this all hadn't been obvious from the start.

"I know!" Eva shot back, acting as if she were some juvenile teenager. On that note, Valda had never gotten the girl's real age. For all she knew, Eva was still in her teens. "Just... whatever!" she huffed, crossing her arms angrily across her chest.

A loud buzzer sounded. The door bell to the Kennel. The first had arrived. Valda did nothing, simply looking and waiting upon the girl expectantly.

Albeit cursing under her breath the entire way, Eva slowly dropped down onto her hands and knees, assuming her role. Valda left her, Eva concluding to answer the door, but then the woman returned, and before she knew what she was doing, Valda had attached a leash to her collar.

"No fucking way!" Eva protested, using her hand to jerk at the chain.

"You, are not supposed to speak," Valda reminded her coolly.

"I'm not one of your fucking dogs!" Eva spat venomously.

"Right now, you are," Valda said calmly. The truth struck a nerve. "Just think about the money, Eva. They'll love this! You'll... survive," she grinned down greedily at the girl. Eva's face burned red with rage.

"This is such bullshit!" Eva let go and dropped back down. Pleased, Valda smiled and stepped forward, giving the leash a slight tug.

"Heel!" she tested the girl's resolve. Eva fumed, rearing back, her face wrought with indignation. The leash pulled tight, choking her collar.

Eva's head began to spin. She couldn't believe her ears! She couldn't believe that this woman would actually have the gall to order her to "heel" behind her as if she were some real bitch!

Eva had never felt so humiliated in her entire life! She couldn't express the words! But... she breathed. She calmed herself. She did as Valda had told her to, and thought about the money.

'It's just an act... it's just an act...' she repeated over and over to quell the anger. And then... she dropped back down. The leash slackened. She hung her head in defeat. She stared at the floor.

"No anal..." Eva said one last time, attempting to claim what little control she had over nothing. With nothing else said, one hand and knee after the other, the bitch crawled behind her master on her leash to answer the door.

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## **Chapter Twelve: Showtime**

"Ah, Mademoiselle!" a portly man with a thick mustache and dressed in a fine, tailored suit appeared on the other side of the door.

Knelt behind and to the side of Valda, Eva stole a quick, curious glance at their first arrival. There was not one, but two – a pair, a man and a woman.

"Please, call me Valda," she extended a hand. "Mister LeFluegh, I presume?"

"Indeed," the man appeared stiff, speaking with crisp enunciation, holding his chin high and proud. "And my wife, Celesse," he introduced his second.

"A pleasure," his wife said short and smugly, stepping forward to offer Valda two quick pecks on either cheek. Her voice was pitched and squeaked like a rusted hinge. Eva immediately disliked her. "Thank you for having us," she stated cordially.

"Certainly! But the pleasure is all mine!"

They went through the proper formalities as Valda showed them in. For the time being, the two only offered the bitch on her knees a couple of disdainful, smug scowls. But Eva kept to her role, and followed along by her leash silently, rolling her eyes at all the pretentious theatrics. They spoke in English, but by their accents and names, it was not hard to deduce that they were French.

"I hope the place was not hard to find?" the "grown-ups" conversation continued without her.

"No, not at all, not at all!" the man chirped as Valda offered each a glass of rich champagne, and a sample of the hors d'oeuvres prepared upon one of the tables. Without having to tell herself to do it, Eva ignored all the idle banter, and by a well-trained practice, began to size up her nemeses.

The gentleman was older, fifties, his once charming attributes now swallowed by fat. Eva gave him the title of "gentleman" due to his refined speech, and over zealous manners and formalities. Not least of all, because of the ten thousand dollar suit he was wearing. Eva had an eye for that sort of thing. It was very useful in her line of work.

The woman was much younger, lower thirties, and thin – almost too thin. She was still beautiful though, with light, pale skin, and rich, flowing black hair. Her fingers, wrists and neck were all adorned by many heavy pieces of extremely expensive looking jewels and jewelry. She wore a glamorous, though still very sexy, short dress. It was designer, custom-made, and all of it meant to show-off her abundant wealth.

Eva's skin crawled as she had to listen to them rattle on and on about this or that. Both of them were snobs and braggarts, though the woman was doing most of the talking. And the priggish bitch appeared to be doing her best not to touch anything that wasn't necessary, less it taint her. It

became clear that she wore the pants in this relationship.

Aristocrats. It was funny that Eva would find this word. It wasn't one she'd typically use. But as she watched and listened, a noticeable caste system quickly began to develop: the French the nobles, Valda the middle-class merchant, and Eva... well, she couldn't get any lower if she tried.

Eva quickly found no trouble in adhering to Valda's little set of "rules." She was more than happy not to have to speak to them, to sit in that fat man's lap and pretend to flirt and laugh at all his stupid fucking jokes and stories. To have to coo over him and sell him on a lap dance for a lousy twenty bucks. And the woman, hell, it was an excuse not to spit in her face and put her in her place. No, apart from the rough concrete on her knees, Eva was doing just fine where she was.

The buzzer rang again.

"One moment, please," Valda excused herself. Eva smirked as she caught Valda's fake smile fade and eyes roll once she had her back to them. She was obviously glad to get away. And once again Eva heeled obediently behind to greet the next guest, laughing all the way to the bank.

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The chatter was growing louder and more boisterous by the minute. They'd been through several bottles waiting for the last to arrive.

Two German couples came next, one right after the other, bringing their number to six. But it did not end here. What Valda had failed to mention, that buy six buyers, she'd actually meant couples.

The Germans were soon followed by a pair of Russians. The man was vulgar, even fatter than the Frenchman, and reeked of vodka. The girl on his arm was just that, a girl, no more than a third his age and a fifth his size. She was a bubbly, animated little thing, and though Eva pitied her naïve ignorance, she liked the girl a lot better than the rest of these stiff. She was certainly worth a few good laughs.

There came one final German couple, both a bit older but just as refined as the rest, and then their little party was concluded by the eventual arrival of an Arab duo.

These two stuck out like sore thumbs. Though the gentleman was wearing a fine suit, and exulted every bit of wealth as the rest, he did not partake in their exaggerated merriment, and his wife was even more bizarre.

She was a sheepish, covered almost entirely by a black burqa and flowing black robes that concealed all possible attributes of her potential, small frame. She always stood obediently behind her husband, moved when he moved, and did not lift her gaze from the floor, much less speak.

'Strip her down and add a collar, Valda would have another bitch for the show!' Eva thought of her.

As nothing more than a fly on the wall, Eva began to put it all together. She began to better understand what Valda had told her, and more and more it all made sense.

Pervs they might be, but as rich, wealthy aristocrats with a reputation to uphold, they were willing to pay a little extra to have their sick desires fulfilled with discretion.

The old, ugly bastards trading their wealth for the young candy on their arms was nothing new, but then Eva also understood why she was here. She the young beauty, imitating the potential of their

wives. These masochistic pigs got off on seeing a woman degraded. She was the fantasy, the promise. And for the right price, Valda could make it all real for them.

And the more she watched and listened to them, the more she also understood why Valda could not do this herself, why Valda needed her. They were the "one percent." They were in love with their wealth. They took delight in the misfortunes of the lesser. And while they accepted Valda as a near equal, she certainly couldn't lower herself to Eva's level lest she lose all respect, and by that, all bargaining power.

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"If you would like to follow me," Valda pulled Eva out of her daydream. "Now that we're all here, I may show you my animals." A hush fell as Valda began to lead them down the aisle lined by the many kennels. They all followed eagerly along.

"The ones you will be interested in are all on the left. The first four are my Weimaraners," she started the tour.

"Darling, look at this one! Isn't he beautiful!" the bubbly little Russian girl was drawn to Rommel. She didn't seem to be older than Eva herself, and was down right sexy, more than excited to be here! Eva caught more than one of the other husbands eyeing her with want and jealousy.

"And so big!" she chirped like a little song bird. All nodded their agreement, taking in the various dogs up and down the line.

"Would you recommend any of the breeds?" the Arab man asked Valda, all business, his wife still dutifully trailing just behind him like a trained pup herself. In contrast to the Russian, all the men avoided her like the plague.

"He is very big!" Valda promised the Russian girl, wearing a sly, knowing smile. "And very well-trained," she said haughtily.

"With regard to the breed that would suit you best," Valda then turned to the Arab, though addressing them all. "The Weimaraners are more... energetic," she hinted at. "They require a great deal of special... attention." Valda looked down right devious. "Their attributes are also very large, and they can prove, at times, to be quite the handful. Something to consider if this is your first canine," she let on.

All the women - except for the Arab of course, the only one that looked like she didn't want to be here - oohed and aahed, each discretely stealing a peek beneath the dogs' bellies to see if they could spot this large "attribute" Valda spoke of for themselves.

"The Alsations," the Mistress led them on down the aisle with Eva in tow, "another wonderful breed! They are... how should I say this..." she pondered for a moment. "More docile and passionate than the Weims. Their attributes are also smaller, but still very generous," she grinned back to her captive audience.

"The Dobermans," Valda carried on, "make excellent partners. They are very loyal, and can at times prove unwilling to... share," Valda spared another glance for the husbands. "Their size is comparable to that of the Alsations."

"And last, but not least, Roch, my Great Dane. Need I say more?" His sheer size had everyone in silent awe. She need not say more. "I would not part with him easily."



Stunned silence.

"They are all superbly trained. You will not find any like them in Europe or afar. You may inspect them as you wish. If you have any questions, do not hesitate to ask," Valda spoke as the party began to fan out among the various kennels.

Some appeared more timid, approaching cautiously. Others were more eager, dragging their husbands by the hand to the animals that attracted their eye the most. The Russian girl was certainly the most eager one. The Arab woman did not so much as move from her spot, much less dare spy at one of the beasts!

"And what about this one?" the French woman surprised Eva. "It's so adorable! Does it do any tricks?" the French bitch had the audacity to squat down at Eva's face, and grab hold and lift the girl by her chin, treating her as an animal herself!

All eyes turned. No one missed that the woman had addressed the girl as an "it," as opposed to a "she," Eva most definitely! Venom frothed from her fangs!

The two women's eyes locked. Eva glowered indignantly into the French bitch's, but that snob just glared right back, daring her to say something. God, Eva really had to fight the urge, gritting her jaw!

"Um..." Valda looked extremely worried as to what might happen now. Her eyes danced back and forth between the two, fretting all the while. But... surprisingly, the stubborn Eva held her tongue.

Valda visibly relaxed, passing Eva a silent "thank you!" as the headstrong girl kept her shit together.

"That depends," Valda quickly went on. "Are there any of the animals that catch your eye?" Valda offered.

"This one!" It was the little Russian that spoke up first, hopping giddily before Rommel's pen. She obviously had her heart set on him. "You said they are large! May... may I see?" she asked hopefully.

"Certainly!" Valda dropped Eva's leash and stepped around the Russian to open his gate, eager to break up the heated staring match taking place between the Frenchwoman and her partner.

"Rommel, come!" she called him forth. Rommel produced himself before his mistress, his stub of a tail wagging excitedly. "Stay!" she commanded him, before turning back to Eva.

"Bitch," the word did not come easily, and Valda's unsettled nerves were obvious to any. "Come!"

"That's right, bitch," the Frenchwoman spoke slow and clearly to Eva, enunciating her given name. "Let us all see what a worthless little whore you really are!" she glared at the girl in her eyes.

Careful to keep her voice low and unheard by all but this French bitch in front of her, "You're the bitch here to buy a dog to screw you, I'm just here to take your money," Eva slewed back, still staring her directly in the eye, before jerking her chin from the woman's grasp, and crawled over to Valda and Rommel.

There was a long, awkward pause as all saw the exchange. The French bitch huffed vehemently, but none said a thing.

'You okay?' Valda asked Eva with her eyes. From down below, Eva nodded.

"Prepare him!" Valda carried on with the show.

Valda... Valda could only keep her fingers crossed that this obstinate girl would play along, that what had just transpired between her and the Frenchwoman would not ruin everything. A lot was riding on this.

And Eva... Valda was shocked. To the girl's credit, she did not balk. She did not lift her face with incredulous disgust. She did not pop off at the mouth. At first... she just stared at the dog before her.

Eva's thoughts: Fuck that French bitch. She forgot her. Rommel? This Russian cunt? She was already sold. She just had to... to seal the deal, to up the ante. Money. She was here on a mission, and that mission was money.

Five thousand Euro at the least, but Eva knew Valda could ask much more for him. Rommel was second only to Roch. But how much? This was her queue, and she knew it. It was showtime!

Ten thousand, not five. That is where her mind turned. She had not lost all control. Valda had done her job. This was hers. And if Eva knew anything, she knew how to sell sex.

Her immediate task? This Russian cunt wanted to see his dick. How would she do it? Easy. She'd jacked off eight dogs just the other night.

But at the same time, Eva knew this wasn't just a kennel, and she wasn't just doing what she had to, to collect their semen in a jar. More. This task required more. That she get this stupid cunt turned on, and more importantly, her fat, ugly husband. To get them thinking with the head in their pants, instead of the one on their shoulders. Money.

She was taking too long already. She was stalling. She stole herself and acted.

Eva ducked herself lower, arching her back and sticking out her ass, waving it for the men's delight. Their were several gasps of surprise as she rested all her weight on one arm, using the other to take hold of the dog's dangling sheath. Perfect. She pulled it back, revealing his hidden, bestial tip from within.

The women all guffawed. The men aahed. All gathered in closer around for a better view. Even better.

With her spectator's increased interest and feeling more confident, Eva kept at it, slowly working the animal's quiver back and forth, working more and more of his hidden treasure out into view.

Her eyes lingered upon it, it staring her right back in the face. It was so... animal. Even after all those she had jerked off, here and now, this close, she just couldn't get over it. This was a dog's cock. As he grew longer, Eva contemplated her next move.

As five, six inches of his slimy cock reached out, it was time to take it to the next level. The obvious choice, the safe choice, was to slide her hand down and begin jacking him until he reached his full potential. The Russian cunt had just asked to see it, right?

But that was safe. Safe meant five thousand, not ten. "Safe" was not what these people were here to see, what they would part with stacks and stacks of their money for. "Safe" would not get their juices flowing and their cocks hard, overruling their more sensible brains.

Her own words replayed in her head. "I'm not sucking their..." Never mind that now. She wasn't

doing it because she wanted to. She did it because she had to. It was showtime!

'Fuck it!' Eva dared herself. Without wasting another second, she squeezed her eyes closed, shutting out reality, and smacked her lips open into a wide open, inviting "O." Turning his cock to greet her reaching lips, without another second wasted, Eva took it right into her awaiting mouth.

"Mmm!" her lush, pink lips clamped down over his red, veined shaft, forgetting herself, forgetting what she was doing. A dog's cock!

"Oh!" several of the women gasped.

"Excellent!" the gentlemen cheered.

And Eva the dog bitch... went for it!

She'd sucked more cocks in her life than she cared to count, and none of them with as much to gain as this. She went all the way! She hummed over him. Her head began to bob, slow at first, then faster.

Moaning. Humming. Her tongue ran, the knob of its piercing gliding along the underbelly of his meaty shaft. Slobbering. Her cheeks began to hollow from the vigorous effort, sucking its cock with unbridled enthusiasm!

Further she took him. A journey, she took them all on a gluttonous adventure! She took the dog's cock all the way until his pointed spear was pressing at the back of her clenched throat.

She drew her lips back off, twisting them, slurping them around his shaft, all the way until just the tip was left pinched between her puckered wet lips.

Forward again. Faster! Back again. Slower. Forward! Back. Sucking. Slurping. Louder! Slobbering. All the while, steadily picking up the pace.

The dog began to whine appreciatively, and this only drove her on. Eva found her rhythm, and used her hand to alternately jack him as she bobbed rapidly back and forth, up and down his mighty shaft, being sure to do it as loudly and as sloppily as she could, all for the benefit of her audience.

Valda found herself entranced along with all the rest. She couldn't believe what she was witnessing! She'd had faith in the girl, but this?! She couldn't believe how lucky she was! Eva drooled and slobbered and sucked all over him, until she started choking herself on his cock, with over half his full twelve inches buried into her mouth!

But Eva did not let it end there. She was in the moment! She pushed herself to her limits and beyond! She crammed the dog's cock back into the stubborn wall of her gullet, battling it, breaking it down. She'd deep-throated plenty of cocks, though none nearly as large as Rommel's. That didn't matter now. Eva was determined.

She choked. She spluttered. She hacked and she gagged, but she did not give up. And millimeter by millimeter, she wedged that over-sized meat-stick in.

"Gluph - gluph - gluph!" she rapped her face back and forth, battering at the dam, breaking it down piece by piece. Tears streamed from her closed eyes, her thick mascara running. Viscous drool ran out over her chin, dangling for the floor. Her huge tits bounced spiritedly with the effort, clapping back and forth. Her pussy was creaming.

"AGGH!" Eva wrenched open her jaws as wide as she could, lifting her lips off the shaft, but with it still inside. She then noisily began to slam her face savagely up and down upon his long cock, permitting no resistance as his pointed spear served as a battling ram against the entrenched gate at the back of her throat.

Every cock in the room was hard, every pussy gushing. Eva kept up this brutal treatment of herself for what felt like forever, until she finally, with lips open wide, slammed her face all the way forward and held it there, pressing, pushing, not accepting retreat.

Uh-uh-uh, his narrowed tip began to wedge itself between the tight, clenching walls of her gullet. And then, by shear force and willpower alone, it broke all at once. A couple of inches of dog-meat slipped in, her throat gripping oh so tight about the intrusion.

Eva convulsed, snorting and wheezing, but she did not give. She kept pressing forward. Rommel's unseemly shaft slowly began to disappear, until her lips reached all the way back to his already forming knot. Eva's small neck bulged outwards from the obscene invasion within.

She could hear the anxious stirrings about her. Heavy breathing. Panting. The shuffling of feet and shifting of clothes. Eva pulled him back out, all the way, until her lips slipped around the tip of his narrowed spear once more.

Eva then did what she was not supposed to. She locked eyes with the Russian, taking a deep, steadying breath, before then re-engaging, swallowing all of him, right into her throat. The Russian nearly fainted.

Again and again. Slow at first. Faster then. The tempo rising with the heat in the room. Eva tasted the first hint of the prize stowed away in those gigantic balls. She'd tasted it before. She swallowed it hungrily!

She allowed Rommel to shoot it across her tongue, filling her mouth, and then straight down her throat, savoring every drop of it. It was only then did she realize her folly. This was not something to keep all to herself. This was something to share!

Eva smacked her lips off the end of his cock, quickly taking him in her fist as she began to violently jack him.

"Ahh!" she wrenched her mouth open, literally saying "Aah!" as she stuck out her tongue.

And the dog's quick spurts kept coming, jettisoning out over her tongue, rolling back down across her chin, curling about her neck, running onto her over-sized tits and dripping from her christened nipples to the floor.

Her audience "oohed" and "aahed" alike as she swiveled his spraying cock about, allowing him to paint her entire face with his cum!

"Could... Could I try it?" the Russian woman asked Valda in the heat of things.

Absolutely perfect!

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Chapter Thirteen: Sold

Eva was pushing it, moving far beyond the boundaries Valda had set for her. And Valda likewise was growing increasingly antsy as she watched Eva take it from one level to the next, but... the little Russian girl seemed to be going with it, enjoying herself more and more, and her husband stood by in silent awe, denying naught, nor protesting the advances. So... Valda held her tongue and let it play out. Eva apparently knew what she was doing.

"It's good, isn't it?" Eva purred softly into the Russian girl's ear, so that only she could hear. Knelt just beside her and the dog, Eva was using one hand to hold the stupid cunt's hair out her face as she timidly bobbed her mouth back and forth over the dog's glistening, hard cock.

"Mmhmm!" the cunt mumbled enthusiastically, picking up the tempo as Eva began to caress the rounded globes of her tight ass.

"I bet this pussy's all wet!" Eva hissed, running her hand beneath the girl's skirt. With it hooked over her wrist, she folded it up over the girl's back. All eyes followed. The girl was wearing a black thong beneath, allowing all to see the swell and cleft of her perky cheeks.

The Russian cunt nodded as Eva continued to fondle her, squeezing her own legs tightly together, rubbing her thighs back and forth to tease at her throbbing clit.

Smack! Eva slapped the girl's ass - hard.

"Oh!" Valda gasped with shock at Eva's audacity. There was a definitive hand print left as she raised it again.

"MMGH!" the cunt hopped from the stinging surprise, but... she did not stop sucking on that cock. Her husband said absolutely nothing, his eyes glazed over from watching his young, sexy little wife pleasuring the beast within her mouth.

"Go on, take him all the way!" Eva encouraged her, giving her other cheek a sharp slap.

"Mmhmm!" the little cunt gave, starting to really get into it. She challenged herself to swallow more of its cock as she'd seen Eva do only minutes ago.

And Eva kept working her taut little bum over, one cheek at a time, until she had turned them both bright pink. She could tell the girl liked this - getting used and abused. She was getting off on it! Eva spanked her ass even harder!

"Mmgph-mmgh-mmgh!" the stupid cunt started choking herself on Rommel's big dick, drooling out around it, trying to force it into her throat, but of course failing miserably. She'd never had a dick this big.

All the same, with the promise of more to come, the beast's haunches began to twitch, and little by little, he started humping the girl's face.

"You see that?! He wants to fuck you!" Eva cooed haughtily into her ear, tickling her lobe with her lips.

"NNGHPH!" the cunt groveled, gagging and hacking over him. One had to give her credit, she was trying her hardest to get that cock into her throat, but it just wouldn't fit!

Eva traced her fingers along the crack of the girl's ass, slowly wedging them in between her taut cheeks, until she finally reached her thong. Eva then quickly pinched it, yanked it up, and slipped

her fingers beneath.

'Geez!' Eva guffawed to herself as she fondled the girl's cunt. Her pussy was giving off heat like a furnace, and was gushing, dripping wet! Consumed by what she was doing to this little Russian cunt, she did not recognize her own pussy responding in the exact same way.

"Mmmgh!" the girl moaned loudly as Eva forced a finger into her, thrusting out her hips to meet Eva's hand.

"You want it, don't you?! You dirty little slut!" Eva taunted the Russian cunt as she began to slip her finger rapidly in and out the girl's drooling fuck-hole. Eva knew how to treat girl's like this. "Can't you just imagine that big dog cock fucking this wet little cunt, making you his bitch?!" she baited her.

Again the Russian nodded, squeezing her eyes closed tight as she sucked the dog's cock harder and faster, indeed imaging getting fucked by it as he fucked her mouth.

Eva buried her finger all the way to the knuckle, before leaning over and licking slow and long up the rim of the girl's ear. The cunt's entire body shivered with want.

"You are so hot! You have every cock in the room hard! Look at them!" Eva demanded of her, reigning her head back by her hair. The girl looked.

"Hugh?!" she gasped at all the men staring hungrily upon her, rubbing at their stiff cocks in their pants. "Ungh!" she grunted, her back arching, head pulled back, ass stuck out, her eyes rolling into her skull. Eva was pumping her young pussy with her finger as fast and as deep and as rough as she could.

"Ask your husband..." Eva hissed, still pumping. "Beg him to let you fuck this big cock! Everyone wants to see it! They need to see it! You need it!" Eva rattled off with a rushed sense of urgency. The girl looked like she was mere inches from cumming.

"MMM! Yes! PLEASE!" the stupid cunt cried aloud. "Vasily! I need him to fuck me! Can he please fuck me?!" she begged her husband, just as Eva had told her.

"Oh!" her husband was caught completely off guard, lost in lust, busily rubbing at his own cock. "Um..." he glanced timidly around at all the other guests watching his wife act like a complete slut.

He didn't look too thrilled about the idea, he was apparently very guarded of his little treasure, but then, he also had a huge tent pitched in his trousers overriding his better judgment. With his wife looking at him expectantly and all the others eagerly nodding for him to let it happen, Vasily found himself cornered.

"I..." he started, unsure of himself. "Madam, w-would that be permissible?" he slurred, transferring his authority to Valda.

"Absolutely!" Valda reassured him. "Many prefer to sample... 'the goods' before making a purchase," she hinted at. "It's perfectly natural."

"W-well I... o-okay..." he shrugged back to his wife. "If this is what you-"

"Thank you!" she did not let him finish, spinning back to Eva. "Wha-do-I-do?!" she couldn't get the words out fast enough!

Hook, line, and sinker. Eva caught Valda smiling pleasantly at her as she grabbed the hem of the girl's short dress, and began to hoist it up over the stupid cunt's head.

"Ungh-ungh-ungh!" the sounds of heavy, rapid grunting.

"Squigh-squigh-squigh!" the echos of sloppy, wet flesh fucking.

"Whap-whap-whap!" the clapping of a pair of tits bouncing, slapping enthusiastically.

"Oh my! - Look at him..! - She's really..!" the gasps of an amazed, captive audience.

All meshed together, beating out any other thing to be heard, the smells of musty sweat and sex and cum owning what remained of their senses.

"OH-FUCK-HE'S-SO-BIG!" the small Russian cunt cried loudly and with wild abandonment, oblivious to all else but that cock. Oblivious to all standing in a tight circle about her, getting off on watching this petite, young girl getting her brains fucked out by this big and powerful beast. She'd probably bitten off a little more than she could chew, but damn, she sure was giving it her all.

'Now then, time to finish them off,' Eva was more than pleased by her handiwork!

Caught up in watching the show herself, it took Valda a moment to recognize the other girl signaling to her, knelt before the one getting fucked. Eva gestured with her eyes to the girl's husband on his knees behind his wife, watching her young pussy getting utterly destroyed by the dog's brutish cock, rubbing violently at his own stiff wood beneath his pants as if in attempt to keep up with the rapid pace. Eva then signaled to the floor before her.

At first, Valda did not seem to understand, but as Eva repeated this silent instruction several times over, growing more irritated and demanding in the process, the dense woman eventually caught on.

"Vasily," she spoke softly, catching the gentleman by his free hand. "If you would come with me, please?"

"Huh?!" he was more than reluctant to give up his advantageous perch. He had the best seat in the house! But with Valda's insistence, he finally relented, allowing the woman to pull him up to his feet.

Valda did not know what Eva had up her sleeve, but she now trusted the girl completely. Whatever it was this little devil was up to, she'd let her do it. Valda delivered the Russian gentleman to just before Eva, his wife being rocked savagely back and forth beneath Rommel just beside them.

Getting fucked hard and harder, eyes clamped tightly shut, making all kinds of weird and bizarre grunting noises, their newest bitch did not see Eva look up into her husband's eyes wantonly, licking at her lips as she caressed the hard-on in his pants.

"Oh..." he rolled excitedly back and forth on the balls of his feet, returning her wanton gaze with a shit-eating, expecting grin spread across his face.

Every man in the room instantly became jealous as they watched Valda's young, sexy little bitch lower the Russian's zipper, and then reach in with one hand to fish out his stiff cock. He was so hard, it practically exploded out onto the scene, though it wasn't very big.

"Mmm!" Eva did not let on to her disappointment as she took him in her fist, shifting herself closer

so that she could wedge the fat man's dick between her fat tits. Fat and ugly, the least he could have offered her was a big cock!

"Yes! Please..." he begged her, weaving his fingers into her locks as his head tilted back, drunk on lust. Eva wasn't particularly happy with having this bastard touch her, even if it was only her head, but she fought the urge to slap his hands away. She used this moment to eye Valda, gesturing intently for her to go on.

'Is he buying?' Eva finally had to outright mouth. Valda then understood.

"Mister Ivanovich," Valda interrupted his short moment of pure bliss. "Will you be making a purchase this evening?" she caressed his shoulder, moving closer to him to rub her own big tits along his arm, flirting with him.

"Huh?" he was abruptly pulled back, looking down to the bitch holding his swollen cock, wondering why in the hell she wasn't yet sucking on it?!

"Oh..." he gasped as Eva teased the slit of his cock with the tip of her tongue. "Purchase?!" he spared one glance to his beautiful wife still getting hammered by the dog, trying to force his brain to work. "But of course!" he stumbled on. "Yes, we'll take him! Now then, could we..?" he looked hungrily back down at Eva.

"Rommel is one of my most prized possessions. I am afraid that I could not bear to part from him for anything less than seventeen thousand Euro," Valda was really pushing it, but Eva had played her part well, and she figured that gave her plenty of room to negotiate the final price.

Eva kept up with the act though, and passionately kissed at the flaring head of his cock, its shaft throbbing violently in her hand. She half expected a face full of his cum at any moment.

"Money is no issue!" he rattled off quickly, his entire focus on the girl at his knees.

"S-seventeen thousand Euro?!" Valda stuttered, confirming. She had not expected him to actually go for it.

"Yes!" he shouted. "Seventeen thousand! Now if she'd just..." his voice trembled, his knees beginning to quake.

Seventeen thousand?! Fuck it! You've got yourself a deal!' Eva did not so much as hesitate as she swallowed his entire cock whole, crushing her nose right back into his hairy groin!

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## **Chapter Fourteen: One Down**

Eva grimaced, having to force the rest of it down as she used the back of her hand to wipe off what had spilt out over her chin.

'Fucking gross!' she could practically chew on the last of the chunky wads. The man had cum a gallon, thick and heavy, it wasn't easy to swallow!

To put it mildly, Eva was pissed. Through the ordeal, she'd considered more than once at applying some "teeth." But she hadn't. Seventeen thousand. It was just that that son-of-a-bitch had been more than rough with her, violent even as he had outright skull fucked her, but she had not given him



permission to cum in her mouth like that! 'Fucking rude!'

With wide, burning eyes, Vasily stared down at her tits dribbled with his cum, still hungry for more. Eva was on to him, however, and caught his still hard cock with her fist, stuffing what was left of it into that whore of a wife's gaping mouth, before he got any more ideas. That Russian cunt had just taken the knot, and didn't have a clue as to what was going on around her.

'One down, five to go,' Eva calmed herself back down.

Rommel having since knotted his new mistress, was now just resting across her back, drooling upon her shoulder as he continued to fill her womb with his seed. The Russian cunt was completely out of it by this point, not even aware of her husband now humping her face, eager for some pussy of his own. By Eva's tally, she'd cum no less than four separate times throughout the brutal mating.

With somewhat quiet again, their guests were now glancing timidly back and forth amongst one another, unsure of where to go from here. Eva though, she had a plan.

She'd noticed that French bitch cast more than one side-long glance towards one of the Dobermans as she watched the Russian getting fucked by the Weim. Eva could see the small, hard nipples of her flat tits poking through the thin material of her dress. She'd seen the woman rolling her hands over her shifting hips throughout the mating, itching to run one of them down between her legs. The bitch was on fire. Eva needed only to add a little fuel, and then sit back and watch her burn!

Eva caught Valda's attention again, gesturing first to the French bitch, and then to Dag, one of the Doberman's she'd seen Celeste eyeing. Valda was on her game now, and nodded.

"Bitch!" Valda called to Eva, speaking like she meant it. Show on! "Heel!" she dared command the girl as she started for Dag's pen. Valda didn't bother to check back to see if the bitch was following her. She knew she would.

And Eva... Eva only smiled, happily dropping back down onto her hands and knees, and waddled her ass high in the air for all to see as she crawled on all fours to her mistress.

"Dag, come!" Valda opened the fierce looking Doberman's gate, and beckoned him forth.

"Spread your legs!" Valda then turned on the bitch and ordered.

And Eva... once again she obeyed without any hint of protest, seemingly happy to inch her legs outward without complaint.

"Reach back and open your ass for him!" Valda instructed her, speaking demandingly. All part of the act.

And Eva did not disappoint. She planted her chest against the concrete, freeing her arms, and did as she was told. Valda guided the beast around behind her.

"Lick!" she instructed him, patting at Eva's open, defenseless pussy. All could hear it. It sounded wet! Dag was on her in a flash!

'OH GAWD!' Eva's mind tossed with the first touch of his tongue. She felt herself spinning, losing focus. "NNNGH!" Eva had to bite at her bottom lip lest she loose a scream of absolute pleasure! That damned tongue!

She began to cum at once, not seeing it coming, and with no way to stop it. The dog's tongue delved right between her folds, raking from her clit to her asshole! Diving in! Slobbering! Licking! Lapping! Over and over!

Eva's tight body shook and trembled as she fought to keep from screaming, orgasm stacking on top of orgasm, climax building after climax, sending her reeling!

Eva beat her forehead upon the concrete, doing anything and everything she could to keep herself from losing all control. It was just too good. Sooo damn good! But now was not the time for selfish indulgence. She still had a job to do. She had not forgotten.

She battled to keep her soaring climax from completely consuming her as Dag devoured her pussy, worming his smooth tongue right into her leaking fuck-hole, lapping up all her sweet nectar as if her were a man dying of thirst.

"FUGHCK!" she couldn't stop the wail. Dag had found her asshole and was working his tongue in to it like he had her pussy. This wasn't exactly an easy fete.

But then Eva lifted her head and caught that French bitch glaring enviously right at her. Eva remembered. This was exactly what she wanted. She shifted, letting go her ass, the dog's snout trapped between her cheeks, still lapping.

Eva picked herself up on one arm, using the other to hook a finger, silently beckoning the woman to her.

The snobbish bitch caught it and jolted awake, stiffening. 'Me?' she mouthed, pointing at herself, looking on suspiciously. Eva nodded.

Before she made any move, the French woman glanced around at all the others. The room was now split, a few inspecting the Russian's knotted cunt, murmuring excitedly together, others watching her husband rape her mouth. The rest taking pleasure in Valda's bitch getting tongued by the Doberman.

She was cautious. Hesitant. This refined, snobbish aristocrat was not accustomed to giving herself over so willingly, but then... that fire! That itch! Her lust was not something so easily controlled. It was why she was here in the first place, after all. She took a small, careful step forward. Eva nodded, encouraging her. Another step. No one seemed to notice. Another, one at a time, a moth drawn to the flame.

"Celesse?" her husband suddenly interrupted, catching her in his periphery. Her head shot from Eva to him with fright at having been discovered. She drew back. Too late. Eva reached out and snagged her by the wrist, a fly caught in Venus's trap!

"Oh!" she shrieked. Eva put her weight into it and dropped the bitch to her knees. "What are you-?!" she tried, but it was indeed too late.

Eva was on her in an instant. Their bodies slammed together. Valda caught Dag before he could follow. Eva violently ripped the woman's blouse open, revealing her small tits with no bra beneath. Their lips crushed. Eva's tongue swarmed inside the French bitch's shocked, gaping mouth as they both tumbled over onto her back.

"St-oh-op!" she cried as Eva ripped her lips away to find and bite at the woman's ear, nibbling down across her long neck, to discover her hardened nipples, sucking on them as if she meant to leave a

bruise. The French bitch squirmed beneath her, but grinding in between her spread legs, Eva had her pinned down. None of their audience protested. No, they gathered closer in, cheering the two on!

Eva quickly made her way down, shifting up the woman's dress in the process. She grabbed her by the thighs, just below the knees, and hoisted them high, spread into the air.

"Ungh!" the French bitch grunted as she then began to mouth and nibble and bite over the woman's panties covering her pussy. They were soaked right through!

Eva soon gave up on this, however, and crawled back up to grab the woman by her left arm.

"What..?" she protested. Eva ignored her as she hooked it about the woman's left leg, and then repeated with the right.

"No!" the French bitch cried as Eva reached down and grabbed hold of her thong, violently tearing the string from it. She might have been screaming no, but none missed that she did not let go her legs.

"Dogh-un't!" she stuttered as Eva then dove back down into her hairy bush. and began to lap at her aroused, wet, swollen pussy like one of the dogs!

Eva sucked on her lips. Pinched them between her teeth. She mouthed and lapped up to her clit. Tongued it. Flicked it. Licked back down. Buried her tongue into the woman's pussy, worming it around, in and out of the gushing hole. She pushed the bitch's legs up higher and felt out her puckered asshole.

"No-oh - don't - ungh - not there!" the woman grunted out, squirming upon the floor, but she did not let go, nor try to get away from Eva's working tongue. Her husband could do nothing, stunned silent.

Before the French bitch knew what was happening, Eva was gone, spinning out beside her. Eva reached in between, and patted her pussy. Valda let go of Dag.

"OH! MY! GAWWD!" she shrieked as the dog dove between her legs, eager for a taste of some new pussy! The French woman's knees jerked higher into the air, her legs spreading wider, her whole body going absolutely rigid.

Moaning loudly, she was eventually forced to let go of her legs as she convulsed with orgasm, unable to hold them any longer. As she came and came hard, she clutched at Eva desperately with one hand, while scratching at the pavement with her other. In no time at all, she was singing hallelujah for the audience, announcing to all her spiking, never ending orgasm!

Eva tugged herself free. The stupid bitch was grasping at her arm so tight that it hurt! She was so consumed by the tongue in her pussy, that she wasn't aware of what was happening as Eva moved and grabbed the dog by his hips. Valda's bitch began to guide him around, pushing the woman's leg down and out of the way as she moved him over her.

Dag himself was glued to the woman's pussy, and didn't stop as he allowed Eva to shuffle his hind legs around, pivoting, until they were straddled over the French bitch's face. Eva then ducked her own face beneath.

'Perfect!' He was already sticking out by a good couple of inches. Eva did not hesitate to latch on to his sheath, jerking it back, before wrapping her lips around his cock.

"MMM!" she sucked on it noisily. She bobbed and she weaved until he was all the way hard, and she could taste the first of his coming spurts of doggie juice!

Satisfied, Eva popped her lips off, taking a deep, refreshing breath, swallowing the cum she had in her mouth, before noticing that the French bitch staring up at them. Her eyes were glazed over with ecstasy, Dag still lapping at her spread cunt, keeping her trapped upon that high mountain.

Staring wickedly down upon her, Eva began to fist him furiously with one hand, aiming his cock directly down for that bitch's face!

Celesse jerked as the first jet of his cum struck her cheek. She jumped again when it hit her nose. Again, over her forehead. Again and again as Eva continued to jack him over her, but she did not fight it, nor try to move as his cum began to paint her entire face.

Mesmerized by the tip of his pointed, red, beastly shaft, she did not so much as blink, less he shoot his cum directly into her eye, which he invariably did. All the while, her legs slowly rose back into the air, wrapping about the Doberman's neck.

"Agh!" she grunted from his continuing tongue job. "Phlttph!" she spluttered as his cum sprayed in between her lips, trying to spit it back out.

"No!" Eva chastised her. "Open your mouth!" The French bitch opened them. Eva fed her Dag's cum.

Still fisting the dog with one hand, Eva reached with her other and caught one of Celesse's hands. She guided it up to take hold of Dag's shaft. Grasping her by the wrist, Eva started the motions of jacking him, in which the French bitch slowly caught on, doing it herself, serving herself spurt after spurt of his delicious cum right into her own awaiting mouth! Eva let go of her to cradle the woman's head.

"That's it, bitch!" Eva hissed into the French bitch's ear as her open, expecting lips drew closer and closer to the source. "You know you want to suck that cock! Do it! I'll let you..." Eva stopped pushing her, leaving them mere millimeters apart, the cum bursting straight into the back of the bitch's throat. Hungry for it, Celesse did the rest herself, and wrapped her lips around the dog's hanging cock!

"Hell yeah! Suck it!" Eva pushed her further up the meaty shaft, choking the French bitch on it! "Get it nice and wet! You're going to be fucking it next!"

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'For fuck's sake!'

Eva had just gotten the French bitch stripped down and into position on her hands and knees, to feed Dag's dog cock into her foaming pussy, only to turn around to a face full of the woman's husband's cock thrust against her lips! He'd pulled it out himself, dick in hand.

"Go on, beetch! Suck eet!" he said expectantly with his French accent, pushing it again against Eva's pursed lips.

Surprised by this, she jerked away, having to swallow her choice words for the bastard. Instead, she looked to Valda. Valda, thankfully, before anything bad happened, interceded.

"Were you interested in making a purchase as well?"

"Yes!" he blurted out as the Doberman began to hammer his wife's wet cunt. Fuck, could that bitch scream! "Fifteen thousand for the dog!" he named his own price.

"Very well then!" Valda beamed, not bothering to try for more. This was better than she could have ever hoped for! "He is all yours! I am sure you will be-"

"Yes, yes," he interrupted her, uninterested in the dog or his own wife. "You will now have your beetch suck me as she deed for Vasily, yes?" he demanded

"Oh..." Valda intoned, turning to look at Eva pleadingly. 'Please..?' was all she could offer the girl in condolence.

'Mother fucker!' Eva cursed to herself. Another fifteen kay? Fuck it. 'Fine!' she stole herself, and angrily swallowed his cock as well.

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"Madam Zuechter," one of the German men approached Valda as Eva chocked down the last of Pierre's slimy cum. He'd given her the same treatment as the Russian. "My wife and I are interested in that first dog, there," he pointed.

"Oh yes, Fritz," Valda offered, sparing a worried glance back at Eva. The girl did not look happy. "An excellent choice!" she nevertheless managed to sound excited.

"May we see him... perform?" he asked, his eyes falling and landing on the young bitch at their knees.

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Chapter Fifteen: Drowned

"HUUGH!" Eva came up gasping for air. "Agh-nn-fuck!" she lost more than she gained. She couldn't take it! He was giving her the knot.

"And just where do you think you're going, bitch?!" the French woman reclaimed Eva's golden locks, denying her any reprieve.

"Hold - ungh - on!" she rasped. The dog across her back was fucking her hard. She couldn't think straight! There were moans and grunts and screams accosting her from every direction. The smell of sex and cum was thick in the air. Too much was happening at once.

"Phlpht!" she spluttered, flapping and spitting out her tongue and the fresh cum squirt across it. She'd been caught with her mouth open.

More still came, unrelenting, unending, assaulting her senses. She felt like she was drowning - drowning in cum! Eva raised a hand to block the coming jets pelting her face, being delivered from none other than the Frenchies' newly acquired pup.

"Wah-hahaha!" the bitch's husband rolled with laughter, delighting in his own little game. The fucker had the dog's ass backed right up to her from beside his wife, its cock twisted out from beneath its rear legs. The man was jacking the dog, deliberately hosing her with its cum.

"You see thees, Celesse?!" he astonished. "They cum so much!" he chirped, contesting just how much of the bitch's face, head and back he could paint before the dog's balls ran dry.

Eva could feel her hair matted down atop her head, its threads plastered to her forehead and neck. The runny, warm liquid spilt over her brow and cheeks in rivers, twisting all around her neck, running both back between her shoulder blades, and down onto her swinging tits.

"Yes! So much!" Celesse yanked down upon Eva's hair.

"Mmpph!" Eva didn't get the chance to protest as she was quickly smothered once again within Celesse's dog-cum drooling cunt.

Cum. Cum everywhere. There seemed no escape. Eva was overwhelmed. The Frenchies were having their revenge.

And the dog Fritz? Well, as requested, Fritz had had her. The two, Fritz and Eva, had put on a great show for their audience, with all the theatrics of pumping and hammering, moaning and screaming, cum and more cum, but Fritz was now no longer the one fucking her. Having since finished with him, the beautiful Weim was now directly to her right. The wife of the German pair that had requested him, was now attempting to take all his huge dick while her husband assisted her. Oh, how Eva loved to hear that bitch moan!

Rommel? No. Rommel was bought and paid for, and that little Russian cunt was giving him all the attention he would need, servicing him once again with her mouth as her husband claimed very-sloppy seconds from behind.

Axl had been the one to fuck her after Fritz – fucked her brains out. He'd knotted her, made her cum on his cock. He'd cum in her as well, flooding her pussy even more. But he too was now beside her, to her left, the second German couple inspecting his hung cock. The two were debating if she should fuck him here and now. With all that was happening around them, they were leaning towards a likely yes. Eva wished they'd just hurry up and get it over with already! She was tired of listening to them squabble.

No, it was now one of the Alsatians mounted across Eva's back, Eva's first Alsatian, but third dog dog of the night. The third German couple requested him. Damn could he fuck! He was giving it to her hard and fast. as if he meant to punish her.

And after Celesse had finally been released from Dag's knot, first things first, she'd seen to it that the bitch clean her fuck-hole of all the cum he'd left there. Now, the French woman, with the assistance of her husband, was simply delighting in humiliating the bitch further as the newest dog fucked her, having her eat her pussy while Pierre coated her entirely in dog cum!

It was all perhaps more than Eva had bargained for, but she no longer possessed the strength left to resist. It was happening, and all she could do was let it. When caught in the tide, it was easier to go with it, than fight against it.

"NNNGH!" Eva tried to scream – the pain was sharp and intense, but with with two – TWO! – separate cocks stuffed within her mouth, stretching her lips to their max and beyond, it came out as nothing more than a muffled whimper. Her mouth spread wide like that of a fish, if it wasn't so damn erotic, it would have been funny.

Not that they could have heard her anyways. That second German bitch had gone for it, and was currently getting royally pounded, drowning out all else with her pathetic yelps and grunts and whelps!

What caused this pain? Phlop! the Alsatian's swollen knot slipped free, his cock and cum sent bursting from Eva's cunt. Having already turned ass to ass with her, he quickly scuttled away to lick his cock clean.

Ssplttphatt! the built up pressure inside her belly literally squirted his cum back out a good three feet, shooting it like a water gun! The release was a godsend.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Celesse slapped Eva's stretched cheeks with Dag's still hard meat, waking the bitch back up. "Hahaha!" the others joined in, giggling and acting as if this were nothing more than some childish game! They were having the time of their lives in humiliating this defenseless whore so!

Eva's eyes snapped back open only to find... to find - asshole. No, assholes - plural Three of them. Three dog's assholes staring her right back in the face. Where had she been? How long had this all been going on?

The French bitch had been the one to initiate it, of course. After having her pussy fully cleaned out, while the Alsatian was still hammering Eva, the woman had taken over from her husband and stuffed Dag's cock between the girl's gaped, grunting lips.

After her husband had cum in her pussy, the Russian cunt had then joined in on the fun, bringing up Rommel, soon followed by that first German tramp. They now had their two dogs lined up with Celesse's, having Valda's bitch take turns sucking the three of them. Beyond comprehension, they'd somehow managed to stuff two of the massive dogs' cocks into her mouth at the same time!

Too much. But not over. Something... more. Something new grabbed her hips.

"NNNGH!" Eva shook the dogs' cocks out of her mouth.

The women continued to slap and stab their dogs' cocks at her face, trying to shove them back in, laughing and giggling, still in their game! But Eva'd had enough of it, and finally fought back, pursing her lips and shaking her head. For on her hips - hands, not paws. Eva's head snapped back. The German man that had requested Fritz was lining up his own cock with her pussy, preparing to thrust it in.

"What the-?!" Eva's first impulse was to yell and curse at him. 'What the fuck did this prick think he was doing?!' She had NOT agreed to this!

But even through all the trauma and subjugation she'd just been put through, Eva had not forgotten her place - her role. She was not allowed to speak. Instead, she turned to Valda, her enraged eyes and damning expression saying it all. Stop this! NO!

But Valda... goddamn her! It's okay, she mouthed to her bitch, putting her hand forth, rubbing her thumb back and forth across her fingers - the universal sign for money.

'That bitch!' Eva was not happy about it. This was all way more than she had anticipated. But before she could think of anything else, that French bitch took a strong fistful of Eva's hair.

The mere shock at her audacity dropped Eva's chin. Celesse wasted no time in burying Dag's cock

back into her unsuspecting mouth, yanking the abused girl all the way down until the dog's tipped spear ripped into her throat, and her lips were left pressing up against the beast's knot. At almost the exact same time, the German behind her plowed himself all the way into Eva's pussy, until his balls slapped against her clit.

"Gawd! That's some good pussy!" he sang towards the ceiling as Eva's heated, drenched walls clamped down along his invading shaft.

Utterly drained. Weak. Coated and half drowned in cum. With a dog's cock launched into her throat, choking her. Two others slapping her face, blinding her, humiliating her with more dog cock. A man pounding her cunt, rapping her back and forth, raping her. With their flesh slapping, her tits clapping, the audience cheering. There was absolutely nothing Eva could do but take it.

Even with all this happening to her, Eva was still able to catch that French bitch's fat husband approaching Valda. "What's thees?! I paid you good money! Why was I not allowed to fuck her?!" he was appalled, practically shouted at her mistress.

Currently consumed with a face full of cock, Eva could not see Valda's response, nor did she hear one, but that didn't mean she didn't know what it would be. They had all paid good money. To allow one and not another would be taken as an insult, and Valda could not permit that. Eva was under no delusions. This was just be the first of many more cocks to come.

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## **Chapter Sixteen: The Dance**

Sex and cum. Cock and cum. Everywhere she looked, everywhere she turned, there seemed to be no end. It was all she could see, all that she could taste, all that she could smell and touch and feel. A death by attrition.

Drowning. Slowly drowning beneath a sea of sex and cock and cum, buoyed only by her strong sense of self preservation, of lust and greed. In the far, far distance, a vague promise to her want and need.

Cock in her pussy. Cum dumping out. Cock in her mouth. Cum swallowed south. Cock slapping her face, cum creating a full masked disgrace. It was above in her hair, and below amidst her toes. It was pooled around her knees, and puddled within the arch her back.

It was behind her. Man - men and cock and cum filing through. To use her. To abuse her. To try and outdo and beat the last. To raise the ante. To dare. To push her further. Pounding. Slapping. Cursing. Grabbing. All as if to prove their bravado to the rest - a competition of who was the best. The bitch was to be their judge, the height of her yelps and moans and cries the declaration of their prize.

And it was in front of her. Meat. Flashes of red. The sting of humiliation delivered with sharp slaps of degradation. Against her face and in her face. Choking. Wheezing. Coughing. Hacking. Giggles of delight as the game carried on. Could she take more? Could she swallow it all? Would she puke before she took a great fall?

Gloph - gloph - gloph! Eva's convalescing throat sang the tune, rippling over the dogs' intrusive shafts.

Swap - swap - swap! her sopping sex strung the rhythm, sloshing about the men's pumping cocks.



Whop - whop - whop! their swaying balls drummed the beat, slapping against her jutting clit.

And her audience cheered their ovation, demanding a all arousing encore. They clapped along with the music, their pitches of glee creating an ear deafening roar.

And the girl that took no shit, danced along to it. The temperature was rising, the tempo soaring. There were no restraints locked to her bands, but she could not find the will to lift her hands. There were no chains connected to the straps about her feet, but her legs could not close to deny that searing heat. Five dogs before her, five purchases sold, the sales had been made, but Eva could not escape her role.

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"NNGH!" the music stopped. The rhythm was broken. Eva's eyes shot wide. Her pussy left open, a bulbous head of a stiff cock was knocking at her back door!

"Vasily!" Valda saved her. "No! Not there!" the Lady of the House interceded.

Vasily held, pouting, the strain about her tight rim causing Eva to squirm forward, choking down even more dog cock buried in her throat. Valda shook her head firmly "no."

The powerful man thought better of crossing her within her own domain. He slipped his cock back down, and reclaimed the girl's used pussy. Vasily might have been the first to try, but not the last. One right after the other. A new game had been initiated!

Eva's one and only solace through this entire and awful ordeal, and much to the men's chagrin, was that with as much as Valda was allowing, she still denied them her bitch's tiny, as of yet untouched, virgin asshole.

Virgin asshole?! one was left to ask. Eva?

For those that followed Vasily for their first go at the bitch, and for those that came back for sloppy seconds and thirds, the challenge had been set. All longed to be the first of their peers to claim her young ass, the ultimate prize of the ultimate competition!

But for those who had quickly tried to shove it in before the Lady could stop them, they discovered by the fierce resistance of her unyielding rim, that the undeniable answer to that unspoken question was a resounding, 'Yes!'

It was both confusing and frustrating to the men. This girl was obviously no novice. They'd all watched this young bitch both suck and fuck a number of dogs, just as she'd taken their own cocks. But what they couldn't know, what they couldn't understand about her, was that even though she'd done a lot of shit in her life, this evening culminating as the pinnacle of it all, this stubborn girl had always refused to let a man humiliate her in that way - to screw her in the ass.

Deny them all Valda words and Eva's taut asshole wanted, that didn't mean these jackals wouldn't try pressing their luck at every opportunity. Valda had to keep a close eye on them, reminding them time and again that this particular hole was off limits. After all the girl was doing for her, the least Valda could do in return was respect this one, firm request of Eva's. "No anal!"

And while she managed to keep their cocks out the girl's ass, she had a harder time of stopping their wandering fingers. They took every liberty they could in teasing the bitch's tight, pink, puckered sphincter, playing with it, thumbing it, and more than one, actually managing to slip an index or two

within.

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'Fuck!' Eva braced herself as Pierre pulled out, and another of the Germans stepped in, his thumb the first to touch her dripping pussy.

This was the tell-tale sign of what was to come next. They had all caught on, just as she had. A thumb well greased would take its exit, before another cock thrust it.

Fucking, rocking, pounding. Grunts. Moaning. Hands gripping the cheeks of her bouncing ass, slapping them, punishing them. Fingers creeping, careful to disguise their purpose from the watchful Lady. Contact. A slick, wet thumb circling her asshole, massaging it, kneading it, lubing it.

"Ungh!" the thumb pressed in, just as she had anticipated, all three holes now filled.

Gawd, did it piss Eva off! But being mobbed between them and the dogs, there was absolutely nothing she could do about it. Spit the dogs' cocks out? Turn and voice her vitriol anger? Demand they stop? Leap to her feet and fight them off?

No... the thought never so much as crossed Eva's befuddled mind. That was Valda's job. Eva was only voiceless, defenseless bitch! To be used. To service. To be abused. While they managed to get away with it, she was just going to have to put up and shut up - to take it!

'Put up with it...' That's what the human bitch tried to tell herself at any rate. But more and more, it, what they were doing to her, what they were causing, creating inside of her, was becoming harder and harder to deny.

As a matter of rare principle, Eva had never let any touch her here. In fact, the dogs' tongues had been the first thing besides tissue paper to come into contact with her forbidden passage. Be pissed all she wanted, her anger could not ebb the - albeit strange - yet intense, heightened sensation delivered to her by these wandering, delving fingers. There was no denying the bucking of her body, the cries of her ecstasy as it all carried her to several, insane, all consuming orgasms as they violated her so!

At some point during all of this, when she had eventually returned to one of those interment troughs of reprieve from those repeated, spiked climaxes... it came only as an afterthought. Only when they had left her empty and unused, one trading out for the next, did she realize it, did she feel it.

It started as an itch. An itch that needed scratching. It then grew and it spread. It became nearly unbearable. And as the next entered her, as he thrust his cock up into her, Eva found herself holding her breath, waiting for it, anticipating it, needing it.

And - oh! - the relief when it came, when they began to toy with her asshole, rubbing at it, pressing at it, battling that stubborn dam... Quite unintentionally, Eva found herself abetting them. Wanting it to break!

She rocked back upon their cocks and fingers. She ground her ass against them, forcing it. And then that swarming comfort that gripped her as it entered!

"Gawd!" Eva came again! How many times now? Who cared! 'MORE!'

More cock. More cum. More fingers relieving that itch! But through it all, Eva refused to accept the

truth of what was happening to her, the transformation, the sensations rippling through her body. She tried to disguise it.

Not lost to the fact of all the cum being pumped into her unguarded womb – Eva was not on birth control – she tried to distract herself from the truth. Cum was pouring from her pussy. This was dangerous. ‘Perhaps anal wouldn’t be so bad after all?’ Eva second guessed her instructions to Valda.

She would have said as much, if only she could speak. She would have pushed back and buried one of their cocks in her ass if only they would try again! But she was denied. Again and again she wished. Again and again they held to Valda’s rules – to Eva’s foolish demand.

And just as she felt herself go free, just as she began to step in rhythm with that tune, dancing the lover’s dance, the depleted men parted from behind her. That stupid Russian cunt wanted to see her Rommel in action first hand.

Claws on her hips. Weight on her back. Rocking. Tits swaying, slapping, clapping. In near hindsight, daring, Eva reached for him, to grab him, to lift him, to give her what the others denied her, but she was too late. Another cock entered, thrust inside her pussy.

*The End*