

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

"Kane! Come on in, Boy!" I called into my backyard.

It wasn't big enough for my gray and white husky, but what would have been? He could have dominated a football field. Right then, he was leaping up, trying to hurdle the back fence, which was recently built up to 10 feet tall. The neighbor's Sheltie bitch was in heat again. My neighbor, Scranton Jones, nearly sued me the last time Kane crossed the fence and gave the dog half his size a good studding.

I avoided Scranton's animosity by paying for the extraction of the embryos as soon as they were large enough to extract. I'm all for a mother's right to do what she wants with her body, but I couldn't help but feel sorry for Kane. He was a healthy male in his prime. I doted on him every way I could.

I'm pretty well off, having a solid job in technology worker recruitment. I can charm top engineers away from high-paying jobs that stoke their passions to a client's company in the blink of an eye. I bought my inland, suburban house with one of my better commissions.

I would pay top dollar for gardeners to maintain the grounds, front and back, against Kane's wild antics. Connie, Kane's trainer, told me that every dog needs a place where he can be a DOG. She's a miracle worker with Kane as I am with high functioning Asperger's misanthropes. Kane's place to be a dog was my backyard. Now it's his backyard, but I get ahead of myself.

"Come on in, you beautiful, horny canine!" I shouted.

I knew better than offering treats or abusing my authority as Kane's owner. Connie has trained me nearly as well as she's taught him. I simply shouted my command, waited, and repeated it once.

Kane stopped leaping and gave me a respectful glance. Something about his eyes seemed possessed. I sighed and shook my head. That was my clue that he would be left outside all night if he didn't obey.

The dog threw a final look at the frustrating fence and strode indignantly into the house. I closed the sliding glass door before petting and hugging him. "Thank you, Kane."

In a rare act of defiance, Kane marched to a waiting pile of newspapers and dropped a healthy poop on target. I told you that Connie was a miracle worker. Kane probably knew I couldn't stand the smell and that I would immediately convey the newspapers to the garbage bin at the side of the house.

I returned from that mission and laid down a fresh pile of papers. Sometimes I use printouts from work. I bent my knees and leaned over as I arranged the pile for maximum coverage of Kane's pooping zone. An unexpected nudge from Kane sent me sprawling to my hands and knees.

I was astonished when my dog's jaws clamped lightly around my neck. Time froze, and I fought an urge to panic. I told myself, 'He's not biting you, Silvia.' His teeth were pressing gently into my skin. Kane was trying to assert his dominance. His teeth might have clamped hard enough to draw blood if I had been another dog. Kane respected my frail human body. These thoughts kept me from doing something stupid.

Although my heart rate had doubled, I managed to speak calmly. "To your Cage, Kane," I repeated. "Cage, Kane." I gulped as I waited.

I didn't own a dog cage, but a four-foot by three-foot area in the living room was reserved for his time-outs. Kane released my neck, gave it a powerful slap with his tongue, and trotted to his 'cage.' He laid down and began licking his balls.

I called Connie and told her what had happened.

"Ms. Joyce, you should have let him leap to his heart's content. Kane's high state of arousal probably prompted him to test his limits within our pack."

On her first day of work, Connie had spelled out that I must not consider our relationship with Kane to be even remotely human.

"We are packmates, Ms. Joyce, from now on."

If I didn't get with her program, she could easily afford not to accept employment with me. She was top-list talent, and I understood when her results with Kane swiftly turned a wild, alpha-styled canine into a loving pet. Naturally, she trained me to be the alpha-female in our pack, although I suspected that she was the natural alpha. I didn't have to be a dog to appreciate her aura of command.

She finished her lecture. "I'll come by tomorrow and give you two a booster lesson on control and submission."

"You're not scheduled for tomorrow. What about your other clients?"

"Don't worry, Silvie. You'll cover my losses for rescheduling them." She snickered mischievously.

"Yes," I answered before considering how much money her time was worth.

I could certainly afford it, but I'm a damn good contract recruiter because I'm careful with paperwork and numbers. I should have at least discussed her emergency fee instead of letting her hang up. I set down my phone, realizing that it wasn't an emergency. Kane was behaving just fine now.

Connie arrived at breakfast time. I was making a kale smoothie. I shut off the Vita-Mix to answer the door. I wore jogging shorts, a sports bra and panties, and a tight, wife-beater.

She was a buxom young woman early twenties compared to my mid-thirties. On a job, she always dressed down, wearing tough clothes that could survive all sorts of doggie mishaps. Her private life was a mystery to me.

"I don't want more time to pass, Ms. Joyce." She strode into my house. "Kane?"

Claws scrambled across the wood. I had paid for a special, hard coat lacquer to protect my 1903 home's flooring. Kane rushed in and halted before Connie, planting his butt down to await her command.

"Good boy!" She told him, paused, and bent slightly to pet his ears. Her head turned to me. "Where did it happen?"

"I was putting down fresh papers in his poop zone."

"Show me." She led Kane and me to the kitchen. She repeated. "Show me what you were doing."

Confused, I blinked at her. "You want me to kneel?"

"We have to reenact the crime scene if we have any chance to teach Kane not to test your authority. I should have rushed over last night, but I had-" She grunted low in her throat. "Business to attend."

"Oh." My knees slowly bent, and I leaned over as if I was about to place more papers on the pile. I seemed to be acting on instinct rather than purposefully. "How are you going to get him to, um, you know, repeat-" I interrupted my rambling question. "You said he did it because the bitch next door had aroused him."

"Just keep your eyes on the pile of papers, Silvie." She pushed me, and I fell to my hands and knees.

"Connie?" I asked in surprise.

"We have to recreate the exact circumstances." She explained. I heard fresh petting sounds and "good boys." Connie's voice sounded different, sultry, sexy even. Not that a dog would pick up on complex, human verbal affectations.

Seconds later, Kane's jaws opened and gripped my neck again, a little firmer than last time, I thought. His hot panting steamed my bunched-up skin.

"It was at this point. You told him to go to his C-A-G-E, correct?" Connie asked.

"Y-yes." My nerves were fraying, and I felt pretty uncertain about what was happening. I had to trust my trainer.

"That was fine, and you kept your head." Suddenly she was bending low beside me. Her hand reached out to my ear, and she stroked it. "But there's a better way you could have handled it."

She repeated. "You should have handled it better."

"I-I'm sorry." I sputtered from confusion. "How?"

"Kane was a horn-dog yesterday." She chuckled at her pun. "It's okay to let him act out his frustration."

Abruptly, something slick and slimy slapped across the side of my right hip. Kane started humping my spandex shorts!

"Connie! How could this possibly reinforce my dominance?" I resisted. Something wasn't right.

"I agree. It's certainly not obvious." She paused, possibly to observe the dog attempting to mate with me. "We've talked about subtle control before. This is yet another example."

Kane's jaws relaxed, but he didn't remove his head from my neck as if he was testing my submissiveness. His hips pumped steadily, and I felt his balls bounce off my thigh.

"See this from his point of view. He was triggered by a bitch who he had previously mounted. He must have been in a powerful mood." Connie kept petting my ear. "You're lucky that he obeyed you after grasping your neck with his jaws. Instead, you could have used his lust against him."

"H-how?" I was getting more annoyed, having to withstand my dog's abuse.

"Let him release his frustration, and then surprise him with a fierce tongue lashing! You will catch him at a weak moment and reinforce your authority."

It sounded reasonable, but my gut had its doubts. "You don't mean to."

"This is another difficult training scenario, Silvie. You've handled them well in the past. Don't fail me now." She stood up and spoke sharply.

"But, you want Kane to ejaculate?"

"Ejaculate is easier to clean than blood. Now here's the drill." Connie towered over me. "When Kane orgasms, do not hesitate. Stand up quickly, and tell him 'Sit!' Shout it at him. Repeat patiently until he obeys. Then tell him 'Down!' Repeat patiently until he obeys. Then, 'Play dead!' As soon as he rolls on his back, step one foot on his sheath and tell him, 'Stay!' Hold still and count to a full minute."

Connie's method sounded better and better while I absorbed every line of my role.

Kane must have been quite horny from the previous day. His loins shuddered, and I felt ropes of dog sperm jetting across my shorts. My body flinched at his sudden and powerful ejaculation. Irrational fear shook me. I had to tell myself that Kane was experiencing joy, as his happy whines indicated. But my contemplation to bolster my self-confidence was shattered by Connie.

"NOW!"

I hauled myself up and gave Kane a terrific glare. "SIT, Kane!" I counted to two. "SIT!" The slow-minded animal tilted his head. At least my abrupt act and command had gotten his attention. "SIT!" I repeated.

Kane slowly lowered his hips to the ground.

"DOWN, Kane!" I counted. "Down!"

Kane crept his front feet forward until his body lay on the wet flooring.

"PLAY DEAD, Kane!" I leaned over him, my shadow covering his face. He looked more confused than ever. "Play dead!"

For a second, he glanced at Connie. I couldn't afford to break my gaze. I assumed she ignored him. Then my beautiful pet rolled on his back. I lifted my soiled right leg and stepped lightly on his sheath. His long, red penis had slipped back under its protection. More than one drop of his cum had splattered on his belly.

"Very good!" Connie hugged me. She surprised me with a kiss on my cheek! "Be sure to clean up Kane's cum, Silvia." She asserted as if I wouldn't.

I stepped off of poor, now extra docile Kane and touched the lipstick which had rubbed off on me. Connie fell beside Kane and gripped his neck skin with both hands. She shook his head and growled. She often did this to reinforce our dominance. She only allowed me to do it when she was sure I would be perfectly safe. This very aggressive move triggers some dogs.

I, of course, felt that Kane would never actually hurt me. Hadn't he proved that by taking my neck gently into his jaws the day before?

Connie had me order Kane to his 'cage.' She stood up as he left for the living room. "That'll be twelve hundred dollars, Ms. Joyce."

I went to my laptop and sent the money to her account. She left us, saying, "Keep him 'caged' for an hour, then give him a good period in the yard. Play with him. Normalize your lives again. But don't be surprised if you have to repeat his lesson."

I bid her farewell and went to clean the kitchen floor.

Two hours later, I was the one panting in the backyard, hardly able to throw his solid rubber ball one more time. We had been running and playing the entire time. I'm no slouch at my daily workout, but Kane had more energy than a fully charged, electric semi-truck.

I went inside, only to be roused from my lounge chair by Kane's sharp barks an hour later. Looking through the sliding glass back door, I found him leaping at the back fence again.

His energy reserves were infinite. I guessed that sex could do that, only a few hours after spilling his seed on the kitchen floor. The men I typically meet are quick to cum and only aroused by a home-cooked meal after a long nap. Warm pride made me pause at the backdoor, admiring Kane's incredible leaps, excellent form, and robust body.

I tarried for less than a minute, sad that I had to take control of my furry companion once more. I opened the door. "KANE! Come in, Boy!"

My gray husky hit the ground on all fours and looked at me, tongue hanging out as he panted. His eyebrows rose as if questioning my command but for only a second. They narrowed at me, and his bright eyes pierced me with an electric bolt that elicited another shudder from my weary frame.

Being in charge was exhausting. I had the skill with my clients, but I just wanted to be pampered after a day at work. My voice was firm but low. "Come in, Boy."

Kane gave the fence a parting examination before trotting into the house. "Good boy," I said happily and closed the door. I returned to my lounge and wondered what I would have for dinner.

A foul odor tore away my thoughts. "Kane!" I whined. The dog had taken another poop. Answering his name, he strode up to me, his mouth an eternal smile. His sky blue eyes gave me a fresh shudder as if he was telling me to clean his mess again.

I almost told him to cage himself, but my curiosity stepped in. Would he try to hump me again? That seemed unlikely, given that his last lesson should be fresh in his mind.

I grabbed a handful of newspapers from the stack beside my lounge. I subscribed to six newspapers. I used my computer for work so much, relaxing with a physical object was a refreshing escape from my duties.

Marching into the kitchen, I knelt and began raveling the soiled papers. I glanced at Kane, who had followed me. He looked proud of his accomplishment. The mess was larger than yesterdays. Had he been saving it up? I had many silly thoughts as I went outside to dump the stinking clump into the trash. Returning, I knelt to replace the newsprint, readying myself in case Kane tried something again.

Instead of knocking me over, Kane surprised me. He stepped close and nudged the back of my right shoulder with his snout. The tip of his red erection worked its way out of its sheath. I interpreted his

action to mean, "Go on, Bitch. Assume the position."

I trembled then, worried that I was losing control instead of gaining it. His blue eyes dared me. My mind rationalized that I should mind the dog trainer's advice, not to be surprised at having to repeat Kane's lesson.

"I'm not doing this - for you." I convinced myself that I wasn't the one rolling on my back in submission by voicing an objection. I leaned forward into a hands and knees stance.

His firm, warm body, mounted me quickly. I had to tell myself that patience would be rewarded. Still, I wished the annoying act would be over soon.

It took me another second to realize that Kane hadn't clamped his jaws around my neck. He hadn't needed to! This time his forelegs wrapped around my midsection. His hips had to thrust farther to rub himself against my lycra shorts. As a result, his big cock found the gap between my thighs and humped there instead of stroking my hip. He experienced twice the sensation as his hindquarters worked up to full speed.

Abruptly I was ashamed. His previous ejaculation had stiffened into a crusty mass on my shorts. Why hadn't I washed and changed out of them? I debated the day had been too hectic as the aroused animal worked to release his frustrations. To save me from future indignity, I wanted to take my neighbor's hot bitch to the vet and cure her once and for all.

"Kane..." I whined. I almost called him a bad boy. His powerful paws and hindquarters secured and pummeled me. It was rape, pure and simple, no matter that I had submitted my body to him. He whimpered and panted, obviously enjoying what a perfectly natural act to him was. "Nooo..." My lips objected to the sensation of Kane's large cock pounding between my thighs.

I feared I had lost all control, wrapped tightly by two strong, clawed forelegs as my dog exercised his lust within my rear. He barked a couple of times during his quick thrusts, too excited to contain his pleasure. I became a rag doll, my fit figure jolting from his pounding hunches. My mind slipped into a strange space where a sense of freedom, previously unknown to me, wrapped me in comfort - like a father's arms protecting his daughter.

Kane's fur rocked against the lower two-thirds of my jogging outfit and rubbed his heat into me while his forelegs held tightly. My mental space might have been somewhat relaxing, except the idea of having a dog as a metaphorical father disturbed me.

Abruptly, Kane knocked me nearly off of my hands and knees with a terrific thrust, burying his ballooning cock deep between my thighs. He howled as cum spurted up against the front of my shirt, burning away the strange mood that had becalmed me.

Kane's hot seed soaked into wool and dripped onto the tile below. He squirted again and again. The round knot at the base of his cock tried mightily but failed to contain his seed within my womb, which it had not entered. Far away, I heard Connie's voice. "Now."

I hesitated. The fog shrouding my thoughts prevented me from obeying the trainer's command. I knew that dogs needed instant feedback. I needed to get up and exert my utmost control over him. My limbs and heart remained limp. Kane's hard dick remained stuffed between my thighs from behind. He panted and licked the back of my neck. He licked my ears then as if rewarding me. His tongue tickled! But I was too cowed to giggle. I fought harder to break myself out of his spell. "Kane..." I started but didn't continue.

Unexpectedly, my lust-relieved husky pulled away, releasing my body. His prick remained hard but slipped out of the wet area between my shorts. He nosed my ribcage as if to get my attention.

I watched him sit on his haunches. Kane watched me watching him and then lay fully down and rolled on his back.

Blinking at the incredible sight, I wobbled up to my feet and attempted to stand on one leg while placing the other on his sheath. I nearly fell.

My hand caught the edge of a counter, and I steadied myself.

Kane blinked at me when I finally stepped on him. His dark red dick remained in the open air as his knot shrank. He barked once when my foot pressed gently against his sheath as if approving of my behavior.

It was dark when I called Connie and pleaded my case. "I should have acted quicker to establish dominance, but you don't know how difficult it was to break through emotions like that!"

"It's okay, Silvia." Her voice was firm but warm. "There are many kinds of bonds between pets and masters. Whatever happens, you may have to prepare yourself to accept it. Kane is devoted to you. He didn't bite your neck, and he tried to give pleasure while taking it from you." Her last words sounded slightly harsh as if I had deserved to be pounded by my animal.

"Honestly, I'm not sure if this technique is working. I worry that Kane's learning I'm a substitute for the dog next door."

Connie cleared her throat but didn't laugh. "Tell me my method doesn't work, AFTER you execute it as I told you."

"Yes, of course, you're right."

"Do I need to come over there?" She was sincere, but my mind imagined some threat in her words.

"I-I guess not." Talking to Connie had become a chore. I didn't want her to think I couldn't handle Kane by myself. "Thank you for your time."

She laughed then. "I won't charge you - this time." She hung up.

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## **Chapter Two**

Scranton Jones's Sheltie next door had been in heat for less than a week. The next evening, I bustled over to his house, bringing a fresh-baked pie. The top crust was a bit of a mess. I'm a poor baker, a poor cook in general, but it was piping hot. I knocked, and he eventually opened the door but without greeting.

"I want to apologize for Kane, Scranton." I held out the pie. "I know he's been barking a lot, and I know you know the reason, but I won't blame Flufflepuss." (his Sheltie's name). "She must be quite a thing to deal with when she's in heat."

Scranton is about six feet tall, half a head taller than me. He's awfully thin, gangly, and moves like a



marionette with a stick up his ass. He must have had terrible acne when he was younger. His face was pocked like raindrops on the sand.

"That racket interrupts my work." He eyed the pie in my hand, one eye enticed, the other wary. Both were dark brown. They matched his skin tone. "But I know it's not all your fault."

I repressed an urge to fling a hot pie to pave the holes in his face with burning, cinnamon apple filling.

"Would you like to come in?" He took a step to open space.

"No. Thank you." I held out the pie. "Dogs remain in heat for up to two weeks or longer. I can't keep Kane inside every minute. He's too big! I hope you can accept this as some compensation for the future."

"Well-" He scratched his thinning hairline. "I hope you'll try harder to keep the noise down."

I felt the right opportunity had arrived. "Is there a reason you have for keeping Flufflepuss fertile?" I asked gingerly. "Do you breed her to other Shelties?"

"No!" He almost barked. "She's nothin special, and cut'n on a poor critter ain't right by God. But I don't have to explain my reasons to you." For a second, his words were highly accented. He pulled the door half-closed and stepped to block me. Then he plucked the pie tin from my hands. "Good night, Ms. Joyce."

I puffed through my nose after the door had closed. Locks clicked within it. I turned around and returned home, hungry for pie.

I kept Kane inside for the next two days, taking him out only to pee. He saved his poop for indoors, but I was canny to his expectations. Without a proper run of the yard and play, he grew irritable. I tried running with him, but his leash kept fouling my pace and balance.

Whenever I sat to read the paper, he whined. On the morning of the second day, he barked at me. He even nipped at my shirt! "OFF!" I shouted immediately. He didn't act rebuked. He did the strangest thing. He left - going into the kitchen.

When the awful smell hit me, I was surprised to see him come out of my room! Before worrying that he had taken a dump in the bedroom, I was surprised again to see my jogging shorts from two days prior dangling from his jaws. He must have stolen them out of the hamper.

He hadn't pooped in my room. He had left his mess where it was supposed to go, on the newspapers in the kitchen. He wanted me to clean up his mess.

I simply sat staring at the sight of my dog, clearly urging me to submit to his will. Shame spun up through my senses. I cringed at the thought of prostrating myself for his use.

It was the stink of his excretion that compelled me to get up. I did go and take his mess to the outside garbage, but when he tried to push me onto my hands and knees while placing down fresh paper, I resisted and even stood up.

"To your CAGE, Kane." I pointed to the living room. "Cage!" I repeated.

Before turning away and obeying, the look my dog gave me was an expression I'll never forget. He

wanted satisfaction. It wasn't a pleading look. He didn't whine or whimper. He almost sneered at me.

I found myself holding my breath. I exhaled and stood stunned.

The rest of that day was uneventful, except I fantasized about cutting a hole in the fence to let Kane rape Flufflepuss. That night, as Kane slept at the foot of my bed, I masturbated with my sturdy vibrator. I loved the low-frequency setting. 'It was almost like being fucked by—.' Unexpectedly, I remembered Kane's manic thrusts against my butt. I grunted from the orgasm that filled me. It released some of my tension but none of my guilt.

Kane's head raised above the end of my comforter. His eyes flashed from the dim light of moonbeams striking through the curtains. They accused me of hypocrisy from seven feet away.

The next day was our scheduled day to train with Connie. I was up and about early, letting Kane out back to pee, organizing my work for the day, fixing breakfast, going for a run by myself. I returned to sharp barking.

"KANE, come in!" I shouted from the back door.

He stopped leaping at the fence and ran in, immediately taking a shit on the floor, not even bothering to trot two extra feet to where clean paper awaited. He looked up at me with defiance. The smell was atrocious!

"CAGE, Kane. NOW!" I was angry!

He obeyed, trotting proudly into the living room. I grabbed the papers and did my best to scoop up his large, foul mess.

I was on my hands and knees, scrubbing the tiles when Kane marched in and mounted me! His jaws took my neck between sharp teeth, which felt like they were cutting me. He even shook my neck a little.

I flinched from slight pain and trembled as Kane began to hump his big dick against my hip.

A harsh knock at the front door surprised both of us. "Ms. Joyce! I know I'm early, but I had some new ideas." Connie shouted.

Kane instantly pulled himself off of me and scrambled to the door. Instead of relief, I felt abandoned and dirtied. "I'll be a minute," I shouted back. It took a couple of minutes to collect myself and straighten my clothes. I rubbed my neck, but there wasn't any blood. I found Kane sitting patiently beside the door. I wanted to snarl at him!

"Connie, I'm glad you're here." I invited the trainer into my home.

Kane licked her hand politely.

"Who's a good boy?" She knelt and petted him.

I grumbled. "Ten minutes ago, he pooped outside of his area and then mounted me while I was cleaning up his mess."

"Oh." She gave Kane a reproachful stare.

Kane lowered himself fully to the floor, but his expression lacked repentance.

I felt left out of their silent conversation. "To be fair, I've kept him inside for two days. Still-"

"You're right, Silvia." The trainer interrupted. "He should behave better after only two days." However, her hand continued to scratch behind Kane's left ear. "Let's do something about that, right now." She stood up and marched away. "Into the kitchen." She summoned me. Kane trotted alongside her.

"Get on your hands and knees, Silvia," she said.

"I don't want to reenact what happened. There has to be another way."

"I don't think those ways will work after you told me."

"What did I tell you?"

"You could not follow the guidance I had set for you to assert your authority over Kane. He's probably very confused, especially after having his routine disrupted for the last two days."

"But you said he should have behaved better for longer."

"I've changed my mind. We need to work on you, Silvia." Connie said with stern confidence. "We can't have you succumbing to your submissive side when the stakes are this high."

"My submissive side?" I rejected her assertion. "I'm well in control of myself."

"But not when it counts, or do you want Kane to develop his alpha nature while you hesitate and confuse him?" Connie pressed harder. "From our first training sessions with Kane, I saw that you weren't even a beta female. You may be effective at work..." She nodded at the expensive appliances and devices surrounding us. "But you have to be the real you at home, or you'll go mad."

"That's preposterous." I didn't stress the word.

"Then why did you hire me?" She laid it on the line. "You're smart and organized and self-actualized. You could have learned how to train your fine husky by yourself. There are plenty of quality resources on the web."

"I wanted the best. Somehow the internet has the idiotic notion that you are best around."

"And you're paying for the best." She confirmed. "Now get down on your hands and knees and realize - what you're paying for is to be the one trained."

"G-get o-out." I stammered. I wanted to be angry at her. I wanted to escape her crazy notions. I wanted to escape the mire of emotions sucking at my soul.

SMACK! Connie slapped me hard! "I said, on your hands and knees, Bitch!"

"OW!" I raised my hand against her, attempting to fight back.

RRROOWWFFF!! Kane erupted! He bolted up on his hind legs and batted my chest with his forepaws, growling.

"I'd be very careful what you do next, Silvia." Connie cautioned.

"You're d-doing this." I blamed her, struggling to keep my balance.

"No. Your lack of spirit is the true culprit in this situation. Kane needs a strong authority to tame him. He respects mine but has lost faith in yours. Now accept that he will be in charge of you when you aren't working."

"I'm not going to submit to my dog. I'll get rid of him first."

SMACK! The trainer's hand stung my face harder than last time.

"STOP IT!" I cried.

"GGGRRRRGGHHH..." Kane's growl deepened, not seven inches from my face. He pushed harder, and I fell back, catching the lip of the counter behind me and twisting away from his paws. Kane dropped to all fours, not at all discouraged. Connie advanced, silently threatening.

I sputtered, "No! P-please!"

"Heel, Kane." She held her palm down at her side. The animal scurried around her legs to stand there. He didn't look at her. His eyes were locked onto mine, contesting my will.

My knees buckled on their own accord. "What is he going to d-do?"

"He's the alpha, Silvia. He'll do whatever he chooses, but I think you know already."

My knees touched the floor. I looked across at Kane. Whose raised head nearly reached as tall as mine. His gaze made me feel smaller than him. "I-I guess if I have to, h-he can rub himself - until..."

Connie stepped forward and grabbed my hair. I kept mine short, but there was more than a handful to grip and tug.

"Oww," I whined.

"This isn't a game, not for Kane, Sil-vee." She mocked my offer. Kane needs a bitch, and you're going to be one for him." Her hand gripped harder, and she pushed my head down until I had to catch myself with my hands on the floor.

"You can't mean that." I grasped at the hope that she couldn't.

"I'm your trainer. Kane has waited too long for you to be trained. I'll go easy on you this time, but only if you quickly submit to his authority."

What did she mean? I looked at my handsome canine as if he had the answer. It was in his eyes. I would be his bitch.

Connie let go of my hair and raised her right palm in front of my eyes. "Stay there, Silvee. Wait for him to decide."

I stood miserably still, afraid of what Kane or Connie would do. A different feeling appeared deep within my misery, a small sphere of calm halfway between my belly button and my spine. It was a strange, tiny hope that comforted as if to say, "It's almost over, Silvia. Soon you'll be free."

My trembling didn't slow, however. It worsened when Kane strode up and sniffed my behind.

"He's checking to see if you're in heat."

"But I'm not a dog," I whined. "It's impossible for me to be in heat." Perhaps if Connie understood that, she would call off this incredible charade."

"Maybe not like a dog, Silvee, but he's already mounted you three times. I wouldn't be surprised if he can simply tell if you're horny."

"How could I be?" I grimaced up at her. "What you're doing is abominable!"

Connie's hand struck out and grabbed my hair again.

"Ow!"

"Don't you dare disrespect either of us, Bitch." She shook her head. "I was afraid that I might have to take you step by step through this lesson. But if that's what it takes..."

Kane simply waited for the trainer to instruct me on how to submit.

"Please, no," I whined uselessly. The calm sphere in my belly encouraged me to relax.

"I'm sorry that I have to do this for you, Silvee, but it's for your edification. Next time is quick to submit." Abruptly, Connie grabbed the waistband of my dark green polyester slacks. Without bothering to loosen the most ornamental belt, she tugged it with more strength than I guessed. A top dog trainer needed toned muscles.

"NO! Nothatplease!" I babbled.

"Kane needs to smell his bitch, to see if you're ready." Connie shook my head to ensure my attention. Her next tug on my pants pulled them and my pink underwear over and down my behind, stripping all modesty from that part of my body.

I'm not proud of my bum. It's too big, in my opinion, but dieting and exercise hardly reduce it. It was quite toned, however, from years of effort. My breasts, I never liked how small they were, barely C-cups. I believed that men valued large tits over large asses, but who knew what a dog preferred? Unfortunately, by trying to shrink my butt, I only burned away my boob fat. I had to settle for an unsatisfactory balance.

Stripped butt naked by a power-mad woman, I cringed and tried to curl up into a fetal ball, but her fistful of my hair stopped me cold - keeping me upright on my hands and knees.

"I'm sure men would say you've got a hot ass, Silvee. You better hope that Kane approves. You wouldn't want him to be less than completely satisfied by his new bitch."

"Don't you hear how crazy you sound?"

"You wouldn't believe what I've taught dogs for their owners and vice versa." She snickered. "How do you think I earned my stellar reputation among the rich and powerful?"

Suddenly, I felt Kane's cold nose pressing into my butt. Snuffles of hot breath tickled me. He was checking to see if his new bitch was ripe. My rear jerked away or tried to. Connie swatted my butt back in line with a strong SLAP!

"Don't you dare disappoint him!" She commanded.

Kane's cold nose was abruptly replaced by a heavy tongue slapping up along my taint! "YIKES!" is the closest word to what I yelled. My involuntary flinch from the wet muscle attacking me earned a worse swat! CRACK!

"OW!"

"Keep still, Silvee. Your alpha is deciding if you're worthy of his seed."

Kane took several additional swipes with his tongue while he decided. I tried my best to bear with them. Tears filled my eyes. "This can't be happening!" I wailed.

"It's okay, Silvee." Suddenly Connie was stroking my right side, near that breast. Her other hand steadied my head. "Cry if you need to, but prepare to accept your alpha's decision."

Kane leaped up on my back and hugged me at that exact moment. His rough claws scraped my thick, pink blouse. I felt his erect cock poking into my behind. "Ooo, it's so hard and sharp!" I complained.

"We're almost there, Sweetie." Connie continued stroking me. Her hand brushed my double-clothed nipple several times, surprising me by how hard both had become. "Silvee, a dog's dick doesn't get hard before entering a cunt. You're feeling the bone in his dick, called a baculum. His erectile tissue is still soft, but some women can't tell the difference."

"noooo..." I whimpered. "Let me go. Please. I'll pay you. I'll sign over my house!"

"Shhhh, Little Bitch. You're about to experience a joy that few people ever obtain. Kane's dick will make you feel much better, especially when it tries to knot up inside of you. Talk about a hardon!"

Connie was talking nonsense, saying ridiculous things to calm me while my dog explored my bum with rapid, wild thrusts with his bone-firmed dick head.

"You're not built like a canine bitch, Silvee. You have to help him."

"No. I can't - I-I won't. It's awful! Can't you see this is torture?"

"Unbroken bitches always say that, and I didn't expect you to behave differently." Her free hand grabbed my left arm. "Put your weight on your right to keep your balance." She tucked my hand between my thighs, above the waistbands of my raveled slacks and panties, which semi-trapped my bent knees.

Kane kept prodding with his hard prick, hoping to score his bitch and begin rutting in her/me.

"You don't want him to plunge into your ass," Connie warned. "I've seen it happen on the first time. You're not able to handle that yet." She urged my hand to grab Kane's wobbling erection.

I wept again when my fingers touched his moist cock. I had expected it to feel slimy, but it was just lightly slick. I then worried that he was going to enter my dry vagina.

"Grab it and hold it still, Silvee. I told you we were taking this step by step." She kissed my left temple. My hand caught the erratic prong, but my fingers released it instantly out of disgust.

"Bad bitch." Connie rebuked me with a painful shake of my hair. "Try again."

I managed to catch and hold Kane's ready peen on my second try.

"That's right, Silvee. Your alpha is probably enjoying the feel of your fingers on his eager cock."

I grimaced at the light blue pattern on the kitchen's base white floor tiles. I kept my mouth shut, wanting only to escape the horror surrounding me. Kane humped his rampant organ through my fingers.

Connie cooed into my ear. "I think you deserve a reward. You can let go, for now."

I was wrong to think that my reward was to let go of my dog's powerful dick. Connie pulled my hand out from between my thighs and reached in. I thought she was going to help Kane enter my unsuspecting puss.

Instead, she slipped two fingers into my vulva and felt the slit up and down! "No, Connie!" I objected, jerking side to side without successfully disengaging her probing fingers.

She jerked my hair backward, wrenching my neck with a painful punishment. "I warned you." She threatened. I steeled myself as best I could while she groped my pussy. It took several heartbeats before realizing that she wasn't trying to masturbate me.

"You're wetter than I expected, Silvee. That's a good sign." Her finger worked only to elicit my vagina's natural lubrication. When she mentioned the state of my puss, my attention zeroed in on the area that I had assumed was dry. She was right! It wasn't.

The idea of being wet for a dog made me miserable again. How could I be wet from what was happening? I hated it! Tears splattered cold tiles.

"Just a little more, you nasty slut." She humiliated me with her fingers until my crotch was nearly dripping.

Kane's erratic hunches had slowed, possibly to cede access of my crotch to the alpha female.

When Connie was satisfied that I was ready to become Kane's bitch, she withdrew her hand and called sharply. "Take him in your hand, Slut, and help him!"

No way. I wanted nothing more than to leap up and run into my room and lock the door! Only I would have fallen from the clothes binding my knees together. I felt incredibly helpless - I wanted to faint. It would have been a blessing.

What happened shamed me more than imaginable. The calm sphere within which invited acceptance of my fate expanded. My hand reached between my now wet thighs and fished for Kane's wobbling cock. He was thrusting fast again but couldn't hit the mark.

I caught him once more and whined continuously as my arm pulled his eager cock to my weeping sex. A warm cloud of submission enveloped my senses, as if I belonged on my hands and knees, helping the aroused animal humping on top of me to pierce my body from behind.

Connie released my hair. "You're doing great." She said hotly.

Kane broke my brief sense of wellbeing by stabbing roughly into my wet cunt!

I barked then. "OH MY GOODNESS!!" I nearly jumped up, but Connie grabbed my shoulders and kept me under Kane's rocking belly. His paws gripped tighter when his dick dove deep into me. "This is who you are now." Connie's voice soothed.

"I don't want it! I don't want it!" I sobbed!

"Shhh."

As soon as Kane's thrust hit the bottom of my pussy, he pulled back and fucked with rapid, powerful strokes. He was incredibly big and hard! I yelled, "NO!" for the first twenty thrusts.

I cried and cried while Connie cooed into my ears. "Giving yourself to the alpha is a wonderful thing, Silvia." She used my proper name. I only felt more humiliated, being fucked by the animal I had once loved! "I hate him." I whimpered.

"No, Dear. You're giving the love he needs and no longer the selfish love of a pet owner. By letting Kane own you, you'll one day experience the tremendous bond possible between animal and human."

"I hate it!" I kept sobbing. "I hate it!" Kane's fierce and heavy pounding seemed to tear at my insides, yet I felt something else. The sphere of calm was growing hot within me. Its soothing presence was transforming into desire. I prayed this was a nightmare, that I would soon awake to my privileged, satisfactory life.

"Accept your place, your purpose to obey the alpha. Accept his love into your heart, and you will know the joy of angels." Connie planted a wet kiss on the back of my neck.

My body lurched involuntarily from an abrupt and unexpected rush of pleasure! Kane was pumping pure lust into my sopping loins. A series of grunts escaped my mouth from his heavy thrusts. He acted only on instinct and need. There was no negotiation, no wooing. He was taking his bitch like nature had built him, powerful and adaptable. His cock was perfect for taming wild, teasing cunts. It pummeled my insides without regard for my feelings.

Somehow my tears pulled from my heart a startling realization. I had been teasing the alpha, depriving him of the bitch next door while refusing to offer myself in her place! An orgasm swept through me, electrifying my epiphany. With weak people, a true alpha dog is a dangerous thing. Connie had performed miracles to prevent him from tearing me apart in a lust-fueled frenzy. She had understood how I must transform, to bond safely and inseparably with Kane.

"Kane!" I wailed as the pain of his thrusts sparked flames in my pussy. "I'm SORRY!"

Connie drew away from me and pulled out her phone. I was too far out of my right mind to recognize her recording us. Later, she promised that the video was only for her protection if I failed to succumb to my natural personality. She swore she kept these videos under heavy encryption. Even if she died, there was no copy of the password, and no one would be able to decode her special archive for another five of my lifetimes.

At that moment, my awareness was focused on pleasing the beast who had chosen me to breed with. "I love you, Kane!" I groaned under his continued assault. He battered my wet pussy with incredibly rapid strokes of hard, cunt stretching cock! The heavy tip pounded against my cervix. It was a necessary agony, I told myself. But even those sharp pains were adding up to yet another climax.

I grunted and moaned under his mating frenzy. I was nearly foaming at the mouth, joining in the madness, humping back against his frantic thrusts. He growled lustily and barked when need trampled his pure soul. Our mating howls echoed around the kitchen.

Tears continued to shake from my eyes. Pleasure and pain-wracked my senses. I was caught between the hells and paradise. My body flew like an arrow, free and endless.



Abruptly, Kane's knot jammed into my vulva, almost piercing my stretched cunt. Hot gouts of dog cum poured into my deep recesses. My mind exploded with joy! How could such ecstasy even exist in our troubled world? I screamed and screamed from the intense sensation of accepting Kane's spewing seed and, at the same time, accepting my duty to carry every drop within me for as long as possible.

The heat of his cum was incredible! No man had ever raised the temperature of my cunt to such a degree. Kane's natural temperature was as much of a glorious experience as was submitting totally to his will. I came and came as his prodigious ejaculate flooded my pussy.

"Don't move!" Connie commanded. "Let him finish as if you were tied to his knot." She knew that a human cunt was very different from a canine bitch's. Although the largest knot could penetrate a regular-sized woman, in no case could it get stuck in her unless the woman allowed it to stay? A female dog's vagina expanded to grip around the stud's bloating dick and completed the knot between them.

Kane's knot hadn't entered me except to seal my outer labia. At Connie's command, I pressed my body backward against the turgid lump at the base of his cock, hoping to hold the pints or however much cum he hosed into me.

Our sexual docking hiccuped when Kane twisted off of me to press himself against me, butt to butt. His cum, cooling to my human temperature, pulsed out of my brimming cunt until his knot was firmly seated once more within my vulva. Connie helped, her hands resealing us. A few small strands had dribbled from our connection.

"You still have a lot to learn, Silvee." Connie admonished. "A good bitch keeps every drop of her alpha's cum, no matter how he moves about." She knelt beside me, but I couldn't see what she was doing.

"Open your mouth, Bitch."

I was too surprised by her command to comply immediately.

"Do you want another smack?!"

My jaws separated, my will remained surrendered to the alphas in my home. Goop-covered fingers swept across the inside of my lips.

"Suck it down." She ordered. "I hope you recently scrubbed this part of the kitchen floor."

I licked and sucked what must have been Kane's cum. Connie was wiping it up with her fingers and feeding what I had failed to safeguard into my mouth.

"This is a taste of your true nature, Silvia." She sounded almost respectful. That's how serious she was.

Now cold from the floor, Kane's ejaculate was slimy and watery. Its flavor made me grimace, unlike a man's cum. I forced myself to swallow its unique tang, musk, and saltiness.

The cum's creator and issuer stood behind me, panting patiently for his knot to shrink. Before that happened, Connie asked, "Where are your dildoes?"

"That's private-" My spinning thoughts were slowing back to normal.

"Hush, Slut! A woman as submissive as you must have two or three large dongs to pleasure herself with."

I whimpered at her shout. "I only have my vibrator. It's in the drawer in the end table next to my bed."

Connie dashed to fetch it. She returned in an equal hurry. The device's power cord trailed behind her. "Now, when Kane pulls away, you must plug your cum filled hole with this. If you let any escape, I'll make you eat it too."

She was true to her word. Kane separated minutes after the retrieval of my large-headed vibrator. I jammed the soft plastic to my oozing pussy and stopped most of the leakage. Kane strolled into my bedroom.

"There, you miserable bitch." Connie pointed and accused. "Clean it up."

I sat back on my legs and tried to stand. Connie slapped me! "What do you think you're doing?"

"Ow!" My free hand flew to my red cheek. "I need to get a rag."

"Bullshit." She called. "Bend down and pay proper respect to Kane's cum."

Realization struck. "You want me to lick it up!"

"Or I'll get a belt and thrash you." Her fierce eyes and voice cowed me. I bent to the task, licking the cold drops and strands until the tile floor sparkled. A part of my mind recoiled at the unpleasant flavor, but I felt too helpless to heed its warning.

When I had finished, Connie led me to my bedroom. In the middle of the comforter, Kane lay licking his red, satisfied penis. Connie ignored him and put me down on the floor at the foot of my bed. She lifted my legs over my head and bade me, "Stay."

I lost track of time, striving to keep the alpha's remaining cum in my pussy. That how ashamed I was, withdrawn into an obedient cocoon. Connie disappeared from the room. Kane hopped off of the bed and came to me at one point. He licked my face, which endeared me to him all over again. I was still high from the intense connection we had made. He then nosed the large bulb of my vibrator.

"Don't make him wait, Silvee." Connie appeared at the doorway. She was wiping her hands with a dishtowel.

I took the vibrator away from my cum stained pussy. The outer foam had congealed among my pubic thatch and would soon dry to a crust.

Kane sniffed my bare slit. He licked me once as if deciding how well I had served him. My body flinched, but I reveled at the rough touch of his hot tongue. Then he wandered out of the room, having no immediate need of me.

Connie approached, producing a cereal bowl in her clean hands. She set it on the carpet next to me. "I made dinner for myself already. Here's yours."

"It's empty," I observed stupidly.

"Then fill it, you stupid bitch." She angered.

Understanding how low I must go in surrendering to her and Kane's will, I grumbled wordlessly and got up. I squatted over the bowl and let the alpha's dying sperm drip, clump by congealed clump, out of my filled twat.

When Connie was satisfied that I had performed as well as could be expected, she had me stand on my hands and knees once more. She bade me eat.

My stomach suffered no little distress at the rapidly cooling goo that I swallowed, clump after clump, licking the bowl clean at the end.

"Good, girl." Connie smiled and tousled my hair. "You can't get pregnant like a proper bitch, but you can ensure that your alpha's cum isn't wasted."

"Connie." I grimaced, suddenly worried that I could no longer use her name. I wanted to vomit, but disaster was certain to follow if I upchucked Kane's cum in front of the alpha female.

"Yes?"

"Is this to be my life from now on?"

"Don't be silly, Silvee." She went to the doorway. "You have to earn a living to supply Kane with the comforts he expects." Before disappearing from the room, she added, "And you have to get up and pay me."

I transferred thirty-eight hundred dollars to her account for four hours of her time and expertise. She charged me twice her normal rate for special instruction. I didn't mention that she had spent an hour of it making herself a meal from my cupboards and refrigerator. I considered myself lucky that I hadn't signed my house over.

Kane and I followed her to the front door. Connie gave him a playful scratching behind the ears. She gave me a patient but disappointed frown. "You'll get the hang of it - eventually."

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Chapter Three

I slept on the floor that night, at the foot of my bed. At first, I had taken the comforter, but Kane pulled it off of me before jumping up on the bed and arranging it into a puffy sleeping oval. He dropped me off to sleep while I shivered. Instead, I gathered a few of my robes and eventually dreamed of being led around my home, wearing a collar with the leash in Kane's mouth.

Connie hugged and kissed me. Her tongue swiped up and down my face. I awoke to Kane's insistent licks. It was the middle of the night, and he needed to go out in the yard.

While the dog didn't bark, he did give a throaty howl at the waxing moon. He trotted inside and returned to the comfort of my bed.

I went to lay myself at the foot again, but he stood up abruptly and panted at me.

"What is it?" The digesting cum in my stomach churned uncomfortably. I had managed to keep it down. I promised I would make myself a delicious breakfast in the morning.

Unexpectedly, Kane moved aside, making room on the bed. I tiptoed around the bedpost, unsure if I understood his signal. When I reached the empty side of my bed, he lay down and sighed.

I crept in, sliding myself under the actual sheets. Kane shifted and placed a heavy paw on my covered hips. I didn't allow myself to sleep until I was sure he had returned to dreamland. Was he dreaming of taking me out for walks?

A cold nose woke me in the early hours. "Do you need to pee again?" I climbed out of my excellent, warm bed and headed to the kitchen. Kane followed but suddenly chomped on the hem of my full-length nightgown, halting me.

"What is it, Kane?" I was always resolved to use his proper name.

The alpha gave a short, sharp bark and jumped up with his forelegs. Then he caught himself before his chest struck the floor, ducking low. It was a clear signal that he wanted to play.

"Let's get your ball."

I own half an acre of a tall fenced yard. The cold air was unpleasant and difficult to bear, but Kane had insisted. I threw, and he chased. Sometimes he even brought it back to me. I often had to run to the ball to throw it again. Fortunately, I was in good physical shape. After half an hour of inconstant running, I warmed up considerably. Kane would have played our simple game for hours until he collapsed from exhaustion.

"Don't you want your breakfast?"

He paused as if considering my question. Dogs are proven to understand hundreds of human words or make good guesses. His ears perked up, and his head swiveled in the direction of our neighbor, Mr. Jones' house. I had heard their back door slide open. The high-pitched barks danced around behind the solid fence between our lots.

Kane ran to the fence and attempted to dig through the sturdy wooden planks with a flurry of his paws. His barks were like thunder. The base of that particular section of fence was lined with holes he had dug trying to access the fertile bitch next door. When I was forced to raise the fence's height, I hired a contractor to pour a concrete foundation along the base.

"Shut your loud, damn critter up!" Scranton called through the fence. He must have heard me running and throwing the ball earlier. He didn't care that his scrappy bitch was nearly as loud as my alpha.

I dared to ask my husky, "Will you come inside, Kane?" I headed home. When I reached the back entrance, I said, "Please, Kane?" And I opened the sliding door.

Kane stopped jumping and barking. He considered my request.

"I'll make breakfast." I offered.

He sniffed the air and gave a rash of barks at the fence. Then he turned and loped my way.

I let him inside and followed. He made a beeline for the pile of papers, but he gave me a sharp glare before squatting. He didn't want breakfast. What was I going to do?

I couldn't tell if he was bluffing. I knew that dogs could lie like a politician. Slowly, I sank to my knees.

Kane trotted over and licked my face. The tip of his red penis eased out of its furry sheath. Gritting

my teeth, I dropped to my hands and pulled up my nightgown, making my panty-covered ass available to him.

Perhaps he would be satisfied by humping his stiff shaft against my bare hip. I hoped.

Kane twisted around and sniffed my panties and front and back panels. He quickly mounted me and thrust his fully exposed dick against my butt.

Secretly pleased that Kane might not understand how to make me open my bitch cunt to him, I wiggled my hips against his rampant humping. It was the least I could do to help him get off.

His doggy cock sprayed cum over my hips, butt, and back. It even soaked into the lower half of my raveled nightgown.

Lust expended, and Kane trotted to his bowl. I got up, and before I wiped his mess off of me, I fetched his top-quality canned food out of the fridge and heated it in the microwave.

He happily panted as I bent down to pour the hot food into his bowl. He licked my arm and face before digging his jaws into the expensive meal.

I cleaned his cum from the floor with a rag. I then took off my nightgown in the bathroom and washed away his congealing spend. Kane, lips stained with gravy, met me as I exited wearing sweats that had been hanging on the shower curtain rod.

He followed me around as I whipped up scrambled eggs and vegetarian sausage. I was newly aware of how keenly he watched as if my senses had somehow fused with his.

When I set my steaming meal on the table, something felt strange, like I had done something wrong.

Suddenly, Kane barked jumped up, and knocked my plate of food onto the floor! He circled the table and sprawled food at a fast trot while glaring at me.

"What's the matter?" I was confused. "Did you want to eat that?" I looked at my ruined breakfast.

In response, he halted before the mess and barked once at me.

A grim realization struck. Kane had taken my bed after making me his bitch, because it was a place of power now his by an alpha's right. I fed him on the floor this morning, but he proceeded to eat my meal on the table.

"I'm sorry, Kane!" I frowned, ready to abandon my meal. I figured I could make another and eat from a plate on the floor.

But Kane growled at me! His eyes darted back and forth between me and the mess of food. When I understood his command, my lips curled in disgust. Once again, I sank to my knees and bent over the rapidly cooling eggs and sausages.

I consoled myself by remembering that I had eaten worse off the kitchen tiles. I ate the spilled food with my mouth to atone for my transgression of the alpha's authority.

Kane scrutinized my efforts, his posture relaxing as if in approval.

My stomach squirmed but not as severely as the day before. I didn't lick up every grain of food. He didn't seem to care. Bored, he strode into my room for a tyrant's snooze. I washed the dishes and

scrubbed the floor, and sanitized it. Who knew when I would have to eat off of it again. I tried covering the floor with newspaper, but that quickly proved infeasible and potentially dangerous. I nearly slipped and fell!

Nutritious food sitting uncomfortably in my stomach, I planned out my work for the day. Kane wandered in and nosed the back door. I let him out. He peed and returned without going nuts at the fence. Entering, he took a healthy shit (might as well call it what it is) on the papers and watched me haul it to the outside bin.

Before I could re-enter and place new paper, he brought the ball to me, and we played for another hour. I had to plead with him. "I need to work, Kane."

Blue eyes scrutinized me. What? I didn't want to toss and run after the ball all day long? His tongue dangled out of his panting jaws.

Something, perhaps it was my sincerity, persuaded him. We returned indoors. My heart was still beating fast when I sat at the computer in my office. He slept inside the doorway.

Time quickly passes when I'm at work. A flat, metal rim rubbed against my pant legs. I saw Kane standing with his food dish in his mouth, bumping it against me. Having got my attention, he trotted away. I followed, entering the kitchen just to see him jump on the table and set down his bowl.

I cringed and bowed my head slightly, realizing that he had taken my place for meals. Drawing strength from that calm place in my core, I went to the refrigerator and prepared his lunch.

I ate a tuna salad sandwich while sitting on the floor. Kane lay across the tabletop and watched me finish.

He hopped down, strode up behind me, and placed his jaws around my neck. Two days ago, I would have panicked and called Connie. I did tremble. Had I made a mistake? Was it his way of putting me in my place?

No to all of those. He wanted his bitch. My eyes swiveled far enough to see his large, red dick on display. This would be the first time he used me without being hyped up by the sheltie in heat next door. Gingerly, I shifted to my hands and knees, at which point he released my neck, climbed on my back, and held me tight with his forelegs. His hindquarters humped into action, rubbing his engorged shaft against my sweatpants.

I took strange comfort from Kane's hugging, but the thought of allowing him to penetrate where a bitch was expected to allow caused me to relive yesterday's abuse and the pleasure I had experienced. I told myself that Kane was happy enough to get off by rubbing. I treated him like a king in all other aspects of our new relationship.

After three minutes of rapid humping, watery sticky cum soaked into my pants and sprayed across the floor. Kane dismounted me, but instead of leaving for a nap on my bed, he stood with a stone-cold expression.

I remained in my submissive position, unable to fathom his thoughts. He didn't seem all that happy. A pang of guilt stung my feelings. Meanwhile, his cum cooled on the floor. Was he expecting me to lick it up? My nose wrinkled up at the thought. I hadn't liked the thin taste of dog spunk. In no way was I drawn to test that theory.

We stood in silent deadlock. I needed to return to work. Clients were expecting me. That wasn't

going to happen until I'd settled Kane's disappointment.

"Play ball?" I gulped.

Kane sprang at the backdoor, panting and quivering. I got up, and we spent another hour in the backyard. One of my clients fired me that afternoon. I didn't care much. He had been a dick.

Following dinner and a streamed show, I retired to my bed. Kane jumped up and prevented me from sitting on it. I went to the bathroom and changed into a heavy nightgown. I had never been shy before about changing in front of Kane. He was at the door when I exited. He gave me that stern look to me again. He made me sleep on the floor all night but woke me once to let him pee outside.

Joints aching, I went to the bathroom and examined my knees the following day. All that kneeling on the hard tile was taking its toll. Suddenly Kane was outside the door, scratching feverishly and barking. I opened it, and he strode it. I wasn't allowed to be alone in the bathroom.

I undressed in the shower stall and washed, quickly covering myself with a towel upon exiting. Kane hopped to his feet and ran his nose into my crotch! "Kane!" I despaired as he sniffled and nosed under the thick terry cloth.

My exasperated cry sent the dog back one step. He looked at me as if I had crossed a line. Kane uttered a low growl deep in his throat. I took a step away from him, unsure how to proceed.

Kane advanced on me with steady determination. His low growl continued, sounding like a sustained grunt of disapproval. I didn't dare move further. He carefully took the bottom of the towel, wrapped me into his jaws, and tugged.

My hands instinctively clenched it tighter but doing so amplified Kane's growl. I let go. He wrenched the towel off of me with a twist of his neck. The motion made his full, red erection wobble into view.

"I-I'm sorry." I stood fully naked before the alpha.

Kane barked once, ending his growl. Then he snapped at my hand lightly. His teeth merely indented my skin, but I realized he wanted me to bow. I bent my knees and crouched slowly in case I'd misunderstood.

When I was half bent over and crouching until my knees nearly touched the tile floor, Kane scurried behind me and leaped. His jaws bit into my neck, and his weight sent me crashing to my hands and knees. My weak spirit succumbed to tears.

I had caused this. I blamed myself. Kane was frustrated by being unable to penetrate me properly the last two times he mounted me. This time he would not be denied. My body flinched when his rough claws drew blood from my ribcage. He was not going to be gentle.

Kane moved his loins into position and began jackhammering my bare behind with his hard prick. He was thrusting too fast to have a chance of piercing either of my rear holes.

His jaws tightened, and I tensed from discomfort bordering on pain. He might have driven himself into a sexually frustrated frenzy if I hadn't acted instantly and potentially injured me. My right hand flew between my thighs and groped frantically for his raging cock. Catching it slowed him as if allowing him a chance to atone for my sins. I drew the thick member to my freshly washed pubes and placed the head where puffy, outer lips met. I was surprised to feel lubrication along the groove.

My beating heart thumped louder in my chest. I was about to give myself, almost willingly, to a dog's sexual demand. Tears continued to flow down my cheeks. I whispered, "I'm sorry."

Sensing my proper capitulation and the opening to my sex, Kane rammed himself forward, stuffing his mighty tool through my wet slit. It stabbed into the inner orifice, my cunt, and began ravaging its length.

I yelled at his sudden and brutal motion. "AAAA!!" Soft cock, stiffened by a strong bone, pierced my body and ripped back out repeatedly. My insides felt like they were being raked by a hot but slick fireplace poker. He was so strong and fast, fucking in and out, I couldn't tell the difference between his bone and a man's hard dick, except Kane's was bigger and longer than the few men I'd experienced previously.

I wailed my abuse within a bathroom echo chamber. My piteous cries of shame pummeled my ears, lowering me to Kane's canine dominance. His hips raced to finish inside of me.

He started to whine - almost a yowl. I shut up lest I provoke him further. It was a good move, I guess. Kane released my neck and howled, nearly deafening me in the noisy room. His heavy, furry body rocked mine with eager heaves. He sounded victorious. "My bitch's cunt is mine forever!"

I imagined. I couldn't stop my grunts and Oofs as the once pet husky tamed me with a vigorous fucking.

Thoroughly shamed and stifled, my guts relaxed, and my mind opened. The tranquility of submission swept into my senses. No matter how roughly Kane fucked me, I would take it, happy to be the bitch he relied on - to feed and play with him and take his aroused bone whenever it pummeled my cunt. "Thank you." I gasped between thrusts. "Oh, thank you, Kane, for making me your bitch completely."

Heat swelled in my loins as his cock stimulated my inflating clit. Slick juices squirted out from where the thick member pumped into me. I was hurt and confused seconds before, resisting a lusty dog's non-consensual assault on my naked body. All resistance quelled by a canine's intense jackhammering, I grew thrilled to have a hot shaft of canine cock thrusting in and out of my awakening sex. His big cock rammed me fast and thoroughly with each stroke. It bottomed against my cervix, but that pain only increased my pleasure as I wallowed to a masterful stud in total capitulation.

Suddenly a hot, wet tongue slapped my neck and ears with heavy slops. Kane was enjoying his bitch so much that he wanted to reward her. I grunted from an unexpected orgasm. "OHH, Kane. You make me feel completely used. I'm nothing but a cunt for you. Fill me up. Drill me hard." I started babbling from the powerful emotions swirling within my heart.

My first cum subsided, and the bathroom was filled with human and canine grunts. The pain in my knees wouldn't trouble me until later. Right then, I could only feel Kane's prick surging in and out of my intensely aroused fuck hole.

"You're battering my cunt!" I blathered.

His dick was getting larger inside of me. Kane's mouth paused. His paws gripped me tightly, and his hips hunched harder than ever, driving his cock to the very limit of my twat, grinding against my clit, and smashing my cervix. I cried out from his impact against the sensitive opening of my womb! But the pain was abruptly ripped away by an intense rupture of pleasure from my loins.

"AAAAAHHH!" I shouted.

My body lurched from the incredible orgasm. Kane held firm against my shuddering backside. He panted in my ear as his dick filled with blood as nature intended to seal him to a bitch's inflating cunt. His cum boiled my depths like a fire hose blasting liquid fire. I would never get used to the difference in our body temperatures, except to be forever disappointed by cooler, human sperm.

The unrelenting gush of dog cum filled me and squirted out around our half-proper connection. Hot cum ran down my thighs and spilled on the fallen towel.

Instinct caused Kane to release his paws and turn around, expecting his cock to remain embedded in his bitch's tight pussy while his butt rested against mine.

The move was so sudden and instinctual that I reacted badly, lurching forward, thinking only to give him room behind me. Except the knotted prick flowing with hot cum plopped out of my drenched cunt. It sprayed the last of its ejaculate against my naked ass.

I grimaced and twisted my head around, sure that Kane would punish such a stupid bitch. His eyes calmly studied me as his pleasure suppressed any such recriminations. He remained standing rear to my rear, now separated. His cock juice splattered dying seed across the wet condensation floor. Tablespoons of it oozed out of my hairy slit, expanding the rivulets down my thighs and soaking the towel.

Usually, a knotted pair would remain tied for about half an hour. After two minutes of waiting, wondering if I should try to force Kane's swollen knot into me, a fresh wave of shame shook away the vestigial traces of my joyous submission. I took the driest corners of the towel and wiped my thighs.

This caught Kane's attention. His eyes sharpened, but he said nothing. When I tenuously crept away on my hands and knees, he merely watched through slitted lids.

Reaching my room, I dropped to the carpet at the foot of my bed and trembled. I felt disgusting. Kane trotted in and jumped on the bed. Curling up, he licked cum from his finally satisfied prick.

I hated myself for falling a second time into my dog's domination. I did not dare to confront his alpha position in our home. I'm not sure I wanted to, but submitting sexually to an animal was too unnatural for my limited experience.

A voice in my head promised, "You will be trained."

My tears helped me to fall asleep.

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## **Chapter Four**

I didn't sleep for long. I got up and looked at the clock. 10:03 am.

Kane roused me. He watched me put on a bra and blouse, but he barked when I grabbed a pair of panties from my top dresser drawer and stepped into them! Surprise toppled me onto the bed. He shifted over and took my ear in his teeth.

"Kane!" I froze but couldn't stifle yelling his name.

Standing up on the comforter, keeping me pinned by my ear, the alpha shook it gently but uttered a

low growl. He had decided that I would no longer wear panties. I dropped them to the floor and gulped, hoping my guess was correct.

Kane released my ear and then licked it. I was forgiven for being a bitch stupid enough to impede the alpha's access to her cunt.

That is until I picked up a pair of pants. Hopping to the floor, he started barking. I instantly let go of the dark slacks and backed into my open closet. Kane bent and bit into the lump of pants, shook his head like he was killing a rodent, then flung it away. He strutted out of the room without further notice from me.

The irritating sound of claws scratching stainless steel sang from the kitchen. I went to the dishwasher, where the alpha was signaling, "There's work to be done."

I unlatched the door and plucked out his bowl. He immediately leaped high and far, landing on the table. Turning around, he waited for brunch.

After serving him a piping hot dish of expensive dog food, I ate a grapefruit on the floor. He didn't seem to mind that I used a spoon. Small relief. He next wanted to pee. He returned from the backyard and took a hearty shit on the papered zone. I conveyed it to the outside trash, where he cornered me with his ball.

We played for an hour before he relented to my plea to work. I'm not sure if he knew what I did, paid the rent, and purchased his meals, but somehow, he had related what I did in the office to hunting. Just like a company supervisor, he relaxed while I 'hunted.'

Unlike the day before, I entered a productive flow state and conducted more business than usual. It felt like I had tapped into a wellspring of fresh energy. One client went so far as to give me a recommendation on Clinked-In.

At one point, I used the toilet. After flushing, I visited my room and brought the ravaged pile of pants into the office. Kane gave me a warning glare, but all I did was spread it over my chair to sit on. I wasn't sure which was dirtier, the seat or my naked bum.

Kane rose on his paws and strode to me, taking my hand in his jaws and tugging. I lowered myself to hands and knees before the live screen of my computer. Fortunately, I had software installed to prevent unwanted use of the monitor's camera and microphone.

My heart sank as Kane took control of me. I wanted to complain and beg him to give me more time. My knees and puss were still sore from being forced to suffer his desires just hours ago. All I managed to do was whine. "But I need to get more work done."

The fucking he gave me was as wild as the one this morning. Finishing, he turned his ass to mine. Once more, his spurting cock popped out of my pussy. I grabbed the ruined pants and covered the carpet to catch his prodigious cum. The smell of it irked me. It wasn't human, I told myself.

While Kane recovered from his orgasm, his eyes studied me severely. As if I should have done more to please him. I also had cum, stronger than before. Therefore it took me a minute to notice my potential failure. I bit my lip and cringed slightly under the alpha's glare. Half-finished work called to me, but I had to catch my breath before standing back up.

I could no longer use the cum soaked pants as a chair cover. I simply grabbed a handful of old print-outs to protect the seat before starting my next effort at the computer.

Kane watched me perform my beguiling tasks for several disappointing minutes before settling down and licking his retreating dick.

He issued a polite bark an hour or two later and trotted off. I followed and let him out back. While he peed, I made his lunch and set it on the table. He nosed the glass door and scratched it once, just as I was warming lentil soup from a can.

Kane's powerful nose sniffed upon entering. There was no doubt that he knew that his lunch was waiting for him on the table, but he strolled instead to the office. A few dull thuds came to my ears as I waited for the loud microwave oven to finish. I guessed the big dog had plopped himself down on the carpet. I followed him after taking out the bowl of soup and setting it on the counter.

A foul odor hit me upon reaching the doorway. Kane barked when I looked in. He was standing beside my chair. My computer's keyboard and mouse were on the carpet. The integrated computer and screen were lying on its back. The horrid smell was steaming out of the blobs of shit that Kane had left on my chair.

He must have jumped up on the desk and hung his butt over the expensive chair. His targeting had been excellent. Only the papers protecting the chair had caught his foul pieces. Having pooped earlier that day, there were only two small lumps, but they stank worse than his usual dumps in the small room's large kitchen and dining area.

My jaw dropped. Had he mistaken the papers for another place for his excretions? I felt somewhat stupid, but I almost laughed. Kane's piercing eyes quelled the scene's potential humor. He had sent me a message. "Get with the program."

If only I could have read his sharp but limited mind, I might have avoided his rebuke. All I could do at the time was to get more paper and take the mess out to the trash. When I returned, Kane was standing on the counter, lapping up my soup and making a mess of it.

Anonymous guilt cowed me when I attempted to get an apple from the refrigerator. When I reached for the door handle, Kane growled. "Don't try it."

He then leaped off the counter, bounded up from the floor, and landed awkwardly on the table's smooth surface. Ignoring his momentary lack of grace, he ate vigorously from his dish.

I went to my office and called Connie.

"Tell me everything, Bitch." She was instantly disappointed, far more than Kane.

I gave a full run-down of the day's mishaps. Kane plopped himself down in the doorway, his keen hearing no doubt recognizing the alpha female's voice. At first, she gave me credit for realizing that Kane was taking my areas of power for himself.

"But if he keeps pooping in my office, I won't be able to work!" I was equally afraid that he might not let me eat – for who knows how long!

"Your alpha took advantage of the printouts on the chair." Connie's voice harshened. "But is it true that you let his dick pop out of your miserable cunt?"

Her words stabbed my heart. She told me to keep his knot inside while Kane turned and held his cum until his knot deflated. I mumbled a weak excuse, "It happened so quickly. I-"

"You stay right where you are, Ms. Silvia Kane!" She barked. "I'm coming over, and it will cost you plenty. Have your checkbook ready. I don't care if you piss on your office carpet. Don't you move until I get there? You're not my only problem client, Bitch. It may take a while."

Connie had effectively 'caged' me.

I tried to get some work done, but I was a mess. My uncertain but likely abusive future kept me looking over my shoulder and jumping at stray sounds. Kane, when he wasn't napping, gave casual glances. He wasn't worried about anything. Perhaps he was looking forward to watching the alpha female continue my training.

Late in the afternoon, I did have to pee. I nearly raced to the bathroom, but Kane's calm demeanor cowed me. I ended up peeing into the cum stained pair of torn slacks. I put down dozens of sheets of printouts - to protect the carpet.

Connie didn't ring the doorbell. She called out, "Bring your bitch, Kane." The sun had begun to set.

He walked alongside as I shuffled my guilty, naked ass to the front door. "Hello, Connie." I couldn't meet her glare.

"On your knees, Bitch." She spoke casually. I obeyed, and she greeted Kane by crouching and hugging his head to her chest. He didn't even lick her, just rolled his eyes up behind their lids while she scratched his ears and neck.

The alpha female-led me into my office and observed the mess. "Good. If you hadn't peed, this evening would be much worse for you. Now, clear out your mess while I spend some quality time with this handsome boy."

I carried the damp printouts and soaking slacks to the trash. Connie gave Kane a series of commands: fetch, rollover, etc. He seemed to adore performing for her. She then told me to make supper for them, steaks. When I admitted I didn't have any, because I don't eat much meat, she allowed me to wear a skirt, after tasking me to buy several.

Upon returning, Connie instructed me about making human food for dogs. "Don't make a lot, but give them a variety, not just meat. I seared steaks in a pan and roasted green beans in the oven. I even sliced yams and fried them.

I had to wait on the floor, looking up at Kane while they ate. "This is good." Connie complimented my cooking. She had told me that I would not be allowed to eat until I had atoned for my failures. I didn't dare ask how long that would take.

She had me wash their dishes by hand. She and Kane played with his ball in the backyard, under the bright floodlights mounted on the eaves. At one point, Kane began barking and jumping at the fence. I cringed, my hands unable to dry another utensil. The heat from the bitch next door had aroused him again.

The glass door slid open, and Connie called within, "Heel, Bitch."

I scrambled over and dropped to my hands and knees. She turned around and walked me to the fence. Kane spotted and stopped jumping. He looked up at Connie. "Is that for me?"

"Turn around!" She spun me until my rear pointed at the alpha. Then she raised my skirt. "I'm sorry, Friend, this useless human is all I can offer."

I whimpered in utter shame. I was outside on my hands and knees in brown grass, with my naked ass outthrust, willing to cater to a dog's lust.

Kane licked Connie's hand once and then leaped on my back. His soft, bone steadied cock began stabbing like Jack the Ripper.

"Don't keep him waiting." Connie accused.

As best I could with one hand, I steadied myself on the soft grass and reached between my naked open thighs. My skill at grasping Kane's flailing prick should have improved, but Connie's presence made my handshake. I grabbed it randomly until chance caught up with me.

"Pathetic." The alpha female sneered.

I was quicker to place the pointed, red tip on my vulva. After that, Kane's powerful stabs pierced my flesh and began fucking me fast with a thick dog prick. I quailed once more at my submission. I knew I might never escape Kane's hold over me, but if Connie never returned, I would at least wallow in my shame in private. My cunt was learning how good a fast, forceful cock could make me feel. I couldn't blush a deeper red.

"You like it, Bitch. Don't you?" Connie stood over me like an angry drill sergeant. "Kane's prick is becoming your reason to live."

Trying my best to avoid a bottomless pit of guilt, I admitted. "He makes me come so hard!" Still, I resisted. "But I hate being his bitch! I want a life beyond fucking."

Gods, Kane was inspired. He pounded me from the rear to demonstrate how virile he was to the alpha female. His rapid-fire thrusts drew unhappy grunts from my throat, but I was already feeling pleasure from them. I wanted the joy without having to pay the price.

Connie snickered and patted Kane's fervently pumping haunches, "Fucking is just the beginning of your new life."

"Ohh!" I gasped. Bone-hardened cock drilled heat into me and remorse out of me. Kane panted close to my face; the air tasted like dog breath. He licked the back of my neck and ears. "Good bitch."

Our bodies rocked like steamboats in a storm. Connie kept chuckling, and my grunts and groans grew louder and louder.

Suddenly, tinny, sharp barks erupted from the other side of my privacy fence. Flufflepuss had discovered a dangerous threat to her evolutionary need for species-compatible sperm. Her barks ratched up to a maddened fury.

"Scranton- hhhhH!!" I hissed. Kane's incessant strokes were eroding my mental capacity. Oh, how I longed for another hard cum! But the neighboring barks distracted and shamed me. "H-he'll in-ves-Ack! He'll CHECK IT OUT!"

"That's what you get for stealing another bitch's stud, Silvee." Connie wasn't concerned. "You think Kane is fucking you because you're better than the proper fuck on the other side of the fence?" She laid abuse on thick while the alpha male was pile driving my juicing cunt. "You can bet that bitch will stay knotted with Kane, unlike your pathetic prejudices."

"I-I'll do it!" My mind was evaporating from the growing heat in my loins.

"Do what, you lazy dog slut?"

"I'll knot with him! I'll take his big knot in my cunt and catch all his cum." I'd promise anything to get her and that stupid sheltie out of my life, so Kane and I could reach the next level of orgasm in private.

"If I see a single drop spill out of your sub-par twat, I'll make sure you don't eat anything but Kane's cum for a week!"

"That's not fair!" I wailed. Surely some tiny amount was bound to escape my surrendering body.

"I'll decide what's fair. You already proved you couldn't handle the responsibilities required to be Kane's bitch.

"I'm SORRY!" I wailed. I was getting close. The soft tissue wrapping Kane's bone was growing as it ravaged my dripping cunt! "Aaaa!" I shouted from the first wave of pleasure.

SLAP!

"OWW!" I cried out.

"Stay focused, Bitch!" Connie had struck my face. "The alpha will step around your fat ass as soon as his jizz starts pressure washing your lousy cunt. Don't make it any more difficult for him. Learn to move with him, keeping his bloating dick inside without spilling a drop of his masterful seed."

"Yes!" I promised, "I will." The cresting peak of my primary orgasm waned as I tried to prepare myself for Kane's difficult feat.

When the hot blast of dog cum seared my hard-used vagina, I focused on Kane's body motion. His rapid thrusting stalled as his dick swelled up deep in my cunt. Cum gushed into me. Kane relaxed his forelegs and twisted off of me. His left hindquarter tried to swing over my lower back, but I was too slow!

Connie grabbed my ass cheeks and tipped me to my left, allowing Kane's leg to slide over, and then she twisted my back the other way to let the leg slide off. She reached under, between my legs, and felt for where the great husky and I were connected. He hadn't popped out.

I felt relieved to have succeeded in keeping Kane's knot but frustrated at the loss of the intense orgasm I had expected. My relief was short-lived.

"Stupid Bitch, I warned you," Connie growled!

"What?" I was clenching my vagina and my thighs to secure Kane's knot. The size of it sent good sensations into my clit as I clenched and clenched, but she again deprived me of a full orgasm.

She plastered a hand of warm goo to my confused mouth. "Eat this, Bitch. Suck and lick every drop of your failure from my hand."

The musk of dog cum wrinkled my nose, but I didn't hesitate to lap and suck it off of Connie's gooey fingers.

When satisfied with my response, Connie stood up and aimed her now clean palm over my eyes. "Stay." She walked into the house.

Flufflepuss wound down her hissy fit, throwing out fewer indignant, hateful barks. Kane didn't say anything to defend me. I thought he believed I was barely worth his while as a substitute bitch.

"Jesus in Heaven!" Scranton Jones must have brought out a step-stool. His acne ravaged face, and black eyes were stretched tall and wide, peeking over the tall fence.

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Chapter Five

I screamed and ran for my house. Each stride spurted cum out of my well-used cunt, leaving a slime trail. Kane growled once, leaped up, and snapped at the ugly intruder. Scranton shrieked and disappeared behind the fence.

Connie met me at the sliding glass door. Now too late to catch Kane's cum from my dribbling hole. She carried a bowl.

"The neighbor saw me!" I cried. I didn't have to suggest that Scranton would call the cops.

"Get in here, you stupid, stupid cunt!" Connie grabbed my mussed hair and dragged me to my bedroom. "Where's your longest coat?"

"Ow! On the rack by the door." I whined. My eyes were tearing up. My life was going to be ruined!

She hauled my naked, cum dripping ass to the door and had me throw on my coat. "You've got one chance to nip this screwup in the bud, Silvia." She was worried enough to say my proper name. "But you have to follow my lead. This isn't a doggy fantasy anymore. If you don't want your life to become a police procedural, don't even think of going against me."

I shook my head. "No, uh, Ma-am." I was so used to submitting to Connie that I gave in completely, trusting my future with her demented schemes.

Without further words, she led me outside. I surveyed the street frantically as we walked quickly to Scranton's house. Connie ignored the doorbell and pounded the door directly. "This is your lucky day, Mr. Jones!"

We had to be too late. He'd had plenty of time to dial 911. The only response we'd get would be police sirens.

The door opened by a crack. One brown eye stared out. "Take that foul harlot away from my home!"

Connie either hesitated or planned her pause. She replied after a dozen pounding heartbeats. "I hear you're a religious man, Mr. Jones."

"Absolutely, I was just about to call the police." The door opened a little wider. His other eye and the rest of his pocked face appeared.

But he hadn't, not yet.

"You have every right, Good Sir." Connie set her hook. "I would call them myself, but I remembered a line from God's book." She did hesitate then. "I don't recall the exact words, but it was about instructing evil in the proper way of His kingdom on Earth. I beseech you because this harlot is fortunate to have a neighbor with Christian mercy and authority. Teach her the right way, and save her from bestial devilry."

Connie thrust me closer to his wild stare. "Show him your sin and beg him for salvation!" She tugged at my long coat.

She wanted me to expose myself? What the insane fuck!

My shock-fueled delay earned me a smack on the back of my head. "Submit, Harlot, and beg!"

My hands took to unbuttoning my coat. Scranton's eyes widened more than humanly possible when my naked lower half appeared. Cum stained the hairs hiding my pudendum. I opened my coat wide and sank before him to my knees. Rough concrete scraped them. "Please, save me, Mr. Jones. I'll do anything! I have fallen so low. If your love of Christ can rescue me from the vile sin, you witnessed, have mercy and teach me the proper way of love." I not only got the hang of Connie's con, but I also elaborated passionately.

Did my submissive, erotic nature fuel my new passion? Probably, but not by the facade, I turned to Scranton Jones. The arousal ripped from my senses returned by submitting to Connie's scheme.

"I-I should call the police." His voice wavered. "I don't trust you." Yet his eyes were glued to my naked crotch.

"At least show us the mercy of hearing our story." Connie tried. "Of course, a slut like her shouldn't be allowed to soil your home. Let us speak in your yard. We'll go in through the front gate if you will."

"I suppose that would be - favored by The Lord." The man closed his front door. I tucked the coat flaps around me, and Connie led me around his home and through the gate. His backyard lights flooded the fenced yard. We met Scranton exiting his back door. Fortunately, Flufflepuss wasn't with him.

Connie barked, "Prostrate yourself, Slut, before the only hope you have of saving your soul." She ripped the flaps out of my hands and displayed my half-naked body to my pious neighbor. His cheeks were as red as his skin tone allowed.

I sank again to my knees in pee-stained grass. But Connie grabbed my hair and toppled me backward! My coat struck the brown grass. My legs splayed forward, opening my sex to Scranton's full view! "Beg him!" She demanded.

"Please, Mr. Jones, I'll do anything!"

Scranton's eyes flipped between my cum drenched hair and Connie's grateful expression for several seconds. She and I managed to ignore the apparent tent growing in his trousers. "God forgive me. I am weak!" He reached for his belt buckle. He told Connie, "You go around front. I'll dismiss her after her lesson."

Connie snorted a laugh. "She may need more than one." Then she strolled around the side of Scranton's house.

What? She did what? "Connie!" I began to panic. She was supposed to protect me!

"Hush, Sinner! Harlot!" My righteous neighbor pulled apart his belt, unbuttoned, and unzipped, standing before my splayed legs. I didn't dare close them or even shrink away. I had promised to do anything.

At that moment, I turned religious. I believed that Connie was right around the corner, waiting for her chance to rescue me from the now lust-filled man. I closed my eyes.

“Look at it, Harlot!” Scranton demanded. My eyes opened without my permission. His hard cock stood four inches into the open air. His balls were surprisingly big for his shaft. It was pretty thick, maybe a bit wider than Kane’s. “This is a man’s implement. This is what a woman needs, to put a baby in her, under the sanctity of marriage. We aren’t married, but I will sin for your sake, as The Lord sacrificed himself for ours.”

Scranton dropped to his knees. His hands reached out and tore my shirt. “All of you were born in sin, Harlot. I might as well expose all of you – to strengthen your lesson. His grubby hands pulled up my bra. My tits splayed left and right as he shook me.

“If I put a baby in you, and you dare threaten its life, I will turn you in for bestiality.” His cock inched forward, the rubbery head parting my cum soiled grove.

Please, Connie, please do not forsake me! I grimaced under Mr. Jones’ fervent body. I could feel his heat threatening my skin. I should push him away. Run! Let the state incarcerate me for life and rescue my abused Kane.

Perhaps Connie would save our alpha from that fate. She cared more for him than me.

“A man fucks a woman. Got it?” Scranton thrust his hard penis into my cum soaked cunt. “I’m gonna pump out all that sin and wash it away with a man’s seed.” He started slowly, probably to prevent slipping out. He couldn’t fuck much more than two inches into me. “Oh, I’m a fool and weak.” He prayed to heaven above. “Forgive me, Great Lord!”

I hadn’t had a man inside me for a couple of years. I had fucked men who were smaller than Scranton. If I wanted to enjoy his slow rutting prick, I would have focused on how its girth spread my vaginal opening. Tapping his hairy balls, hairier than my sex, against my taint, would have been a bonus sensation.

All I could do was weep. It felt awful! It lacked the energy and punch of Kane’s animal tool. I missed the alpha’s tight forelegs, scratching my bare sides. Scranton was a terrible lover, but he didn’t care. I think he was already approaching an orgasm, hardly ten seconds into my ‘lesson.’

I cried under the man’s pathetic humping, his dick barely tickling my insides.

“Those better be tears of humility, Sinner. Know a man’s rod, and abandon the evil lust you have wallowed under.” He was serious. I think his righteous lecturing was getting him off as much as my cum oozing cunt. His cock did seem to be pumping out Kane’s semen.

Suddenly, I felt a new regret: I failed to protect the alpha’s seed, my responsibility. “No...” I pushed up at my holy attacker. “Please, no.”

“Shut up, Harlot! The lesson isn’t over yet.” He grunted a laugh then. “And I expect you’ll need more than one like the lady said.” That laugh was all he needed to spike his arousal over the net. His body reared back as much as he dared and thrust heavily into me.

“You don’t understand, Mr. Jones.” Connie appeared around the corner, holding out her phone. “Who is taking the lesson, and who is giving it.”

Just as Scranton’s seminal bulb was ready to spurt his holy seed into me, Connie’s sudden

appearance with her phone's attacking lens, and her tone of superiority, robbed him of his orgasm.

"What the hell?" He scrambled off of me. "Put that thing away!"

"Not until you put yours away." She snorted, continuing to record the horrible scene. "I'm sorry, Silvia, it was the only way."

She wasn't very sorry. After threatening to blackmail the neighbor with a video of him raping me, Connie never failed to tease me about being her bitch for one night. Closer to reality, when I wrote the five thousand dollar check she demanded her services, she became my pimp.

She did give me a day's reprieve from my actual sins. "I'll return tomorrow night, and you better be ready to atone fully for your gross disrespect of Kane's cum!"

I slept at the foot of my bed, or did eventually, once my swirling shame and guilt surrendered to the day's stress. Kane woke me up in the middle of the night. I let him out to pee, but he took my left hand in his jaws and led me outside in the cool air when he entered. I only had on a nightshirt. He refused to allow me to cover what was now totally his cunt.

He mounted me in darkness, and I sang out from multiple orgasms, fully submitted to his midnight lust. He even howled several times, significantly when his blood ballooned his rutting cock, and he twisted around to knot me. Boiling cum rushed into me, but I managed to duck the swing of his leg, allowing him an easier means to keep his cock in his bitch.

I held my hand between our legs to catch any spilled seed. Its heat reminded me of how Connie had saved me from a human's colder cum.

We stood for long minutes as his genitals injected fiercely hot semen. My skin had goosebumps in the cold air, but the alpha's seed warmed my insides.

When my hand hadn't felt any drips for a minute, I carefully moved my hand to my face. Kane's cum smelled as rank and as wrong as ever. Perhaps a minute in the air had taken any goodness from it. No doubt every sperm in my hand had died. I licked it with the tip of my tongue and instantly scrunched up my face. My stomach roiled inside me.

I watched my hand spill Kane's seed to the Earth. Not only did I wipe my hand on the grass, but I also dug up soil and buried the dead sperm.

Abruptly, Kane pulled his deflating dick out of my cum filled pussy. In my head, I heard Connie rebuke me for wasting his seed. I clenched my loins to keep it inside for as long as possible. I didn't dare move lest it squirted out.

Kane came to me with his dirty rubber ball. He wanted to play, I thought. But it was dark. I hadn't turned on the floodlights. A shameful use occurred to me. I took the ball, wiped it on the grass, and pushed it against my cum weeping puss.

Getting up, I kept his cum inside with the improvised rubber plug. Kane hadn't acted too put out at me for not throwing the ball. Perhaps he was sleepy after sating his lust.

We entered our home together. He trotted to the bedroom. I took the bowl that Connie had fetched earlier and squatted over it until the last of the alpha's seed had dripped out.

I knew what I should do, but my stomach refused to participate. I wrapped the bowl in plastic and put it in the freezer.

Kane allowed me to sleep with him in the bed. He stood up and barked when I crouched down at the foot of the bed. Then he moved over, offering me room upon it. He spooned me with one foreleg dangling over my arm. I dreamed of Scranton Jones getting raped by my protector.

I woke up hungry. Starving! What I wanted didn't matter. Kane needed to pee. I fixed his breakfast bowl. He returned from out back and took a shit on the newspapers. I took it to the trash while he wolfed down his food on the table.

When I reached the door, he was there, nosing me back into the yard. He had found his ball in the corner of the kitchen floor. Was he deliberately denying me food? Kane made me throw the ball for an hour.

Exhausted at a cellular level, I entered two paces behind the alpha. He strode off in the office's direction, expecting me to begin working.

"Kane." I pleaded, going to the cupboards. He paused and gave me a cautious look. "Let me eat? I took out a can of black beans and held it before the electric opener.

His eyes narrowed. His breath stilled. He made a sound deep in his throat that could be described as "Hmmp!" Then he trotted away.

I fixed myself a bean salad and warmed up a piece of leftover steak. However, when I took the metal pan out of the oven, Kane loped into the kitchen and barked! He jumped up on the table.

I ate bean salad, sitting on cold kitchen tiles. Kane's fangs tore into the hot steak. Connie had warned me to prevent him from overeating. Was that even possible? Later, I would have to ask if she deemed me worthy of her 'services' that night.

Kane accompanied me to the bathroom while I showered. His head poked through the curtain several times to ensure I wasn't trying to wrap a towel around my waist. He let me put on a bra and warm top in the bedroom.

I did accomplish a lot. Once more, I felt a strange energy fueling quality work. I entered a flow state that made hours speed by. Kane had to prod me with his nose to fix lunch for him. I had a pickle and cheese sandwich.

Returning to work, I feared that I would find dog shit on the printouts I had again spread over my chair. It was clean. Kane plopped down in the doorway and slept while I worked again.

He nosed me for attention sometime around 4 pm. I followed him to the door, but he suddenly turned back and leaped on the desk. Papers and the keyboard went flying, but he didn't knock over the computer this time. My heart cringed when he hung his hairy butt over my chair and let go of two healthy clods. They struck and stuck to the printouts. If he ever got diarrhea, my expensive chair would be doomed.

Why was he doing this? He seemed fine with me working most of the day. I had proven that I would obey whenever he needed me.

After scratching on the desktop, he jumped down and trotted past me as if to bury his stinking plop, nosing my hand along the way. I followed. Didn't he want me to clear his mess? The longer it steamed, the worse the room would smell.

Kane led me outside and found his ball. He brought it to my hand, but when I grabbed it, ready for a throw, he clamped his teeth on my wrist and dragged me to my hands and knees.

The alpha took me hard and fast. He made me cum quicker than ever. I was spinning with abject joy, feeling more owned and used with each fervent fucking.

He surprised me by twisting sooner than expected. I had felt his cock inflate along my quaking cunt, but it hadn't yet shot his super hot semen. I fumbled, trying to help him turn ass to ass. His cock almost popped out, but my hand was there. Fresh cum scalding, I had difficulty holding on to his slimy prick and preventing separation.

Even Kane's obvious pleasure from sexual release didn't stop his expression from gaining a measure of disappointment.

Under his dismissive gaze, I attempted to push cum back into my twat. I only succeeded in releasing more into my wet hand. His unhappy gaze raked my guilt for nearly half an hour. His dick popped out of me, pulling away, and I crammed the rubber ball against the sticky tide.

Before I could drain his cum into the bowl from the freezer, he made me take away his stinking mess. My thighs clutched at the rubber ball as I walked like a zombie outside to discard the incomprehensible message he had left for me.

Afterward, he watched his cum drip out of my cunt into the frosted bowl. He looked puzzled. Humans did strange things. He was probably thinking. I was thinking the same thing about his recent office poop.

Drained, I returned to the office, hoping to finish some last-minute work before Connie arrived. I knew she wouldn't waste time texting her ETA. Kane turned me around and took me back outside. I threw the ball for another hour. Kane barked and chased joyously!

When suppertime rolled around, I wasn't sure if I should wait for Connie. Kane didn't act concerned either way. He was always hungry, but he was surprisingly self-controlled for an alpha. I could only imagine that Connie was responsible for teaching him moderation in all things except cunt.

I thought about offering my cunt, but I chickened out. Was a lowest rung bitch allowed to initiate sex? Kane's sharp ears saved me from that internal debate by perking up abruptly. He scrambled to the door, having heard familiar footsteps.

Connie ignored me when I opened the door. She entered and knelt to give the alpha a lingering, firm hug. "Is your bitch behaving better today?"

A television dog would have barked then, either with approval or disdain. Kane merely tilted his head and accepted deep scratching around his neck and behind his ears.

My trainer looked up at me, "Has he eaten?"

Self-confidence fled me. "I-I wasn't sure- I mean, I was about to"

She shook her head at me, always disappointed. "Have you eaten?"

"Not yet. I mean, I had a sandwich at lunch and a salad this morning."

"Hmmm." She studied Kane. "I would have told you not to, except for yesterday's unexpected distraction."

Distraction? She had given my cunt to the next-door neighbor!

"Now, I'm telling you. Don't eat anything that I don't give you."

"Y-yes, Ma-am."

"When did the alpha last mate with you?"

"About two hours ago."

"Did you keep his knot and protect his cum?" Her voice harshened.

"I-I tried- I mean, I did it better this morning, but this afternoon-"

CRACK!

Connie's hand had bashed my cheek. "I don't care what you 'mean,' Bitch! Did you hold and protect your alpha's ejaculate?"

"No." I almost said, 'I mean.' "Not very well, but I tried. I promise I'll do better."

She growled in the base of her throat. Kane added to her growl, ready to support the alpha female no matter what.

Desperate to sound less useless, I perked up. "I saved what I could! It's in a bowl in the freezer."

"Really." She didn't sound less disappointed. "Show me."

We went to the kitchen, and I took out the frozen bowl.

"It's not much, is it, for two matings."

I hung my head. "No, Ma-am."

"It's better than nothing." She took the bowl from me. Kane watched, continually puzzled by human triteness.

"Freezing wasn't a bad idea, but we have to thaw it." Veiled amusement underscored her words. A chill ran up and down my spine. "Down!" She waved her palm at the kitchen floor, from high to low.

I kneeled and dropped to my hands. Kane sniffed my crotch to ensure I respected his presence.

"You can't warm this in the microwave. That's too uneven. You could use a double boiler, but you'd waste what coated the pan." Connie was building up to her next lesson. My heart cringed at every word. I hear slight cracking sounds. "Capture the bitch, Kane." She gave the unfamiliar command calmly and repeated it. "Capture."

I nearly jolted to my feet, which would have only earned a worse punishment. Kane's sharp jaws clamped firmly around my neck, securing me solidly. My heart thumped with fear.

"No." Connie's voice grew close to my ear. "It's best to warm it up where it belongs." She pressed a piece of iced cum into my trembling slit with that warning.

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## Chapter Six

"YEEOOOWW!!! NO, NO, NO!! It's freezing me!"

"You started out acting cold to the alpha when he needed a substitute bitch, Silvee. After weeks of my efforts, you continue to hold back all that is rightfully his. Let's refresh your training." As the ice cum's outer layer softened from my body heat, she pushed the slippery piece through my cunt's sphincter. I howled!

"AAAAAA, IT'S BURNING MY INSIDES!!" I reached up to pry Kane's jaws off of me. Connie tugged my arm away.

"Not for long." She reassured. "If you're a good bitch, I'll wait for a little before giving you the next piece to thaw."

"I'll be good. I'll be good!" I babbled. The sharp cold in my cunt cut into the thin skin within. Or so it felt.

"Who is your alpha, Silvia?"

"KANE!" I cried. The burning cold was eating me from the inside!

"What are you to him?"

"I'm his bitch!"

Connie spanked my naked ass, but the slowly melting cum chip hurt worse. "WRONG! You are just one of his bitches."

"Who else is there?" I wasn't thinking straight. "I'm not worthy of being his only one. I just want to know."

"I'M asking the questions." She crammed the second piece of iced cum into my burning cunt!

"AAAA!!" I wailed. "I'm sorry!"

"You are, but try to stay focused."

My ass was jerking all around, frantic to dislodge the freezing chips. She spanked me again. "Control yourself, or I'll stuff the entire bowl up to your sorry twat!"

"I'm trying!" My rear slowed a little after my best attempts.

"You're that too, Idiot." Connie resumed her questions. "Where do you sleep?"

"At the foot of my- HIS bed..." I hesitated. "Unless the alpha wants me with him."

"Really?" My full answer seemed to surprise her. That didn't soften her tough questions. "Where do you eat?"

"On the floor." I sniffed. The cold hard tiles weren't as painful as the ice in my vag, but I worried. Someday I might have to eat without my hands.

"When do you eat?"

"When the alpha eats, but only after serving him?"

"Where do you piss and shit?"

"In the toilet, of cour-"

CRACK! Connie's hand struck harder. "There's no, of course, about it, Bitch. If the alpha wants you to shit on the floor, then you will shit on the floor and clean up whatever mess you make!"

"Yes, Ma-am!"

A third ice cum chip was forced into my suffering cunt. "I want you to remove the lid and seat from your toilet. Throw it away." SMACK!

"OOWWWWW!! Right now?" My butt started bucking again. However, the first piece was mostly melted.

"I'm glad you asked. I'll wait for the chips inside you to thaw a little. Consider it mercy for not being a complete, stupid bitch."

"Thank you, Ma-am."

Connie kept up my icy interrogation until I recounted every mistake and rule I must obey. Each time I failed to answer, quickly or correctly, she stuffed another chip into my burning cooz until she ran out of chips.

I was sobbing like a new widow. The pain inside of me was truly unbearable. I fell over once from the pain. She threatened to freeze my cunt faster if I didn't return to my hands and knees. Each fresh chip blocked the softened previous ones from dripping their contents out of my abused pussy.

After I had taken the last frozen morsel, Connie called off Kane. "Release!"

Kane moved away and panted nearby, accepting whatever the alpha female did to me. Begging for his mercy was not an option.

"Clench your cunt, Bitch! Your alpha's cum is starting to seep out."

I clenched for all my painful sex was worth, which wasn't much. The effort made my cunt even colder, but I held back the warming mass.

Connie placed the bowl beneath my spread knees. "Okay, Silvee, let it go."

"Uuugghhhh." I exhaled. My clenched inner muscles relaxed, and Kane's cum dribbled out, returning to the cold bowl.

"You did good, Silvee." Connie cooed. She even patted my head.

I grimaced, feeling not very warm over dog cum spilling from my bitch cunt. I was never more humiliated. I looked between my arms and watched it drizzle into the bowl. My stomach wrenched

sickeningly, suddenly aware my new diet was just beginning. "I'm so ashamed."

"You should be." Connie sounded proud. "In less than two weeks, you've fallen from being a dynamic, prosperous independent woman and transformed into a bitch slut who has surrendered to an animal's lust."

"You said that my future would be more than fucking." I almost added that I was still earning top dollar from my clients. Hubris was bound to backfire.

"I did, Silvee." She let the comment hang until a few final drops of dog cum spattered into the bowl. "Here's your life's next major change." Abruptly, she slid the bowl across the flooring. It halted beneath my chin. "You'll eat dog cum, from now on."

My stomach rebelled. The foul stuff had been inside me twice and frozen once. It smelled as bad as ever. "I-I can't do this, Connie!" I found strength in disgust.

SWAT!! "Don't you dare call me that!" She hit my ass with something thin and heavy. She had folded Kane's leash and whipped me. "Drink it, Bitch." CRACK!!

"AAAAA!!" I screamed. The cold ache in my pussy was nothing compared to the fierce strike of the steel chain!

"Drink it, or I'll beat your lazy ass until you do!"

When I tried to bolt up, she was ready. "Capture!" She ordered. Kane flew up and struck me down with his furry mass. His teeth sank into my neck!

"I'm sorry!" I yelled.

SMASH SMASH SMASH!

I screamed from the beating.

"Obey me and the alpha. NOW, you good for nothing slut!"

"I'll eat it!" I sobbed. I had no choice. "I lowered my face to the bowl and sucked up its vile contents. My stomach heaved and knotted, but I managed to keep from vomiting.

THE BOWL WAS EMPTY before I knew it, and I licked frantically to get every drop.

"Kane, release." Connie dropped his leash simultaneously as Kane's jaws let go of me. I fell to the cold hard tiles, knocking over the empty, spit-shined bowl.

"Next time..." She let the threat linger.

I sobbed and sobbed. My body convulsed from the pain in my ass and the horrid sensation in my stomach.

"Kane, play dead." Connie's following command surprised me. The alpha obediently dropped to the floor and rolled onto his back. "You suffered more than expected, Silvee. Now that you respect my absolute authority and have obeyed, I will give you a treat."

"Cum won't be your entire diet, Silvee, but you must never waste the alpha's seed again." Connie rattled the heavy leash. "I'll know if you try to cheat him. Kane and I communicate at a level you're



unable to appreciate.”

My pain battered brain churned to figure out how she might know. The answer was more straightforward than one might imagine. Kane was a hunting dog. She could easily train him to find his cum. No matter how diligently I scrubbed and washed my mistakes. I could never defeat his godlike nose. She would know if it touched anywhere except my lips, both pairs.

I had lost another part of myself to the alphas of my pack. Cum would be the mainstay of my diet.

“Crawl now, Slut. Crawl to the alpha and kiss his marvelous sheath. Take it in your hands and massage it.” I surmised that she wanted him readied for the last mating with the bitch.

Kane nearly rolled to his feet as I approached. He submitted to no low-rung bitch.

“Stay, Kane.” The alpha female signaled. He gave us a wary eye until I kissed his furry sheath and fondled it. His muscles relaxed as if agreeing to this specific action. He gave love blinks to Connie.

After a few strokes of my hand, Kane’s red cock emerged from its protective skin.

Connie grinned when she told me. “Take him in your mouth, Slut. It’s time to teach him one of humanity’s best inventions.” She leaned aggressively at me. “You know how to give head, don’t you?”

Silent, I nodded. I opened my mouth and sucked in Kane’s soft, but bone steadied prick. It didn’t taste as slimy as it looked. My tongue found the slick surface somewhat pleasant. I smelled half-rotten cum and half wet dog. My belly threatened to blow.

I sucked and began to bob my head. This was my treat, I realized. I would stimulate the alpha until he was aroused enough to mount me. Then, if Connie allowed it, I might finally get the incredible orgasm that was denied yesterday. I had cum twice today, but I felt like I would never catch the one that got away. Perhaps this time.

I took Kane’s powerful dick deep into my throat and hummed. Men loved this. Kane shuddered from the technique. Perhaps I hadn’t lost all power over him.

His tongue began licking my bare thigh.

“Don’t dally, Bitch!” Connie rebuked me. “Straddle the alpha and let him sniff your red striped ass!”

Without troubling him, I had to slow my sucking to crawl over Kane’s furry chest. Immediately upon offering my crotch, Kane licked up my taint, all the way to my clit! I shuddered then.

“Aaaahhh!” I groaned upon his quivering cock. My lips slicked it out and then sucked it into my aroused mouth. I had never felt such intimacy with him.

I was nothing to the alpha, less than a sex toy, but he favored me with long, wet strokes of his hot tongue. Did he know he was exciting me as much as I was exciting him? Or was it a simple instinct to lick a submissive bitch when being pleased by her? I must only suck and stop thinking. Obey and never question. My ass burned from Connie’s lessons.

“How does he taste, Silvee?”

I didn’t know if I should stop to answer. She was quick to punish me if I didn’t learn quickly. I gave her a thumbs up and kept sucking on Kane’s growing prick. Soon it filled my mouth with its mighty

but soft form.

The firm tongue swiping at my cunt and clit helped relax my throat, and I took him deep, holding my breath and swallowing as much dog cock as possible. He shuddered again. He panted faster but licked leisurely.

"You're pleasing him very well." Connie approved. "Don't stop."

"But-" I wanted to say that his cock was starting to swell in my mouth! Soon it would try to knot behind my teeth. I wasn't sure if I could open wide enough for him to escape!

A human pussy is flexible. Even a large knot will slip out with a little effort, but teeth are bone traps! If I couldn't dislodge his growing erection, he could potentially suffocate me, even drown me with his cum!

Panic welled in my heart. I dared to speak. "He's filling up my mouth," I warned.

"Right." Connie sounded genuinely respectful. "But you better hold him to the last moment, Slut, and keep the fore half of his cock in your mouth. This is your last chance to prove what you promised." Her tone shifted close to snarling as if daring me to fail.

I couldn't risk saying more. I had my instructions. Kane's persistent tonguing ended, leaving my aroused pussy unsatisfied. I concentrated on his ballooning prick. As soon as I couldn't open my jaws any farther, I withdrew my lips over the bloated segment and sucked down hard on the front of his aroused cock.

Kane uttered an almost human groan when the tip erupted in my mouth, spraying his incredibly hot spunk down my throat!

I swallowed as fast as I could! The amount of his gushing spending was incredible! It could fill my cunt in seconds, but not it was flooding my mouth. I had almost no time to react, gulping as fast as possible, but it wasn't enough. His copious ejaculation was bound to spill out of my lips. My hands flew to my face as I sucked and sucked, swallowed, and gulped! Stray spurts shot from the corners of my mouth. I caught them in my cupped palm, praying that it would be enough to save me from Connie's lashes!

The dank taste of the alpha's cum sickened me. My already queasy stomach threatened to ruin my promise by sending every sperm back up my gullet, potentially hurling cum and acid onto Kane's magnificent belly!

A hand gripped my shoulder tightly. "Suck it, Bitch! Don't lose a drop of his cum. I'll make your life hell if you can't keep it down." She must have noticed the green cast of my unhappy face.

I could only nod as I swallowed and swiped dog cum from my mouth.

Kane keened for several seconds as his cock continued to pour boiling sperm deep into my sickened body.

"That's the sound he should make every time you submit to his lust or arouse him." Connie's fingernails dug in.

I fought to keep my stomach from rebelling, to force more awful cum into its reservoir. This unexpected pain from her fingers helped to distract my wrenching gut. Gulp! Gulp!

Finally, the hot flood slowed. My belly must have been half full by then. I had taken so much of the alpha's seed that the acidity dropped considerably. My stomach calmed a bit. Sucking the last spurts was much easier.

When I was sure his balls had given their best, I dared to drink the cum in my hands. There was less than I thought, but it wasn't easy. I had to keep Kane's cock in my mouth until he pulled out. I just knew that Connie was waiting for me to forget something.

I slowly, patiently lick and suck the cooling scum until none would drip from my hands. Connie kissed the back of my neck! "Well done, Silvee. You've earned your new title of Cum Slut." She meant it as a title of honor. I felt thoroughly humiliated.

When Kane did pull away, I immediately licked off the gross cum that remained on my hands. I lay down on the cold floor, clutching my abused stomach. It took every will and focused on preventing hurling Kane's seed across the kitchen.

"I'll pick up my fee another time." Connie patted Kane and strolled out of our- HIS home. When she reached her home, she emailed a bill - for a thousand dollars. That was very close to what she used to charge before starting my training when I thought about it.

I couldn't eat anything else for dinner, but I fixed half of a steak, peas, and carrots for Kane's meal. I sat beside the table and groaned as he chowed down contentedly.

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For several days after that, Connie required that I take a video of sucking off the alpha. Also, I continued to submit to Kane's aroused needs, especially when he smelled the bitch in heat next door.

As much as his cum revolted me, I slowly adapted to its foul taste over three weeks of sucking his seed directly from his dick or lapping it up from a bowl after catching it in my increasingly horny cunt.

Kane used me each day. The tug of his jaws on my wrist could mean a couple of things. A fuck. A suck. Or to play with him outside. My body learned to warm up when his jaws signaled that I could expect a cunt pounding ending in bliss. When I didn't desire his attention, he either used me beyond my needs, or I was just too busy working and maintaining our life. I still had to clean the house. I could no longer hire maids for fear of being taken while working.

Sometimes Kane would mount me in the yard, but the terror of getting recorded by Scranton prevented my orgasm. Fortunately, the alpha preferred to fuck me at the foot of his bed and then sleep on the covers.

Connie kept in touch, and I sent her more videos, never sure about her guarantee of secrecy. She spent a couple of hours training Kane somewhere away from home each week. I wasn't allowed to participate. The day he took a shit in the toilet astounded me!

She taught me plenty to pee and poop in the yard, bound across the ground on my hands and knees, and play tug of war with Kane. She bought elbow and knee pads. She spent my money but called them "Gifts." I felt she despised me less.

My work hours had diminished to four a day, but my clients paid more than ever. I was raking in plenty to pay the bills and for my training.

## Chapter Seven

Kane heard me pick up the car keys. He trotted to the front door. "Are we going to see the alpha bitch?" His eyes hoped. He decided how long he could trust me to be away whenever I went shopping. I don't think he worried that I would abandon him. I think he just guessed how long he could wait before needing to mount me.

"Sorry, Kane." I frowned, which he understood. We had begun to develop a mutual language. Instead of freeing me from doubt, it made me fall deeper under his control. Ours was mostly a one-way form of communication.

He growled briefly and nipped. The keys dropped to the carpet. I stood grimacing, rubbing my hand. He didn't understand that we needed groceries. He simply wouldn't let me go right then.

I took off my long coat and went to the office. He followed and plopped down in the doorway. I had stopped spreading paper on my office chair. It had a washable cover that could absorb fluids seeping from my naked sex. Kane hadn't pooped on it now that he was using the toilet. He was pretty content in that regard.

Unfortunately, when I needed to go, I had to stop work, head outside, don my elbow and knee pads, shit in the corner that Connie had designated, clean it up, and return home. Kane met me at the door before I could remove the pads. The chew toy rope dangled from his mouth.

I bit hard into the loose end, and we proceeded to tug against each other. I was stronger, not by much, but he fought for every inch of ground, jerking his head and dislocating the rope from my teeth. That was his occasional victory.

My jaws were sore afterward, but that didn't stop him from signaling. "Suck me, Bitch." He may have lost the battle, but he reminded me of who had won the war.

Usually, he would lay down and offer his jutting penis, but he simply stood and expected me to crawl under him after tug-of-war.

I sucked his randy prick into my mouth and began fellating. My hands lifted to hug his lower torso and hold myself up while I pleased him. Again, I didn't dislike the taste and slickness of his dick. I only cringed from thinking about what would discharge into my sucking mouth.

I had become accustomed to the thin, sickly taste, but it never settled well in my stomach. That didn't stop me from giving my lips' best to the dick I nearly worshiped.

Kane gave me a strength I had never known before. Previously, I had handled my clients with kid gloves and lots of forgiveness, even self-effacing. Now I handled them more like how Kane handled me, and their respect for me grew, even if they were calling me a bitch from their sides of the computer screens.

That insult felt like an honor when I was hanging below my gorgeous stud dog, sucking his jutting cock like a whore. "Mmmmm." I groaned, thinking about being called a bitch.

Kane began keening, which is different than a whine. He was enjoying his bitch's mouth, not suffering at all. His hind legs trembled but remained strong. I sucked him for all the joy I could draw from his slick, stiffening prong.

The base of his prick expanded rapidly, and I had to be quick to prevent it from locking my jaws apart. Then I was sucking only the tip and licking it fervently.

Scorching cum launched from the end hole, spraying fiercely into my mouth. I gulped and gulped it down, my stomach slightly twisting. I tried to focus on its heat, which could be compared to steeping tea. It felt much better, boiling up my cunt than down my gullet, but I could somewhat enjoy its heat, just not its taste.

Kane barked a couple of times, too excited to remain resolute. I blushed, knowing I pleased the alpha. I didn't stop sucking him until every drop had entered my queasy stomach. I stayed, lips latched around his now fully hard prick.

He didn't wait for his knot to relax. Three short minutes after spending his load into his low bitch's throat, he pulled away, satisfied two ways, from the joy of orgasm and from having reminded the victor at tug-of-war of her place beneath him. He padded into the bedroom for a luxurious snooze.

I managed to finish the day's work and then go shopping. Kane must have heard the keys rattling, but he didn't trouble himself to approve in person. He could be confident in his authority.

I carried two large bags into the house, returning from the store, feeling anxious. Connie's car was parked in the driveway, blocking me out.

"I'm disappointed in you, Silvee." Were the first words out of her mouth before I could welcome her. She sat on the couch. Kane lay next to her with his head on her lap.

"What do you mean? I'm doing everything you asked!" I set down the groceries and bowed slightly.

"I drop by to see my favorite canine, and you are nowhere to be seen." She points to the back door. "His toys haven't been put away, and I think I smelled cum on the porch."

Had a drop or two spilled out of my mouth earlier, or was she just baiting me? I could never tell with her. "I'll clean it up right away." I moved towards the kitchen.

"Put the cold things away first. I can't have your incompetence ruining Kane's meals."

"No, Ma-am." I cringed a little. Freshly arrived, she needed to reduce me to a humble bug as quickly as possible. As soon as I stowed the perishables, she told me to grab a rag and get on all fours. "But my pads-" I said foolishly.

"If you prefer, I punish you another way..."

"No- I mean..." I dropped to my hands and knees, wincing at the cold hard floor.

"You forgot the rag." Behind Connie's smirk, she was delighted that I was already a blundering bitch.

She made it look like a needless effort to get up from the sofa. She led me outside and pointed to where she smelled Kane's cum. I had to wipe the lacquered deck slats with my tongue. I feared my stomach would never settle again.

As I cleaned, Kane wandered out of the house and sniffed my ass. He then went to Connie for a good scratching and kisses. Connie reserved those for herself. She had told me, "If Kane licks your face, that's on him. You must never kiss him except to greet his tongue with yours."

Watching them enjoy exchanging saliva made me very jealous. Yet, I was eager to be the alpha's cum bucket. I was being trained to do this, and Connie knew every trick in the book to make me drool while she made out with Kane. My hopes lifted significantly when his red shaft extruded from his furry sheath. I licked my lips but only tasted dirt.

"Present, Bitch." Connie commanded.

I spun around on my 'fours' and aimed my rear at them. I lifted my skirt to my waist and let them see how ready I was for a hard, dog fucking. My pussy was almost quivering, and my pubic hair waved invitingly in the outdoor breeze.

I trusted Connie to watch out for Scranton, although I hadn't seen hide nor hair of him or Flufflepuss for a week.

"Stay, Kane." Her following command confused me. Didn't she want me to service the alpha? "Don't you dare move a muscle, Silvee?"

"No, Ma-am." I froze and waited. I heard her open her purse, a slight rustling within.

"Next time, you will do this yourself." She sounded bitter. A slight squirting sound - one, two, three - followed.

My hips bucked involuntarily when a cold mass of something thick and slick was crammed against my bunghole! "Connie!"

CRACK! A fierce blow struck my ass! "I said, keep still!"

I stilled my smarting behind. "What are you doing?"

"Hush!" She shouted. Another glob of cold goo struck my rear sphincter. Only the finger that applied it, this time, pushed it into my ass!

"HEY!"

"I will belt you if you say another word or fidget!" CRACK! She flogged me again with her bare hand. Next time she would use a belt or Kane's chain. The chain would bite deep into my skin. Faint link marks remained from the last time it was used to punish me.

I could only whine, slowly guessing what was to come. Connie was lubing up my ass for my ultimate dog shaming.

"I was hoping you would figure this out, you stupid cunt. You must give ALL of yourself to the alpha. That's how low you are in our pack."

I began to sniffle. The idea of getting dog fucked in the ass by an animal I once trusted my life to but now only loved for his casual use of me sent my heart into a doom spiral.

Connie ignored my noises and applied three more doses of heavy lube into my anus. "FROM NOW ON," She asserted, "You will douche and lube your dirty hole after every bowel movement if the alpha desires this tight pucker instead of your lazy cunt and incompetent sucking mouth!"

I was afraid of Kane's vigor being applied to my anal cavity. I worried there wasn't enough lube to protect its fragile lining from the rapid, fierce thrusts of a large, bone stiffened cock. Yet I was terrified by the chance of being whipped with Kane's chain if I refused him. My whines turned into

sobs, but I dared not speak.

“Mount your bitch, Kane.” Connie politely suggested. The alpha’s ninety pounds heaved onto my back. His rough paws surrounded my torso, scraping threads from my blouse. A meaty, pointed prick jabbed at my rear. He might have, from experience, sank his erection into my wet cunt. Except Connie grabbed his wobbling cock and aimed it at his new fuck hole. “I can’t believe I have to do this, Silvee. Why couldn’t you have become a full and proper bitch for him without me? Oh, it’s because you’re a weak, simple-minded slut, without caring for your superior’s needs.”

I had been commanded to shut up. I sobbed with my mouth closed. The rubbery, tapered tip briefly alighted within the pucker of my greased asshole, and then Kane’s rapid humping drove its full length into my bowels.

The sudden, massive resting internal tissue disruption jolted me mentally and physically. I howled from incredible discomfort and shame! That part of my body had never felt so filled, and immediately my anal muscles tried to expel the invading log – to no effect. Connie had lubed the way so well that my butt couldn’t get a grip on the hammering shaft. It only hurt me worse! “NOOO!! STOP HIM! I CAN’T TAKE IT!”

A meat pylon was being driven in and out of my ass, jolting my agonized frame like I was a sawhorse.

“You must, Bitch. From now on, you will offer all options to Kane’s desires. This is your final training, although I doubt you’ll learn from just one lesson.”

The backyard swooped and retreated as if I was on a swing. Only I was the swing, and a horny husky rode me hard. The cock pounding my anal cavity was going to rip me in two! My piercing wails and sobs couldn’t half express my suffering! Kane’s forelegs gripped tighter than ever before to gain better purchase for thrusting into my tight pucker and resisting bowel muscles.

Connie ignored my bitch howls. She spoke to Kane in sweet tones and petted his jerking body. “This is new for you, fucking a tiny butthole, isn’t it, Sweetie?”

Kane stared vapidly at the house, eyes glazed over while his hips rapidly fucked the low bitch who used to think that she owned him. He acted as if he had finally put me in my place, and the alpha female was rewarding him with this strange but not unpleasant sensation. Beneath him, I wailed as I was battered into utter submission. His hips strove to higher speeds.

“CAN’T – STAND – IT!” My voice choked out.

“You will, Silvee, and you will see whenever the alpha desires this kind of pleasure.”

“How – will – I – know?” I could only speak from my sense of defeat. My ass was now Kane’s to take if the mood took him.

“You learned how to tell when he wants your mouth. Even a slut as stupid as you will figure it out.” Connie then kissed Kane’s grinning cheek. “You’re gonna need help at first, aren’t you, Sweetie, to learn this isn’t an accident or a one-time gift?”

My heart flip-flopped in the dirt, despair having forced it out of my shuddering body. I realized what Connie meant before she explained it to me.

“You will send a video of him in your ass every day, Silvee, for at least a week. The next time I visit, I’ll check if he has learned to differentiate between your two equally disgusting holes.”

"Nooo-o-o," I whined. Kane ignored the two females while pursuing his next orgasm and flushed seed. The horrid stuffing and re-stuffing of my ass took on a familiarity. It was starting to feel almost normal, however uncomfortable. This was to be a part of my life permanently. As Kane raced to finish inside the tight place, I felt no pleasure in my abuse. I was being used as a lifeless sack of meat and blood.

My cunt, though, was leaking little drops of its juice. It wanted to be treated in the way that my unwilling anus was being used. I didn't dare to reach between my legs for the relief that might help me survive this ass pounding. It was my punishment for not introducing him to alternative pleasures that a bitch was capable of offering. I simply hung my head and groaned on and on, my voice stuttering from the fervent strokes reaming my ass.

Kane soon tensed within me. I felt his cock harden as his knot began to expand inside. I worried then that we might be genuinely stuck as dog nature intended. His rapid thrusts slowed and abruptly halted when he lunged with all of his might to sink his solid cock deep into my shitter. Super hot cum gushed up my bowels. The sensation, although expected, surprised me most unexpectedly. I came!

"AAAAAA!!!" I screamed from an intense spike of sudden ecstasy!

"Well, well!" Connie laughed at the sight of my face flushed to hot pink! "The bitch seems to have found the better motivation to give her all to the alpha."

Boiling cum surged through my anal passage, daring to invade and attempt impregnation of my stomach! That must have been the trigger for my surprise orgasm. His cum's incredible heat churned my pussy in the best way. It always pushed my climaxes to greater heights. It had triggered a massive eruption of pleasure, his hot cum, and my utter surrender to Kane's never satisfied cock.

Out of habit, I ducked adequately when the alpha threw his left leg over my hips and stood connected with me, ass to ass. His knot tightened just behind my abused sphincter. My need to poop out this expanding invader grew well beyond my orgasm's fading relief. "Oooo," I whined. "It's spitting me!"

"Knot got your ass?" Connie chuckled, but she was observing the event closely. "Anal knotting is a tricky affair, Silvia. You may have to stand here for up to half an hour. Sometimes, a well-lubed ass can eject it, but if you strain too much, you'll injure yourself, possibly very badly. You have to relax your ass as best you can."

"I - can't. It's - too tight!" Kane's powerful strokes had used up most of the lube that Connie had applied. It was my only protection from tearing and infection.

"Breathe." Connie offered. "Slowly and deeply. Expel all thoughts. Focus everything on your breathing."

How could I meditate with a huge, throbbing, canine dick knot in my ass! I grimaced, trying to control my panicked lungs.

Connie put her fingers to my hair and combed my light brown tresses below the shoulder's length. "Shhhh." She spoke softly. Kane panted happily behind me, his last cum warming my shitter.

My ass was not at all happy. The urge to defecate was intense. I knew it was a false urge, instilled by the fat mass of erectile tissue blocking my anus from the inside. I tried to ignore the urge and think of better times, which lately had been lacking.



I was continuously trained to take my former pet's cock into one of my bitch holes for over two months. I had no hope that I would be as happy serving my new master as I had been loving and taking care of him. I doubted my love for him, as Kane showed me no love. I was his thing to use and let go. I could think of the happiest times was playing fetch the ball and tug of war with a rope between our jaws. I felt appreciated, at least, at those times.

Here I was, ass docked to canine ass, my orgasm fading. Connie's soft fingers were my only comfort except for that brief spike of joy. I began crying honest tears of loneliness and helplessness. I pressed my head into Connie's petting palms.

"There, there." She cooed. "You did beautifully, Silvia."

"But I'm so sad." I whimpered.

"Few people are suited to this training. I only pick the best." Her voice strengthened. "You will always be a powerful business consultant, but your personal life has long been in a sad state. You only had Kane for company. You pay me to be here, and while I admire and genuinely like you, I am not your friend. However, you are already closer to Kane than any friend, especially closer than he was before your training."

Fortunately, a different knot formed in my stomach, unlike being sick from the cum nearly reaching it from an unexpected direction. The knot was small but held truth within its grip. My doubt vanished. I did love Kane. It's just that it was a type I had never before experienced. We were lovers. I couldn't claim that he loved me, but Kane gave his everything in our lovemaking. I had to share equally to be fair or as far as possible between woman and dog.

I still had to care, feed, walk (when Connie allowed it again), provide, and play with Kane, which he could only do for himself among other dogs in the wild. He needed me to be more than his bitch, and he only forsook me in the presence of the alpha female. At all other times, we were tightly bonded partners.

I imagined we were as close as husband and wife. No, we were tighter. I knew all of Kane's needs and expressions. I never had to guess the important stuff, and I knew exactly what to expect from him. Humans are inconsistent, fussy things, their personalities always in flux. Communication between Kane and myself, while limited, was absolute. No human marriage could be this close. Ass metaphorically knotted to ass.

I had found my happy place.

Connie stopped petting me when Kane's dick softened and plopped out. Rivulets of tainted cum seeped from my gaping butthole. Kane continued to stand behind me. I collapsed to the floor, my arms tired from holding up my body for half an hour.

She stood up and gave me my marching orders. "From now on, Silvee, you will douche your ass after every bowel movement to be ready for the alpha's needs. For the next month, you must take him in your ass. Be sure to have a squeeze bottle full of lube beforehand. Use half a bottle until you have a better sense of the amount you require for safe, canine anal sex."

"Y-yesss, Mm-ha-am." I hissed, exhausted.

Kane walked over to the alpha female and nudged her with his head, asking for pets. Connie happily obliged. "You have a job too, Kane." She kissed his snout. "Make sure you take your bitch as often as you can. She will require constant reinforcement because she is so stupid."

The insult stung my cum warmed heart.

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Chapter Eight

Over the following week, Kane mounted me as often as usual, once or twice daily. Each time, I made sure to take his jutting member in my douched, excessively-lubed ass. I video recorded each session and sent them to Connie.

She emailed, "These are fine."

I wrote, "He has started to bite my shoulder while he mounts me when I stick him in my bum." I rubbed my shoulder upon typing that. Kane was biting almost hard enough to break the skin.

"I see." She replied. "I'll guess that he wants more variety. Therefore, you must flip a coin each time he mounts you. Even you can guess what to do based on the result. Except for tomorrow and the next day, you will let him mount you however he chooses. Afterward, flip a coin for the next three weeks."

"PS, you useless bottom feeder. Alphas have COCKS, not penises. You only have cunts, three of them." She attached her bill for my anal training, five thousand dollars, to reinforce her power over me.

I sent the payment and signed off on the computer. Kane rested in the doorway, having licked his cock clean of my douched but still unsanitary ass-cunt. My anus was taking longer and longer to close up, and it was almost as sore as my shoulder. I had tried using more lube, but it turned out that a third of a bottle was the right amount. More was only wasted. I debated buying a double-headed coin before diving into work.

Given his choice, later that night, Kane fucked my true cunt. I had almost forgotten how hard he could make me cum! I screamed with joy from his boiling sperm, which strived to fill my womb. My climaxes from anal sex waned after a couple of days into my training. My bowels grew accustomed to Kane's hot colonic. I took to masturbating while we stood connected, waiting for his knot to slip free. That proved to be a reliable orgasm. My sense of our deeper connection got me off almost as powerfully as vaginal sex.

"Ohhhh, thank you, M-master." I sank into the blanket at the foot of Kane's bed. My cunt dripped with cum. His knot had popped out of my vulva when he stepped over my hips, expecting to stand behind me. I barely had the strength to crawl under him and suck his cock clean. I winced at the taste, but his cum no longer disgusted me.

He surprised me then by turning around. His head bent between my legs and casually lapped at the juices issuing from his bitch's cunt. Was he making sure that he had fucked pussy? Perhaps he was thanking me. It was one of the unimportant things I had trouble figuring out in our communications. I didn't waste time contemplating it. I howled and hugged him from below when his firm, lapping tongue drew a double orgasm from my clit and hairy lips.

"I LOVE YOU!"

In the middle of that night, he dragged me into his bed and placed a warm, furry paw over my naked torso. He spooned me, his relaxed sheath tickling my butt. I slept wonderfully!

He made me suck him off in the morning, and my tummy got a full dose of his unappetizing semen. I would have lain in bed, waiting for my stomach to settle, but he needed to be let out to pee, and I had to make our breakfast.

Kane was now skilled at crapping into the toilet, but he didn't like performing the contortions necessary to pee accurately. I think he also preferred to mark his territory.

He came in from the backyard with what could only be described as a frown. That day he went out to pee ten times. He didn't once tell me to play with him. I checked his temperature. It was expected, 101F. He didn't show any signs of illness, only confusion, or maybe it was a disappointment. I felt guilty, even though he gave no hint of accusation. Against Connie's wishes, I took him for a walk. It was a risk I had to take to understand his low mood.

Exiting the front door, he dragged me towards Scranton Jones' house. In the front yard stood a For Sale sign. On top of it was another sign. SOLD. He sniffed at the front door. The windows were bare of curtains.

I peeked in, crabbing left and right, trying to get every angle of view. Kane remained to sniff at the door. He started to whine. Soon he would be keen, unable to get at whatever was inside.

Finally, I spotted something far into the front bathroom. Its door was open, and half in view lay Flufflepuss. Scranton must have moved out days before. I never imagined him the type to abandon a pet, considering his religious righteousness. I wanted to break the window. Instead, I called Connie.

"BREAK THE FUCKING WINDOW." She promised to drive over at warp speed.

The details of Flufflepuss' ordeal are grim, but she survived. She nearly died of dehydration. The toilet bowl was empty. The water valve to the house had been turned off. Scranton hadn't left any food. The contents of her stomach had turned to diminish poops along the inside of the back door. The last had shreds of nylon carpeting in them.

I accepted her into my home after spending a couple of thousand on saving her life. Kane seemed to approve, even though she was no longer in heat. When she stabilized, I had more time to think about her future. Every six months, the tiny bitch sheltie would go into heat for a week or two.

I slyly figured she could handle some of the load on my back. By taking Kane's vigorous fucking, she would enable occasional breaks for me.

She didn't know what to make of my home. She sniffed everywhere, peed at the base of my office chair, and was content with pooping outside by signaling at the back door. Besides cleaning my chair, Kane prevented her from entering the office. He picked her up with his jaws around her neck and shook her while growling softly. She would sneak in when he and I weren't around, but she didn't pee there again.

She promptly began sleeping on the bed with or without Kane. It proved to be a bleak tell about my future. On nights when the alpha took me at the foot of his bed, Flufflepuss would peek over the edge of the mattress. I swear she was glaring at me. Occasionally, she would start barking mad at our mating until Kane woofed at her.

While she adjusted to her new home, I completed my anal training. I discovered I could make myself cum quickly by masturbating right after Kane filled my rear with his super hot cum. Being connected so intimately, ass to ass, aroused me nearly as much as the sensation of him pounding my sloppy pussy. I couldn't concentrate on my pleasure when he ravaged my butthole. In the half-hour

aftermath, I could pretend we were connected on a loving level rather than alpha and bitch. I loved him most at those times.

Kane had yet to put his cock in his species' small, fluffy distortion. I began to hope that he never would.

When I wasn't working or relieving Kane's needs, I applied the standard dog training techniques I'd learned from Connie on Flufflepuss. Scranton must have spoiled her or didn't care enough about her incessant barking. She fought tooth and nail against my persistent efforts to stop her from barking at everything that moved outside the house.

She greedily ate the rewards I gave when she stopped barking, but swallowing the treat would only send her into a new frenzy, often nipping at my ankle and scratching my legs. Kane would only let me wear skirts around the house, no leggings, no hose, no panties. She didn't draw blood with her sharp, little teeth, but she easily could have. She wanted treats without a care for what I wanted.

I complained to Connie, and she said it would cost me. I said, "I'll pay." We were chatting over audio-only. I couldn't see her sneer. The next day she took Flufflepuss away.

For the first four days after Flufflepuss' disappearance, Kane wandered the house sniffing. He tracked her outside to the curb, where the sheltie's scent ended when I walked him. Then he would tug me in every direction, hoping to pick up the trail.

On the third day of the sheltie's 'disappearance,' A frustrated Kane dragged me back home, having not peed once along his quest to find her. Inside the door, Kane bit into my knee-length skirt and ripped it off me! He had never been so aggressive. Instantly, I dropped into submissive readiness. My naked asshole glistened with not-so-recent lube, and my hairy cunt glistened from the juices of anticipation.

In reckless abandon to relieve his frustration, Kane's cock swept behind my ass, missing the hole. He was trying to drill for dirt. I had recently noticed that he missed more often when he wanted to cornhole me, running his dick along the shallow groove at the top of my butt cheeks. This dismayed me.

I hadn't put fresh lube in my ass for over an hour. Silicone lasts longer in the bum than water-based stuff but not long enough. I kept bottles of it around the house, where he would mount me, to add a quick squirt, or seven, just before taking him anally. There wasn't one within reach at the front door.

Therefore, I gritted my teeth and guided his shining member into my barely greased sphincter. The tapered head slotted neatly into my slippery crinkle. Kane's next thrust shoved his heavy staff painfully into my anus. I tried to tell myself it would have been worse without lube- "Aaaaa!! It hurts, Master!"

I'm not sure why I called him that. He didn't know the difference between 'Master' and 'Motherfucker,' but I remembered saying it before. Perhaps I hoped that submitting to him verbally and anally. He might fuck with more mercy. It didn't phase him. His prick beat at my insides as fiercely as always. Kane was a one-speed jackhammer. I think his plowing prick would have torn my scoops if not for the waning lube there. Despite my strength on all fours, his hundred pounds rocked me. "KANE! You're killing me!"

His cock was so punishing that I felt guilty. I was being made to understand that he blamed me for removing his canine companion. I begged him to stop, but even tears couldn't slow his powerful thrusts. "She'll be back! I promise!" Out of my mind from suffering his meaty plunges, I tried to

reason with him, but I had already reached the limit of our communication.

His head rested on my back, and his tongue lolled out the left side of his jaws as he panted and pummeled my anus. His forelegs tore at my sweater. He had a knack for pressing his claws into the sides of my tits. I had often wished him to scratch my naked nipples while he fucked me properly. Here I was simply being disciplined for betraying his bond with the sheltie. "I'm SORRY!" I sobbed.

Kane fucked my ass longer than usual. Either he was too angry to cum, or was holding back to maximize my punishment. When I felt I must be bleeding from increasingly dry thrusts, his member stiffened, and his knot expanded. Steaming cum gushed up my shitter. I hung my head and cried, promising myself to litter the house with bottles of silicone lube.

My masterful husky loomed over me, still holding on to my chest. He growled as if to say, "I'm not finished with you, you traitorous bitch!" His weight seemed to double, and I almost collapsed beneath him. When my thighs and arms trembled, he dismounted and spun around. I didn't even try to finger my wet cunt while we stood ass to ass. I wouldn't have cum. I just cried.

After four days of hunting fruitlessly, Kane grew less frantic to find Flufflepuss. However, he mounted me in the ass more frequently, twice as often as my regular cunt. He wasn't going to forgive me any time soon. He would wake me up at dawn and piledrive my butthole when it was least lubed and most likely to imprint his blame into my stupid bitch noggin.

Three weeks later, my bank account was reduced by more than eight thousand dollars at four hundred dollars a day. Connie was re-introduced to our home, a seemingly kinder, gentler Flufflepuss. Kane went crazy, inviting her to play.

"Let them out back, Dog Slut. I'll explain your new companion's training."

As soon as the door slid wide enough, Kane and Flufflepuss dashed into the backyard. I closed the door and turned around, leaving my hands on the handle behind me. Connie's stern voice worried me.

She walked up and put her hands on her hips. "Kneel."

I sank to my knees. She stepped wide, spreading her legs. She was wearing loose, faded jeans.

"You've already lost the battle with Flufflepuss, Silvee," Connie announced. "You're such a submissive nobody. Even that rat of a dog knew you couldn't challenge her status in Kane's den."

"I'll take her to a shelter," I spoke out of fear for the future.

"No." My trainer commanded. "You saved her, and the alpha has accepted her. As the female alpha, I won't let you hurt him. Got that, you gutter bitch?" She grunted.

I cringed and looked away.

SMACK! She slapped my turned cheek. "Don't disrespect me!"

My smarting head snapped back in line.

"You wanted her to stop spazzing out, barking at every damn thing, and I've accomplished what you paid me to do."

There was a "but" coming.

"However, you were sadly mistaken to think you might control her behavior. Get this through your idiot skull." Connie glared. "You are the lowest of the low. So I had to work magic to get Flufflepuss to respond in a way that satisfies the training you requested."

"How- what?" I was confused.

"Open the door just wide enough for the little bitch." She ordered.

When I had obeyed, Connie called out. "Kane! Sit. Sit Kane."

The big, gorgeous, happy lunk dropped his butt on the grass and waited.

"Flufflepuss. Come. Come Flufflepuss."

The sheltie trotted inside, looking smug as usual.

Connie gave me a stern look. "Close the door and stick out your tongue."

I didn't question the odd request. When the sliding door shut, Flufflepuss launched into a rapid-fire string of loud, high-pitched yaps! The noise distracted me from the directions I'd received.

"I said stick out your damn tongue, Slut!" She pointed at the furious blur of fur scraping at the glass door. "Aim it at the beta bitch."

I acted exactly as she told me - and waited. My eyes darted between Connie and Flufflepuss.

Finally, the little dog noticed what I was doing. She gave a disgusted look at Connie, which surprised me. Then Flufflepuss dropped down and rolled on her back.

Our dominating trainer shifted to explain mode. "A female dog may or may not experience pleasure from mating. They primarily act on instinct. However, they do have an equivalent to the female clitoris. It's not as large, and it's tucked well up inside her vagina. You're lucky that Flufflepuss is small and incredibly lucky that she responds to stimuli."

My tongue and lips were drying in the air while she 'splained female dog orgasms.

"Their pleasure ranges from absent to mild, Silvia. Flufflepuss seems to enjoy it, however. Now get on your hands and knees and stick your tongue into her little, hairy cunt!"

"What?" My incredulous outburst earned my other cheek a hearty SMACK!

"You must stick it in deep and be sure to reach her sensitive tissues." Connie pointed at the sheltie's splayed haunches. "This is how I've trained her to stop barking and act more mildly. Because she sees you only as an expendable pack member, you must earn her obedience. It was the only way." Connie raised her hand at me. "Now get down there, and tongue fuck the beta until she whimpers!"

I had reached another crossroads where I was forced to submit to a demonic contract. To keep our home devoted to the alpha male, I now would have to serve as Flufflepuss's oral slave.

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## EPILOGUE

"Do you want to play, Master?" My lower lip trembled. I held out his ball and tilted my head at the

back door. Flufflepuss was probably sleeping on the front room couch. Kane lay in the doorway to my office. He gave me a bored gaze but stood up and stretched. The alpha husky took lazy steps up to me, ignoring the back door. "Shouldn't you be working?" I interpreted his questioning eyes.

The day before, I had closed a difficult but extremely valuable deal to hire a top-tier CTO away from one of the largest tech companies in the world. I refused to take no for an answer. Negotiating was fierce, but I ensured the client and target communicated faithfully. I owned that job. I drank a little too much wine last night. An increasing sadness crashed my winning mood. Kane hadn't fucked me in a week.

I understood while Flufflepuss was in heat, he would mate with her exclusively. She was already showing signs of Kane's potent sperm. I had nothing in my womb except loneliness. Days after her fire had been put out, Kane came to me and made me suck him. I was grateful for his apparent affection, swallowing his super hot cum happily but without orgasming myself. The following day he took me in the ass. While we were knotted, I began masturbating. Flufflepuss ran up barking like a banshee! How dare I threaten her relationship with the alpha while his offspring grew in her womb!

I submissively stuck out my tongue, and she reconsidered. She gave a final, stuttering growl, as if laughing, and rolled onto her back.

While Kane pounded my slick anus, rocking my body. I tried to steady my tongue and press it deep into the beta's furry cunt.

"You are such a slut!" Connie had laughed when I first dropped to give Flufflepuss oral pleasure in exchange for a modicum of peace. That insult glowed in the beta's eyes as the alpha humped his meaty cock in and out of my ass. She accepted me, pleasuring her nasty-tasting, pregnant twat. She even whined as I drew something of an orgasm from it. Kane slowed, and I worried for a second. Looking into his eyes, I saw he was merely curious.

Kane surprised me by pulling out of my fuck hardened butt. He dismounted and nudged my face away from my mistress. He began licking her saliva-dampened slit. Kane didn't know he needed to stick his tongue deeper. He merely imitated what he thought I had been doing.

Flufflepuss responded with mewlings like a cat. They were in love.

The alpha lost all interest in my three cunts, after that day.

I buried myself in work. I was so successful that I would be able to retire wealthy before I turned forty in a country home with room for dozens of the pack's pups. Now I felt I had deserved a break, and I had fetched the master's ball. Perhaps he would play with me, I hoped.

Kane bit the ball in my hand and took it to my office. He placed it on the chair. I took my seat as indicated and began sobbing. The alpha lay down in the doorway, confident of his rule.

I hadn't contacted Connie since my ultimate submission to Flufflepuss. I emailed, begging her to save me from abandonment.

"I'll be in touch."

She didn't email again for several miserable weeks. Flufflepuss's litter was almost due. I grew so desperate that I attempted to meet men through a private matchmaking service. None of the wealthy, powerful men whom the matchmaker deemed worthy of me gave my heart the slightest flutter. I quit the service and began masturbating to porn showing dogs enslaving women. I came a

few times, remembering how Kane had mastered me. That well ran dry quickly as my brain got bored of the trite tales and faked dominance.

Living without standing, alongside a handsome husky and a snippy sheltie, tore at my heart with loneliness. I wanted their love, but I deserved none. All I could do was beg.

I crawled to Kane while he was resting in the front room. Flufflepuss was outside doing her business, which took a while considering the size of her belly. "Please, Master, let me relieve you." He hadn't had sex in days. I dared to take his fur sheath into my hands and gently stroke it. "I'll take your cum wherever you prefer, my dear alpha."

He turned cold eyes to me, but I persisted. "You need to cum, don't you? Wouldn't you like a nice cunt to take it all? I promise to hold precious every drop." I stroked faster, gripping a little harder. "I'll take your cum. H-here, let me suck you." I bent my lips to the tip of his sheath and licked the hole.

"Woof." The master disapproved with a low bark. I don't think he disliked what I was doing. He simply didn't want me anymore.

Heartache sent me into a panic. "No, please let me! I'll make it good for you!" I sucked in as much of his sheath as I could. I forced the tip of my tongue into it, hoping to show him the pleasure I wished to give. "Give me your cum, Master! I need to know that you care even that much." Words muted by my sincere desire for appreciation. I sucked and licked his sheath madly!

"WAAWGGHHH!" Kane woofed and bit my hair. He launched himself upwards, ripping out strands by the roots. His spit-soaked sheath escaped my clenching lips, and I howled! "AAAAA!!"

He strode to the back door and scratched. He wanted to show his true love that he had defeated the vixen who conspired to weaken them.

I crawled after him. "PLEASE! I JUST WANT TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR CUM!!" I begged. "She doesn't need it. I'll never separate you again. I promise. I'll get by on anything. Just don't abandon me."

His lip curled into a silent snarl. "Open the fucking door, Bitch."

After releasing him outside, I crawled to my office and climbed into my chair. A trail of tears told of my desolate journey. There was an email.

"Come to 5557 Constitution Ave. at 3:30 pm on Monday." Connie had written.

When I couldn't sob any more, I marked the calendar. The next day I went out and bought a new outfit. Kane had stopped caring about what I wore.

On Monday afternoon, I drove out of the city to a rural area nearby that had once been farmland until drought had turned it into a dust bowl. I parked before a steel freight container that had been tastefully converted into a tiny home.

Connie's electric, the 4WD truck pulled up beside my Porsche SUV. Two dogs jumped out with her. One was a black Doberman. The other looked something like a St. Bernard but larger. It heaved down from the cab, its body shaking like jello. "Good slut." Connie looked me over. "I'm glad you're not late. Now get out of that stupid outfit."



I stood bewildered as she calmly walked to a wooden door built into the container's side. Looking back, she snarled, "I'll have Benji rip it off of you if you don't move chop-chop!" The Doberman's sharp ears perked up.

"Y-yes, I agreed but moved slowly. I thought you were going to help me!" I whined, struggling with the copper buttons on my off-white alpaca coat.

"No, Silvee. You're going to help me. You wrote that the alpha and beta had abandoned you. You wrote that men no longer interest you. I take that as a compliment, by the way." Connie knocked at the door. "From now on, I'm the only person in the world who could care about you. I cared about you more when you paid me. Now you have to earn appreciation from me."

The door opened, and a naked woman crawled out. She must have been fifty. Her hair was mostly white with dark brown streaks. Her tits hung like under-inflated water balloons. A bright blue nylon collar was the only thing she wore. She carried a huge, red buttplug with a footlong fur tail sprouting from the flange between her teeth. Ignoring the dirt under her hands and knees, she hurried out and nuzzled Connie's right hip.

"It's good to see you too, Magic."

My fingers stopped unbuttoning my blouse. I had shucked my brand new jacket into the gray dirt.

Connie petted Magic's long, straggly hair. "Did you miss me?"

The woman nodded and sniffed.

"Matador, come." She called. The St. Bernard mix loped forward. Connie glared at me, no doubt for taking too long to strip. Matador reached the two women and looked up, panting. She held a palm to him, and he sat. Magic stood quivering, her eyes wide at the massive canine before her.

Connie then barked at the Doberman. "Strip her, Benji!" She pointed at me.

Instinctively, I clutched at my half-open blouse. You could just see the blue bra behind it.

Benji tilted his head and sat in the dirt. "Is this right, alpha female?" He panted vibrantly.

Connie sighed. Then she grinned and threw a small bag at me. Catching it, I recognized the logo. They were an exceptional brand of dog treats. Connie commanded, "Teach him."

While Connie helped Matador mount the naked bitch, I walked up to Benji, compelled by his innocent eyes. I held a handful of my business skirt's hem to his mouth and said. "Benji, bite this."

It required two treat reinforced commands to get him to bite and hold on to the unblemished material.

"Stay." I moved away while he gripped my skirt in his jaws. "Strip me, Benji," I said and pulled the expensive material. There was a slight tearing, and I gave him another treat. "Good boy!" I bent and petted his thin ears.

Twenty feet from us, Magic howled. Connie had plugged the hole that Matador wasn't allowed to use. The giant dog must have been the heaviest beast to ever fuck her. Magic's slim frame strained to withstand the beast heaving on top of her. Her eyes were closed to savor the bliss of being ass fucked by something that big. My lungs tried to match the beating of my heart.

"Benji, tug of war." I hoped he knew that game. The Doberman, eager for another treat, growled playfully and tugged. "Strip me, Benji." I reinforced the command. He pulled, and my skirt was half shredded. The wide panel of my blue panties appeared through alpaca shards. My heart fluttered.

I would continue serving my alpha male for the rest of Kane's and Flufflepuss' days. The prospect of my relationship with their pups intrigued me, but I was the lowest of the low at home. I could not expect nor even wish for appreciation there. Before me, right now, Benji's eyes glowed with accomplishment.

I dug into the bag of treats, drooling at the sight of Matador's training. I could hardly wait to fall lower.

*The End*