

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

When Tracy Ann Heywood graduated from her pet grooming course she beamed with pride as her boyfriend Roy took a photograph of her holding her certificate. While she loved animals, she had no stomach for what she referred to as 'the icky stuff', so being involved in veterinary care was never her ambition. Besides, many wouldn't think her bright enough to do a university degree, pet grooming seemed right for her.

Tracy is what some may unkindly call an airhead, she's not stupid, just naïve and impressionable sometimes. Liz Kenning who ran a pet grooming business in West Hollywood called 'Star Pet Care' noticed this character flaw immediately. Liz is a fifty-something lesbian with long blonde hair, DD breasts, and a curvaceous figure. For her age, Liz is still a knockout. She eyed the nineteen year-old potential employee with a predatory glint in her eye.

She took Tracy to a grooming station to evaluate her skills, getting her to wash and groom an English Cocker Spaniel. Liz watched as Tracy leaned over the sink, staring at her firm buttocks and feeling her wetness grow. Tracy is an attractive girl, with short black hair, pale skin with a splattering of cute freckles, enchanting avocado eyes, and an athletic body with B cup breasts. Liz imagined her tight cunt and her perky pink nipples in her mouth as she watched the young woman groom the dog with confidence and skill.

"You're really good with dogs, Tracy," Liz said, squirming under the weight of her immoral thoughts.

"Thanks, Liz. He's a good boy, too. Look at his cute face, aww, such a good dog," Tracy said scratching his head and making the Cocker Spaniel wag his tail in response.

Liz could feel her clit begin to throb, and she feels amazed because a woman hasn't turned her on like this for a long time. Watching Tracy move so gracefully, as if a dancer, around the dog, the tone of her voice, and the wiggle of her ass made Liz wet her panties. After Tracy had finished, Liz took her back to the office and told her she had the job.

"I know talent when I see it," Liz said. "Do as I say and you'll go a long way in this business."

"Oh thanks, Liz, I told Roy your business the place to be and—"

"Roy?"

"Oh, he's my boyfriend, anyway I told him, 'Roy, there's only one place in LA I want to work and that's at Star Pet Care.'," Tracy said. "Well, he didn't think it mattered, of course, he's a man so what does he know about anything. So—"

Liz has discovered an annoying flaw in Tracy's personality, she liked to talk lots about nothing.

"That's OK, Tracy," she said holding her hand up. Liz handed her an envelope full of documents, and said, "Take these home and fill them out. Bring them with you Monday morning. I expect you at eight thirty sharp, and you finish at five thirty. You get an hour for lunch, depending on how busy we are. OK?"

"Sounds great, and thanks again for giving me this chance, I won't let you down," Tracy said.

Once Tracy left, Liz leaned back and slid a hand beneath her dress and panties to play with her clit. The thought of having Tracy sucking on her clit filled her lustful mind, and soon after her body spasms and she grunts as she cums. She puts her wet pussy soaked fingers in her mouth tasting her cunt thinking, *Tracy Whitman, I have plans for you, big plans.*

Tracy is the happiest she's been since a little girl, and Roy takes her out for pizza to celebrate. Sitting next to her in the booth he dares her to pull his cock out and play with it beneath the table in the busy restaurant. Tracy giggles and blushes, shaking her head.

"Come on, baby, I know you want to," he said in a whisper.

"Oh stop it, Roy, you're such a pervert," Tracy said and giggled again.

"You love it," Roy said glancing around the room and getting a wicked idea. "Alright, here's a dare for you. See the old guy over there sitting with his wife?"

She looks to where Roy is staring and spots an old couple in their sixties chatting, eating pasta, and drinking wine.

"Oh what has your devious mind devised now, Roy? I swear you'll get me in trouble one day with these stunts you make me do."

"I don't force you to do these things"

"Alright, what do you dare me to do this time?"

Roy smirked, he knew Tracy's dark side. Despite her innocent girl impression she gives people, Tracy loves to fuck. In her heart she's a slut, and loves to do things to get a new thrill.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars if you go over there and give grandpa a handjob while you talk to them. Make him cum in front of his wife."

"Oh, and I thought you'd want me to do something hard," Tracy said, and giggled.

Roy smirked.

"I'm sure it'll be hard once you get your hands on it."

Tracy wriggled out of the booth and headed toward the unsuspecting couple.

Bruce and Martha Jones are out for the night, they've been married for nearly fifty years and have eight grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. They enjoy going where young people hang as it makes them feel younger. Bruce is a Deakin at his local church and a pillar in his local community. Martha is always cooking food for the homeless and less advantaged. As they ate their pepperoni pizza, a skinny young brunette with short hair suddenly stops and speaks to them. Something they love, as it gives them a chance to speak of the Lord.

"Oh, hey, you two remind me of my grandparents," Tracy said in a sweet, innocent voice.

"Oh, that's nice. We have grandkids ourselves. Do you live around here?" Martha asked with a warm

smile and eyes.

Tracy grabbed a chair and sat right beside Bruce, who seemed taken aback by her boldness and proximity. Still, Tracy pulled the chair in so she sat next to him, almost touching. The first thing she did is rest her leg against his and leave it there. He moved his leg but she followed, so ultimately he tolerated it.

"I live in Inglewood, but I love coming here. I like meeting new people, and you two look nice," Tracy said in banal tone. "My grandparents live in San Francisco so I don't see them much, which makes me sad. I wish I saw them more often because my Nanna makes the best apple pie. No siree, you don't leave Nanna and Poppa's without an empty tummy and feeling loved, that's for sure."

Martha blinked rapidly at her quick fire chatter, and Tracy notices.

"Oh. Where's my manners? My name's Tracy," she said reaching her hand across the table to Martha who shook it.

"I'm Martha and this is my husband Bruce," Martha said smiling at her.

Tracy put her arm around Bruce's shoulder and gave him a hug, making sure he glanced at her cleavage.

"Hi, Bruce, aren't you a big ol' cuddly teddy bear," Tracy gushed making Bruce shift uncomfortably.

Martha smiled at her husband, amused by his discomfort. Bruce cleared his throat.

"So what do you do, Tracy?"

Tracy removes her arm and sighs with a glum face.

"I'm between jobs at the moment. I did have a job as a desk clerk, but can you believe it I got fired because they said I talked too much. A desk clerk who talks too much? Can you believe it?" she said in an exaggerated outrage.

As she spoke, she slipped her hand to Bruce's leg making him jump. Martha frowned at him, thinking he was rude to their ditzy visitor, so she reached beneath the table and removed Tracy's hand.

"Isn't this what desk clerk's do?" Tracy continued in her inane babbling. "Talk all day on the phone? That's what I did, and I got into trouble for it. It's just not fair, I was a good desk clerk, and probably the best, but my boss had it in for me from the start."

Tracy's hand slid absently fell to Bruce's leg again. He glanced at her, glaring as if to give her the hint to stop it. Tracy ignored him, placing her hand on his leg again. This time he sighed and gave up and left it there as kept speaking.

"My ex-boss was a nasty man, too. He kept trying to hit on me, and he was over fifty, probably sixty, and I'm like only eighteen. Just barely eighteen, anyway. What a creep, can you imagine it? A sixty-year-old man trying to hit on a young girl like me. I'm so glad I got fired really. Except I'm pretty broke without a job," Tracy said finally finishing.

Martha sighed with relief, she didn't see Tracy take a breath once.

"That's terrible," Bruce said trying to take his mind off how her hand is edging up his thigh. "The

world is full of evil people, you need to find a job in a Christian run company," Bruce said.

As she turned sideways to face Bruce and listen, Tracy moved her hand up his thigh until it rested on his groin. She dropped her head onto his shoulder and smiled for a moment making Martha's eyes bulge.

"Oh, I agree. If only I knew where to find such a company that'll hire me," Tracy said.

She reached to the pepperoni pizza and took a slice with her free hand. Martha watched every move with patronizing smile. What Martha didn't know, is as she cheekily took their pizza Tracy slid Bruce's zipper down, and shoved her hand into Bruce's pants. Bruce suddenly gasped and coughed. Tracy wrapped her hand around his cock and balls, squeezing them, feeling them in her hand. Bruce froze, holding a stupid grin to give the impression nothing is happening.

"Are you OK, Bruce?" Martha asked.

"Um, yes, I, err, just swallowed the wrong way," he said grabbing his beer and taking a sip.

His old cock soon started getting hard as she rubbed it inside his pants and soon she's able to the erect member out of his fly and worked it beneath table.

"You have to be careful these days," Tracy said to Bruce. "Things can just grab you out of nowhere and jerk you around, and pretty soon you're whole life's changed over something that lasts but a fleeting moment. Like giving your life to the Lord, it only takes a moment to do but it changes you. Do you know the Lord?"

Bruce's cock is now hard and springy, and leaking precum as she slides her hand along the thick shaft. He starts to sweat, and is looking away to hide his arousal from his wife. Martha, hearing Tracy's words practically beamed at her.

"Bruce and I were born again over forty years ago. He's a Deakin at our church and gives sermons even," Martha said with her chest puffed out.

"Deakin, eh?" Tracy said as her hand quickened over the old man's hard cock. "That's why you know how to talk to people because you're cool."

Bruce's face began to redden, and his breathing became more ragged. His wife finally noticing something is amiss with him.

"Are you sure you're OK, Bruce? You're not having chest pain again are you?" Martha asked pushing the hair from her face though her hair is tied back.

"I'm, err, f-fine, Martha, just s-some indigestion," Bruce said, his hands grasping the table.

"What do you think, Tracy?" Martha asked.

I think it would be a miracle if this old fart ever cums, she thought. Tracy could feel his cock throb in her hand and sighed heavily with exaggeration rolling her eyes

"Bruce does look off color, now you mention it," Tracy said putting her free hand to his forehead. "He feels hot and hard to me. Maybe he has the man flu?"

Tracy suppressed the urge to laugh, however, Martha's concern for her husband grew by the moment. Suddenly, Bruce leaned forward, clenching his eyes shut, and groaned loudly. Martha

jumped out of her chair instantly.

"Bruce! Bruce! Someone call an ambulance," she shouted, making the whole restaurant stop and stare at her.

Phones went to ears as some called nine-one-one, others rose into the air to film the happenings in case something cool happened that could be shared online. Bruce is still leaning forward, gasping, and moaning as Martha puts her hand on his shoulder.

"Bruce, speak to me," she said loudly in the now silent restaurant.

Thinking he needed some air, she pushed him so he sat back in the chair. Her eyes bulged as for the first time she saw Tracy's small hand gliding over her husband's thick cock, jerking him off.

"What the—" she began when Bruce finally came.

Bruce grunted and his body twitched as his balls pumped a load of cum that erupted so hard from his cock it shot right into Martha's face, followed quickly by a second and third splattering. The woman stood still in a dazed trance, her mouth gaping, and her body rigid. Big dollops of cum now dribbled down her face, over an eye, and hung from her chin.

Martha screamed.

The restaurant erupted into noise. Shouts of disgust, bursts of laughter, and gasps of disbelief. More phones rose into the air to capture the seedy comedy unfolding. Tracy wiped her cum covered hand on Bruce's shirt and took off. Martha, becoming aware of herself again, tried to grab Tracy but slipped on some cum on the floor and fell on her ass.

"You slut!" Martha shouted at Tracy. "You goddamned whore! Come back here!"

Tears were running down her red cheeks. Tracy made it out the front door where Roy is waiting for her, and he gave her a high five.

"That shit was awesome, babe," he gushed. "You're so hardcore!"

"Let's get outta here before the cops come," Tracy said with a smile on her face.

As they drove off, Roy said, "I can't believe the old guy just sat there and let you do that."

"Did you see him cum in her face?" Tracy said, her eyes sparkling. "I wasn't expecting that. I thought I'd wet myself it was so funny. Did you see her face, how his cum just hung off it? How everybody just stared at her as if she was the foulest of creatures. Omigod, what a laugh."

"Shit, babe, I filmed it so we can post it online. You're so badass. I'd hate to be that dude now, with his old granny missus tearing him a new one."

They laughed, chatted, and headed home to fuck.

Monday morning she arrived at 'Star Pet Care' ready to begin her new career as a pet groomer, a popular service in LA where animals are seen by Hollywood types as fashion accessories rather than pets. Liz greeted her warmly and introduced her to another staff member named Kelly, a thirty-something fat woman who wore no makeup. Kelly showed Tracy where to find everything and at nine

am the first two appointments arrived for the morning.

Tracy works hard all morning, getting her dogs finished and assisting Kelly with hers when she could. Just as they were about to break for lunch, a woman came into the boutique with a Boxer she insisted needed an urgent bath and grooming thanks to a passing truck spraying it with filthy water from a pothole, and she wouldn't take no for an answer. Liz offered the job to the girls and Kelly refused, so Tracy said she'd do it. The dog's name is Cassius, and she lifts him into the tub. He seems a friendly dog and gives her face a big lick.

"Oh, aren't you sweet, Cassius. Yes, you're a good boy. A good boy, yes, you are," Tracy said in a baby voice and patted him.

She turned on the shower and set the temperature and started wetting the dog while talking to the animal.

"Such a brave boy, aren't you. Just some water, no need to worry. Tracy will take care of you."

The Boxer stared at her with big brown puppy-dog eyes making her heart melt. So she washed him and after began to towel dry him. As she rubbed the towel over his back, she noticed something that made her jump back with a squeal. Cassius has developed a big boner, and he stood watching Tracy panting and licking his lips as any horny male does when presenting his boner to a woman.

Tracy giggled, putting her hands to her lips as she did.

"Oh, you naughty dog. That's so gross," she said and laughed.

She came closer to inspect the strange phallus, as she had never really seen a dog cock close-up before. What amazed her first is the color of the large dick. The phallus is a strange mixture of red, purple, and pink, as if the skin had been pulled off and this is what lay beneath. It glistened in the fluorescent light to show its wetness. The other strange part of this penis is the head. The dog's cock didn't have a knob as a man has, it appeared as if the knob had been abruptly cut off, leaving a log.

The end of the dick is on an angle with a strange fleshy piece coming off the top into a point. At the base of this unusual organ two large bulges appeared as if his balls had somehow been sucked into his dick, though his balls look still intact. Also, the size of the cock really impressed her, not just super thick but long too. She grabbed a small ruler off her grooming station and stood back lining it up with the cock. Nine inches of meat. She gasped in shock. Not even Roy could beat that. The sight of this strange phallus titillated her and repulsed her simultaneously. For a penis, it seemed familiar yet so alien to her. So she stood transfixed by it, wondering what she should do next.

That's when Liz came in and spotted Tracy staring at the dog's cock with a flush of heat on her face.

"Got a problem?" Liz said loudly, making Tracy jump and place her hand on her chest.

"Oh, you scared me," Tracy said and giggled. "I think I do. Cassius here has become overexcited from his session."

Liz looked at the dog and whistled. "He's well hung, don't you think?"

"Ew! He's a dog," Tracy said, a flush creeping across her face.

"Mrs. Deveraux is waiting and we can't send him out like this," Liz said watching Tracy closely.

"Maybe we should get him laid, there's plenty of hookers on Sunset Boulevard," Tracy said and giggled.

Liz chuckled. "Well, that's one option if we wanted him to get the clap, but dogs take too long to fuck in my experience."

Tracy did a double take at Liz. "You're experience?"

Liz laughed. "You've never seen a dog fuck before?" she asked.

"Ew, why would I see that?"

Liz shrugged, not really having an answer. "Maybe you could give him a handjob?"

"Me?" Tracy said and giggled again and shoving her hands in her pocket. "Sorry, Liz, but I don't think I can do that. It's a dog, and it must be illegal or something. No, why not just see if he calms, besides that dick is kinda gross."

Tracy took her hands from her pockets and shoved them under her arms tightly.

Liz moved behind the dog, nodding as Tracy talked. "You chicken," she said and laughed. "It's only a cock, it won't bite you."

"No, but the other end might," Tracy said and giggled nervously.

To Tracy's surprise Liz reached between Cassius's legs and pulled his cock out so it pointed behind him, and began to stroke it gently. Tracy stared bug-eyed at the confident way Liz handled the canine cock, spitting on it and rubbing her hand along the thick member.

"What the fuck?" Tracy said, followed by a bark of laughter.

Tracy half turned away from the strange sight, her skin tingling and her heart racing.

"It's not so bad," Liz said softly. "It's quicker than waiting for him to 'calm' too."

"I can't believe you're doing... Touching it?" Tracy said, blushing badly staring through her fingers over her face as if watching a horror movie at a movie theater.

"Why?" Liz asked, still stroking the cock. "Farmers masturbate animals for semen. Horse studs do the same. Jesus, there's an industry out there based on jerking-off animals. So why is this so bad?"

"I-I don't know, just seems k-kinda wrong," Tracy said grimacing.

The Boxers cock seemed to grow larger, especially the bulging part at the base. The color of the cock become brighter/intense as more blood pumped into. Liz noticed Tracy staring at the base so she wrapped her fingers around it making Tracy gasp.

"It's called the knot," Liz said. "Dogs use it to plug the bitch's cunt to hold his cum inside. That way it increases the chance of him fertilizing her and making puppies."

Her hand stroked the angry looking cock and clear liquid began to spurt out the end. Liz began to heat herself, not from stroking the cock, but from watching Tracy squirm and flush in obvious arousal. *Tracy likes cock, that's for sure*, Liz thought.

"God, it feels so warm and alive in my hand," Liz said softly, her breathing becoming deeper. "I can feel it throb and pulsate. Have you ever felt a cock do that, Tracy?"

"Um, yeah," Tracy said without thinking.

"You love cock, don't you?"

Liz keeps stroking the Boxers cock, while Tracy stares at it transfixed.

"I-I'm not sure," Tracy said, her body trembling.

"These cock are so much better than a man's, they give so much pleasure," Liz said in a husky whisper.

"W-What?"

"They stretch you in ways you can't imagine and make you cum so hard you see stars," Liz continued.

"Do you?" Tracy couldn't bring herself to say it.

"I've tried it. It's fucking awesome. You wanna touch it, feel how hot it is?"

"Um, I don't know," Tracy said in a whisper, her flush going a deeper red.

Liz spotted Cassius's balls tightening and begins to stroke faster. "He's gonna cum soon, watch now."

Liz pulled a magnum XXXL condom from her pocket, ripped off the packaging in her teeth, and rolled it over the end of the dogs cock so it hung from it. She then starts to stroke the dick fast, and suddenly a long stream of white, watery cum shoots out from the tip of the strange cock filling the condom

"They shoot so much cum," Liz almost moaned watching the condom bulge with semen. "Do you like cum?"

"God, yes," Tracy whispered, squirming her hips in obvious heat.

They watched the dog shoot its load and after it stopped, Liz gently removed the condom and let Cassius's cock fall back between his legs. Holding the condom at the top and bottom, Liz indicated with her head for Tracy to follow her and went into a storeroom out the back.

"See those plastic jars with the yellow lids on that shelf over there?" Liz asked

Tracy turned and scanned the shelving seeing the jars in question. "Yeah, I see them."

"Get me about ten of them and bring them over," Liz said.

She had Tracy line them up side by side with the lids off, and she gently poured Cassius's cum into each until they were three-quarters filled. Tracy remained silent, but wondered why Liz is going to all this trouble with the dog semen. After she disposed of the used condom and washed her hands, they put the lids on tightly.

"I suppose you're wondering what all this is about?" Liz finally asked.

Well, derr Tracy thought, but she only nodded.

"Many of the dogs we groom here are pedigree specimens with the best bloodlines in America. So we collect samples and sell them to breeders, kinda off the books," Liz said with a wink.

"But don't you need the dog's papers to prove it?" Tracy asked.

"Haven't you seen our 'Pedigree Discount'?"

Oh, right, Tracy thought. *Prove your dog's pedigree and get a fifteen percent discount.*

"So our customers bring the papers in," Tracy said, rubbing her hands together and nodding. "You copy them so you have proof of the dog's bloodline and you can sell their jizz on the black market. It's genius, but how much do you get for dog jizz?"

Liz had a high chin and exposed neck as Tracy talked, giving her a crisp nod.

"I ship these all over the world, and can clear two-thousand a jar, after expenses," Liz said leaning back on the bench casually.

"I'm impressed, and no one is really hurt, are they? The owners get a discount, the dogs get a happy ending to their grooming session, and you get a nice 'off the books' earner. I knew I liked you. Liz," Tracy gushed.

"I need some help though, as my last girl got married and moved away. I hoped maybe you might be interested?"

Tracy grimaced. *Jerking off dogs is gross,* she thought feeling her stomach churn. *The cash would be handy though.*

"What about Kelly? She's been here longer than me," Tracy said.

Liz laughed. "Kelly won't have anything to do with it, she has no imagination, no spirit of adventure," Liz said with big hand gestures.

She probably has no desire to give handjjs to dog's too, Tracy thought and smiled. *This sounds like something Roy would have me do in one of his silly dares.*

Liz continued, "But I think you do. I think you're just the girl I've been looking for, and I'll give you five hundred dollars in cash per dog you, err, milk and prepare his cum for shipment."

"What about the grooming?" Tracy asked.

I think you'll be easy to groom, Liz thought.

"You'll still have to do your regular work, this is extra. So are you in, or do I find someone else to make this easy money with?"

"Sure, I'm in," Liz said and smiled broadly.

Liz kissed her cheek and squeezed her hands in hers to show how pleased she is with Tracy's decision. So for the next fifteen minutes she taught her new prodigy how they process each animal. The dogs aren't to be 'milked' in the grooming room, but brought into the storeroom. Liz showed Tracy where the condoms are kept and the boxes of jars. She explained how to label each jar. Then

the final task is placing the jars in a liquid nitrogen storage tank so the sperm is frozen and kept viable. Tracy is amazed at the setup, which clearly had a lot of thought and money spent on it.

"That's all you have to do," Liz said. "You'll be my collection specialist. I'll handle the selling and the shipping."

Tracy giggled and blushed.

"I never thought I'd be doing something like this when I got my certificate," Tracy said.

"Stick with me, sweetie," Liz said, putting her hand on Tracy's ass. "I'll have you tasting delights you never knew possible."

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## Chapter Two

A couple of days later, Liz comes into the grooming area and tells Tracy a pedigree customer is in the waiting room. Tracy now understood why Liz closed the general grooming over the lunch period, sending all employees off to lunch except her. Lunch time had been allotted to their 'Pedigree Club', for a group of dogs hand selected by Liz for the value of their semen on the black market. Although Tracy thought the staff knew what Liz was doing, nobody said anything to her about it. Kelly remained aloof, almost snobby, and two others, Renee and Timmy, who worked at Star Pet Grooming part-time were more to Tracy's liking as people.

Once the crew had left for lunch, Liz brought in an excitable skinny dog with short golden-brown fur and an alert face.

"Oh, he's gorgeous," Tracy said, patting the excited dog who licked her face.

"This is 'Trix', he's an Andalusian Hound. A nice easy one for you to start with," Liz said with a smile.

"I've never seen a dog like this before," Tracy said to Liz. "Oh, you're so cute, aren't you?"

The dog jumped around and licked her face.

"The breed comes from Spain, and isn't common here," Liz said. "But Trix here is as pedigree as they come. Mrs. King brought him as a pup for ten-thousand dollars."

Tracy's eyes bulged, and she patted the dog again as she shampoos him. "You're worth more than I am," Tracy said to Trix, and laughed.

Liz stood by and watched as Tracy finished washing and drying him. Tracy gave his nails a clip, put some drops in his ears, and sprayed him with a perfume they use that gives the dogs a musky vanilla smell. Liz tapped her watch, and they took Trix into the back storeroom for his happy ending.

"Are you ready to try this?" Liz asked as Tracy grabbed some latex gloves.

"Um, I think so. It's not like I've never given a hand job before," she said and blushes lightly.

"Forget the gloves, sweetie, you need to feel when he's about to cum, and gloves prevent that," Liz said with a raised eyebrow.

*No gloves, oh god,* Tracy thought with a tremble.

Liz, sensing Tracy's sudden hesitation, said, "Just think of the money. Five hundred per dog is good, eh?"

"Guess so," Tracy said with a weak smile.

"Alright, reach under him and start rubbing his tummy, then work on his cock," Liz said holding Trix by the collar. "Once his red cock pokes out, stroke it with your fingers until he's hard."

Tracy swallowed and begins rubbing the dog's furry belly. Working to his sheath, she rubs her fingers over it making Trix whine and trying to look back, however, Liz is holding his head to prevent him. Tracy bends to get a better view as she rubs over his furry sheath. She can feel the sheath start getting thicker as the dog whines, licking his lips.

"Is he OK?" Tracy asks Liz, worried she's hurting him.

Liz chuckled, making her tits wobble. "Don't worry, it's typical horny dog behavior."

Suddenly, Tracy feels something hard and moist poke out of the sheath, and she bends to see his red cock starting to emerge. As Liz had instructed her, she took the two-inch cock into her fingers and stroked it with one hand while the other kept rubbing his ever thickening sheath. *Not as big as I thought it might be*, she thought disappointedly. However, her assessment was premature, as the dick kept getting longer and thicker, and within a few minutes she's stroking it with her whole hand. Precum dribbles out the strangely shaped head and she uses it to lubricate her hand. Once the dog reached 'full mast', Tracy grimaced at it.

"What is it, sweetie?" Liz asked.

"He's bigger than the average penis, I didn't expect that," Tracy said watching her hand glide over the warm organ.

Liz leaned over and looked at the cock, and shrugged. "Wait until you see the larger breeds, he's a small fry compared to them," she said lewdly.

Tracy didn't want to think of larger dogs, so she concentrated on Trix using her handjob skills to good effect. As her hand glided along the red shaft, she noticed his knot swelling at the base. As she kept stroking, the knot kept getting bigger and bigger.

"If only men had a knot," Tracy said with a sigh and a red flushed face.

Liz asked, "Are you feeling horny, sweetie?"

"Um, I guess," Tracy said and giggled.

"Women do let dogs fuck then, you know. It's a thing," Liz said with a wink.

Tracy screwed her face up and shuddered. "This is far as I'll go, thanks."

Liz laughed softly. Tracy's eye's suddenly widened.

"Omigod, I can feel it throb in my hand," she said.

"Oh good, he's gonna cum soon," Liz said. "Get the jug ready. They can cum hard, so get that jug over his cock when he starts."

Tracy stroked the angry red cock fast now, Trix whined contentedly, and his cock continued throbbing in her hand. Both women feel their pussies moisten considerably. Tracy because of the sexual act she's performing, and Liz as she watches the attractive brunette work the dogs cock. Liz's big nipples are now poking through the material of her blouse. Trix starts to hump in Tracy's hand, showing his enjoyment, when suddenly a jet of cum blasts from his dick. Tracy gasps, and blushes as she moves the jug over his cock getting some splash back on her hand. Drops of cum splatter the table, making Liz jump to avoid getting hit. Tracy watches wide eyed as the dog pumps his cum into the jug,

"I can't get over how much they cum," Tracy said feeling suddenly breathless.

"It's more diluted than a man's cum, which means we get return customers," Liz said with a wink.

Once Trix finished, Tracy wiped his dick and they lifted him off the table, and Liz gave him a treat. Once Tracy washed her hands, she started filling the vials with a pipette. Liz updated the labels on the computer and printed them. By the time they had put the vials into the freezer, Trix's cock had softened enough for Liz to return him to his owner.

"Good work, sweetie," Liz said as she left with Trix.

Tracy cleaned Trix's cum off the table, and packed everything away. Glancing at the clock she still had ten-minutes left of her lunch break left so she retrieved a sandwich from her bag and went outside to eat it. *I wonder what Roy will say about it*, she thought as she chewed her tuna sandwich.

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"You're shitting me! You actually did it?" Roy said and burst into laughter.

"Stop!" Tracy said, punching him playfully. "For five hundred dollars, why not?"

"Well, it's illegal, that's why not," Roy said and smiled.

"So is stealing cars, but do I nag you about it?"

"And they cum a lot?" Roy asked, ignoring her comment.

"Yeah, nearly half a quart. It's gross."

"Does it look like cum?"

She nods. "Yeah, it's a whitish/gray color and smells similar, I guess."

He chuckled. "It's weird, I never really thought about it before."

"Me neither, until Liz's offer."

Roy suddenly sat up with a mischievous look on his face. "I have a dare for you," he said with a wide grin.

"Now what?"

"You have to get the fat bitch, Kelly, to drink some dog cum."

"What?"

"The dog cum, make Kelly drink some."

Tracy's face screwed up. "Ew, no way, how do you suppose I do that?"

"You said they have one of those espresso machines there," Roy said.

"Yeah, so?"

"Make her a latte with dog cum in it."

Tracy giggled at the thought. "Getting her to drink cum would be funny."

"Teach her a lesson for being so stuck up."

"You're bad, Roy. I might get fired."

"Nah, your boss wants to get into your pants too much for that. Go on, do it." Roy said, tickling her and making her laugh raucously.

"OK! OK! STOP," Tracy said between laughing.

Roy backed off with a self-satisfied grin. "Good, but you have to film it on your phone. I wanna see Miss Piggy get her some Ralph."

"Oh, Roy, you're such a pervert."

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Two days later Tracy found herself jerking off a Tibetan Mastiff, a rare breed of dog whose semen is very valuable. Liz told Tracy the dog called Bear is a regular at the salon due to needing his coat kept short for the warmer LA weather.

"Bear's cum is worth more than any pedigree we milk here," Liz said.

Tracy patted the big dog with the thick, long brown fur with white splotches. "Omigod, he's so cute," Tracy said. "He makes me wanna cuddle him."

"Don't be fooled, they can be aggressive, but Bear is a good dog," Liz said petting the big animal. "OK, get to work as you won't have much time to milk him after you wash and groom him."

"OK. You can count on me."

Tracy cut his fur using a picture of him from a previous session as a guide to the style and length the owner preferred. All their regular customers had photos with the details on the back. She clipped his nails and put some drops in his ears. Eventually, she had the dog walk into their 'big dog' bath and began to wash him. As she rubbed the shampoo on his body, she thought: *Maybe I can start him here so he won't take long to cum later.* So she started to rub his furry sheath and it didn't take long for him to start getting hard. As she worked, she stroked his cock intermittently to keep it hard. The dog whined and licked her face, he knew what she's doing.

Tracy dried him with a blow-dryer in one hand and his big red cock in the other, edging him. Bear's already humping her hand sometimes. Once she brushed him and sprayed some perfume on him, she took him to the storeroom to finish milking him. Bear is excited by this stage and once in the room, he suddenly jumps on her, knocking her over.

"Bad dog," she shouts, and gets off the floor pushing him away. "I'm not your bitch you can push around."

She grabbed the cup and kneels beside him and continues to jerk-off the huge cock. *I have to admit it's an impressive cock, he even makes Roy look small*, she thought, slightly aroused by the sight and feel of the dick. Her instincts proved correct, working the dog up before coming to the storeroom quickened the process, for within minutes of her jerking his cock fast he shot his load. She caught the ejaculate in the jug and is impressed he gave three-quarters of a quart.

Once Tracy wiped his dick and clipped the dogs leash to a wall mounted ring, she went to work processing the product. Fifteen vials were filled, labeled, and put in the freezer. By the time she had finished, Bear's cock had disappeared back into its sheath.

"Looking at you now it's hard to imagine you have such a massive dick lurking in those loins," she said to him and giggled.

In the jug a small amount of cum is left, and Tracy knew what she had to do. Setting her phone camera to record, she pointed it to the inside of the jug.

"See this, its dog cum from this dog," she said, swinging her phone around to film Bear. "For your dare."

She scooped a teaspoon full of cum into a small container and put it in her pocket. After she washed the jug and the floor, she took Bear out to his owner, a full fifteen minutes early.

Upon seeing Tracy, Liz asked skeptically, "You've finished? You did *everything*?"

Tracy smiled, feeling pride in how clever she is. "Yep, all done. He's such a cutie too."

Suddenly a black woman appears and says, "Oh, Bear, you look wonderful. Is this your new girl, Liz?"

"Oh, yes, meet Tracy," Liz said.

"Pleased to meet you," Tracy said, recognizing Queen Latifah.

"You too, oh, he looks terrific. Thank you," Queen Latifah said.

"Bear was no trouble, he's such a good dog," Tracy said.

Tracy handed the leash to Queen Latifah, said goodbye, and returned to the staff kitchen to eat her sandwich before the general lunch period is over. As she sat to scoff her ham and cheese, Kelly entered looking sweaty, with a red piggy face. Tracy giggled.

Tracy asked, "How's things, Kelly?"

"Shitty," Kelly said with a blunt face and an angry voice. "I'm going out for a smoke."

"You look like you need a cup of coffee, would you like one? I'm just about to make one anyway. Three sugars right?"

Kelly grabbed her smokes out of her bag, and said, "That'd be good thanks. Yeah, three sugars."

"I'll bring it out to you," Tracy said with a warm smile.

"Wow, that's really nice," Kelly said and smiled for the time since Tracy had met her.

\*\*\*\*

Once Kelly left the kitchen/tea room Tracy made two lattes and filmed herself putting Bear's semen in Kelly's cup, and stirring it in. She sent the file to Roy, and took Kelly's cup to her outside.

"Gee, thanks," Kelly said. "I really need this."

"I'd join you, but I don't like cigarette smoke, sorry," Tracy said smiling.

"It's OK."

Tracy left and ducked into Liz's office, which had a window, she could spy on Kelly with. She soon had her phone out, filming Kelly. After a few more drags on her cigarette, Kelly finally drank some coffee, a good mouthful. As she swallowed, she stared into the cup with a frown. Then she sniffed it, her face pensive and lips pressing together in a slight grimace. However, suddenly she shrugged and downed the rest of the coffee in one go.

Tracy giggled and turned the camera to herself, saying, "Operation successful."

Tracy ran to the kitchen and sat, drinking her coffee. Not long after, Kelly walked in with her cup in one hand and smokes in the other.

Kelly asked as she put her smokes away, "Hey, did that coffee taste funny to you?"

Tracy nodded. "I think the milk is going off, but it's still drinkable."

"Yeah, that's what I thought too," Tracy said washing her cup. "Thanks for making it."

"Sure. I hope everything's OK with you," Tracy said.

Kelly ignored Tracy's invitation to talk, and said, "Back to work."

Not long after Kelly left Tracy found herself laughing. *I got her good*, she thought. Once Tracy got herself under control, she returned to the grooming area to find a shiatsu had already been leashed to her station.

\*\*\*\*

Later that day, Tracy is walking to the bus stop to go home when suddenly she's grabbed from behind and dragged kicking and screaming into a deserted alleyway. The person assaulting her seems large and strong and eventually throws her to the ground and Tracy rolls to see its Kelly.

"What the fuck?" Tracy said, glaring at Kelly from the ground.

Kelly stared at the skinny brunette with a sneer. "I found something you left in the kitchen," she said and threw it Tracy.

Tracy knew immediately it was the container she used to the put cum in for Kelly's coffee. She looked at the container and frowned.

"It's not mine," she lied. "I've never seen it before."



Kelly guffawed. "Don't lie, bitch. I know why you're Liz's new pet, we all do."

"What are you talking about?" Tracy said, trying to act innocent.

Kelly laughed harshly at her, rolling her eyes. "Mom sure knows how to pick 'em."

Tracy's mouth falls open and her hand flies to her chest. "Liz is your mom?"

"Yeah. I know what she does. So I'm gonna have to teach you a lesson, just as I did for her last 'milk maid'."

Tracy went pale, and asked, "What're ya gonna do?"

Kelly motioned to her left side and a blue van appeared and stopped behind her. She opened the sliding door, and said, "I'm gonna give you a lift home."

Tracy knew her intentions weren't that innocent. "No, I refuse."

Kelly shrugged. "Have it your way."

With strength Tracy thought impossible for a female, Kelly grabbed the skinny brunette and threw her body into the back of the van. Tracy screamed and tried to fight back, however, Kelly is just too strong for her. Kelly climbed in afterward and closed the door behind her. Tracy looks around to see a large dog tied to the back of the van, lying on the metal floor. The dog is a mixed breed, so mixed she couldn't recognize any breed in it.

"I want you to meet Muttley, you're gonna milk him and drink all his cum," Kelly said.

"No way," Tracy said wrinkling her nose.

She glanced to the front to see the driver, but the window to the front is closed. Kelly slapped her face.

"Ouch," Tracy moaned, rubbing her reddened cheek.

"Have I got your attention now? Good," Kelly said sarcastically. "No one's going to help you here."

"You can't make me do this," Tracy said with strong eye contact and a furrowed brow.

"No, I can't make you do it. True. I can, however, make him fuck you," Kelly said with a crooked smile.

Tracy gasped, her head jerking back. "You wouldn't?"

Kelly's smile grew larger as she nodded. "So, it's either you drink *all* his cum, or I hold you while he fucks any hole he wants."

Tracy wrapped her arms across her chest, and looked away. "You bitch," she said in a harsh voice.

"Good. So go do your thing, milk maid," she said mockingly, handing Tracy a jug from a box near her.

Tracy took the jug and glared at Kelly with as much hatred as she could muster. She crawled to the dog and petted him, and he licked her face with his slobbery wet tongue making her shiver with

disgust. The dog reeked. The dog stood and Kelly shuffled over and held its head, to stop him from falling as the van moved. Tracy had gone to work, rubbing his sheath until his red cock began to poke out. Then taking it in her fingers, she stroked it with one hand and rubbed his sheath with the other, even rubbing his balls.

"You're a natural," Kelly said coldly. "You missed your calling, you're not a pet groomer. You're a dog wanker."

Kelly laughed harshly, making Tracy blush. Tears welled behind Tracy's eyelids, her head is spinning, and she feels numb all over. Still, she jerked-off his big hard cock, at least eight inches long and very thick by now. The dog whined, licked his lips and hunched into her hand.

"Get that jug ready, Muttley here has a nice big load for you today," Kelly said.

"This is cruel."

"And what you did to me wasn't?"

"I'm sorry, alright, I'm sorry."

Tears rolled down Tracy's cheeks.

Kelly shrugged. "Better get that jug ready as any landing on the floor will have to be licked up."

Muttley is humping wildly into Tracy's hand, so much so, she doesn't need to stroke him anymore. He whines and Tracy lifts the jug into position just in time to catch the first spurt. The dog emptied his balls into the jug as Tracy kept her hand wrapped around his cock. She could feel the meat throb and vibrate as semen shot from it.

Kelly said in a high-pitched, excited voice, "Woah, he's a big cummer. You're gonna get a nice big cumshake today, milk maid."

Tracy's cheeks burned bright red. Eventually, the dog stopped cumming and left three-quarters of a quart of semen in the jug. Tracy stared at it, her chin trembling.

"Go on, drink, and tomorrow we'll act as if it never happened," Kelly said.

Tracy shuddered, and closing her eyes she lifted the jug to her lips. The first mouthful almost made her puke. It tasted salty, tangy, bitter, and metallic. The smell is strong too, making her head spin and her stomach roil. The semen is warm, watery with some chunks. Some trickles out and runs over her chin, sticking to it. She tries not to think about it, or listen to Kelly's mocking words of encouragement. All she could do is swallow the dreadful liquid in one go to finish it quickly. Tracy suddenly stopped, putting the jug on her lap, as she feels as if she's about to puke. She gasps for air, the slimy cum coating her mouth and chin still. Her face turns green.

"I can't do it! It's awful," Tracy moaned between gasps.

"Oh, and you've come so far. Only a little bit to go," Kelly said between bursts of laughter.

"I hate you," Tracy said and lifted the jug and tilted it on her lips, watching the remaining cum slowly run down the sides toward her open mouth. As it entered her mouth, it feels thicker than before, as if all the chunky bits had fallen to the bottom. It's harder to swallow. *A dog cum smoothie*, she thought and shivered all over. Her stomach is churning and bubbling under the assault.

Eventually, she could no more from the jug and she put it down, gasping again, and trying to stop herself from vomiting.

"And the rest," Kelly said.

"It's finished."

"No, it's still coating the insides. Scoop it and eat it, I wanna see that jug clean."

Again, Tracy glared at Kelly, but the woman seemed nonplussed by it. Scooping Muttley's cum with her fingers, she placed them in her mouth and sucked them clean. She did this until none was left.

"Chin," Kelly said, pointing.

Tracy had visible tremors go through her body and she sobbed, as she scooped cum off her chin and sucked her fingers clean. With a sneer, Tracy asked, "Happy now?"

Kelly laughed raucously. "Very happy."

Tracy realized the van had stopped, and Kelly shuffled over and opened the sliding door. Kelly got to her feet, and hunched over, she left the van to find herself on her street.

"I won't forget this," Tracy said to Kelly.

"We're even now, so drop it. Tomorrow is a new day."

"Well, at least wash your dog. He's filthy, what kind of statement does that make about a professional pet groomer?"

Kelly laughed again. "He's not my dog," she said.

Tracy's eyes bulged. "What?"

As Kelly slid the door shut, she said, "He's just some stray I found in the alley."

As the van drove off, Tracy fell to her knees and vomited. Not her last vomit for the day.

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Chapter Three

"SHE DID WHAT?" Roy screamed when Tracy told him of the incident in the van.

Tracy didn't offer any answer as she rushed to the bathroom to vomit again. She could hear Roy fuming outside, before he came in and sat by her, rubbing her back.

"I'm sorry, luv, it's all my fault. I got you into this mess," he said, his eyes welling with tears.

Tracy sat on the floor panting with her eyes closed. "Oh god, I can taste it when I vomit," she moaned, clutching her stomach.

Roy jumped to his feet and got her a drink of water and handed it to her. As he watched Tracy, so pale and sweaty to the point her hair is even damp and limp, he made his mind up about what he'll do.

"I'm gonna get this bitch. I'm gonna teach her a lesson she won't forget!" Roy said coldly.

His anger welled inside him and he smashed his fist into the wall, leaving a hole in the plaster.

"ROY!" Tracy shouted.

He stared at her, his face red and his breathing heavy.

"Don't do anything stupid, the last thing I need is for you to be put back in slam," Tracy said.

Roy outstretched his hands, palms up, saying, "We can't let her get away with this."

"Let me see how things are at work tomorrow. Let her think she's got away with it before we do anything."

Roy kneels beside and kisses her head. "That's my brave girl," he said affectionately.

The next day, Tracy still feels off-color from what Kelly did to her, however, she decides not to wimp out and call in sick. *I have to face Kelly eventually*, Tracy reasoned with herself. So despite feeling sick, she went to work as normal and arrived fifteen minutes early to have a quick cup of coffee and prepare her work area before starting. Kelly isn't present, which strikes her as unusual as she always arrives earlier than anyone, even Liz. Liz enters the room just before opening the salon looking as beautiful as ever. Her long blonde hair, flawless. She wore diamond earrings that looked expensive, and a tight hugging orange/red dress that exposed her sexy cleavage. As the face of the business to the customers, she always dressed immaculately.

Liz sauntered to Timmy and gave him a pat on the backside and they talked for a while. Tracy finished her coffee, and is about to take her mug to the kitchen when she hears Liz's voice say, "Nice of you to show up on time, young lady."

Tracy turns to see Kelly at the door. Her eyes bulged and the color drained from her face, for Kelly had on a Muttley T-shirt, and is sucking away at a vanilla thickshake.

As she entered the room, she said, "I'm not late, just not as early as I usually am."

Liz, looking Kelly over, said, "What's that hideous thing you've got on?"

Kelly smiled lopsided. "It's Muttley," she said. Liz's face went blank. "You know, from the cartoons."

Liz frowned. Kelly gave a deep sigh and looked up shaking her head.

Turning to Tracy, Kelly said sarcastically, "Tracy knows who Muttley is, don't you?"

Tracy flushed, and her legs went weak. "I-I—" she began.

However, Timmy jumped in and said excitedly, "I do, he's from the 'Wacky Races' and has that wheezy laugh."

Kelly says in a high-pitched voice, "See, Timmy gets it."

Liz said in a snotty tone, her nose upturned, "I don't care! Don't let my customers see you in such a trashy thing."

As Liz walked out she stopped by Tracy and gave her a peck on the cheek, her usual morning welcome.

Glancing at Tracy's pale, sweaty face, she said, "Heaven's, girl, you look dreadful. Are you unwell?"

Kelly called across the room, "Maybe it's something she ate?"

Followed by the last slurps of her thickshake being sucked through the straw. Tracy grimaced, then gulped. She could feel her stomach roil again and instead of answering, she ran to the bathroom and pukes. Liz followed and held her hair as Tracy leaned over the toilet.

"Oh, you poor baby," Liz said, stroking her back.

Once Tracy felt certain she'd finished vomiting, she stood slowly, went to the sink, and rinsed her mouth. Liz handed her a damp washer and Tracy wiped her face with it.

With a deep sigh, Tracy said, "I'm sorry."

"Are you OK? You're not pregnant or something?"

Tracy smiled weakly. "No, Kelly's right, I think it's something I ate."

"Maybe you should go home, I can call and see if Renee can work for you?"

Tracy nodded. "Call her and if she can work, I'll go, but if she can't, I'll press on," she said. "I know we have heaps of bookings today."

"Oh, you're such an angel," Liz said and kissed her cheek again. "I have some maxolon tablets in my office. Do you think you could keep one down?"

"I can try."

So after the maxolon and a drink, Tracy returned to her station and began to work. Kelly smirked at her, however, Tracy ignored it. Timmy noticed it, though, and he frowned looking between the two women.

Later that morning, Tracy sipped water in the tearoom and felt relieved. The pill Liz had given her seemed to have settled her stomach. Renee couldn't work anyway, so Tracy going home sick would've put the salon under pressure. Timmy walked in and asked how she's feeling.

"Better, actually," Tracy said and smiled.

Timmy made a cup of coffee and sat opposite. "Oh, that's good. You looked positively green this morning," he said and chuckled. "Your color has returned anyway."

"Nothing a shit load of makeup can't fix," Tracy said and smiled.

"Hey, girl, I need to talk to you about Kelly," he said softly, glancing at the door.

Tracy felt a flutter in her chest. "Oh?"

Timmy took a deep breath before he spoke. "I think she might have it in for you."

Tracy smiled, and shrugged. "I think Kelly has it in for everyone. She's not the happiest person I've met."

"No, but the girl before you, Kelly drove her out. It got so bad, Liz had to pay the poor girl off or face a lawsuit."

Tracy's head jerked back. "What happened to her?"

"Liz found her another job across town and paid her a settlement. She's really happy now."

"So what should I do? In your experience with Kelly," Tracy asked, then taking a gulp of water.

Timmy thought for a moment, taking a sip of his coffee.

"Honey, you're never gonna be friends with her, so don't try to suck up," Timmy said. "Just keep clear of her, be polite, and whatever you do: don't do anything to deliberately upset her."

Too late for that, Tracy thought with a sigh. "Thanks, I'll keep that in mind," Tracy said and rose to return to her work area.

Kelly is waiting for her, a smirk on her fat face. She asks Tracy, "How are you feeling?"

"Better," Tracy said looking around to see if anyone else is present.

They're alone.

Kelly took a deep breath and said, "What I said yesterday about us being even, well, I meant it."

Tracy snorted. "Wearing a Muttley T-shirt and the thickshake is a funny way of showing it."

Kelly smiled broadly, and casually leaned against Tracy's workstation. "I have a wicked sense of humor, my friend's say-so all the time."

Tracy stared at the frumpy woman cocking her head and tilting a single eyebrow. *Friends? Friends? How could you possibly have any friends*, Tracy wondered?

"I'd rather we just forget it and move on," Tracy said hurriedly, looking away.

Kelly's face beamed, as she flushed. "But I *can't* forget it."

Tracy's eyes bulged, and she stepped back. "You said—"

Kelly waved her to silence. "I said we're even, and meant it. But I'll *never* forget how you chugged that dog cum down."

Tracy sighed and crossed her arms to her chest. "I need to get back to work," she said coldly.

"It's OK, we gotta few minutes before the faggot gets back."

Tracy couldn't believe this woman, her body tensed and she ground her teeth. Then, without a thought, she slapped Kelly across the face as hard as she could. Kelly reeled back with a squeal, her hand automatically caressing the painful, reddened cheek. Her eyes bulging with sudden fear as

tears run down her cheeks.

Meanwhile, Tracy's body feels a surge of relief and she relaxes at last. "There, now I feel we're even," she said and smiled at Kelly, who slunk away clutching her cheek, leaving the room crying.

Tracy went about the rest of the day feeling lighter, happy even. Kelly stayed away from her and didn't talk to anyone except a few piggy grunts to Liz. Tracy couldn't wait to tell Roy when she got home.

Roy laughed hard when Tracy told him what she did to Kelly.

Doing a few shadow boxing moves on her, he said, "That'll teach the bitch to mess with ya."

"I just hope she can drop it, I don't want this to turn in to some bitch-fight, Tracy said falling into Roy's arms and snuggling into him.

"I'll be your work taxi for a while, so she can't jump you again."

"Oh, you're so sweet," she said, sliding her hand down his pants.

As she touched his cock, Roy said in mock surprise, "Well, Hello."

She stroked his cock and felt it grow hard in her hand. He undid his pants, pulling them open so his cock sprang free with a bounce. Not long after, Tracy is deep-throating him. However, her mind drifted back to Kelly, and what she may, or may not, do in retaliation for the slap. *A regular person would step back and drop it*, she thought as her head bobbed on Roy's cock. *Something tells me Kelly is crazy, though, so I had better watch my back*. It didn't take long for Roy's cock to throb and shoot a thick load of cum into her mouth, which she swallowed. Once he'd had enough of her sucking his cock, he pulled her up and kissed her long and deep.

Everything seemed to go OK at work for a few days. Kelly kept to herself and Tracy wondered if the fat woman had decided to let it go after all. *Nothing worse than a workplace bully*, Tracy thought, as she often glanced at the back of Kelly while she worked. Naturally, forgetting her actions toward Kelly could also come under the heading of 'bullying'. Before lunch, Liz appeared and told Tracy they had a special client coming in, number one-hundred and twelve. Tracy nodded and Liz sauntered off wriggling her butt as usual.

Tracy finished her last dog before lunch and went to the storeroom to prepare for the milking. She opened file one-hundred and twelve on the laptop to discover it's an English Bulldog called Charles. So she filled out the labels and printed them. As she went to collect the vials, she noticed for the first time the freezer door is open, and the liquid nitrogen had been expelled.

"Oh my god," she said in a panic and ran to find all the samples were room temperature.

Picking out a vial, she stared at it, rotating her hand to see the contents move. Putting it back, her heart pounded in her chest and sweat appearing on her upper lip, Tracy ran out of the storeroom and found Liz in her office working.

"Liz, Liz, we've got a problem," Tracey yelled, making the woman look at her with raised eyebrows.

"What?"

"Someone's tampered with the freezer in the storeroom, all the samples are ruined."

Liz stood, her eyes bulging. "What? Are you sure?"

"Yes, come on."

Tracy gestured for Liz to follow and when she seen the freezer for herself, she said, "Mother of god, who would do such a thing?"

Kelly would, the bitch, Tracy thought her face flushing.

"All that work ruined," Liz said, picking up a vial and examining it as Tracy had. She looks deeper into the upright freezer, then puts her hand inside again. Quickly, she pulls it out saying loudly, "The lower level is still sealed."

"What?"

"The lower level is still frozen, we may be OK after all," Liz said with a grin. "Quick, take the top layer out and shut the freezer. I'll turn on the nitrogen."

Once Tracy sealed the lid, the sound of the freezer filling could be heard. Liz walked to the ruined samples and counted them.

"Let's put a lock on the valve so no one can turn it off in the future," Tracy said.

"Good idea," Liz said, opening a clipboard and checking off the vials on the list. "Phew, looks as if the samples of last three and bit dogs are lost. Apart from that, we're in good shape."

"That's the dogs I did?" Tracy said rubbing the back of her neck.

Liz nodded. "Sorry, but I can't pay you for it."

"What the hell?"

"It's your job to look after things back here, and look what happened?" Liz said gesturing to the ruined samples

"Yeah, but I didn't do it, your—"

Liz put her hand up and silenced Tracy. "Whoever did it, is irrelevant. It's not as if I can call the cops and report it. No product, no money. Now clean this mess and hurry, your next pedigree dog will arrive soon."

Tracy stared at the spoiled semen samples and in a fit of rage she hit the counter with her fists.

"My, that temper of yours is a worry. Have you considered anger management classes?" a voice behind her asked.

Tracy spun to find Kelly standing there, feet planted firmly apart, her arms across her massive fat tits, and big smirk on her face.

"You did this, didn't you?" Tracy said, her face flushing red.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Kelly said mockingly.

"What's your malfunction?"

"I like putting cunts like you in their place."

"I'll tell your mother what you're doing," Tracy said.

"Go ahead, and once I tell her how you started it, I'm sure she'll fire you."

Tracy suddenly groaned loudly, stomped her foot, and turned putting her back to Kelly.

"Just get out, I have work to do," she said coldly.

Suddenly, Kelly stood right behind her, breathing heavily on her neck, and her large tits pushed into her back. Tracy feels the hair lift on the nape of her neck and arms, for at her throat Kelly holds a knife. Tracy's body starts to tremble. *This fat bitch is crazy* she thinks.

"W-What are you-you doing?"

"What's a matter, not so uppity now, are you?" Kelly says.

"Look, you're taking this too far."

"Shut the fuck up. I'm in charge here, right?"

"What—"

"RIGHT?"

The knife pressed into Tracy's neck. "Alright, alright," she said in a shrill voice.

"Good, mom told you to clean up and that's what you're gonna do. So get drinking."

"No, please?" Tracy said, feeling faint.

Kelly grabbed her tightly. "Come on, bitch, drink your medicine." Tracy reached over the bench and picked up a vial. "Good, now take the lid off and skull, like a good little bitch."

Tracy whimpered, "Please."

"DO IT!"

Trembling all over, Tracy brought the vial to her lips and tilted. The cum slid into her mouth, cold, slimy, and gross. The metallic taste stronger than the cum Kelly had made her drink a few days ago. She gagged, her stomach roiled, and waves of nausea turned her face green.

"Oh, I think you like it," Kelly whispered in her ear. "Don't you, cumslut?"

Tracy didn't answer, so Kelly pushed the knife onto her neck harder, yelling, "DON'T YOU?"

"Y-Yes."

"Tell me how much you like dog cum?"

"I like it," Tracy whispered.

"Good, well keep drinking," Kelly said in an almost pleasant voice. "All those vials to go, eh? Looks as if there's nearly thirty vials there. A good day for a cumslut like you."

After Tracy had downed six vials of tepid dog cum, each making her face scrunch as if she had just sucked on a particularly sour lemon, she noticed Kelly's breathing becoming heavier.

Kelly whispered in her ear, "You're not enjoying your cum as much I thought you would. Unless you're hiding it, hmm?"

Tracy didn't answer. She'd decided to get the vials finished as quickly as she could so Kelly would leave her alone, until Kelly suddenly unclipped the button on her slacks. She tried to turn, as panic filled her, however, Kelly gripped her strongly stopping her.

"Shush, stop your fussing. I'm just trying to help you enjoy this more," Kelly whispered hoarsely in her ear as if speaking to an ungrateful child. "Just keep drinking, or you'll never be ready for your next appointment."

Tracy's body sagged, she had forgotten the English Bulldog, so she picked up a vial and forced herself to drink even quicker the horrible slimy contents. Kelly slid her hand beneath Tracy's panties, feeling her pubic hair at first and the hard pelvic bone. Soon her fingers were sliding inside Tracy's cunt, or rubbing over her slit and clit, probing her, and arousing her.

"Your cunt feels so nice," Kelly whispered as Tracy downed her fifteenth vial. "Hand me a vial."

"What?"

DO IT."

With her hand trembling, she passed one back to Kelly, who flipped the cap off and let it run over her hand. Slipping her hand back into Tracy's panties she rubbed the semen all over and into her cunt, feeling the stickiness of it on her hand as if it were Elmer's Glue. She rubbed so every part of her cunt is covered in dog cum, continuing to work her clit. Tracy began to moan, and lean back into Kelly.

"Keep drinking, cumslut," Kelly said mockingly.

Vial after vial of dog cum empties into Tracey's mouth as Kelly finger bangs her cunt. Tracy's head is swimming, the pleasure of the finger fucking making her body tingle, her legs spasm, and breathing fast. She thrusts her hips spasmodically into Kelly's hand as a jolt of pleasure takes her. Yet her stomach is still churning at the onslaught of the stale dog cum she's feeding herself. Kelly is talking dirty in her ear, mocking her, ordering her, and insulting her. As she swallowed the last vial, an orgasm rocked her body and she could feel her cunt contracting on Kelly's fingers. Tracy moaned loudly, leaning back into Kelly's fat body.

"That's a good little cumslut," Kelly said, pulling her hand out. She spun the disoriented Tracy so her ass is leaning against the bench and presented her hand. "Lick it clean, bitch."

Tracy obeyed, tasting her pussy with a hint of the same cum she had just swallowed. . She'd consumed nearly five-hundred ounces of stale dog cum. Once Kelly is satisfied her hand is clean

enough, she pulls it away, does up Tracy's pants, and leaves. Tracy stands there, staring at the door wide-eyed and mouth open. Her stomach gurgling, with the nausea, cramping her. *Who the fuck is this woman* Tracy wonders?

Liz suddenly pokes her head in the door and says with a smile, "Your twelve o'clock is here."

Then she's gone.

Tracy grabs her stomach, and closes her eyes. *Come on, Tracy*, she thinks. *You gotta job to do*. Her stomach gurgles again and she knows there's only one thing she do. Holding her stomach, she let rip a loud burp. The taste and smell of cum overwhelm her senses again from her cum burp. Waves of nausea hit her, making her feel as if she's going to puke momentarily. She runs to the sink and drinks from the tap, washing her mouth. Straightening her clothes she leaves the storeroom, heading for the client lounge to get the dog. Liz liked her to meet the customers.

Tracy can feel the stickiness/wetness between her legs and in her panties as she walks, she tries not to think about. Entering the client lounge she spots Liz with a familiar looking Latina woman.

Liz says upon seeing her, "Ah, here she is. This is my new girl, Tracy.

The Latina woman steps forward and shakes her hand. "It's a pleasure to meet you, I hear you do good work," she said with a genuine smile.

Tracy forced herself to smile. "Thank-you, Ms. Lopez. I assure you the honor is all mine," Tracy said sweetly.

God, I should've been an actor, Tracy thought ironically.

"Please," Jennifer Lopez said warmly. "Call me, Jen,"

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## Chapter Four

In the shadows of a tall building, he watched her walking along the sidewalk toward her home. In her arms she held some paper shopping bags loaded with items from her trip to the nearby supermarket. His hand gripped his Glock nineteen hard as he watched the woman with a sneer and an intense, fevered stare through the eyeholes of his balaclava. He started the car and pulled out after she passed, and stopped again in front of her. Waiting and staring in the mirrors at her approach.

"Come on, bitch," he said under his breath as he continually adjusted the grip on his gun.

As the woman drew level with the back of the car, he got out quickly and pointed the gun at her head. The woman froze, her face went pale, and she started to tremble.

"I haven't got any money," she said in a shrill voice.

"Get in the car," the man said coolly.

"Please, not that. I'll give you money if you just let me go," the woman said stepping back.

He stepped closer and knocked the groceries out her hands, causing her to scream. Items smashed on the ground and a cracked bottle of cola fizzed and bubbled onto the sidewalk. He grabbed her by her hair and put the gun against her forehead. The woman closes her eyes, and scrunched her face.

He repeats his command in harsh, menacing voice, "Get... In the... Fucking CAR!"

He steps back and the woman, shaking all over, opens the back door and climbs in. He closes the door and once he's in the car they leave. The woman glances at the doors in the back to see the door and window handles have been removed. She grasped her hands around her body trying to control her breathing and her tears.

"If you let me go now I promise I won't say anything to anyone," she tried to bargain with her kidnapper.

"What, and miss all the fun," the driver said.

Her head jerked back and her heart pounded in her chest. Something about the way he said it made her think, *Omigod, he's going to rape and murder me*. She looked for any means of escape again, however, the only door that could be opened from the inside is the drivers. *Maybe if I hit him*, she wondered? *Great, then he crashes the car and I still can't get out*. Nothing could save her now, and chills shot through her body, making her cross her arms across her chest and rock slightly.

The car pulled into an abandoned warehouse and the driver let her out, the gun pointing at her the whole time.

"Over there," he indicated to a room with lights on. As she walked her legs feel like great weights and she struggles, breathing loudly in the dark empty warehouse. "Move, you fat bitch," the kidnapper shouts.

"Please, please, I won't tell. Just let me go," she said sobbing.

Another man appeared at the door of the room, also wearing black and a balaclava. He asked the gunman in a Russian accent. "Is this her?"

"Yep, she's here for the Friday-night special," the gunman said. "Is it ready for her?"

"Oh yeah, she's in for a treat." They stopped in front of the Russian and he looked her over. "You didn't tell me she's a fucking elephant," he said, and both men laughed.

"And fucking ugly too," the gunman said.

The Russian asked the woman, "What's your name, fatty?"

She spit in his face, leaving a glob on his mask. He wiped the spit off with his sleeve, and laughed. However, the back of his hand soon struck her cheek, rattling her head and making her step away. The woman rubbed her face, and groaned.

"Don't make this any harder than it has to be," the Russian said coldly.

The woman looked at him, her face and neck glowing red, and through clenched teeth she said, "Kelly, my name is Kelly."

"Good, Kelly, now take off your clothes. ALL of them."

Kelly knew she couldn't argue with these men as they would kill her without even a second thought. However, she did have a card to play.

So as she undressed, she said, "You're making a mistake."

"Oh?"

"Have ever heard of Indigo Films?" Kelly asked, taking her bra off to let her big fat breasts flop loose.

The Russian asked indifferently, "No, should I have?"

"They're connected to the west-coast mafia, and my brother works for them," Kelly said pulling her pants off.

The Russian laughed. "Listen to her, she's from the mafia. I'm so scared," he said mockingly.

Eventually, she stood naked in front of them and the Russian shook his head in disgust. "You're a gross pig, Miss Mafia," he said and grabbing her by the hair he pulls her inside the room. The Russian is strong, and he pushes her onto a mattress in the middle of the room. "Get on your hands and knees," he orders, but Kelly doesn't move.

Looking at the two men from the ground, she said, "I can give you my brother's number, and you can check for yourself."

The Russian sighs and glances at the gunman, and says, "I think the best thing we can do with this cunt is put a bullet in her head."

The gunman nods. "OK, boss," he says and aims his Glock at her head.

"Alright, alright," Kelly says and gets into the position they want.

The Russian moves around her and handcuffs her limbs to rings in the floor. After this he slides a table under her fat belly that's angled so the higher end is at her waist and the lower end is against the underside of her breasts, which hang free. Then he puts a strap around her, forcing her body to be on this thirty-degree angle. She feels something cold spray on her ass and pussy, and the rancid smell of urine fills the air.

Kelly asked, "What are you doing to me?"

The gunman said, "Preparing you for the night of your life, slut."

Suddenly, Kelly feels a cold nose sniffing her ass and licking her. She starts to laugh, a hysterical and maniacal kind of laugh. The men glanced at each other, and the Russian made a circular motion near his head with pointer finger to the gunman who nodded at the gesture. The dog in the room is big Irish Wolfhound and it begins to lick her cunt and ass, driven by the heat scent of the urine. Kelly moaned as the big course tongue smothered her pussy, sliding inside as well.

Kelly shouted, "Do you think this'll break me? You picked the wrong bitch, you assholes."

The dog mounted her, and started humping wildly to find a warm hole to stuff his huge red cock into. Kelly strained against the cuffs, and grunted as the dog poked her thighs and butt hard. Suddenly, he found purchase and thrust his cock deep into her ass. Kelly screamed as the big cock stretched her unprepared anus to tearing point. She could feel his enormous meat push her insides

around with each brutal thrust. Her floppy breasts began to sway as if pendulums as the Wolfhound pounded her ass with his cock.

"Oh god, Yessssssss, fuck me, big boy," Kelly moaned loudly. "Make me your bitch!"

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The Russian pulled the gunman from the room and once outside he said in a quiet voice, "I thought you said this would work? The slut is enjoying it."

The gunman shrugged, saying, "How was I supposed to know she's a dog slut?"

They watched the dog continue to fuck Kelly's ass hard, his knot slamming into her now.

Kelly screamed, "YES! YES! FUCK ME! FUCK ME!"

The Russian shivered. "Only a dog would fuck an ugly bitch like that."

"A dog, on a dog," the gunman said and smiled under his balaclava. "So what now?"

"Kill her, a bitch as foul as this deserves to die," the Russian said going for the gun.

The gunman pulled it away, stepping back and saying, "No, I promised—" he began, then caught himself. "I promised, OK?"

"Pfft, you've become pussy whipped since you've been with her."

"I love her."

"Love," the Russian made the word a curse. "Alright, I'll make it work."

\*\*\*\*

Kelly squealed so loudly as the Wolfhound's huge knot entered her ass that the men covered their ears. The Russian cringed, thinking about what he had to do next. In the corner of the room, opposite the door, is a locker. He opens it and pulls out a baseball bat, glancing at the gunman to see if he'd changed his mind. When the gunman didn't move, the Russian sighed and kneels beside the dog who has slowed his fucking now he had her knotted. He rubs the blunt end of the bat against her pussy.

Trying to look behind, Kelly shouts in a shrill voice, "What's that? What are you doing?"

Once the bat had lubed from the wetness of her cunt, he pushed the bat hard making Kelly scream in pain. The bat cleaved her cunt as he rammed it all the way inside her until it could go no further. Kelly squirmed and wriggled in pain as she lay helpless impaled by two huge objects. The Russian starts to fuck her stretched, painful cunt with the bat. This causes friction on the dogs cock so he begins to fuck her too.

Kelly has her eyes shut and is breathing heavily now. The sounds of wet flesh slapping and squishing fill the room, and the smell of her cunt also wafts into the air. The Russian isn't being gentle with the bat as he abuses her ravaged cunt, neither is the dog in the other hole. Kelly's body shakes, and she pulls against her bonds, making them rattle loudly. Her head moves rapidly all over, throwing her brown hair into the air. Her grunts and groans grow increasingly louder, when suddenly her pale-white skin goes bright red, and her body spasms with sharp jerks. The Russian takes a closer look at

her cunt to see it contracting on the bat.

The dog finally reaches his goal, and with a loud whine, he stops and starts to cum deep inside her body. The Russian pulls the bat out and throws it on the floor with a sneer. He grabs the gunman's arm and drags him outside again.

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"The fucking slut came," he said harshly to the gunman. "That's fucking big bat. It's best we slit her throat."

"NO," the gunman said.

"You can't rape a bitch like this, Roy. She'll enjoy everything we do to her. The rougher we are, the better she'll like it."

"So what do I do?"

"You said they were running a racket there?"

"Yeah, black-market pedigree dog semen," Roy said.

The Russian laughed loudly shaking his head. "Any wonder this bitch is into dogs. Maybe this'll be better handled by the cops."

"No, Tracy's implicated in it," Roy said.

"Then find her a new job," the Russian said.

"What about her," Roy said, pointing to Kelly inside the room still tied to the dog.

The Russian pulled off his mask to reveal a hard face, grayish hair, and cold blue eyes. He lit a cigarette and blew a puff of smoke into the air.

"I've dealt with this type before, you can't break them," the Russian said. "The only thing to do with them is let them go, or kill them."

"If we let her go and she told the truth about her mafia contacts?"

"Use the video to threaten her," the Russian said and began to walk away.

"Where are you going?" Roy called after him.

"It's your mess, you clean it up," the Russian said and disappeared into the darkness of the warehouse.

Roy turned and stared into the room. A sharp whistle came from behind him, and the Wolfhound suddenly pulled his cock out of Kelly making her groan loudly. The dog ran past Roy barely taking notice of him.

*Well, this turned in to a pile of shit,* he thought.

\*\*\*\*

He entered the room again putting his gun in his belt. Kelly is still panting, her asshole is gaping badly with cum dribbling out. Her anus appears red and swollen, and he could see her colon it gaped so much.

"Did your friend leave?" Kelly suddenly asked.

"Shut the fuck up," Roy said.

"It's OK, I heard you talking, *ROY*," she said and laughed.

Roy clenched his fists and eyes as rage boiled inside him. He pulled the Glock out of his belt, and aimed the gun at her head. Kelly turned her head to the side to try to look at him, the gun now resting on her temple.

"So you're gonna shoot me now?"

"Yes, Sergei is right. People like you are better off dead."

"Just answer me this. Did she put you up to this?"

"No, Tracy knows nothing about it," Roy said.

Kelly laughed.

"What's so funny?" Roy asked.

"Are you a killer, Roy? Do you really have it in you to pull that trigger?"

Roy lowered his gun, turned and screamed, hitting the concrete wall. "FUCK!" He yelled. "FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!"

He slunk to the floor, sitting cross legged, holding the gun between his legs. He ripped off his mask and Kelly saw him for the first time. He had a military style haircut, his hair a brownish-red, and piercings in his eyebrow, nose, and ears. His face in angular, clean shaven, and Kelly decided he's a good-looking guy.

"So, is there going to be more fucking tonight, or have you given up?" Kelly asked.

"We were going to let several dogs fuck you," Roy said still looking at the gun in his hand.

"Well, don't let me stop you, oh, and do the baseball bat thing again, fucking awesome," Kelly said and smiled.

Roy's eyes bulged. "You want more?"

"Fuck yeah, your friend was right about me. I'm a kinky slut. So get me another dog."

Roy stood and left the room, coming back moments later with a Rottweiler. He sprayed some urine on her again, which stung her already abused holes and let the dog loose. Sitting in a chair to watch the action, he rolled a joint and began to smoke it.

Kelly moaned loudly as the Rottweiler lapped at her gaping holes, it tasted cum from another dog there. Roy stood and took the joint to Kelly, who gratefully took a few puffs. The dogs soon grew tired of licking Kelly's nasty groin and mounted her, humping wildly. Roy is amazed at the size of the



animals cock. The big red rocket poked her several times when it found her cunt and drove as deep as he could go in one powerful thrust. Kelly moaned loudly, her body rocking and shuddering from the onslaught.

The Rottweiler had found his nirvana, and as her silky folds spasmed on his hot cock, he began to fuck her rapidly making Kelly moan like a whore. Roy sat directly behind her, watching the big cock slice her apart. The squishy, slapping sounds grew louder, reinforcing the hardness with which each thrust is being delivered. The knot, slowly expanding, slipped inside her several times, making her body jump and Kelly squeal.

"Oh, fuck me. God, yes, I live to be fucked like this," Kelly shouted.

Roy watched the show with interest now, since Kelly enjoyed it so much. Her continuous moans and dirty talk made him get hard, and he shifted uncomfortably to adjust his pants. *I've failed enough tonight, jerking-off to this would be a total betrayal*, he thought. He had seen the odd twenty-second bestiality video clip online, still he had never considered it to his liking. However, watching Kelly get pile driven by the Rottweiler turned him on. The dog panted loudly, gripping her waist with his legs tightly. Kelly's body still rocked with every thrust, her fat wiggled and jiggled, and her breasts swayed.

"It feels so good. Your cock is amazing," Kelly moaned.

Roy hadn't noticed it enter, but the knot is now inside her and the dog is grinding her, making her shout unintelligible words and grunts. The dog starts to slow, however, Kelly started shaking and writhing under the dog.

Kelly screamed in a high-pitched voice, "Oh Fuuuuuuuuuuuuck!"

Her head moves, her body shakes, and she cums again as the Rottweiler is pumping her cunt full of his cum.

"Woah," Roy said in a whisper as he watched, his cock aching.

The Rottweiler suddenly jumped off, standing ass to ass with her, waiting for his knot to deflate enough so he can pull out.

"QUICK," Kelly shouted. "Fuck my ass while he's still in me."

Roy's head reeled. His cock ached. *Fuck her ass* he thought looking at his lap. He stood and took off his pants, and began stroking his dick. After taking the last toke of his joint, he straddled the dog and aimed the head of his cock at her fat ass, which had now closed.

Thrusting hard, her anus gave way easily, and warmth soon covered his cock. He groaned, as did she. Strangely, he could feel the big knot and cock in her pussy and it excited him. His mind and body filled with lust at the thought of doing a dirty dog fucking skank. Adding his cum to the dogs already inside her.

He knew she could take it rough, so leaning over and placing a hand on her large back to steady himself, he began to fuck her as hard as he could. He slapped her big ass cheeks, making her grunt and moan. His cock felt so delicious in her, a forbidden pleasure, it drove him on. He could feel the dog trying to tug his cock out of her, and how she clenched so hard to keep him inside. The clenching also made her anus so tight around his dick. Sweat dripped off Roy now, as he stared at his cock sliding into her tight butt hole. He grabbed her hair and pulled it back harshly, making her squeal, but she didn't fight it.

Holding her hair, slapping her ass cheek, and fucking her ass, he grunted, and groaned as if riding a wild bull. The dog's movement in her cunt sent small orgasms through her body, and made his cock twitch and throb with excitement. His big balls suddenly tightened, and he could feel his orgasm getting closer, which made him fuck her even faster. Harder. Then, with one final loud grunt, he came. His body jerks, his eyes clenched shut, his skin glowing, and he unloaded his balls inside her. Roy falls forward onto her back, panting and gasping at the strength of his orgasm, his cock still buried inside her.

Suddenly, Roy feels her insides shift as the Rottweiler is finally able to pull his dick out of her cunt. He pushed himself up, and slides out of her too. Sitting back in the chair, he leans his head back, breathing deeply.

After a few minutes of silence, Kelly says, "Is that all?"

She sounded disappointed with Roy, which made his cock twitch. He had never met a woman like Kelly in his life. Tracy had a daring streak, for sure, but not this kind of sexual stamina. So he went to the other room where they were keeping the dogs and brought a Great Dane into the room where Kelly is waiting. The dog could smell the mating that had taken place before, and soon had his nose in her pussy, licking it. Kelly moaned loudly.

"Oh, yes. More cock, I need more cock," she said.

*This slut is a machine*, Roy thought as he closed the door.

\*\*\*\*

Early the next morning, Roy opened the front passenger door and Kelly climbed out. Her hair a total mess, her face still damp with sweat, and her pants wet in the groin. She smelled terrible too. That's what happens when five dogs and one-man fuck you for seven hours straight. Roy leaned close and kissed her for a long time. Taking her arm, he walked her to the door, spotting her smashed and now looted shopping bags.

"Sorry about your groceries," he said with a weak smile.

"It was worth it," Kelly said. "I had a great night."

"So did I, you're amazing for—"

"A fat, ugly bitch?"

He blushed, and she laughed.

"Don't sweat it, I got over it years ago. I am what I am."

"I like what you are," Roy said and kissed her again.

"What about Tracy?" She asked, making him frown.

"God, I'm so confused."

"It's OK, things have a way of working themselves out," she said and gave him one final kiss.

Then she entered her apartment building, leaving him alone. Walking to his car, he thinks, *What the fuck have I done?*

## Chapter Five

Tracy arrived at work on Monday morning to find Kelly at her station, already doing her first dog for the day. Her chest tightened at the sight of the fat woman, and her stomach jumped. *She had better not come near me today*, Tracy thought angrily. Quickly going into the storeroom to see all her chains and padlocks are still in place, she feels more relaxed. As she returns to the grooming area, Kelly glances at her with a smirk firmly planted on her face. Tracy ignores her and begins to prepare her station for the day. One of the other part-timers called Renee comes over and says hello.

Renee said in a low voice, "Have you seen the dress Kelly is wearing? It screams: Goodwill Bin."

"I didn't really take any notice," Tracy said.

Renee looked smug. "I've never seen her wear a dress before, nothing looks good on her."

"She always dresses like a homeless person anyway," Tracy said in a low voice. "It's hard to believe she's Liz's daughter, they're so opposite."

Renee nodded in agreement. "And she looks as if she hasn't showered for days. Her hair has more grease in it than a bucket of KFC."

Tracy giggled, making Renee smile too. The tension began to ease from Tracy's body. "Does she smell too?"

Renee fake gagged. "Something awful. What a dirty cow."

"I'm glad I don't work close to her," Tracy said. After seeing Renee's face drop, she quickly added, "I'm sure it'll be fine, though, just keep spraying perfume into the air to mask it. I told Roy what a cow, she is, and he laughs."

"You're lucky to have a boyfriend like him. He's so hot," Renee said.

"He is hot, but sometimes not very smart. I have to keep nagging him to do the right thing."

Renee laughed. "All men are the same."

Suddenly, Liz walked in looking wonderful as usual in a black dress with a wide silver belt, and jewelry. Liz stopped and stared at Kelly for a moment wide-eyed. Her mouth opens, about to let her have it when Kelly gives her the filthiest glare ever. The glare shuts Liz down, so she came to Tracy and Renee and kissed them each on both cheeks, saying hello.

"We have a busy day today, ladies. Some new customers too, so well done. We've been getting great reviews online lately, thanks partly to our new girl here," Liz said and kissed Tracy again.

"Kelly does great work too," Tracy said.

As much as she hated the woman, she couldn't deny her skill as a pet groomer. *If only she groomed herself as well*, Tracy thought with a giggle.

"Hmm, well she does. You all do," Liz said, never even glancing at Kelly.

Kelly ignored them and kept working with her dog, a Maltese Terrier, clipping its fur.

"I want to thank you, so I'm inviting all the staff and their partners to dinner on Thursday night," Liz said loudly, puffing her chest out. "I've put a notice up in the tearoom with the details. I hope you'll come."

Renee left them and went to collect her first pet for the day, a rabbit.

Before Liz left, she told Tracy quietly, "I have a pedigree coming today, dog forty-eight."

Tracy nodded, she understood, and went to collect her first animal, a feisty poodle.

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Dog forty-eight is a Bedlington terrier, and this excited Tracy as they have a particular grooming style owners used on them. Their fur forms a distinctive topknot on the dog's head, is trimmed to give it a rounded shape. This dog is a blue/tan color and aged four. So she finished her last 'regular' dog as fast as she could give herself plenty of time to do everything required of her. The storeroom was prepared for the milking (setting up the items used, printing labels, etc.) As usual, and she went out to collect the dog. Something Liz now required her to-do, as it helped make the client feel special.

The client this time is the wife of some TV news anchor, she didn't really care and played along with Liz until she could finally get the dog out the back. The grooming went to plan, and within twenty-minutes she had him looking textbook Bedlington terrier. He seemed a feisty dog, affectionate to her with lots of licks to the face, and cuddles. The client had been worried her boy, Brewster, wouldn't like this new groomer, however, Tracy had a way with animals. Dog's in particular.

There's no dawdling anymore for Tracy, she soon has the dogs cock hard in her hand, gliding her fingers over his turgid red cock with the expertise and confidence of a seasoned pro (or is that Ho?). She didn't wait for precum anymore to lubricate the raging boner, she used lubricant she brought for the purpose. The terrier's cock is a good six inches long, and thick. He thrusts his rump into her hand, panting deeply and heavily, while occasionally licking his lips in a gesture of pleasure. Tracy didn't waste her time with chatter, or reassuring the dog. These dogs knew what coming to the salon means, and many had boners before they even entered the storeroom.

The pedigree dog's anticipated their 'happy ending'. They enjoyed it. *Any male would*, she thought. *If men could get a free handjob after every haircut, there'd be no long-haired men in the world.* She giggled.

Brewster's little cock (by dog standards) twitched, throbbed, and leaked onto the table. Her hand jerking him off so fast now it made a sound. She lifted the collection jug, and Brewster shot his creamy load into it. Resting the head of his cock inside the jug to catch his cum, she started rubbing his knot, massaging all the semen she could from it, and slowly feeling it shrink. Once only a few drops were cumming from Brewster's cock, she stopped and put him back onto the floor so he could clean himself.

*I don't know what they prefer more? The handjob or the self-licking afterward*, she thought as she watched Brewster for a moment lavish his cock with his tongue. *If Roy could do that, he wouldn't need me.* With incredible efficacy, she filled the specimen tubes, put them in the freezer, and wiped down the work area by the time Brewster is ready to return to his mistress.

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After she's handed Brewster back, she returns to the storeroom do a last check before having some

lunch. The only problem is, she finds she's not alone in the storeroom anymore. Kelly is sitting in a chair, staring at her smart phone, and smirking. Upon seeing Kelly, Tracy's heart jumps, and she breaks into a cold sweat.

"Whatever it is you want, I'm not interested," Tracy said coldly, making Kelly look at her from the phone.

"Aren't you even a little bit interested?"

Tracy puts her hands on her hips, and frowns. "I'm not being assaulted by you anymore. Either you stop it, or things are gonna get crazy for you."

Kelly laughed loudly, bending forward and clutching her stomach as she did.

Tracy took a step back, and asked, "What's so funny about that?"

Kelly got herself under control. "Bitch, you don't know what crazy is."

Tracy, sensing her moment had arrived, pulled a switchblade knife from her pocket and activated the blade. "Don't try anything, or I'll punch a few holes in ya."

Kelly shook her head, and reaching into her pocket, she asked, "Didn't nobody ever tell you to never bring a knife to a gunfight?"

She pulled a small pistol from her pocket and pointed it at Tracy. Tracy's eyes went wide at the sight, her face pale, and her lower chin trembled slightly.

"Drop the blade, bitch," Kelly said harshly.

Tracy did, although the chances Kelly would shoot her were slim she knew not to poke the bear.

"What is your problem?" Tracy said angrily, clenching her fists. "You wanna kill me now? Is that it? Are you jealous of me? Tell me?"

Kelly sat silently, her fat face barely moving. After what seemed an age of awkward silence, she said quietly, "I like you, Tracy. I know you don't think so, but by the end, I know you'll like me, too."

Tracy's eyes bulged. "The End? The End? What are you talking about, you crazy bitch?"

"Enough of this talk, it's time to for you to take your medicine."

*Medicine*, Tracy wondered? *She means dog cum*. "Sorry, I have no medicine you can use today. The last batch is frozen by now."

Tracy smiled broadly, her shoulders relaxed.

"That's OK, I brought it for you," Kelly said evenly. "See how much I care for you."

Tracy glanced around seeing nothing that might hold cum in it near Kelly.

"What are you talking about?"

Kelly smirked.

Suddenly, with her free hand, she pulled her dress up by the hem to expose her ugly, hairy pussy. Spreading her legs as wide as she could, Tracy could see a string hanging from between her fat labia. The sight made her feel sick.

"I got fucked by five big dogs on Friday night," Kelly said as if she were talking about the weather. "After the last one finished, I plugged my cunt to keep all that doggy goodness inside me, just for you. There's even some man goo in there, too."

"N-No w-way," Tracy stammered. "Just shoot me, I'm not doing *that* - on you!"

Kelly aimed the gun at Tracy's head for a moment, making her stiffen. However, she moved her arm and pointed the gun at the freezer.

"I wonder what mom would say if I destroyed her supply?" Kelly said coldly. "She won't fire me. She'll fire you, though, and tell every salon owner not to hire you."

"She might fire me, maybe, but she wouldn't ruin my reputation with what I know about her," Tracy said angrily.

"No, but I would, using her email and her name, of course."

Kelly smiled.

"Ohhhhhhh!"

Tracy's scream of frustration made Kelly's smile even wider.

Kelly settled back in her chair with an exaggerated casualness. "This pussy needs eatin', bitch, and you had better make me cum or else I'll pistol whip you." Tracy's body sagged, and she took a step toward Kelly. "No, go lie on the dog mat where the dogs lick their cocks after you've jerked them off."

With a sigh, Tracy laid on the mat so her head is in the middle of it. Kelly stood and took her dress off. Her nude body grossed Tracy out, with big flat breasts with large brownish areolas and nipples. Her body covered with stretch marks and cellulite. Kelly has a flat ass, a fat belly, and a large mound of Venus. Her crotch is covered in a fine brown hair, much like her head.

Kelly rubbed her belly smugly, saying, "I've looked forward to sharing this treat with you."

"Just get it over with," Tracy said with a sneer.

Kelly straddled her face and got her crotch right over Tracy's face that turned green as she stared at the cunt above her. Kelly then lowered herself until she smothered Tracy's face. The woman had a strong fishy odor and her hairy pussy, with pubic hair all over her slit, showed plump outer labia and a pea-sized clit. Her inner sex lips gave her pussy the appearance of a tropical orchid.

Pink-lipped, darker at the edges, her inner sex lips were long, thin and symmetrical. Kelly is already wet, and her cunt glistened in the dull light of the storeroom. After Kelly feels satisfied Tracy has been humiliated by having to stare at her nasty cunt, she sat on Tracy's face making her gag. Then lifted herself slightly to adjust her position, and began to vacillate her groin, using Tracy's nose, mouth and chin to rub her lips, slit, and clit.

Kelly grinds her cunt on Tracy's face rhythmically, and grunts as she works her hips back and forth.

Poor Tracy could barely breathe. She had her mouth open and her tongue out to lick the nasty, wet cunt smothering her. Her nose rubbing Kelly's clit on the upstroke.

Tracy begins to feel as if Kelly's cunt is eating her face. The grotesque organ seemed to have a life of its own. The labia had swollen and thickened remarkably, and she's now so juicy Tracy can feel it running down her face, onto the mat below. *Omigod, I think she's going to drown me in her cunt juices*, Tracy thought wildly. Kelly's movements suddenly became jerkier, and Tracy knew she's about to cum.

Briefly, she lifted her cunt off Tracy's face and she pulled the tampon out as Tracy gasped for air. However, Tracy's respite was ever so brief as Kelly's cunt starts to grind again on her. Tracy's head is now bearing much of Kelly's weight, and her limbs begin to tingle from lack of oxygen. Kelly rides her face harder and faster, grunting and moaning the whole time. All Kelly's foulness, stench, and dirtiness dribble into Tracy's mouth. Tracy has to swallow, she has no choice. Then Kelly's legs stiffen, and her body jerks and spasms as a huge orgasm makes her shake and jiggle.

To Tracy's dismay, Kelly's nasty cunt starts to spasm too, and out of it comes a thick, slimy substance that has the familiar consistency and texture of cum. The taste of this foul feast something that made her start to move her body and hit at Kelly's fat thighs in a panic.

"Eat it, bitch. Eat it all," Kelly said breathlessly.

With Kelly's weight on her face, the repulsive smell and taste overpowered Tracy, and she feels suddenly submissive. So she unconsciously thrust her tongue as far as she could into Kelly's cunt. She wriggled her tongue deep inside the woman's pussy. Globes of disgusting dog cum, stored in Kelly's womb for the last three days ran into her mouth, pushed loose by the ongoing orgasm of Kelly. The amount staggered Tracy, and she swallowed it until no more could be sucked from Kelly's spasming cunt.

Eventually, Kelly climbed off Tracy and stood over her again so Tracy could get a last look at her cunt before she went back to work. Her fat cunt lips not only swollen, but red and mushy looking, and her hair plastered to her skin by her juices.

"You have talent, bitch, and I look forward to discovering each of them," Kelly said, and stepped away to get dressed. Before she left the storeroom, she said, "Oh, and I left a little gift for you on your phone. You can thank me later."

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Tracy lay there stunned. The smell and taste of Kelly's cunt lingering long after the brutish woman had gone. *Liz will come looking for me soon*, she thought, and like a trooper she pulled herself out of her stupor and climbed to her feet. As she ran to the sink, she shuddered at the thought of what had happened. Kelly had just fed her cum again, only this time cum she kept stored in her cunt for three days after fucking five dogs. Her stomach roiled, and waves of nausea rolled over her.

Leaning into the sink, she tried to vomit, even sticking her fingers down her throat, but nothing would come up. Glancing at the clock, she now fifteen minutes late from her lunch break. So she turns the tap on and rinses her mouth, then washes her face using some dog shampoo. *Wait until I tell Roy about this*, she thought angrily. *He'll blow her fucking brains out, the dirty fucking bitch!*

Once she's satisfied she's passable for work, she grabs her phone to leave and notices a message on it. Tapping the screen, it's from Kelly. A video message. Tracy taps the play button and watches.

The first thing she sees is the face of a Rottweiler, panting loudly and deeply. The camera pulls back and it's clear the dog is humping. *Ew, gross. She sent me a video of a dog fucking*, she thinks. The camera pulls back more, she can hear male and female voices, groaning. It's obvious now the dog is fucking a woman, a large woman. *This is where she got the cum from*, Tracy thought. The camera keeps pulling back and sure enough, the back of Kelly's head is seen bobbing up and down on a man's penis.

A familiar male voice says, "Oh, yeah, baby! Suck that cock, you fat whore. Eat my cum!"

The video blurs as the man holding the phone (whose cock Kelly is sucking) moves it quickly up to reveal the face of the man taking part in this twisted spit roast.

Roy.

"I'm gonna fuck this dog slut to the day I die," Roy shouts in pure adulation and joy.

Tracy sinks to her knees, tears already streaming down her cheeks. Suddenly, the door to the storeroom opens and Liz walks in.

"Tracy? Tracy?" Liz called. Upon seeing her kneeling on the floor, head in hands, sobbing, Liz rushes to her and squats. "Are you OK? Is something wrong?"

Tracy looks at her, eyes red and swollen, face pale. "I just found out Roy's been cheating on me," she said.

"Oh, oh, that's terrible. You poor girl," Liz said kindly grabbing her hands and pulling Tracy to her feet.

Liz took the phone from her hand and without thinking put it on the corner of the sink. Then she gave Tracy a big motherly hug, knocking the phone accidentally into the half-filled sink. The screen went black when the water engulfed the phone. The hug feels calming to Tracy, and it cheers her up some.

"Come to my office, and let's talk about it," Liz said soothingly.

"Sure."

They walked out of the storeroom, arm in arm.

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Chapter Six

Liz tried to get Tracy to come stay at her home while she sorted her life, however, Tracy remained steadfast in her decision to keep away. Kelly is after all Liz's daughter, which complicated matters despite Liz seeming to dislike Kelly as much as Tracy did. She also knew Liz had the hots for her and the last thing she needed was the older woman trying to hit on her while she's feeling vulnerable. So Liz let Tracy take a few days off to sort herself. As far as Tracy knew, Liz had no idea all these dramas were caused by her daughter Kelly. She decided, not to say anything to Liz about it. In Tracy's mind this needed to be brought to a head soon

Her fight with Roy was predictable. A man being caught cheating brings out certain universal responses the reader will be well versed in. In summary, at first he denied it, then he admitted it,

and lastly he blamed Tracy for it. Tracy had never felt so betrayed in her life, especially given what Kelly had put her through. So she packed her things and moved out, with Roy begging her the whole time to forgive him and making promises she knew he'd never keep. Renee having heard of her troubles offered her to move in with her as her last roommate had recently moved out. Unknown to Tracy though Renee's last roommate was her predecessor at the salon.

So after much persuasion from Renee, Tracy arrived at a downtown LA restaurant for Liz's thank-you dinner at seven pm wearing a smart red low-cut dress a pearl necklace with matching earrings and a black leather Yves Saint-Laurent clutch bag knockoff Roy had given her. With her short black hair nicely cut, Tracy looked stunning. Liz rose to greet her, looking elegant in a Dolce & Gabbana fitted sleeveless pink dress, and diamond earrings hanging from her ears.

"Oh, sweetie, I'm so glad you came," Liz said making her sit beside her.

"It's nice to be here," Tracy said, and greeted her friend Timmy and his partner who reminded her of Roy with his long black straight hair.

Sitting at the table is a man she'd never met with a blonde woman who had large fake breasts. The man appeared well-built, muscular chest and arms, and ruggedly handsome. He spoke with a deep voice which thrilled Tracy with its potent masculinity. Timothy exuded a calm and confidence that made him easily the center of attention from all the women (and Timmy).

Liz spotted Tracy's glances at the stranger, and said, "Tracy, have you met my son?"

"No."

"Well, this is Timothy and his girlfriend Bambi, meet Tracy my new full-time groomer," Liz said with a warm smile.

Timothy stood, showing he's equally muscular below the waist as above and his package was notable.

"Nice to meet you, Tracy," he said, reaching over the table to shake her hand.

Tracy feels her pussy moisten at his touch and his delicious manly voice.

"Yeah, nice to meet you too, and Bambi, of course," Tracy said with a slight flush. "Omigod, I love those earrings, Bambi. Are they rubies? I love rubies, more than I like diamonds I think. My ex always brought me diamonds, and I'd say, 'Enough of the diamonds, already. Show me some red!' But he'd never listen."

Bambi nodded as Tracy spoke like an airhead, she'd seen this effect Timothy has on women before. After Tracy went to breathe (eventually), Bambi said, "I love that pearl ensemble, where did you get it?"

"Oh, this?" Tracy said, touching her necklace. "It's a family heirloom of sorts. I don't wear it often because it's only suitable for places like this or fancy balls."

"I was sorry to hear about your boyfriend troubles. I'm sure a beauty such yourself will soon find someone better," Timothy said.

Tracy blushed, and felt immediately embarrassed by how Timothy's presence is pressing all her hot buttons. She decided, to change the subject to something more unpalatable to help get her mind of

Timothy.

"So where's Kelly?" Tracy asked.

"I don't expect her to come, she hates places like this," Liz said sounding uninterested.

Renee asked out of curiosity, "What kind of places does Kelly like?"

Timothy chuckled, it sounded like thunder to Tracy. "Kelly only ever goes to the one place I know of. She likes it there as they treat her like a Queen," he said, making Bambi laugh too.

Liz didn't respond, instead, she excused herself and went to the bathroom. Renee went with her. Tracy looked at Timothy with raised eyebrows.

"Don't worry," he said with a wave of his hand. "Kelly and mom's issues go way back."

Tracy didn't say anything about Kelly, however, Timothy and his partner joined in the discussion freely. Timothy didn't seem to mind them putting his sister down and he laughed at their comments. Often saying after one of the men said something mean about her, "Kelly is a different cat, that's for sure." As if he found it a point of pride, rather than grossness.

Something about Timothy tugged at her memory for a moment, however, Liz and Renee returned looking happy and calm and the conversation steered away from Kelly at last.

Later in the evening, the restaurant opened a dance floor with a live group playing mellow jazz. Timothy asked Tracy to dance, and she accepted since she had drunk plenty of champagne by this point and he is hot. They assumed a traditional dancing position and he pulled her close to him as they swayed to the music playing. He moved her around the floor with ease, and Tracy could feel her pussy tingle to the touch of his body and his hand on her ass.

After some small talk as they danced, Timothy said, "I'm sorry about what Kelly is doing to you."

Her eyes bulged for a moment, and her desire for him faded fast. Now she remembered what had bugged her. Kelly had said her brother was driving the van the day she made her jerk-off and drink more than half a quart of dog cum. She frowns at him and tries to pull away, but his strength holds her firmly in place.

"You were there," Tracy said in an accusing whisper.

He nodded and shrugged. "She didn't tell me you were mom's new milker. If I had have known I would've stopped her," he said. "Kelly's always pulling stunts like that on people who piss her off."

"She promised me, she'd stop after that."

"Yeah, but you impressed her with drinking that cum. Impressed me, too," he said, squeezing her ass cheek.

Tracy stared at him, her face hard. "So what?"

He smiled at her cute defiance. Tracy's elfin face, and almost childlike features made his big cock stir. *I could make millions from this face*, he thought, and sighed.

"She thinks you have a submissive side in you and I think she wants to bring it out."

Tracy laughed now. "Submissive? Me? You've got to be kidding."

"You did put that, err, 'substance' in her coffee because Roy told you to," Timothy said with one eyebrow raised.

"Oh, Roy was always daring me to do stuff like that," Tracy said with a blush.

"And you always did it without question?"

"Um, well, you see," Tracy suddenly got what Timothy is suggesting. "Look, I'm no man's bitch and I never will be."

Tim laughed coldly. "You're Kelly's bitch from what she's told me."

Tracy's eyes narrowed. "You can tell your sister if doesn't stop I know people who can mess her up bad. I'm not joking either."

Timothy smiled knowingly. "Your stupid boyfriend already tried that and failed. Kelly turned it round and trapped him as well. Now look at him, he's become Kelly's bitch too."

Tracy sighed deeply overwhelmed by the mess, sinking into his arms for comfort. "How does she do it? She's such a—"

"Fat cow?"

Tracy nodded, her head on his muscular chest now.

He said softly, "People always underestimate women like Kelly. Just because she's fat and not attractive in the way you think a woman should be, you decide she's a cow, an ogre, or ugly, unclean, and whatever else you can think of to dismiss her."

"I never meant to be like that."

The music and ambiance of the soft light and couples dancing, making her feel comfortable with Timothy, she wanted to forget about Kelly for at least one night. However, Timothy didn't get the memo.

"Kelly is a beautiful woman," he suddenly said making Tracy stare at him with eyebrows raised.

"She is," he continued. "Many men and women go crazy for her. She's the most beautiful BBW's you'll ever see. So stop with this ugly crap, it's unbecoming for a nice lady such as you."

Tracy shrugs. "Maybe if she dressed better," she mumbled, trying to see his point.

"She dresses so badly at work to piss-off mom, haven't you figured that out yet," he said with a warm smile. "You should see her when she's more herself. Kelly is a real beauty."

Tracy couldn't reconcile Timothy's tries to talk-up his sister given what she he had done to her. *She could look like fucking Rebel Wilson when she's made up, but making me eat three-day old dog cum from her pussy isn't the actions of Mother fucking Theresa*, she thought.

She pushes him away in anger, saying, "Thanks for the dance."

Returning to the table, she glanced back to see that Bambi had quickly filled her spot with Timothy. Although she felt angry about his insistence that Kelly is OK, Tracy feels a pang of jealousy seeing the way he holds Bambi. *Why am I always attracted to the wrong men*, she wonders?

"I think Timothy likes you," Liz said, squeezing her leg under the table.

Tracy shifted uncomfortably. "He's a handsome man, that's for sure," Tracy said. Feeling Liz's hand slide slowly up her thigh, Tracy said, "It's a shame Kelly didn't come."

Liz's face dropped and she took her hand from Tracy's thigh in a hurry. *At least I know how to turn you off, you old dyke*, Tracy thought.

Liz glanced at her watch, and said, "Is that the time? My, it's getting late. I think I'll call it a night. Can I offer anyone a lift?"

Renee said, "Yeah, I'll get one. You coming, Tracy?"

Tracy smiled. Nah, you go ahead. I might go clubbing since I'm dressed to impress. I really need to let off some steam."

"Well, don't drink too much, dear," Liz said patting her hand.

Soon after Liz left with Renee, and as Tracy watched them leave, she noticed how touchy Liz was with her friend. *Omigod, they're fucking*, she thought. Tracy giggled at the mental picture of Liz and Renee eating each other out. *That Liz is a cagy bitch, fucking Renee, and doing everything to get into my pants as well. This family is one of the weirdest I've ever met.*

Timmy and his partner stopped at the table, saying, "Hey, Tracy, we're going to a cool club to dance and get wasted. You wanna come?"

"Sure," Tracy said, thinking a gay club would be perfect for her. "Let me just go powder my nose first."

When Tracy left the bathroom, she found Timmy had gone, and Timothy and Bambi were waiting for her at the table.

"There's too many 'Tim's' around here," Tracy said, and chuckled.

The couple smiled, and nodded. "That's why we sent the gay one away," Timothy said.

Tracy stopped and frowned at the pair. "They were taking me dancing," she said with a hand on her hips.

"We have better plans," Bambi said in her sweet voice. "An exclusive underground club that'll blow your mind."

"Yeah, what club?"

Timothy and Bambi glanced at each other knowingly. "It's called 'The Labyrinth'," Bambi said.

The Labyrinth, isn't that the crazy sex club people talk about sometimes, Tracy wondered? "I thought that place was an urban myth?"

Timothy shook his head. "It's very real, and very exclusive. Wanna come and see for yourself?"

The opportunity is too good to pass up. *Imagine the story I'll have to tell after seeing this place*, she thought excitedly.

"Alright, I'm game," she said.

So they climbed into Timothy's car and left for the infamous cub known as The Labyrinth.

They pulled up outside a boring looking apartment building, in a rundown neighborhood. Gang members could be seen everywhere on the street, and it made Tracy nervous.

"Don't worry, these people are paid well to protect this place. This street has such a bad rep, even the cops stay out of here," Bambi said to her from the front seat.

Tracy chuckled. "I don't know whether that's reassuring."

"OK, let's go," Timothy said. Once he was out of the car, a black gang member nodded to him and Timothy threw his keys at him. Another white man appeared from some steps leading to a basement apartment dressed in a suit and took the keys heading for the car.

"They park the cars in an underground garage a few blocks from here," Bambi whispered to Tracy as she clutched her arm.

The three entered the front door into a foyer with a tiled floor and wood paneling on the walls. An old man with a wrinkled face sat behind a desk, half dozing. Timothy put his hands on the desk and cleared his throat loudly.

The old man's eye's opened wide and he sat up with a jerk of his head. "Oh, yes? Can I Help you?"

"I'm here to get lost," Timothy said.

The man nodded and tapped a screen on an iPad sitting in front of him. The screen lit, displaying a search function only on a black background.

"Names?"

"Tim Kenning, Bambi Ryder, and Tracy Heywood," Tim said.

The man tapped each name into the search function using the on-screen keyboard and the names appeared on the approved list.

"Ah, three members," the old man said and stood with a bow. "Welcome all. I hope you have a nice time tonight."

Tim nodded with a polite smile and motioned for the ladies to follow him. "I'm not a member," Tracy whispered to Bambi.

"Maybe someone has recommended you, as a present?" Bambi said. "It's an honor. I had to go through hell before I was approved as a member."

As Tim reached a large oak door, it buzzed and opened to them so they walked into another foyer with a man standing behind a counter wearing a white mask over his eyes and a ball gag in his mouth. He bowed at the three and handed them each a white half-mask made of plastic. Each had a red star on the forehead to indicate they're members. Guests had a white star on a black mask, and those on probation had a yellow star on a red mask. The masks fit snugly using an elastic band, yet were light on the skin. Tracy feels the metallic star on the front of her mask nervously once she put her mask on. They also had to leave their phones and bags with the masked staff member and he gave each a ticket so they could claim them later.

"Why the ball gag?" Tracy asked Bambi with a whisper.

"All staff wear them. They also wear chastity devices. I think it's to ensure they don't join in the fun, or something," Bambi said.

"This place is for members and their guests only," Timothy added.

Tracy grimaced. "I still don't get how come I'm a member?"

At the end of the foyer is a couple of lifts, and they enter one. Tracy notices the first two buttons are white, not numbered only white. The next two are yellow, the four after red, and the last button is blue.

"Why are the buttons like that?" Tracy asked as Tim pushed the top red button.

"Guests can only go where the buttons are white, probations: white and yellow, and members: white to red," Tim said.

"What about the blue button?"

"VIP's. Members only can go there, but only if invited by a VIP," Tim said.

"So what if a white star pushed the blue button?"

Tim pointed to his star. "I think they have a chip in this, which tracks people in the building. So nobody can go beyond where they're allowed. Besides, they'd probably get kicked out if they tried it."

Bambi nodded. "They're big on the rules here. Very big."

"This place is weird," Tracy said, shaking her head.

Tim smiled. "You ain't seen nothin' yet."

The door opened to a sumptuous room beautifully decorated with antique furniture, bookcases loaded with old books and paintings. A fireplace the centerpiece with an old mahogany mantelpiece. Big stuffed leather chairs were arranged around small tables and men and women sat in them smoking cigars and drinking brandy. All the members wearing masks, so Tim stopped a servant and whispered something to him. The masked and gagged servant pointed to a male figure wearing a tuxedo sitting with a female in an expensive dress.

Tim waved to the man, saying, "Lester, how are you?"

The man looked at Tim, recognizing him and waved back. "Tim, nice to see you. Care to join us for a drink?"

"Maybe later. Is her majesty here?"

The man nodded and smiled. "You'll find her where you always find her. Her stamina always amazes us, we just left there."

"Thanks."

Tim gestured for the girls to follow and left through a door into another hallway.

"I can see why it's called The Labyrinth," Tracy joked and chuckled.

Eventually he stopped at a door, opened it, and walked inside. Tracy followed.

The room is large, warm, and smoky. People stand around a stage, around forty, wearing high-end clothing from street-casual to Gucci, the women all have expensive jewelry, and gold Rolex's on most men. In their hands they held drinks given to them by the masked/gagged servants. Some even smoked joints, and the sweet smell of pot added to the pungent atmosphere of cigarette and cigar smoke. They stood watching the action on the oval platform below them. Some chatted as they watched, some cheered, and some openly masturbated. Several well-coiffed women had their hands under their gowns rubbing their clits furiously to the action below.

A man in a gray suit shook Tim's hand. "Hey, Tim, I heard you were back in town."

"Can't keep-away from the place," Tim said. "How are you and the family?"

"Oh, same 'ol, same ol'."

"Where's that hot wife of yours?"

The man in the gray suit chuckled. "She decided, to take on Kelly for the gangbang queen crown. You should go over and help, they need as many cocks as they can in there tonight."

"I might do that, I haven't fucked Felicity in ages," Tim said. Turning to the girls, he said, "You remember Bambi?"

"Oh, sure," gray suit said. "You should take on Kelly for her crown here, if anyone could it'd be you."

Bambi raised her hand to her face as she blushed. "Tim keeps me plenty busy, besides, I don't think anyone could beat Kelly," Bambi said sweetly.

"This is Tracy, she's a new member here," Tim said indicating Tracy.

She shook hands with gray suit.

He asked her, "Have you seen anything you like yet, Tracy?"

"Um, I'm still scoping things out," Tracy said.

"No problems, we have many lady voyeurs here. So there's no pressure to do anything."

Tracy nodded, still not sure what's going on in this room. Let alone any other in the building.

"Come on, we're missing the show," Bambi said impatiently to Tim.

A servant appeared with a tray carrying three drinks. A bourbon on ice for Tim, a Manhattan for Bambi, and a Margarita for Tracy, her favorite. She wondered how they knew her favorite drink, however, she decided, it better not to ask in case the answer scared her. Tim led them through the crowd of people, who parted from them with shouts of 'hello' to Tim and Bambi. The scene the members had been watching so intensely finally presented itself to Tracy, and for the first time in a long time she was speechless.

On the oval platform that stood maybe a foot off the ground is Kelly on her hands and knees, being assailed by two black Great Danes. The dog at her rear had his front paws off to her right side as he humped furiously at her, using his height to stand over her. Tracy could see its big red cock sliding almost as a blur in and out of Kelly's wet cunt. Her lips were red and swollen as he stretched her cunt with his knot. The knot seemed huge to Tracy, who had seen her share by now, and still he raked it Kelly with it, pulling it out completely, and ramming it straight back in.

The second Great Dane had his front paws off to her left side, also fucking her fast. Only this time he's fucking her mouth. The knot is smashing against her face with each powerful thrust of meat, too big for her to possibly get in her mouth. Beneath this mass of dogs, Kelly writhed with obvious pleasure. Tracy watched for ten-minutes in silence, expecting the dogs to slow at any moment, yet impossibly they kept going, fucking Kelly as hard as they could. She knew about dogs, and this kind of mating isn't natural to them.

So she asked Tim and Bambi, "How can the dog's last this long?"

"They have a good animal trainer here. The best," Tim said, never taking his eyes off Kelly and her performance.

"Plus, they give them a drug," Bambi said. "It keeps them on the edge for ages. Kelly's probably been under there for an hour now."

This is some weird shit, Tracy thought. *How can Tim watch his sister get fucked like this, in front of all these people?* Kelly suddenly screamed, muffled around the big meaty cock stuffing itself down her throat. Her body shook and writhed. Her fat jiggled from the muscular activity beneath it as if it were surf crashing over the beach. Her cunt squirted a clear liquid around the cock stuffing it, followed by a thick foamy cream. Some cheered, toasting glasses in celebration as Queen Kelly came again. The Queen of the Animal Breeding Room.

Suddenly, both dog's pumped cum inside her. Cum squirted from her nose and mouth, making people clap and cheer. Followed by her cunt, once it had filled to its capacity with cum. The dogs slowed and stopped. Kelly pulled the cock from her mouth that still squirted cum as if a fire hose and sprayed her face with it. Once it stopped, she licked it a few times and let the dog go. Then, with a grunt, she pulled herself free from the Great Dane that had tied with her. Turning quickly, she grabbed his dick and sucked it, swallowing cum still ejaculating from it.

Once she'd had enough, two servants rushed to her and helped her to her feet. The clapping and cheering grew louder with Kelly raising her hands in the air to acknowledge the adulation. Then she started working her way around the crowd, shaking hands, and kissing women full on the mouth. Some even licked the gooey cum that coated her face. She stroked a few dicks to make them cum, while the owners slid fingers up her cunt or fondled her huge tits. Once she reached Tim and Bambi, she gave them a hug and a peck on the cheek. Kelly wore a gold half mask with a blue star, however,

either side of the star were two silver crowns.

However, when Kelly spotted Tracy, a big smile broke out on her face. Kelly pointed at her, and went and sat in a big leather chair at the end of the oval platform. Her throne. Two servants took Tracy by the arms and pushed her toward Kelly depositing her on her knees looking up at the BBW and her gaping cunt.

A voice sounded over a loudspeaker, "Members, our Queen has selected the one tonight who has the honor of the 'creampie'. Please put your hands together for member two-thousand two-hundred and fifty-two."

The audience clapped politely.

Kelly stared down at Tracy from the chair. "You heard him, bitch. Start eating," she said, pointing to her cunt.

Tracy stared at Kelly, her skin crawling, and feeling sick. *The bitch has set me up for this*, she thought. *I bet she made me a member here, and Tim delivered me. What a fool I am.* Tracy's hesitation, nothing new for these people.

The crowd began to chant, "Creampie. Creampie. "Creampie."

Cum dribbled out of Kelly's gaping, swollen cunt. Tracy's stomach churns and her head spins.

Finally, Kelly raised her hand and the crowd silenced.

"Subjects, if the member refuses to 'lick the spoon'," Kelly said authoritatively. "Then I decree punishment shall be a meeting with Thor."

The crowd gasped, turned and whispered to each other.

Bambi came to Tracy's side, and said, "Your majesty, I beg your patience with this member as she is new, and uncertain about our ways here."

Kelly nodded. "I give you leave to explain it to her."

Bambi squatted and said to Tracy in a low voice, "You have two choices here. Either you eat out Kelly's cunt, or they'll hold you down and let a huge dog fuck you. I suspect that's what she wants."

Tracy asked, "Why should I trust you? You and Tim set me up for this."

Bambi sighed. "Not me. Tim and Kelly probably, but I had no idea they had this planned. I promise."

"OK," Tracy said.

I guess I've eaten her cunt filled with dog cum before, she thought. So Tracy crawled forward and planted her face in Kelly's nasty cunt again. Kelly pushed her head back, staring into her eyes with a glee that made Tracy shudder. Then she pulled Tracy's half-mask off, and the room gasped again at the taboo exposure.

"Eat me, bitch," Kelly said, slamming Tracy's face against her cunt.

Tracy had no choice and soon her tongue snaked inside Kelly's cunt tasting her familiar fishy tanginess mixed with the slimy globs of dog semen she swallowed. She slid her fingers inside Kelly's

already mangled cunt and pushed them against where she approximated her g-spot would be, and rubbed vigorously. Meanwhile, she licked her all over, alternating between flicking Kelly's pea-sized clit with her tongue or sucking on it like a tiny dick. Kelly's body rocked on her throne as Tracy rubbed, licked and fingered her cunt to a powerful orgasm. She squirted all over Tracy's face, which made the audience applaud.

Last, as Kelly's cunt spasmed and convulsed the dog cum came dribbling, and sometimes spurting out, and Tracy swallowed it to further applause. After Kelly had enough she pushed Tracy's face away again and a servant approached and offered her some hot wet face washers, a towel, and her mask. Once Tracy had cleaned her face and put her mask back on, another servant offered her a margarita she gladly took.

Tim came to her with a big smile. "You're a natural submissive. Kelly is right about you."

Tracy glanced at Kelly on her throne, now drinking beer, and chatting to others around her. Her face beamed a happiness Tracy had never seen in the usually frumpy, glum woman.

"You set me up for this," she said to Tim.

He shook his head. "Kelly did, I think she could be in love with you."

Tracy laughed coldly. "What makes you say that?"

Tim smiled knowingly. "I've never seen her go to this much trouble for anyone."

Suddenly, people milled around her and Tim shrank back into the crowd. A woman who appeared in her fifties, wearing expensive clothing and jewelry asked, "So what was it like? Oh, I'm so jealous, I've always wanted her to pick me. Come on, tell us."

This place and these people are fucking weird, Tracy thought.

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## **Chapter Seven**

When Tracy returned to work the following week, she had grave misgivings about whether she could keep her job at Liz's pet salon any longer. She had decided, the best way to be rid of Kelly and her sexual harassment might be to leave and find a new job elsewhere. So she decided to talk to Liz and possibly hand in her resignation.

"I'm sorry, Liz, but I don't think I can work here anymore," Tracy said staring down at her hands, her cheeks burning red.

Liz gasped and her hand flew to her chest. "What do you mean? You're doing great here," Liz said.

Tracy took a deep breath and let it out. "It's just, um, things are getting a little outta hand. Err, I, um—"

Liz's lips flattened, and a vein appeared on her forehead. "Omigod! It's Kelly, isn't it?"

"Um, well, Kelly has—"

"Been bullying you and sexually harassing you," Liz said curtly. She stood, fists clenched, her eyes glaring and protruded. "Why didn't you bring this to me before it got this bad?"

Tracy glanced at Liz's face and blushed. "I was embarrassed, and besides, she's your daughter."

Liz threw her head back suddenly and took a harsh breath and let it out quickly. She sat again, visibly trying to calm herself.

"It makes no difference she's my daughter. She's done this before and is on a warning."

"It's easier if I just leave," Tracy said, her eyes welling with tears.

Liz stood and came to Tracy squatting beside her, putting an arm around her. "It's not your fault, trust me, I know. Since Timothy took her to that sex club she's been nothing but trouble," Liz said with a gaze that flicked up. "It's time I stopped putting up with her crap. I'm going to fire her."

Tracy glanced at Liz sharply. "No, she's a really good groomer."

Liz shook her head. "I can't keep using that as an excuse. It's time Kelly was taught a lesson."

"Good luck with that."

Liz asked, "What do you mean?"

"Nothing scares her, she's like superhuman or something."

Liz stood and slowly returned to her chair, thinking. "You don't think firing her will shake her?"

"It will upset her, but not for long. This club, 'The Labyrinth', is the source of her confidence," Tracy said with cold eyes and a pinched mouth.

Liz rolled her eyes, and said, "She nearly lives there. Timothy told me she's some 'queen' or something. It sounds so sordid to me."

*As sordid as a fifty year-old woman eating her young employee's pussy*, Tracy thought. *I guess we all have our standards.* Tracy asked, "Are you serious about firing her?"

"Of course, I can hire Renee full-time, and give Timmy more shifts. You three work well together, I've noticed."

A wicked thought crossed Tracy's mind. An idea that made her shiver with fear and excitement, yet needed more research. "I think I know how we can make this a big lesson for Kelly, just don't fire her until I say," Tracy said, then smiled with narrowed eyes.

Liz stared at Tracy for a moment with a frown. "Alright, but don't take too long doing whatever you plan to do. Kelly is smart, and if she feels threatened, she'll make our lives hell."

\*\*\*\*

Kelly couldn't help feeling nervous when she arrived at 'The Labyrinth' early on Saturday. All week her email inbox had been flooded with news of a once in a lifetime event at the sex club, and even yellow members and guests (white) were invited to attend and participate. As a quadruple queen, she thought she had some authority with the club managers, yet despite her calls, they refused to tell her what's going on. So as she put on her gold mask with a blue star & four silver crowns she seemed jumpy, and had an empty feeling in the pit of her stomach.

"Evening, Your Majesty," a man said to her as she left the lift on the VIP floor.

She spotted a few giggling white and yellow masks sitting in the reception area and frowned. "Is this so-called 'event' happening in the pavilion?" Kelly asked the man dressed in a blue suit.

"Yes, I believe it's already started. The pavilion is already packed and the after dinner crowd hasn't even arrived yet."

"So what's going on? No one will tell me."

The man grimaced. "I'm sorry, you'll have to see for yourself."

Several guests/members sitting and drinking alcohol of various sorts stared at her, whispering behind their hands to each other. *I don't like this*, she thought. *These people seem all too happy about something*. She stiffened her body, and left the area, walking down a corridor. The noise coming from the pavilion sounded like a crowd at a football match. People cheered and talked loudly. Servants were rushing around with trays of drinks and food. A black man wearing tails and a top hat approached her and bowed. His mask was gold with a black star, the sign of a manager.

"Ms. Kelly, it's indeed an honor to have you here on this night," he said in a rich French accent.

Kelly's body trembled as she had this sudden feeling this event is about her somehow. "Henri, you know I love this place, but what's going on?"

Henri held his hand out, which she took, and he led her through a door into the pavilion. The pavilion encompasses two floors of the building with an oval stage in the middle and rows of gradually raised platforms around it. On some of those platforms people are seated, and some stood. However, the pavilion is overwhelming Kelly with the noise, smoke, sweat, perfume, aftershave, and the sex tang in the air. Kelly tried to stare at what's happening on the stage, however, the pushing through the crowd made it difficult to see clearly in the moment. Eventually, Henri sat her in a chair level with the stage and he took the seat next to her.

Kelly stared wide-eyed, her mouth hung open, and she broke into a cold sweat as she took in the scene before her. For in the middle of the stage, Tracy is tied face down on a bench/table with her arms out on both sides, and her legs spread wide behind her. Under the bench/table, a man is lying on his back fucking her pussy. Behind her, a huge German shepherd fucking her ass. In each hand, she's jerking off a cock, and down her throat another man is pounding her mouth. Kelly swallowed hard. She didn't understand it, and scratched her head.

She asked, "Henri?"

"Yes, my queen?"

"Why is she doing this?"

Henri smiled big white teeth around his black mouth. This was the moment he had been savoring for a while. "Ms. Tracy has challenged you," he said evenly.

"What?" Kelly asked, frowning. "Challenged what?"

"All of it. All your crowns at once. If she succeeds tonight, your reign will be over, my dear."

"No, it's impossible."

Henri chuckled. "That's what I said, but she's a determined young woman."

Kelly asked, "Haven't I been a good queen?"

Henri laughed coldly. "You know you haven't. All those punishments awaiting you, may see you expelled from the Labyrinth for good. You're a bad person, Your Majesty."

Kelly's body stiffened. She knew they didn't like her because she flaunted their rules, and as a queen they couldn't stop her, which ironically is one of their rules too. However, she never knew they secretly loathed her, and were waiting for her to be dethroned so they could kick her out. Kelly had thought her position was impeachable due to having four crowns, the most any queen had even had.

"That's if she succeeds," Kelly reminded him.

"True, but her hatred of you surpasses anyone's here, even mine. That's a good motivator don't you think?"

Henri stood and motioned a servant over with a drink for Kelly. She grabbed his hand, forcing him to look at her again.

"I'm sorry, Henri. I didn't mean to be such a bitch," she said.

He smiled smugly. "Of course you did." Henri took the drink and gave it to her. "Enjoy this night, my dear."

He bowed and left her.

Kelly took a sip of her beer and watched the action on the stage. *The bitch is a redhead, who knew*, she thought seeing Tracy's pubic hair for the first time.

\*\*\*\*

Tracy's plan was bold, foolish even, because no woman could do what she's trying to do without being transformed by it. Tracy didn't know this as she lay tied to the specially built table that splayed her body lewdly to all. It made her open to all who came, man and beast alike. Kelly had set some difficult records at the club, her first a Blowjob Crown with one-hundred and seventy-five men blown until they came. Her second a Gangbang Crown with three-hundred and eighty-five cocks fucked in one session. Kelly's third crown is for Double Penetration, eighty-five DP's in one night, and last is the Bestiality Crown with twenty dog cocks to her name. The Handjob crown belonged to another, a gay man, who had the record set at one-hundred even.

Tracy had discovered a loophole in the club rules when it came to the challenges, one that didn't differentiate between the species of cock in any act of sex at the club. Henri admired her cleverness and her boldness, though he doubted anyone could do what she proposed, as he thought it beyond human stamina, even for a man. Yet here she lay, her body writhing in a state of constant orgasm as cock assailed her at every point. A big dog cock knotted in her ass, shooting its hot cum into her already bloated stomach. A cock sliding into her pussy, pushing against the giant knot, increasing her orgasmic fury. In each hand, she jerked-off two large cocks, her arms and wrists already covered with the slime of previous participants. Then at her head, another cock fucked her mouth, her face covered in white slime already like a glazed doughnut.

The dog fucking her ass and the man her cunt counted as DP, Gangbang, and Bestiality. No woman had ever done anything like this in the history of The Labyrinth. The crowd cheered every time another man or beast came, and his cum dribbled and squirted all over her body. Cum, pussy juices, anal discharges, and sweat dripped into containers from the gutters on the table, and offered to

patrons for a price as a drink. Sometimes, Tracy would writhe and spasm so violently from a huge orgasm, people gasped, wondering if she might have a stroke or heart attack. Her body would flush so red, and muscles would spasm harshly. Steam rose from her skin. A doctor stood by watching her, monitoring her vitals.

There's only two ways she can fail. The first, she gives up, and the second, she passes out. Tracy is determined to see it through. Other people on the stage are the judges tallying each category, and the animal trainer managing the dogs. Men and dogs take her in a blur of sensations and cocks, her orgasms mounting with each onslaught of depraved fucking. Her brain cooking in the heat of her lust, and her body writhing snakelike as muscles twitch and spasm under the onslaught.

She doesn't even know who or what is fucking her anymore, all she can sense is cock after cock after cock assailing all her senses. Feeling them throb and flex in her, on her, and around her. Only once during a respite of oral sex did she manage to twist her head and see Kelly sitting across from her. Tracy smiled at her as cum ran down her face. Kelly grimaces, and looks away.

\*\*\*\*

"Hello, sis," Tim said as he sat next to Kelly.

Kelly looked at him, and said with audible stress in her voice, "I suppose you've come to gloat too."

Tim dropped his head and closed his eyes for a moment, breathing deeply. He asked quietly, "Have you become so insane you don't even trust your big brother anymore?"

Kelly looked away and took a drink of beer. "Everybody hates me here, apparently."

The hurt in her voice obvious. The club is her life, her world, and to learn she's hated has hurt her more than the prospect of losing her position due to Tracy's bold challenge.

"I don't hate you," Tim said evenly. "But you are a bit overbearing sometimes."

Kelly suddenly glared at him with bulging eyes. "I'm the QUEEN!"

Tim returned her stare for a moment, then looked at Tracy and the depravity of her actions. After a moment, he said, "Not for much longer."

Kelly also looked at the action on the stage, and sighed deeply.

Tim said, "I guess we were wrong about Tracy. This isn't the act of a submissive."

"It's the act of a slut," Kelly said harshly.

Tim smiled, enjoying the joke. "You mistook a slut for a submissive, you're really slipping, sis."

"It's not funny."

"Did you notice her red pubes?"

Kelly nodded.

Tim said, "Shame she dyes her hair, I love skinny redheads."

Kelly crossed her arms and closed her body posture. "Maybe you can hire her to be one of your porn

slags.”

Nodding, Tim said, “Maybe I will, she’d make me money.”

Kelly suddenly turned to Tim and grabbed his arm, tears rolling down her cheeks. “What am I gonna do? This is all I have,” she said. “The Labyrinth is my life.”

“I’ve been telling you for a long time you’d make a great dominatrix. People would pay you big money to experience your brand of sadism.”

She looks away, saying, “Maybe.”

Tim reached into his pocket and handed her a business card. It had a woman’s name and a number on it. “Call her, she can help you get setup,” Tim said as she read the card. Kelly looked up from the card and at Tim wide-eyed. “You’ll make more money than you ever will grooming pets, and your sadistic needs can be satisfied without going to prison. Tim said, putting his hand on her leg.

Kelly nodded, and glanced at the stage as Thor began fucking Tracy’s ass. The big black Great Dane and his huge eighteen-inch cock buried in her ass in a frenzy of fucking. She could hear Tracy moan around the penis in her mouth. All the men grunting and groaning as they fucked her. A man then slid what looked like a ten-inch cock up her cunt. Two huge cocks fucking her relentlessly, making the poor girl’s body writhe and sweat. Tim started to breathe heavily, making Kelly laugh.

She asked sarcastically, “Why don’t you join in?”

“I plan to,” he said, holding up his pager for her to see.

Kelly laughed now. “You always did like the sluts,” she said.

\*\*\*\*

The hours flew by as cock after cock after cock took their turn fucking Tracy or getting jerked-off by her. Her arms, wrist and fingers ached from the constant jerking-off they were doing, until eventually the judges began ticking off the new records. The first to fall was the DP Record, however, as the anal is counted in the Gangbang record the final tally of DP had not been reached.

The next to fall was the Handjob Record and she stopped at one-hundred and twenty cocks. Once she reached two-hundred blowjobs, the judges called the record attempt a success. Two hundred loads of cum Tracy swallowed, a feat in and of itself.

The record to fall after this was the Bestiality Record with forty dog cocks used to fuck her ass. The dog cocks replaced with eager men to help her reach the Gangbang record. By the time Tracy is pushing to beat the final record, many men had already been fucked, sucked, and jerked-off. Many were back for their second and third times. This is the danger of her attempt, to run out of cocks who could keep it going. Her body had grown numb by this point, and orgasms, no longer assailed her. Her abused and mangled cunt so wet and slippery with slime as no man wore condoms. She lay on the bench, her body rocking back and forth as the guys thrust their meat inside her cunt and ass. The mark she had set before the event was four-hundred.

*A challenger must always aim to not just pass a record, the rules said, but they must set an acceptable mark above that record. Failure to meet that mark will mean the record attempt has been unsuccessful.* Tracy’s Gangbang Record is set at four-hundred cocks. Her body ached all over now, every muscle seemed to have a pain of its own. The fucking is not pleasurable at all. The guys pulled

out of her ass and cum all over her back. The men beneath, pounding her cunt would fill it with their cum. She lay with her head to the side, staring at Kelly with cold eyes. Getting all the hatred she could for the BBW queen to keep her mind in the game.

As an old man, in his eighties finally came in her ass, Tim stepped forward naked except his mask. His big nine-inch cock already hard and glistening. The man beneath her grunted and groaned and blew his load, cum spurting from her red swollen pussy lips to make way for more. A judge stepped forward and put his hand on Tim to stop him for a moment.

"Members and Guests," the judge shouted, making the chatter stop. "This man will represent the final cock for the new Gangbang record to be set at four-hundred. The DP Record now stands at one-hundred and ninety."

The audience applauded loudly, and Tim shoved his cock deep into her ass and began fucking her.

\*\*\*\*\*

Tracy woke in a small room covered in cushions and fine drapes, as if a scene out of an Arabian movie, being bathed by two beautiful naked women.

Tracy asked, "Where am I?"

"This is a VIP service, my Goddess," one Asian woman said.

She sat up, feeling her stomach drop. "Did I make it? Did I do it?"

A French man's voice answered her, "You certainly did, Goddess."

Henri stood in the doorway, smiling at her.

"Why are you calling me Goddess?" Tracy asked.

"We have created a new title for any challenger who undergoes what you did tonight. It's called God or Goddess. The ultimate sexual being."

"My records?"

"You'll never lose your title regardless, in honor of what you did tonight."

Tracy asked, "What about Kelly?"

"She has rule violations she must be accountable for since she's no longer Queen," Henri said.

"You kicked her out?"

"No, she's been put on probation for three-hundred hours."

Tracy fell back into the soft pillows laughing loudly. "She's been downgraded from a Queen to a restricted yellow member in one night? Oh, that's fucking funny. She so deserves it, the bitch. Thought she could fuck with me and get away with it. I told Liz I'd get her, and I did. Didn't I? Nobody believed me, they thought Kelly would beat me. But 1—"

As Tracy kept chattering as if a ditzy schoolgirl, Henri left the room without her even noticing.



*It's a shame, he thought as he entered his office. All that fucking has addled her brain.*

\*\*\*\*

A few days later, Kelly, Tim and Liz sat in the office at the salon having a difficult conversation.

"Tracy told me you've been bullying her, as you did with Kimberly," Liz said, her eyes flashing with anger.

Kelly shrugged indifferently.

"I can't have it anymore, Kelly. I told you what would happen if you ever did it again."

Kelly took a deep breath and let it out. "So you're firing me," she said coldly.

"Yes. As of now, you no longer work here. I want you to hand your keys back to me," Liz said, her eyes welling with tears.

Kelly reached into a pocket of her jeans and threw some keys onto the table. Liz glanced at the keys, satisfied they're all present she handed Kelly an envelope.

"This is your final pay with severance," she said.

Kelly didn't move to take the envelope, so Tim took it.

"It's OK, Kelly has a new career in mind, don't you?" Tim asked, smiling at Kelly.

Kelly shrugged. "Maybe," she said.

Liz looked at both, and noticing Tim's ugly smile she felt uneasy about this new job. "Kelly, please be careful. Whatever you do, take some time to think about how your life has turned out. Only you can make it better," Liz said, almost motherly.

Kelly guffawed and stood. As she walked out the door, she said, "Since when do you care about my life, you old dyke."

With that, she was gone. Liz sighed and shook her head.

"Don't worry, my friends will look after her," Tim said.

"Your friends in the porn industry?" Liz said coldly, staring at him.

"How—"

"I'm not stupid, Timothy. I don't care what you or your sister do to make a living, that's your choice. Just don't bring it home with you."

Tim frowned. "Says the women selling pedigree dog jizz on the black market."

"I'm not saying I'm a saint," Liz said, "but I keep my business out of the family."

Tim stood, shaking his head. "Sure, mom, whatever you say. I gotta go, I have business to attend."

He walked out, ignoring her good-bye's thinking: *Any wonder Kelly hates her, she's an insufferable hypocrite.*

As he passed Tracy's station on the way out, he stopped and admired how well she handled the poodle she's grooming. She didn't noticed him at first, however, she soon looked up from her work and smiled.

"Hi, Tim," she said.

"Hi, Goddess, how's things?"

Tracy blushed, yet the smile didn't leave her face. "Oh, stop with that Goddess crap, it's so stupid."

"You deserve the title, what you did was the most amazing thing I ever saw, and I've seen shit," Tim said making her blush again.

"Honestly, I don't remember much of it now. Weird isn't it. I mean, you'd think after that much sex I'd remember something? But, no, not me. Now everyone is calling me 'Goddess', I said to Renee it's so weird. She says—"

"Please, Tracy, I don't have all day," Tim said in his deep voice. "Did you call that number I gave you?"

"Yes, but the man wasn't very nice, though. You'd think they'd have more respect for women than that. Renee thinks I should—"

"Tracy, are you going through with it?" Tim asked followed by a grimace.

She nodded with a frown.

"Good, girl. You'll be great. I'll talk to you later," Tim said and left.

She watched him leave feeling grumpy at how he had cut her off, then Renee came in with her next dog for grooming.

"Renee, you won't believe how rude Tim was to me. What is it with men these days? It's enough to turn a woman gay," she began.

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## **Prologue**

A fat, hairy man who smelled sweaty and pissy leaned close to Tracy, breathing his cigarette breath in her face as she squirmed and grimaced. Her hands shook slightly as nerves ate away at her mind. Her hair now longer and back to its original red/ginger color. Her silk gown open showing her nudity beneath.

"So that's all there is to it, Luv," the ugly fat man said.

"Yeah, I get it. I'm not stupid, you know. This is porn, not a fucking Spielberg movie," she said tartly.

The fat, ugly man boomed a laugh. "Sure, Luv, just give us a good show," he said patronizingly. You need to exaggerate your reactions, though, to turn on the punters jerking-off at home."

Tracy rolled her eyes and sighed. The ugly, fat man who's the Producer/Director of this movie took this as a sign she was ready.

"OK," he suddenly shouted and everyone looked at him. "Take your places, let's shoot this motherfucker."

Just then a frumpy woman in jeans and a T-shirt tapped Tracy on the shoulder. Her name is Wendy, and she works in production. "Hey, Wendy, I'm about to shoot my first scene," Tracy said.

"That's special, sweetie," she said indifferently. "Before you start, we need to know what name you're gonna use."

"Um, name?"

Wendy rolled her eyes. "Your acting name, no one uses their real name around here."

Tracy Shrugged. "My second name is Ann, will that do?"

Wendy thought for a moment. "Ann, eh? Nah, but Annie is kinda sweet, like that musical, and you both have red hair. Yeah, Annie... Annie Hardick. Oh, that's perfect," Wendy said smugly and laughed.

Tracy's face went blank, not getting Wendy's joke.

Wendy again looked up and shook her head at Tracy's slowness. "Annie Hardick - Any Hard dick! It's perfect."

"If you say so," Tracy said.

Wendy suddenly shouted, "Hey, boss, red's name is now Annie Hardick."

The fat, ugly man laughed. "Good one, Wen," he said and laughed. "Hey, Annie, how about you get your sweet ass into position."

Annie sighed, took her robe off, and entered the set where four guys with huge cocks waited for her. So her career as a porn actress began.

*The End*