

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Part I

I never liked Dave, and I don't think that there are many people who do. I mean, he has plenty of friends, but there are only a couple that really "liked" him. In my mind he was a bully and a braggart. He was what many might call "a man's man", arrogant, brash and gregarious.

We were the same age and we had gone to the same high school, but I barely knew him back then. Actually, the only reason I had heard of him was because he was always getting into trouble, and his notoriety of being a "bad boy" was known throughout the school. We ran in different circles. I was a "jock", lettered in football, basket ball, and track. I was elected to the student council and president of the photography club. I seemed to be well liked, quiet and bashful. That's another area that Dave and I differed. He always had some giggling girl trailing in his wake, where as I was a virgin until near the end of my first year at Florida State where I majored in Photo Journalism.

As far as I know Dave never went to college. His dad owned an auto parts store and Dave went to work for him right out of high school. It seemed to work well for him because when I was home for Christmas my junior year, I read in the paper that their parts store business had grown to fifteen stores throughout the greater Atlanta area.

When I returned from FSU I was able to get a job at the local ABC affiliate TV station as a remote camera man. I also did side video photography jobs like weddings and reunions, that type of stuff. That's how Dave and my paths crossed.

I picked up my ringing cell phone and answered "Bill's Video."

Hey buddy, I don't know if you remember me or not but we went to high school together. This is Dave Bennett."

Surprised, I answered, "Sure, I remember you, how have you been?"

"Fuckin great! Hey Bill, Tommy Denton says you do videotaping."

"Sure do, why, are you getting married?"

Dave belched out a nasty laugh and practically yelled out "FUCK NO. I want you to film my brother's bachelor party."

"Well I have never done one before," I said hesitantly, "but I guess there's always a first time.

I took down all of the pertinent information, as I hung up I wondered if I was getting in over my head. At thirty three, I still had not married and had not yet even had a serious relationship. The longest was for about six months. I had a couple of old girl friends that were fuck buddies, but that was it.

Dave wanted two video cameras for the shoot, one for overall coverage and one for close ups. For some reason I really wanted to do a good job for Dave, so I decided to add a still camera to the mix for free. I was still in touch with my old high school camera club buddies and I used them whenever I need help on a job. So I called John Knowles and Mike Carver and booked them for Friday night.

Friday, the guys met me my home and we loaded up my van with the equipment we would need. Dave was paying a pretty penny for this event and it was a good thing too because I really needed the cash. Video equipment isn't cheap.

We arrived early at the banquet hall that Dave had rented, I instructed Mike and John to bring in the equipment and went in search of Dave. The hall looked like it could hold about fifty to seventy people. I noticed the caterers were setting up a bar and setting out a small buffet of finger foods. Dave was going all out for his little brother. I found Dave with a couple of other guys dragging in a king size mattress in through the back door. They leaned it against the wall and covered it with a sheet. I tapped Dave on the shoulder and stuck out my hand.

"Dave, I'm Bill Evans."

Turning, Dave looked up into my eyes and said. "The video guy right?"

I nodded, and we shook hands.

"I'll never forget that play you made against Riverdale to win the county championship. Hella'va fuckin catch." He said still pumping my arm.

"Thanks." I mumbled.

Dave had definitely let himself go. In high school he had a fairly decent body, now it looked more like it belonged to Tony Soprano rather than Tony Danza. Whereas I had continued to work out and keep fit, Dave had put on some serious weight and his gut was beginning to hang over his belt. We probably both weighed the same but I was six three and he was about five ten or eleven and like Soprano, he was losing his hair.

I asked Dave, "Give me an idea what you are planning and if there is anything special that you would like me to make sure is in the video."

"I'm sure you know how to do your job, however there is one thing I would like. I want you to make it into two parts, the bachelor party, and then the cunt. Think you can handle that buddy?" Then he turned and started to walk away, stopping he turned and looked back at me. "Before things get moving why don't you go and interview the entertainment."

"Where are they?" I asked.

He pointed to a door on his right that said "LADIES." Then he was gone.

"Makes sense," I said to myself.

Mike and John had the equipment stacked neatly over by a baby grand piano that was pushed in to the corner out of the way. We surveyed the area and I gave them their assignments. Johnny was to operate the stationary long shot video and Mike would run around getting still shots. I would take one of the portable cameras and follow the action.

I snatched up the shoulder mount video and headed for the "LADIES" room.

I knocked on the door and a squeaky female voice asked "Who is it?"

"Camera man," I yelled. "They want me to interview the entertainment."

I heard excited giggling and then. "Come in".

Pushing the door open, I ducked down to make sure the camera cleared the door frame and with video running I strolled in to the bathroom. There were three women; two were standing in front of a large mirror putting on gobs of makeup. The third was sitting in one of those metal banquet hall

folding chairs. She was leaning back against the tile wall, the chair was on its back legs and the girl had her feet dangling down in front. I thought she was attractive, very pretty even. She had blond hair, brown eyes and what looked like a very nice body. It was hard to tell with the oversized T shirt, baggy jeans and sandals. She reminded me of the girl on the hit TV show "LOST" named "Shannon". She had practically no makeup, only some lip gloss and some light blue eye shadow. One odd thing about her was that she had only one earring, it was in her left ear and she didn't seem too happy about being there.

I walked up to the two at the mirror and asked their names. How long they had been doing bachelor parties and what was it they liked most about doing them. I finished up with the two strippers and walked over to the sad blond in the chair. I got down on my knees in front of her and asked her what her name was.

"Shannon"

.

"And why are you here".

"I'm the cunt".

Stunned, I mumbled something and was at a loss for words, finally I stuttered out, "why only one earring?"

"It's Dave's identification method."

"Identification method?" I asked confused.

"Yea, if Dave sends someone to me he just tells them. 'It's the blond with one earring.' I belong to Dave". She said firmly.

"You are Dave's girlfriend?"

"No, I belong to him. He owns me".

I laughed and said, "That went out of style a couple of hundred years ago."

She shrugged and stared back into the camera.

"How did you end up being Dave's property?"

"His younger brother Robert gave me to him on Dave's thirtieth birthday."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"And how long have you belonged to Dave?"

"Three years."

"I assume that before you belonged to Dave, you belonged to Robert."

"Yes."

"How did Robert come to "own" you."

"He won me in a poker game from my dad."

"And how old were you when this happened."

"Fourteen"

"And what will your contribution to tonight's festivities be?"

"I have no idea, but you can bet it will involve a lot of fucking and sucking."

"You don't seem to be very happy about being here."

"I'm not, but I do whatever Dave tells me to."

"Anything?"

"Anything, she repeated, then added "I wouldn't do anything to hurt another person, or steal."

I thanked her for her time and walked dazed from the rest room. The two strippers were gawking at her as if she were from Mars.

I pulled Mike and John into the corner and played the blonds interview back to them.

"Holey shit." Mike exclaimed. "Where can I get one of those?"

We all laughed and went about our business getting ready. I had the feeling it was going to be a long night.

By nine o'clock there were about twenty men scattered about the room, some standing in small groups some at tables eating the snacks. At ten Dave stood and toasted his brother, made a couple of off colored jokes and introduced the strippers.

Loud music blared out of a boom box and the two bimbo's pranced out in to the middle of the room where the men had pushed everything aside to make room for them. In short order they were down to their g-strings and rubbing their tits all over Robert who had been placed in a chair at the edge of the circle. By the time it was eleven o'clock the music had stopped, the girls had collected their costumes and gone back into the rest room to get the rest of their stuff and then they left.

Dave looked at me and pointed to the ladies room. I swung the camera in that direction and saw the door slowly begin to open. Shannon walked nude, head down, across the floor, the men parted as she approached. She stopped in the center of the circle of men and stood there, arms at her sides watching the floor.

Dave called for everyone's attention, "Three years ago my brother gave me a wonderful gift. One, as they say, keeps on giving. Tonight he will get to witness a fantasy that he told me that wished that he had fulfilled before he had given me his treasure."

Mike and I were circling Shannon documenting every crack and crevice. I whispered to Mike, "Go tell John to get the other hand held camera and leave the stationary running."

Dave having finished his little speech nodded to a guy over by the back door and he pushed open. The Sprint commercial could have been filmed in that moment.

I was focused on Shannon's face as she looked in the direction of the door. I was glad to see John

had the other portable up and running, catching the action at the door. The door opened wide and two beautiful Great Danes and a striking brunette in a black corset and black panties strolled casually into the hall.

Shannon's eyes went wide with fear and quickly looked back down at her feet.

Murmurs rippled among the men. The brunette trainer tied one of the dogs to the leg of a table that had been pushed over against the wall and commanded the dog to sit. Then she brought the other animal to the center of the room next to Shannon.

"Have you ever had sex with a dog before cunt?"

"No mistress." Shannon croaked.

The woman spoke a soft command to the dog and he promptly stuck his nose in Shannon's crotch and began licking.

John and I had worked as a team on quite a few gigs and we found that we almost instinctively knew what the other would film. I still had Shannon's face framed in the view finder and Mike focused on the woman and the dog.

When the dog stuck his muzzle in her pussy, Shannon made a little squeak, her body jerked and she went up on her toes, but did not move away from the dog's attack.

"Spread your legs," the woman commanded.

I panned back to take in Shannon's entire body as she tentatively stepped out about twelve inches with her right foot.

"Wider."

Shannon spread her feet about three feet apart.

"More" The trainer demanded.

Shannon's legs were now parted to the point that if she didn't restrain them she would have slid down into a split. All the while the dog was lathering her cunt with his broad tongue. The strain of standing like that and the stimulation that the animal was giving her was causing her legs to tremble.

Knowing that Mike had the scene, I refocused back on Shannon's face. The emotion, pain and angst that rippled across her face told a compelling story. I could tell the dog was getting to her. She was fast approaching orgasm. The tremors in her legs turned to shaking, and her abdomen began to tighten as she reached for her nut. A gasp escaped her mouth and her entire body vibrated as she lost control of it. The orgasm swept through her and she fell in a heap upon the floor.

The dog pushed her with his nose and flopped her onto her back. Then he dove back into her pussy and licked up her spend.

"Sit up bitch" the woman sharply commanded. She gave the dog another whispering command and he moved slightly back and sat down.

Shannon struggled to right herself and eventually sat cross legged on the floor breathing hard, her eyes focused on the floor.

I continued to keep the camera tight on her face.

"I need two assistants," the woman said, and two men stepped forward. She placed them behind Shannon and had them face each other. "Reach out and grasp each other's fore arms as if you were making a seat that someone could sit in."

When the men had complied, she adjusted their position so that Shannon was between them but they behind her about two feet.

Then she commanded the dog "Up".

The beautiful grey dog jumped up and placed his front paws in the cradle that the men had formed. Then the woman spoke "Look up cunt."

Again Shannon's eyes widened when they encountered the dog's bright red cock bouncing inches from her face and she knew what the next command would be.

"Suck it."

She looked up at the woman and the two brothers beside her; she gazed around at the other men who were stiff with anticipation. She looked directly into my camera, licked her lips, opened them and turned her head toward the massive dog cock and engulfed it to the knot. The dog tried to fuck her face a couple of times but she held it in place for several seconds. You could see her tongue was working inside of her oral cavity trying to give the animal as much stimulation as she could. Then she drew back, cheeks drawn in by the suction she was applying. Then back down faster and faster. She fondled the dog's naked nuts and scraped her fingernails lightly across them. Her attitude had changed. She was hot now and doing everything she could to get that dog's sperm into her belly.

Then Dave spoke for the first time since the door had opened, "When he cums, hold it in your mouth so that everyone can see that you are a dog cock sucking cum slut."

"Wrap your fingers tightly around the base of his cock behind the knot. You cum sucking dog bitch." The woman in black instructed.

As soon as her fingers encircled the base of the dogs prick he ceased to move and he began shooting the contents of his nuts into her mouth. She had stopped moving her mouth over his prick and just held it about two inches inside of her lips. It seemed like forever that she held herself like that, as the Dane's sperm filled her mouth. Then finally, she slid her mouth off of the cock and tilted her head back. She looked back into the camera and carefully opened her mouth, demonstrating that she indeed was a dog cum guzzler. Her mouth was near overflowing and her tongue was not visible.

I heard Mike whisper "fuck me!" as he was snapping images over my shoulder with the still camera. I thought that it is sure great to have guy's as experienced as they were working with me.

"Get up and show each man here that you are a dog's cum dump." Dave commanded.

The trainer gave the dog another whispered command and he dropped down and returned to her side.

Shannon closed her mouth and stood up. John and I followed her around as she went from man to man showing them her mouth full of dog cum. As she passed among the crowd her tits were groped. Fingers were pushed into her twat and asshole, but she never complained or resisted and would wait until they had finished molesting her before moving on to the next man. She went to Robert and Dave last. Robert told her how hot she had been and she actually blushed with her open mouth full

of dog cum. Dave stuck two of his fingers in her mouth and scooped some cum out and wiped it on her face. Then he stuck his fingers back into her mouth and forced them in her throat and like flushing a toilet, the cum drained into her gut. Then he pulled his fingers out and again wiped them on her face.

Dave smiled at her and said, "You're not finished yet cunt, not by a long shot."

He turned her around and there was a padded inclined bench that had seemingly materialized out of nowhere.

Dave pushed her toward it and the trainer in black lay her on it face up with her ass just over the end. Then the woman buckled a strap across Shannon's body just under her breasts. Then she pulled out two poles about the size of broom sticks and pressed them into two sockets mounted on each side of the bench next to her hips. The poles stuck out from the bench at a forty five degree angle. The trainer strapped each of Shannon's legs to its respective pole and tested them to make she was secure. Shannon legs were now stretched wide and her cunt exposed. She had a little landing strip of hair just above her clit, the rest was smooth as a baby's butt. I found out later that Dave had paid to have her pubic hair removed by lazer.

The trainer brought the other dog over and gave him the eat pussy order and he dove right in. Shannon was moaning and squirming as the dog administered to that bald pussy. She would shake so hard each time his tongue drug across her clit I was concerned that she might topple the bench.

The woman spoke softly again and the dog pulled back and sat down.

Dave reached down and pinched her clit hard and she groaned in pain.

The next command the woman spoke was clear to us all.

"Mount"

He hopped between Shannon's legs and walked his way forward with his fore paws on the bench and his hind legs on the ground. Since the bench was at a slight angle Shannon could easily look down between her legs and see that giant cock approaching her vulnerable pussy.

"Put it in bitch." Dave said in a voice as if he were asking someone to pass the butter.

Shannon reached down and tugged him into her willing cunt and when he realized that contact had been made he plowed into her right down to the knot and started pumping. Now, I don't know if you have ever seen a dog fuck or not, but I can tell there is absolutely no finesse involved. The dog pounds as hard as he can and jackhammer fast. The actual act of dog fucking doesn't usually last very long, but it is unbelievably intense.

The dog scooted forward a couple of inches and rammed his billiard ball sized knot right up into her body. She screamed briefly as it passed through her cunt lips, then he stopped fucking her and stood perfectly still. His knot continued to grow within her stretched pussy.

Shannon was on her third orgasm and her eyes had rolled back in her head. Each time the dog would move she would go into another orgasmic spasm.

The trainer unstrapped Shannon's legs and removed the belt from her torso. The Great Dane lifted his leg over her body and stood facing away from Shannon butt to butt. As he did this Shannon ground out another nut.



What came next shocked everyone including the trainer. Dave pulled out a tennis ball and said. "Here boy," and threw it across the room. The dog tore out after it snatching Shannon off of the bench and bounced her across the carpeted floor. The dog captured the ball and trotted calmly back to Dave, dragging the helpless girl behind him. Dave grabbed the ball from the dog's mouth and tossed it again. The dog turned and raced after the ball. A loud pop echoed throughout the room. It sounded like a Champaign cork had exploding from the bottle.

I zeroed in on her gaping cunt and watched the dog cum pour out of it. She looked exhausted.

The trainer was screaming at Dave. "You might have injured my dog you asshole."

It was interesting that she had absolutely no concern for Shannon.

Dave laughed at the trainer and told her to fuck off and went to the bar to get a drink.

Shannon was beginning to stir, she reached down to cup her battered cunt and gingerly stroked it to try and discover the extent of any possible damage. Eventually she staggered to her feet, still cupping her pussy. She was hunched over apparently in some pain, dog cum was filling her cupped hand.

Dave spied her and said. "Eat it."

She replaced the full hand with the empty one. Then she brought the full one up to her lips and slurped the sperm from her palm as if it were Campbells soup. She continued switching hands until there was none left to drink.

Dave brought over a strong drink and handed it to her.

He nuzzled her ear and whispered, "Having fun baby?"

She looked up into his eyes and a small smile wove its way across her face and she responded, "I always do."

Dave looked over her shoulder and caught one of the guy's eyes and nodded his head. I saw two guys go over and drag the king size mattress into the middle of the room.

It was around one o'clock when Dave tapped the side of his glass with a spoon. "Free fucks, any hole."

Then he spun Shannon around, put his foot in her back and shoved her hard toward the mattress. She stumbled and a guy grabbed the half full glass from her hand just before she landed on the mattress.

It was a fucking free for all after that. She took it in the mouth, in the cunt, and the ass. Rarely was she without two, usually there were three dicks in her. The only time I saw her without a cock in her was when she was commanded to change position. By seven am everyone was fucked out. Mike, John and I were the only ones in the room who had not fucked Shannon. I think the three of us had blue balls from having constant erections. By my estimation Shannon had taken somewhere between sixty or seventy cocks during the night. Out of twenty plus men, all had cum in her twice; some had come back for thirds and a few for forth's.

Dave came up beside me and said loud enough for Mike and John to hear. You guys can drain your balls in her if you want."

Shannon groaned.

Mike got there first and plugged her sore cunt and John pushed his cock through her battered lips. Dave turned to me and said, "I think you guys did a great job. I'm going to give you a big bonus for all your hard work. I looked down at him and told him he could forget the bonus if I could have rights to the second half of the taping.

"You going to put on the internet?"

I shrugged and said "maybe."

"You can only have Shannon's face in it unless you get releases."

"No problem. I'll need Shannon's release."

"Give it to her, I'll tell her to sign it."

(I had to pay the trainer to get her to sign a release.)

I looked over at Dave again and he felt my eyes on him.

He turned and asked, "What?"

"What would you say to me if I asked you if I could date Shannon?"

"I would tell you to go fuck your self," he laughed, "but you can marry her."

So I did.

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## **Part II**

I had filmed Dave's brother's bachelor party and as I have said before I don't like Dave and never have. He's arrogant, boastful and a royal asshole, he also happens to "own" Shannon. I say he "owns" her, because she insists that he does. As a result Dave dominates, abuses and humiliates Shannon sexually. At the bachelor party she was made to have sex with two dogs and then fuck the entire room full of men. In the first story I had written that slut Shannon, visually reminded me of the actress who played "Shannon" on the TV show "LOST". Not quite as pretty but close.

While filming the molestation of Shannon at the party, something in her captured my sole and I knew then that I wanted to be with Shannon.

Shannon II the anniversary

Dave and I were standing side by side in the banquet hall. The bachelor party had run its course; Dave and I were watching two men who had helped me video tape the party, fuck an exhausted Shannon.

I asked him, "What would you say if I asked you if I could date Shannon."

"I'd tell you to go fuck yourself."

"Why?"

"Because I think you would look cute with your dick in your ass."

I gave him an irritated smile, "Why won't you let me date Shannon?"

"Because she's my whore."

"So?"

He looked at me as if he were seeing me for the first time.

"I tell you what, my sports hero friend. I will not let you date my little slut, but I will let you marry her if you want to."

"You would let marry her but not date her?" I asked incredulously.

"Yes," he stated simply.

I stared at him a few moments and scratched my head.

I need your answer right now, yes or no."

"Right now?" I exclaimed.

"You got thirty seconds he said looking at his watch. What is your decision? Fifteen seconds."

OK, I'll marry her, but what if Shannon doesn't want to marry me."

"Doesn't matter what she wants, I will tell her to do it and she will."

"Well I would like to hear it from her if you don't mind."

"I do fuckin mind dick head, and if you want to marry her you will not look at her, visit her or talk to her right up to the minute you say 'I do,' Got that pencil prick. In fact leave this building right now and wait in your van. Your men can collect your equipment for you."

"But, I..."

"If you are not out of that door within the next two minutes the deal is off fuck face."

I turned and rushed for the door.

As I reached for the door knob, Dave yelled out across the hall. "The wedding will be on Friday two weeks from now. Get your own tux. I will be in touch."

I glanced over at Shannon who was on the cum soaked mattress. Mike was pounding her sore pussy and John was fucking her face. Then I went out of the door.

Two weeks is a long time when you feel your life is out of control and you are not sure if you have just made the worst decision of your life and I will be happy to tell you all about the wedding but that is in the story Shannon III.

So now we will skip forward, two years into the future. Shannon and I have been married one year eleven months and twenty eight days. The day after tomorrow will be our second wedding anniversary.

"Hey honey, I'm home." I said as I tossed my jacket on the couch.

"In the kitchen baby."

Walking into the kitchen I went straight to the fridge and grabbed a beer.

Shannon was at the sink preparing dinner and I walked up behind her and wrapped my arms around her and gave her a big hug and nuzzled her neck. Then I took the cold beer can and pressed it to her left nipple and watched pucker and harden. Even after almost two years I have still have not gotten used to the sight of my lovely wife completely naked whenever she is in our house.

Dave's rules.

During the time between the bachelor party and now Shannon has put on fifteen or twenty extra pounds. Dave has even commented about it saying that she was getting thick around the middle. I guess married life was agreeing with her, however I knew that Dave wasn't going to let his whore get fat.

"Love you." I said.

"Love you too, hun."

"Where's Woof." I asked.

"My friend Susi asked him if he would spend a few days with her. He seemed happy to go."

"What about our anniversary."

"He doesn't care about that."

"I do," I said with a mock pouty face.

She laughed and said in a sultry voice. "We don't need him, besides it will be nice to have you all to myself. It won't be the first time he's chased after some horny bitch and I certainly doubt it will be the last."

Then she gave me a very passionate kiss that caused my dick to stir. The wall phone rung and Shan reached over and answered, "Hello."

Her smile kind of faded, "Yes we do."

She listened some more, "I'd rather not."

A pause, "What time."

"OK." and she hung up the phone.

I looked at her with questioning eyes.

"That was Dave." She announced somberly.

"He wants us to be available Saturday all day. He will pick us up at eight am."

"But that's our anniversary." I whined.

She looked at me, shrugged and went back to the sink to finish dinner.

"What else did he say?" I asked.

He wants you to bring the hand held video and I am to wear the yellow sun dress and my black boots, nothing else. He also instructed me to put some KY on my cunt.

I let out a big sigh and slumped dejectedly. "I'm going to take a shower."

We spoke no more of Dave's call until later that night when we were in bed. I held her in my arms and told her I loved her and for the millionth time expressed my wish that Dave were not in our lives.

"I know honey," she whispered in my ear. "But we have discussed this many times and you know the conclusion we all ways come to."

"I know," I moaned. "I guess I just have to accept that he will be there until he tires of tormenting you."

"Us." She corrected.

"What,  
"

"Till he tires of tormenting us," she elaborated.

"Mmmm, yeah."

"Even with all of the shit he makes me do, you know that I truly love "you" don't you." Shan said with dewy eyes."

"Absolutely," I whispered gazing deep into her eyes and a tear painted my cheek.

I rolled on my back and stared at the ceiling. "It's just so weird. How is he able to treat people like does and not feel remorse?"

"God only knows what goes on in that fucker's mind. I can't figure him out and I really don't think I want to. Like it or not, he gives me something I need, no crave and I am beginning to suspect that you have come to crave it too, at least some of it. Besides, if it weren't for Dave, I never would have married you and I would still be that depressed, sad, suicidal slut you met at the bachelor party. Now I'm a happy, vibrant and in love slut."

"Well he was the one that turned you into that depressed, sad, suicidal slut."

"No, that happened way before Dave and even if it had been Dave who fucked me up and he weren't in the picture it would have been someone else. No, things could be worse, a whole lot worse."

I thought, she's right; it could be way worse. Dave might be an asshole, no, Dave is definitely an asshole, but he wasn't as bad as he could be. It's not like he is fucking her every day or even most of the time. No, Shan and I have our own life and he only sticks his dick in it about four or five times a month sometimes as much as ten times if he has a bug up his ass. He had never severely hurt Shan, nor had he pierced, tattooed or marred her body in any way, although, neither Shan nor I would have objected to a moderate amount of piercing or some discreet tats. He has never demanded that she have her body surgically modified (I guess he is not a breast man. Shan's tits are of average size) and he has not attempted to stretch her cunt or asshole to the point that would become unusable by

anything other than stud horses and elephants. No Dave likes his pussy tight and isn't about to fuck that up. He doesn't beat her, maybe a spanking or a slap here and there, but no major bruises or black eyes. Sure he has gotten carried away a couple of times in the past five years that he has "owned" Shannon, but had always returned to sanity before any real damage was inflicted. He keeps his demands for Shan's time to an acceptable level and he doesn't allow men to "drop" in unannounced unless he has approved it in advance. He usually gives us at least twenty four hours notice if he wants to "use" Shannon. And, Shan is right about the marriage thing too. She would have not have believed that someone would be willing to marry another man's whore.

"You know that I could never treat you like that don't you?" I said stroking her cheek.

"I know. That's why I love you. No man has ever treated me like you do and no man ever will because my heart is yours forever."

"But your body is his to abuse as long as he wishes." I sighed.

"Yes." She whispered in my ear.

We made tender love and we fell asleep with my arm wrapped around her spooning.

Saturday morning we were up early, showered, ate breakfast and were waiting for Dave's arrival by quarter to eight. Shan had on the short yellow sun dress with the spaghetti straps, no underwear, her black boots that came about three quarters up her calf and a single earring in her left ear(Dave's identifier).. Her mostly bald pussy glistened with a coat of KY jelly and her little landing strip just above her clit was trimmed neatly. The morning light shimmered in her blond hair and despite her trepidation as to the coming events her smile lit up the room. God I loved her.

Dave's horn sounded in our driveway and I grabbed my camera bag and opened the front door. Shan stepped past me through the door and stopped dead on the front stoop.

"Oh God, not the eight ball," blurted from her mouth.

I stepped out the door and made sure it was locked. "What," I asked. "Is there a problem?"

She laughed and said, "No more than usual."

Dave sat grinning at us from the driver's seat of what looked to be a nineteen fifty something pickup truck. It was jet black and had an eight ball air brushed on the door. It looked as though it had been professionally restored. Dave revved the engine and the truck roared and then settled down to a throaty rumble.

Shannon turned to me and said. "It's Dave's brother's truck. Robert used to drive me around in it for hours when he owned me."

I put the camera gear in the back and opened the door for Shan. She hopped up into the truck and slid across to the middle of the bench seat to make room for me. I got in and closed the door and shifted myself to get comfortable.

The truck was in perfect condition. There was a round one half inch metal manual floor gear shift rod rising from the floor and it had a regulation pool eight ball secured to the end of it. Shannon was sitting with both of her legs pressed together and to the right of the shift lever.

Dave looked into Shannon's eyes and then looked down at her legs then looked back into her eyes.

Shannon just stared at Dave.

Dave looked into Shannon's eyes and then looked more insistently down at her legs then looked back into her eyes this time with much more energy.

Shannon sighed and placed her left leg over the shifter and scooted firmly back against the seat. The shifter was now between her spread legs.

Dave grinned evilly and grasped the eight ball and shifted the truck into reverse, which was over to the right and back toward Shannon's crotch. The eight ball was now pressed firmly up against the inside of her right thigh about three inches back from the front edge of the seat and hovered about two inches above the seat. Having had completed the shift Dave's hand left the ball and continued up to Shannon's pussy, raking her dress up to her waist and exposing her smooth slit. He jammed his fingers in and out of her for a couple of minutes then backed out of the drive. As we backed out I noticed a child's blue beach pail secured to the transmission hump at the edge of the seat between Shannon's legs. I wondered what it was for, but knowing Dave it wouldn't be long before its purpose would be clear to me.

Dave drove out of the neighborhood and headed for the interstate.

As he approached the on ramp he said to Shannon. "Get ready to assume the position."

Shannon nodded and closed her eyes.

Dave accelerated into second gear, which was over towards Dave and down towards Shannon. The eight ball was now resting against the inside of her left thigh.

Then he hit third, which was to the right and up toward the dash.

"Now ," Dave shouted.

Shannon scooted her butt forward and hung her ass about two inches over the front seat; her cunt was hanging directly over the little blue pail.

Dave grabbed the shifter by the metal rod that protruded up from the floor, pressed in the clutch and slammed the eight ball back, right into Shannon's quivering cunt.

Shannon screamed briefly as the black ball passed through her vaginal opening. Once the ball was deemed securely seated in her love box, Dave accelerated to highway speed and Shannon began to take deep breaths.

The road and engine vibrations were transmitted up through the shift rod and fed into my wife's pussy. When she spoke it was like someone was holding a vibrating massager up against her chest. I imagined it was like having a four thousand pound oscillating dildo in her cunt.

About three minutes after accepting the black vibrator in her pussy, she grunted, her abdomen tightened and her upper body curled like strip of construction paper drawn over a scissor blade. Then an orgasm swept through her body and her pussy sprayed girl cum out and into the little blue pail. Mystery revealed.

Dave looked over to me and said. "That ball is dancing right on her G spot. Man that's one hot fucking cunt."

I looked over into the bucket and there was about an inch of pussy juice in the bottom of the pail.

From then on about every five miles she would have another seizure and dump more cream into the bucket. After about her eleventh or twelfth nut, there was very little cum draining out of her, yet the last orgasm had seemed just as intense as the first one.

At every opportunity Dave would pull alongside a big rig and blow his horn. The trucker would look down at Shannon's plugged pussy and blast his air horn in appreciation. Dave told me to pull the straps off of the slut's shoulders and expose her tits. Reluctantly I did as he asked. Thus we continued down the highway, carrying the cunt with a yellow band around her waist and the eight ball up her pussy.

Dave put on his turn signal and warned Shannon that he might have to down shift so be ready. She was so exhausted that I was not sure that she even heard his warning. Dave slowed and merged onto the off ramp and exited onto a two lane state road without having to slow below forty five.

"Were good," Dave declared and Shannon rolled her eyes at him.

At this slower speed the road vibrations had lessened considerably, however this new road presented a different challenge. It was constructed with concrete and every hundred feet we would hit the seam where one poured slab met the next. It was like going over a mini speed bump. Now Shannon's orgasm intervals were much further apart but every time we hit a seam she would grunt as if she were being punched in the gut.

Dave slowed and pushed in the clutch. Shannon's eyes popped open and seem to tense up a little. Dave made a gentle turn onto a dirt road and let out the clutch. Our speed had dropped below thirty five and when he tried to accelerate he lugged the engine. When that happened the shift lever slapped violently back and forth, fucking that ball rapidly deep inside of Shannon. I looked over at her and her bodily movements reminded me of one of those little clown toys that was made with two sticks and two strings and every time you squeezed the sticks the clown would flip over and his arms would flail erratically.

Dave pushed in the clutch again and said, "Ready."

Shannon nodded briefly and Dave grabbed the shift rod and jerked the offending eight ball from her cunt. Shannon screamed again and collapsed into the seat.

Dave down shifted to third but the road was so rough that he had to slow even further. He shifted into neutral and coasted for a little while. Then he reached over Shannon, grabbed her hip and pulled her closer to him. Then he clasped the shift lever, pushed in the clutch and jammed the black ball back into her and into second gear.

Shannon's eyes went wide. She had not been expecting to be refilled with the shift knob and therefore did not have time to register a scream. The dirt road was very rough; it had become corrugated from years of traffic.

The ball was again vibrating violently as we motored along at around twenty miles an hour. Then the evil Dave found another way to torture my helpless wife. He began goosing the gas pedal and that would send the orb careening sideways inside of her ravaged pussy. He would hit the gas and the ball would be slapped to the right, then he would let off of the gas and the ball would swing rapidly to the left. Vvvvvviiiit.... aaaauauaah..... vvvvvviiiit.... aaauauaah..... vvvvvviiiit.... aaaauauaah..... Vvvvvviiiit.... aaaauauaah.....



Tears were running down Shannon's face and dripping on her breasts. Dave was laughing maniacally.

"Knock it off asshole." yelled at Dave.

He looked at me shocked. He could see the rage in my eyes. I am much bigger and stronger than Dave and he knew that I could have pounded him to a pulp if I chose to. I would have ended this torture sooner had it not been for my respect for Shannon's commitment to be his property.

Dave eased up on the gas and continued cautiously down the rutted road.

Minutes later we coasted to a stop in front of a two story farm house. Without a word, Dave shut off the engine, released the blue pail that was half full of girl cum from the drive shaft tunnel, picked it up and got out of the truck. He reached into the bed of the truck picked something up and took the two items into the house.

I gently wiped the tears from Shan's face and asked her if she were OK.

A very soft, "Yes," passed her lips. "Help me get this fucking thing out of me."

"Do you want me to jerk it out or do you want to try to ease it out."

"I think I will try to back slowly off of it slowly. If you can hold it and pull it firmly but very slowly toward the dash I will try to push off of it.

I clasp the metal rod and gently but firmly pressed it in the direction of the dash while Shan flexed her legs and pushed her body back into the seat. As we struggled, her cunt bulged and the base of the ball appeared. Grunting, she pushed harder and I was amazed at how much her lips stretched around that pool ball. Then suddenly it popped free, she gasped and fell over into my lap. She lay there for a little while collecting her self. After a moment she looked up at me and giggled, "eight ball out of the center pocket."

I smiled down at her and lovingly brushed the hair from her face.

Slowly Shan sat back up and kissed me on the cheek.

"Let's see if I can walk." And she laughed.

I got out and held out my hand to her. She took it and cautiously scooted across the seat. Gently she slid off of the seat and let her feet rest upon the ground. Little by little she allowed her legs to accept more and more of her weight until she was standing somewhat wobbly next to me. She took a tentative step, then another and another. Soon she was walking fairly comfortably, although bow legged and it looked as if that eight ball was still wedged up into her birth canal.

I lifted the camera bag from the bed of the truck with one hand and held her hand in the other and then we slowly made the short journey into the farm house.

As soon as the door closed behind us we heard Dave instruct Shannon to take off her dress and hang it up, as she wouldn't need it until we were leaving. She was now naked, except for the black boots and single earring.

Together we followed the sound of men in conversation to a small breakfast nook at the back of the house. Dave and another bare chested hairy old man were sitting at the table with cups of coffee in

front of them. They both looked up at us as we entered the room.

"May I have something to drink?" Shan asked no one in particular.

Dave stood up and pulled her to him.

"Come stand here dick head." Dave commanded me.

Dave calls me a lot of different names, but "dick head" is his favorite. I silently stood next to Shannon's left shoulder where he indicated.

"Reach across her and grab her right tit."

I did as he said.

"Now, curl your fingers in her hair at the back of her head and pull her hair down till she is looking up at the ceiling and don't let her move."

I wasn't liking this, but I complied with his command. Dave bent down and picked something off of the floor. It was a long black automatic transmission funnel. That must have been what he retrieved from the bed of the truck. It was not a new funnel and it had at one time, had oil poured through it.

"Open your mouth cunt."

Shan slowly opened her mouth. With her head in this position she could not see the funnel and had no idea what was coming next.

Dave brought the funnel up and pressed it about half way down into her mouth. The small end went past her tonsils and into her throat. She gagged briefly but held her ground.

Dave bent down again and brought up the blue pail and began pouring the girlie goo right into her belly.

He laughed and said. "I wouldn't want you to get dehydrated."

Dave sat back down and took a sip of his coffee.

We all could easily hear the rasping of Shannon's breath as the sound was amplified through the funnel.

Dave looked at me and said. "If you think it has all drained out you can remove the funnel."

I released her breast and gently extracted the plastic invader from her mouth and waited for instructions to release her hair.

I was shooting daggers at Dave with my eyes; he met my stare with a smile and made a slight nod. I released Shan's hair and she straightened herself, made a sour face and cleared her throat.

"May I have something ELSE to drink."

"Sure," he said with a grin, "get under the table and suck Mack off."

Dutifully, she got down on her hands and knees, crawled under the table and drew Mack's boxer shorts off as that apparently, was all that he had on.

I could hear her slurping on Mack's cock as the men causally discussed the weather and the difficulties of running a farm in a depressed economy. However it wasn't long before Shan's mouth was having a profound effect on the conversation.

Mack groaned, and stiffened slightly and pushed his groin up into the cock suckers face and I heard Shannon's head bump the bottom of the table. Mack continued to fuck his cock up into my wife's mouth and each time her head bounced off of the underside of the heavy oak table. Harder and harder he pushed and the volume of the sound of her skull smacking the wood increased.

Mac gritted his yellow teeth and flexed his body even higher and the table was lifted off of the floor by Shannon's head as he unloaded his sperm into her mouth.

Slowly the table drifted back down until it again rested upon the floor.

"Fuck," Mack exclaimed, "that's one fantastic cock sucker."

Shannon looked out from under the table and showed Dave her cum filled mouth.

He looked down at her and said. "Show it to Mack and then share it with dick head."

This wasn't the first time he had made us share sperm and I was well aware that it was far from the last. At first I had a hard time drink and eating the shit, but eventually like anything else I have come to accept it. I looked at it as having to take some bad tasting medicine. I was not like Shannon who seems to love the taste of sperm, all sperm. No, I don't think I will ever like it.

She got out from under the table and showed Mack his deposit. Mack grunted his approval. She then came to me and kissed me pushing the slimy mess into my mouth. I swallowed and we continued to make out for several minutes.

Shannon turned back to Dave and asked. "Now, may I have something else to drink?"

Dave chuckled. "We could probably keep this up all day. There are two other cocks in this room that haven't been drained and I believe that Mack has a whole mess of male dogs running around this place."

Shannon patiently waited for the command to suck the next cock.

Dave grinned again and said, "Ask your host."

Shannon turned to Mack and asked him if she could have something to drink.

Mack indicated that coffee was on the stove and she could have whatever she wanted from the refrigerator. Then he returned to the conversation with Dave, ignoring us completely.

Shan and I confined ourselves to the kitchen while Dave and Mack caught up on old times.

It wasn't long before I heard, "Hey pencil dick, grab your gear, you and the cunt follow us."

I don't know why Dave calls me pencil dick because my cock it at least as long as his but mine is way fatter. I guess it's a penmanship thing.

The two men passed us and headed outside, I was glad to see that Mack had put on some coveralls.

I snatched up my gear and followed Shannon out of the back door. I sure loved to watch that ass

motivate. She looked like a walking ball bearing factory.

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### Part III

We were headed in the direction of what looked to be a barn. What confused me was the side walls seem to be constructed of concrete block. I had never seen a CBS barn before, but then again I hadn't seen too many barns. We passed some large dog runs, and the canines yapped at us as we passed. I figured that there were around five or six dogs to a run and there were three runs.

We walked in from the bright sunshine into the cool dim interior of the barn. I took a moment to let my eyes adjust and I heard Mack tell someone to get the cart. I peered through the gloom and saw an old hunched black man turn and walk deeper into the recesses of the building. Moments later I spotted him again pulling a small metal device toward us. I guess you could call it a table even though Mack had called it a cart.

It was about a fifteen inches high to the top of the flat table top like surface. It was about three feet long and two feet wide. It had six inch steel wheels, a lever on the side that looked much like the gear shifter in the truck, only shorter and two foot pedals who's use I had no earthly idea. There were two wrist straps fastened to the upper edge of the table and a wide leather belt that could be locked down on the side of the table.

The old black man dropped the rope he was pulling the cart with and ambled over to one of the pens. If he noticed the naked woman in the barn, he showed no sign of it. The Negro picked up a couple of horse blankets folded them neatly and placed them on top of the table/cart thing. The old man then stepped on one of the pedals several times and the table top began to rise. When it was about two and one half feet high he stopped. Then he just stood there looking over at Mack.

"Git Butch." Mack instructed.

And the old man strolled out of the barn, not looking at nor looking away from Shannon.

Mack turned to me and said, "While Ole' Joe fetches Butch; ya can git yer camera ready."

Then Mack reached out pinched my wife's right nipple and used it to pull her over to the table/cart.

By the time she arrived at the table I was documenting the events of our second year wedding anniversary. The lighting was not very good and I was having trouble getting the image properly focused. I mentioned this to Dave, but he brushed me off and told to shut my cock sucking mouth.

"Lay down." Mack was a man of few words.

Shannon sat on the end of the table and lay back onto the horse blankets. Mack flipped the wide leather belt over her midsection and cinched it down tight. Her ass was hanging off of the end of the table and her legs were dangling down towards the floor.

"Pull yer knees up ta yur chess, cunt."

Shannon did as she was told. Mack then clasped her right calf in his big hand and forced it up until her knee touched the table next to her head. Shannon groaned but said nothing else. He then grabbed her right hand pulled it to the inside of her pinned leg, then brought it out and over her thigh and locked her hand in the wrist cuff on the outside edge of the table. Then he did the same

thing to the other leg and arm. I had no idea my wife was that flexible. Of course Mack didn't stop to see if she had come apart anywhere or if he had broken anything. Then he shoved a small throw pillow under her head, I assume he did this so that she would be able to witness the carnage that were about to wreak upon her body.

So here was my wife, trussed up like a Christmas turkey, her black boots were sticking out above her head. Her round ass and smooth pussy were spread, exposed and vulnerable to whatever these two crazy men had in mind. About that time Ole' Joe walked in leading a dark brown horse, who's coat seemed a little shaggy and tied it to a post near the wall. It didn't look that big as horses go but it was definitely larger than a pony, yet smaller than a race horse. Not knowing much about horses I was just guessing anyway.

Mack approached Old' Joe and asked him if he washed the horse down and cleaned out the "bean." The old Negro nodded to the affirmative.

I had no Idea what a “bean” was in this case but I was glad to know that the horse was clean,

Mack told Ole' Joe. "git em up"

Ole' Joe went over to Butch, reached under the horses belly and started jacking the horses cock. Just another day on the farm for Ole' Joe.

Mack then went to the horse and put a blind fold of some sort over the horse's eyes.

Shannon was looking very worried, her eyes were darting all over the place, and when they found that eighteen inch cock in Ole' Joe's hand. I thought she was going to piss herself. Her mouth was moving but no sound was coming out. I wanted to drag her off of that table and get her the fuck out of there, but I didn't. She might have been scared but she wasn't trying to dissuade Dave from continuing and she wasn't struggling against her restraints. So I continued to film the debauchery before me.

By now Ole' Jo had that slab of dark brown meat standing tall. I had never seen an erect horse cock before. It wasn't as big around as I thought it would be. I've seen men with greater girth. The tip of the cock was very oddly shaped. It looked sort of like a mushroom and was slightly bigger than the stalk itself.

Mack rolled the cart with Shannon on it over under the horse. Ole' Joe had greased its long prick with some kind of gel. Then he scooped up two fingers of the same gel and pressed it into Shannon's ass and started finger fucking her brown rose. Soon he added another finger, then another. With four thick black fingers spreading her anus she started to produce a high pitch wail. Satisfied with his work, Ole' Joe wiped his hands on his dirty old shirt. Then moved back to the hydraulic foot pedal and raised the table so that Shannon's ass hole was aligned with that long horse cock, then he went to the head of the cart.

It just might be another day on the farm for Ole' Joe but the large bulge in his pants indicated otherwise.

Mack moved to the other side of the horse from me. Dave was standing behind me and to my left.

[illegible]

another breath. Her eyes were bugged out as she watched that brown snake climb inside of her. Joe pushed again. Her song became louder.

The only move from Butch was a nervous twitch in his flank. Again Ole' Joe pushed and a higher octave was reached. My guess was that she had about twelve inches of horse python slithering inside of her. I say that because there was only about six inches of cock remaining outside of her asshole.

Mack nodded again at the old man and Joe pulled the cart toward himself. Mack held up his hand and Joe reversed course. I shifted to the left a little and zoomed in on that stretched nether ring and was amazed that she wasn't screaming her head off. The old man had a steady rhythm now and on each down stroke he would add a fraction more distance to the carts roll. The horse's cock got much bigger the closer it got to where it emanated from Buck's body. Shannon started shaking which signaled that an orgasm was approaching. The orgasm crashed through her and the shaking increased. Again and again Ole' Joe sawed that cock in and out of her asshole and more and more of that black appendage disappeared up her butt. Shannon now seemed to be cumming continuously and her girl juice literally ran from her cunt. Joe began pushing harder and harder. She grunted loudly each time she bottomed out. Every fucking inch of that huge cock was now buried in my loving wife's bowels and that dammed old nigger just kept shoving.

Finally the horse whinnied and horse cum blasted violently from Shannon's asshole. I could not believe the volume of viscous fluid that poured out from around that big cock. After a minute or so, Ole' Joe slowly drew the cart away from the shrinking cock. When the shit covered prick fell out of her body a loud fart escaped Shannon's ass and she sounded relieved. I focused on her gaping asshole, I tried to get the best shot that I could, but the light was making it very difficult. It was ashamed too, because it had been a fantastic event and I felt cheated that all of our efforts were not going to be properly preserved. Cum continued to drain out of her stretched shitter. Ole' Joe untied the horse, took off the blind fold and walked the animal back outside.

The fat old farmer began removing my wife's restraints.

"Well that was a first," Mack said.

"What was?" Dave asked rubbing his cock through his shorts.

"She's the first cunt to take that whole thing up in her ass."

I put the camera down and helped Mack unfold Shannon's body. I appreciated the fact Mack was treating her with gentle care.

"This'ens one fine fuckin cunt Dave," Mack observed with a bit of awe in his voice. "Best hang on to this en."

I thought, 'I damn sure will'.

Mack and I picked Shan up between us and let her feet drop to the floor. She tried to stand but her legs would not support her. She tried a couple of more times but it was hopeless. So, I picked Shan up and like a husband with a new bride, began carrying her toward the house.

Now, I am thirty five and in pretty good condition. I work out and I'm fairly strong. Shannon probably weighs about one hundred and thirty or forty pounds. I was not even half way to the house and I was out of breath. Mack saw I was spent and took Shannon from me, turned and took off toward the house. I could not believe that that sixty year old fat man could tote my wife like she was

a sack of feathers.

I was bent over trying to catching my breath, as I watch farmer Samson carry my wife into the house. Dave was holding the door for him.

I looked down at my pants and saw that they were covered in shit and horse cum. So I kicked my loafers off and dropped my pants, stepped out of them and slid my shoes back on. Then I headed out for the house in my shirt, my shoes and my bvd's. I found an outside water hose and cleaned them up as best as I could and hung them on the clothes line.

As I entered the house Dave was sitting at the table drinking a beer.

As soon as he saw me he smiled and said, "That's a good look on you."

I frowned irritatedly at him and asked, "Where is she?"

He tilted his head toward the hallway, "in the bath room with Mack," and took another sip of his beer.

I headed down the dark hall. I found Shannon sitting on the commode. Head down, her hair hiding her face.

"Are you all right?"

She looked up at me and struggled to produce a tiny smile. "My turd's are pregnant with horses. Where are your pants?" Then grimaced and I heard some shit and liquid splash into the bowl.

"I got something on them, their drying on the line."

Mack was running water in the tub. "Call me when yer redy and me n' yer husbun il hep ya in the tub." Then he turned off the water and left the bathroom.

I knelt in front of her and carefully pulled her boots off and set them aside. Then moved over to the tub, sat on it and gently ran my hand up and down her back.

She looked at me. "I guess Dave figured I was constipated."

"Fuck that prick." I said vehemently.

"Yeah," she said. "I do occasionally."

I laughed at her joke and she smiled at me.

She took some paper off the roll and gingerly wiped her butt, got another handful and wiped again.

"I think with your help I can make it to the tub."

"Want me to call Mack?"

"Let me try, if I can't do it we will call him."

I got up, went to the other side of her and helped her stand up. Hunched over she shuffled over to the edge of the tub but could not get her leg up high enough to step into it. So I picked her up, swung her feet into the tub and lowered her into the warm water.

She sighed and reclined back against the white porcelain and closed her eyes. I picked up the soap and a wash cloth, lathered it up and commenced to bathe her.

When I finished with what I could reach without disturbing her, I stood and told her that I was going back out to the barn to get my gear and I would be right back. She opened her eyes, looked up at me, mouthed the words 'I love you' and let her eye lids slow drift back closed.

I turned quickly away from her and rushed out of the door, because I didn't want her to see the tears pouring out of my face.

I was sitting at the table with my camera reviewing the video of Shan and Buck. Dave and Mack were there with me. I showed Dave how poorly the images were because of the lack of light. You could tell what was going on but the focus would fade in and out, especially on the close ups. It was just that the overall quality suffered because of the conditions.

Dave said, "Well, I guess we will just have to do it over."

I stared him directly in the eye and told him. "I don't think so."

He said nothing and continued to drink his beer.

I found out eight months later, when I was at work. Dave took her back and had a John, a friend of mine; shoot the same damned action all over again. They shot it outside in shaded sunlight, so the shadows would be muted. They even had lights and reflectors to fill in the shadows and brighten the close ups.

I wanted to kill Dave, but Shan calmed me down and said what's done is done. It helped that the video came out great and Shannon looked hot as hell. That's when she told me that it was much easier the second time because Dave has gotten her a yoga trainer. She was telling me this while she was lying in our bed; she insisted that she was very limber now. Then with a grin and a sparkle in her eyes she told me that she could even eat her own pussy.

"Wanna watch."

Shannon was asleep in Mack's bed; she had been there for the past two and a half hours.

She had spent about an hour in the tub, draining and refilling it until the hot water ran out. I had helped her up and helped her keep her balance and she was able to step out of the tub on her own. She was also able to stand by herself while I dried her off. Then Mack directed her to his bed and had her get on it on her hands and knees. For a second I thought he was going to fuck her and I was ready to knock his lights out. But he pulled a jar of what looked like cold cream out of the pocket of his overalls and proceeded to tenderly swab Shannon's stretched asshole. I was glad, because Mack would have probably kicked my ass had I hit him.

When he finished he tossed me the jar. "Apply this three times a day and by Monday night she will be good as new."

"Thanks." I said.

Shannon was already asleep and snoring, with her butt stuck up in the air. I gently rolled her over onto her side, places a pillow under her head and covered her with a sheet.

Mack put his hand on my shoulder and we walked together back to the breakfast nook where Dave was crushing his empty beer can on his forehead.



I had just finished showing the two men the poor quality video of Shannon and Buck when my wife came shuffling up the hallway rubbing sleep from her eyes. She came over to me, sat gingerly in my lap, hugged me and planted a big fat sloppy kiss on my face.

"How yer doin," Mac asked.

"Pretty dammed good considering I had a cock in me up to here." She said pointing to a spot on her upper chest between her tits. "Another six inches and he could have peed out of my mouth and shaken off of the last few drops without getting any on me. My ass hole is sore but the rest of me is fine."

Dave said, "Get yourself a beer and bring me one while you are at it."

I looked sharply at him and he smiled at me as Shannon got up and walked as she normally would have into the kitchen. I guess when you're twenty two, you rub some dirt on it and shake it off. But sure as hell, she's going to feel it in the morning.

I helped Shannon make sandwiches for lunch. I call it lunch because it was the second meal of the day even though it was three fifteen in the afternoon. Everyone was hungry especially my wife. She ate three sandwiches and two beers. When we finished I got up to clean up and Shannon got up too.

"I got it," I said to her.

But she continued to clean up ignoring me. When we finished and returned to the table, Dave pushed back his chair and stood up.

Grab your gear dick head, you got work to do." He announced.

"You're kidding," I said incredulously.

"You know," he said, getting into my face. "You are getting to be a pain in the ass. I am going to stop bringing you with us if you are going to keep giving me a rash of shit. I am being magnanimous allowing you to be with us while I put my slut through her paces. I don't have to do that. So, if you want to be sitting at home playing with your pencil dick just keep questioning my orders and I will make sure it happens."

Shannon touched my arm.

I knew he could do as he threatened. I hated that he had that much power over Shannon and me.

I backed up and said. "Yes sir. I'm sorry."

"Damm right you are," and he stomped out of the house.

Shannon got her boots and while I was putting them on her she put her single earring back in her left ear. Once I had the boots on her I leaned in and kissed her pussy.

She looked down at me, smiled and said. "Happy anniversary."

Then she got up and went to find Dave and I chased after her. We found him in the barn next to Buck and Ole'Joe.

"Aff noon mam. sho wus mazin wut yo did thas monin." Ole Joe said looking down at his feet.

Shannon blushed and said "Thank you Joe."

One more thing I love about my wife. With all the shit she has been through she can still blush at compliments.

Mack walked up behind us and I jumped when he said. "Youin warsh thet dick off reel good?"

"Yas sar." The black man replied. "tree tines."

Dave turned to me, "Where is the best light to shoot a blow job."

I looked around and pointed to spot against the wall near the open barn doors. "Best light is over there. It could be better but there's enough."

Joe led Buck over to the block wall and secured his bridal in the wall.

Dave pushed Shannon in the back. "Suck the horse off whore."

I would have been afraid that the fucking horse would stomp me to death but Shannon crawled under Buck as if she were climbing into a pup tent. She knelt under Buck directly in front of his cock and began jacking it. It had been a little over four hours since Buck had blasted her ass full of cum and I wondered if the shaggy brown horse would be able to get up, but it was soon evident that an erection wasn't going to be a problem for the horse. And neither was it going to be a problem for the other four males in the barn. All of us were pushing cotton, as Shannon would often say, of men who had boners inside of their pants. My briefs were making things uncomfortable for me, but I ignored the pain and did my job.

I could tell that Shan was uncomfortable under the horse, not from fear, but kneeling like she was, she was too tall and her neck was bent at an awkward angle. She shifted to sitting cross legged under him and that was better, but now she was too low and her neck was bent back. But being the trooper she is she persevered.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Ole' Joe ambled off toward the back of the barn. A short time later he returned with a large throw pillow, he bent down under the horse, pushed a little hay against the wall and propped the pillow against the hay and concrete block wall.

"Res agin that missy."

Shannon scooted around and put her back to the wall and leaned against the pillow. Joe pushed on Buck's flank and shoved him closer to the wall. Now the horse was parallel to the wall and my wife facing ninety degrees to that dangling mushroom headed prick. I thought this isn't going to work, but I was surprised when she turned her head slightly to the right and bent Buck's cock toward her mouth. She was able to suck it in to her face and jack that big brown monster with relative comfort. Plus it made a much better shot for the video.

If there is one thing Shannon loves to do, is to suck cock. She once told me that giving blow jobs and gargling cum got her hotter than anything else. And I knew that the depravity of sucking horse meat was going to crank her buzz meter too smoking hot.

Shannon was moaning now and sucking hard on Buck. Every once and awhile the mushroomed tip would slip from Shan's mouth, but she would quickly jam it back in. While my wife jacked the horse with her right hand she reached down and started rubbing her pussy with her left. Her moaning became louder. Her blond hair was spread across the pillow as she jacked that fucker into her

mouth. Bucks cock was as not as hard as it had been this morning and that made it easier for Shan to get it into her mouth. She leaned forward a little and drew in a little more prick. Her cheeks were hollowed from the suction she was delivering to the end of that meat. Buck almost slipped out but she slurped it back in. I thought I saw a hitch in her stroke and her cheeks bulged a little. Then the horse whinnied and started blasting come in her mouth. At first only a little stream trickled from her lips then a little more, then I could see her swallowing and several more rivulets ran from her mouth. The amount of cum that escaped her lips was minuscule compared to the amount that shot from her ass this morning. So I knew most of it was making her lunch soggy. She leaned back against the pillow and continued to jack and drain that brown boner. Then she pulled it from her mouth and gasped for breath like someone that had been very thirsty and had taken a long drink without breathing. Now she was rubbing her tits and moaning, drinking that horse cum had really turned her on. She scooted her butt back against the pillow and she stuck that cock back in her face and tried to drain the last drops from it. The horse picked up his right hoof and bumped Shannon's arm, knocking his cock from her mouth. So she began rubbing the mushroomed head around and over her right breast and nipple. Both of her nipples looked rock hard and she continued to suck and play with Buck's cock for a few minutes longer. Then she collapsed against the pillow and allowed her pulse to return to something close to normal.

"Now suck this cunt." Dave was standing nude from the waist down. His shorts puddled at his feet and his cock was pointed strait at her.

Shannon scrambled to her feet, raced over to him, dropped to her knees and wrapped her lips around his wood so fast that I had a hard time keeping her in the frame.

Dave deposited his nut along with Buck's in no time and then he nodded to Mack who moved next to Dave and dropped his coveralls. As soon as Shannon drained Dave he snatched his cock out of her mouth and she knee stepped over and engulfed Mack.

"Joe," Dave hollered over to the old negro. "you want some of that mouth?"

"Iffin ya don mine suh, I'd luv sum dat fine whit pussy."

"Knock yourself out." Dave responded. "Just leave her asshole alone."

Maybe Dave does have a conscious, just not much of one.

"Ya suh." The black man confirmed.

Joe took Buck back outside and returned just as Mack painted the cunt's face with farmer fuck juice.

The Ole' Joe strolled over to Shan, took her hand and started to lead her to the back of the barn.

Dave stopped him, "Joe, if you want that cunt you'll take it over there in the light where dick head can film it."

Joe didn't seem happy about this turn of events, but eventually he shrugged and nodded.

"wate rit here missy, I be rit beck."

A minute later Joe return with a Futon mattress and lay it down where she had just gobbled Buck's nut and held his hand out to her. She came to him and he took a cloth out of his back pocket and gently cleaned Mack's jizim from her face, then tenderly kissed her. My wife lay upon the dusty mattress and Ole' Joe reclined beside her.

Mack and Dave left the barn deep in discussion of a topic of which I had no idea.

The old Negro began caressing her body. Over the next thirty minutes I watched a very wrinkled and leathered black man make tender love to my wife. It was so intimate that I was embarrassed filming it. Shannon was surprised and very turned on by it and came several times.

When they had finished, Joe helped Shannon to her feet, thanked and kissed her. Then he returned the mattress to wherever he had found it and we never saw him again. Shannon came over to me and grabbed my cock through my tight-e-white's.

"Dave didn't offer you any did he." She crooned in my ear.

I shook my head no, "I can wait," and I kissed her. "Ole' Joe seems quite the lover." I observed.

"Yes," She acknowledged. "It was nice, but I really only want to do that with you. I can fuck the world but I only want to make love to you."

I started to pack my gear when Shan grabbed my hand. "God, drinking Buck's cum was soooooo hot. Play it back for me." She said looking up at me, her eyes burning with lust.

I rewound the camera until I reached the spot where she had begun rubbing her pussy.

"Oh Fuck, I love that cock." She said practically drooling on my arm. "Shit, Bill, his cum was so good." She babbled excitedly. "Stop right there. That's where I felt him start to cum."

It was where that little hitch was, just before Buck whinnied.

"Can you advance the picture a little at a time?" she asked me and started rubbing her pussy.

I nodded and pressed the pause button again and the image jumped forward a couple of frames. Each time I pressed the button it advanced a couple of more frames.

"You won't believe what I did." She continued. "I kept my throat open like I would if I were deep throating a cock and let him shoot his sperm right into my tummy. FUCK I loved it"

"Here, right here is where my throat closed and I had to start swallowing. That's why more of his cum ran from my mouth." She was hopping up and down eyes glued to the camera monitor, giggling happily. God, I don't know how much cum he shot but it sure seemed like a lot. Buck shot more than was in that bucket of pussy juice Dave poured down my throat this morning."

I could see her gulping furiously on the monitor.

Fuck, look here, this is where he had mostly stopped cumming and I just had to breathe."

We got to the part where the horse bumped her arm with his hoof.

"Did that hurt?" I asked.

"Dam, I don't even remember that happening." She looked at her right arm, there was a pink scrape on it. "Wow." She said as she rubbed it.

I rewound the image and played it at normal speed. It WAS hot. We ran through that section about fifteen times. Each time it seemed to be hotter. My cock was really aching and Shannon had an orgasm as she rubbed herself off.

Finally we packed the camera away, I took her hand and we walked together to the house, my dick pointing the way and nigger sperm running down her leg. On the way in, I retrieved my pants and put them on. They were a little stained but they didn't smell.

Shan took another bath and I coated her asshole with Mack's secrete balm and lubed her cunt with KY that I carried in my camera bag. We collected our stuff, said our good buy's and went out to the black truck.

Dave had stuffed my wife's dress into my camera bag, except for the boots and the single earring; she would be naked for the ride home. Dave re-secured the blue pail to the transmission hump and tossed the funnel into the back of the truck.

"Lets roll." He said and got into the truck.

We drove back the way we had come with Shannon straddling the shifter, but he only fondled her pussy and did not try to jam the pool ball into her. I thought she might not have to ride that plastic ball at all during the trip back.

But when we got to the interstate and started up the ramp, Dave said, "Assume the position." and shifted into fourth gear slamming that black bastard deep into her cunt.

Upon exiting the super highway he jerked the ball from her body and allowed her to ride the rest of the way home with her cunt empty. He pulled into our driveway and we got out. Dave disconnected the pail with about three inches of Shan's cum in it and handed it to me.

"Happy anniversary." He laughed, "Make her drink it." He instructed me.

I took the pail and said, "Sure." I would pour it down the sink when I got inside.

It felt good to be home. I set my bag down and headed for the kitchen.

"Where you going?" Shannon asked.

"To dump this shit down the drain,"

"But Dave said I have to drink it."

"Dave ain't here."

"Dosen't matter. Come over here and dump it down this drain." She said as she got down on her knees. So I reluctantly stood beside her, she looked up into my eyes, opened her mouth and I slowly poured her girley cum into her open throat.

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## **Part IV**

I had filmed Dave's brother's bachelor party and as I have said before I don't like Dave and never have. He's arrogant, boastful and a royal asshole, he also happens to "own" Shannon.

I say he "owns" her, because she insists that he does. Shannon has been abused all her life and now she craves the things Dave does to her and like an addiction she hates doing them, but she isn't either able or willing to stop. As a result Dave dominates, abuses and humiliates Shannon sexually. At the bachelor party she was made to have sex with two dogs and then fuck the entire room full of

men.

In the first story I had written that the “cunt Shannon” in these stories, visually reminded me of the actress who played “Shannon” on the TV show “LOST”. Not quite as pretty but close.

While filming the molestation of Shannon at the bachelor party, something in her captured my sole and I knew then that I wanted to be with Shannon.

Shannon III the wedding part A

Dave and I were standing side by side in the banquet hall. The bachelor party had run its course; Dave and I were watching two men who had helped me video tape the party, fuck an exhausted Shannon.

I asked him, “What would you say if I asked you if I could date Shannon.”

“I’d tell you to go fuck yourself.”

“Why?”

“Because I think you would look cute with your dick in your ass.”

I gave him an irritated smile, “Why won’t you let me date Shannon?”

“Because she’s my whore.”

“So?”

He looked at me as if he were seeing me for the first time.

“I tell you what, my sports hero friend. I will not let you date my little slut, but I will let you marry her if you want to.”

“You would let marry her but not date her?” I asked incredulously.

“Yes,” he stated simply.

I stared at him a few moments and scratched my head.

I need your answer right now, yes or no.” he demanded.

“Right now?” I exclaimed.

“You got thirty seconds he said looking at his watch. What is your decision? Fifteen seconds.”

OK,..... I’ll marry her, but what if Shannon doesn’t want to marry me.”

“Doesn’t matter what she wants, I will tell her to do it and she will.”

“Well I would like to hear it from her if you don’t mind.”

“I do fuckin mind dick head, and if you really want to marry here are the conditions. Once you leave this room, you will not look at her, visit her or talk to her right up until the moment you say ‘I do,’ Got that pencil prick.” He said poking his finger into my chest. “In fact leave this building right now and wait in your van. Your men can collect your equipment for you.”

"But, I..."

"If you are not out of that door within the next two minutes the deal is off fuck face."

I turned and rushed for the door.

As I reached for the door knob, Dave yelled out across the hall. "The wedding will be on Friday two weeks from now. Get your own tux. I will be in touch."

I glanced over at Shannon who was on the cum soaked mattress. Mike was pounding her sore pussy and John was fucking her face. Then I went out of the door.

I think just about every man alive who has stood at the altar waiting for his bride to come down the aisle has butter flies in his gut. However I don't. I am not nervous, I'm fucking scared shitless.

I'm thirty three, never been married. Shit, married!! Fuck, I have never even had a serious relationship, but now I find myself waiting for my bride who I have only spoken to once and that was an interview on camera the night she fucked and sucked two dogs, then was gang banged by twenty men at a bachelor party.

That night was two weeks ago and I haven't seen or spoken to her since. I have not even asked her to marry me.

So, here I am, standing in the same banquet hall where I first laid eyes on Shannon. I have a blind fold on my head, because part of the agreement was I would not speak to her or SEE my bride to be until I say "I do". And to top it all off, I don't trust or even like the asshole that has set all this up. For all I know, when I say I do, the woman I agreed to marry may not even be there. In fifteen minutes I could be marrying a dog of a woman rather than the beautiful Shannon. Even if Shannon is by my side when I say "I do" she is being forced by Dave (the asshole) into marrying me. She may hate my guts, although I can't imagine why she would, she doesn't even know me.

So, I think I have good reason to be scared. In fact I have no idea why I am actually standing here. I should have told Dave to forget it long ago. Yet here I am, in my tux with a blind fold on my head. "Fuck me!"

The wedding march starts. I can hear people scurrying for their seats and the talking diminishes to a murmur. A few seconds later the gathering gasps and excited conversation ripples through the room.

I feel a piece of cloth or something light brush against my left hand that is at rest, by my side. I can smell the perfume and something else that I can't quite identify, of someone beside me.

Someone in front of me clears his throat and says, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here for a double wedding,"

I thought, 'Double wedding? What the fuck is he talking about?'

The voice continues, "You are here to witness the matrimony of Shannon Sheppard to Woof Bennett and William Ganon. I am a duly ordained clergy in this great state of Georgia and am legally recognized as such.

I tried to swallow but there was only dust in my mouth.

Again my mind raced and a question surfaced, 'Who the fuck is Wolf Bennett?'

"Shannon, do you take these to be you're lawfully wedded husbands?"

There was silence and some movement to my left. Then I heard a loud SMACK and a female yelp.

Then a female to my left said in a tired disgusted voice. "I do."

Do you Woof take Shannon for your lawfully wedded bitch?

Some behind me said. "What's your name?"

And I heard a dog go. "woof."

Do you William take Shannon as your lawfully wedded wife?

Here it is, do I say it? Am I crazy?

"I do." Came out of my mouth.

I heard the crowd go wild, they were laughing and yelling and slapping each other on the back.

"Do you have the ring?"

I reached up and took my blind fold off as Dave tapped my sholder and handed me a very nice diamond wedding ring. I held it as to put it on Shannon but she wouldn't give me her hand.

I looked to my left and Shannon was indeed there she had on a black lace veil that came down to her butt, a pair of black patent stilettos and a black earring in her left ear, nothing else, absolutely nude. She looked at me with anger and disgust in her eyes.

Dave said one word with force. "CUNT!"

She stomped her foot, made a pouty face and stuck her hand toward me defiantly and I slipped the ring on her finger.

The reverend in front of me said. "I now pronounce you husbands and wife. You may fuck the bride."

Glaring at me she practically spat. "I hope you are happy asshole, because I'll be God dammed if I will let you fuck me unless Dave forces me to, besides who the fuck wants to be named Shannon Ganon? Sounds like a cock sucking cartoon character. Asshole."

Then I heard another "woof" to my left and saw the biggest, most beautiful mastiff I had ever seen. Standing on all fours his shoulders were even with my waist and I could see the ripple if his muscles under a shiny coat of shirt tan hair. The dog's massive chest was white and he had to weigh at least two hundred pounds, probably more.

Dave slapped me on the shoulder and said. "Congratulations, meet Woof, your new husband in-law."

Then Dave said, "What's your name?"

The dog went. "Woof."

Dave turned to Shannon. "Prepare for mount cunt."



Shannon got down on all fours; her legs spread wide and rested her upper body on her fore arms. She pressed her fore head to the floor.

Dave commanded the dog. "Lick"

The huge beast moved to lap Shannon's pussy. Before he got there I could see cum running down Shannon's leg, then the dog dove in and Shannon squealed.

Stunned, I tore my eyes from Shannon and the huge mastiff and gazed about the room. My friends John and Mike were videotaping the proceedings. There were a few of my other friends and work mates gathered in one corner away from most everyone else. There were two women in that group and they looked at me with disdain. The men just smirked. The rest of the room was filled mostly with men who were celebrating. One guy came over to me and shook my hand energetically.

"Congratulations Bill, thank you."

"For what?" I asked confused.

"For what!" He parodied back to me. "For marrying the cunt. Dave said if you backed out none of us would get to fuck her tonight. It's party time!"

Then Dave said. "Mount."

The Mastiff hopped on Shannon's back and started pounding the shit out of her. I watched her get three nuts within the first five minutes of him tying with her. After tan giant coated her cunt with sperm the brute dragged her around the room, as different guys called the dog to them and laughed. A few of them petted her and told her that she was a good bitch.

The rest of the night was pretty much a carbon copy of the bachelor party. Shannon was screwed in all three holes and rarely had an empty orifice for more than a few seconds as they cluster fucked her.

At one point during the fiasco after the huge dog just had fucked Shannon for the third or fourth time. I overheard two men discussing Woof's ability to lick his own cock.

The taller of the two said. "Man, I wish I could do that!"

The shorter man looked over at him with a crooked smile, and said. "Give him a treat and maybe he'll let you."

By eight am that morning everyone was fucked out and had left or were passed out on the floor of the banquet hall. The place was trashed, just liked after the bachelor party. Dave was stretched out on top of one of the tables. Shannon was lying comatose on the floor in a pool of sperm. Woof was in the corner licking his balls and my ass was aching from sitting dazed for hours in a steel folding chair. I was the only male at the gathering that had not fucked my new wife. Even the reverend boned her twice, once in the cunt and once in the ass.

Dave rolled to his feet and staggered toward the exit.

As he passed through the door, he called over his shoulder. "Congratulations on winning the heart of the girl of your dreams and be sure to take care of my cunt."

Then the door drifted closed behind him. I was alone in the hall of my horrors. The only sounds were

the slurping of Woof's tongue attending to his hygiene and the snoring of my beautiful slimy bride.

I sighed, got up, rubbed my ass, stretched and muttered to myself. "I hope this isn't going to be a regular thing."

I went to where my naked wife was dreaming of cocks and sugar plums and attempted to pick her up. I barely got her three inches from the floor and her slippery body splashed back into the cum puddle. Being brain dead I attempted this endeavor eight or ten times before it occurred to me that I was wasting my time. Looking around the room my gaze fell upon Shannon's wedding veil.

I retrieved the black lace garment and looped it around her right leg. Then slipping and sliding on the jizim slick linoleum, I drug her over to the double doors at rear of the hall. Sunlight glistened off of the trail of cum that led back from where we had just come, it looked as though a giant nuclear radiated snail had crawled across the banquet hall floor.

I swung the double doors open and backed my Ford econoline van up to them. Then I pulled Shannon's legs into cargo area of the van. In this position she looked like she was sitting down in a chair only it had toppled onto its back. I tried lifting her several times with my arms under hers and clasped over chest but she slipped from my grasp. I looked down at my sperm covered rented tux and wondered how I was going to explain this to the rental company. Eventually I did the only thing I could think of. I grabbed two hands full of hair and rolled/shoved her through the rear doors of the van.

I found her shoes and tossed them into the truck with her and slammed the doors shut. Then I took Shannon's veil and threaded it through the dog's collar and led him to the passenger door and opened it. He jumped up on the seat and sat with the veil around his neck, as if he were "king" of all that he observed, even though his floppy ears were pressed to the head liner of the van. Then we made the first step on the long journey that was our new life.

I backed the van into "OUR" garage at "OUR" house and clicked the remote door control and it rattled closed. It seemed very strange to realize that the house that I had lived alone in for the past eight years was now "our" house. I pulled out my cell phone, it was nine fifteen am. I hadn't worn a watch for the past six years except for dressy social events. I guess my wedding didn't qualify.

I muttered to myself again. "If last night was any indication, 'our' house was going to be the least of the strange things that I would be getting used to."

I went around and opened the door for Woof and he gracefully hopped down from his throne and sniffed all the new smells. I was glad that my backed yard was fenced, because it would allow me to release the dog into the yard and not worry about him wandering off.

I opened the rear doors of the Ford and discovered that a new sperm pool had formed on the floor of my van under Shannon. Shaking my head I thought, 'If this keeps up I am going to have to get rubber sheets for my van'.

"Fuck it." I said.

I figured she couldn't hate me any worse than she apparently already did, so I just left her there and led Woof into the house.

I located a pot in the kitchen, filled it with water and set it down in front of the mastiff. Woof lapped the cool liquid down with gratitude. I didn't have any dog food so opened a package of hot dogs and fed them to him one at a time. It was like putting dollar bills into a vending machine only you didn't

have to smooth them out before you inserted them. I opened the back door and hustled the dog outside. Then I took a shower and made the decision that there was nothing I could do at that moment to repair the damage that I had done to my life so I forgot about it and went to sleep.

One eye opened and I stared at the luminous clock on my night stand. It indicated that the time was now three forty five. I assumed that it meant pm because it was still light outside. I had slept for about six hours and I didn't feel any better than when I had crawled into bed. I sat up yawned and stretched my arms above my head and heard a strange noise. I followed the sound to the front door and looked out the peep hole. Nothing there. I opened the door and my husband-in-law trotted into the kitchen, did that circle the wagons thing and when he was satisfied he had found the right spot, plopped down, put his muzzle on his paws and went to sleep.

I went into the back yard to find out how Woof had gotten out of the fence and discovered that I apparently had forgotten to close and latch the gate. After securing the gate, I took a dish towel from the kitchen and went to check on my new wife. I found her as I had left her, naked, curled up, in the back of my van, only now the sperm on her body had dried and left a crusty layer over her entire body. She appeared to have a terminal case of psoriasis.

I reached in, shook her and she groaned. I shook her again harder, and she rolled onto her back and groaned louder. I had my hand on her shin and was about to shake her again when her eyes fluttered open and she stared blankly at the ceiling of the Ford. After a moment she looked down and spied my hand on her leg, she screamed.

Then she yelled at the top of her lungs. "Get your fucking hands off of me!"

I jerked my hand from her as if she were a thirteen year old yelling rape,

Then she saw the small towel in my other hand snatched it from me and held it to her chest in an apparent attempt at modesty. It seemed that exposed pussy was not a priority when defending one's modesty.

"Where the fuck am I?" she screamed.

"Home." I replied.

"The fuck you say. I don't recognize this place."

"It's my.....our house."

"Take me home cock sucker."

"This is your home."

She yelled in frustration. "Where are my clothes?"

"You didn't have any."

"Well get me something to wear and I'll walk home."

Leaving her in the garage I picked up the wall phone and called a cab."

Then I searched my dresser and closet for anything that might fit her. I found an Atlanta PD "T" shirt that a cop had given me and a pair of old khaki shorts that were too small for me. When I came back into the garage she jumped up and again pressed the dish towel to her breasts.

"This is all I," and she snatched the close from my hand. "could find." I finished.

I stood there looking at her.

"Well?" she said looking back at me.

"Well what?" I asked

Are you going to turn around while I get dressed?"

I laughed at absurdity of her request and turned around.

After a moment I said, "I called you a cab."

Then I heard the door going into the house slam shut and I followed her into the house. By the time I got inside she had marched out the front door and was headed up the street, mumbling to herself, holding up my shorts with one hand and frantically waving with the other.

She was almost to the end of the block when the cab pulled in front of our house. I took two twenties from my wallet and handed them to him.

"See that woman up there?" I said pointing to Shannon. "Take her where ever she wants to go and if that isn't enough come back and I will give you more."

I watched the cab pull along side of Shannon and she bent at the waist to talk to the cabby. Then she stood up looked my way, and waved to me with her middle finger extended then got into the cab.

Shaking my head I wandered back into the house and flopped down in front of the TV. Since it was Saturday there was a college football game on so I leaned back and let my mind vegetate.

After the game I popped in a frozen dinner, gave the Woof a can of beef stew and went to bed.

I was watching my neighbor nailing a sign, with the word "pervert" written on it, to my house and Woof was woofing at him because apparently that was the extent of the dog's vocabulary. Then I realized that someone was pounding on my front door. I opened my eyes and looked at my clock. It indicated that it was eight o'clock and I assumed it was AM because it was no longer dark outside. I got out of bed and shuffled to the door in my briefs and opened it. Something blond flew by me and Dave muscled his way inside.

"What the fuck happened?" he demanded.

"She wanted to go home."

"This is her home." He said.

"That's what I told her."

"So why did she leave?"

"You'll have to ask her that."

Dave looked at Shannon.

"I don't like him." She blurted.

"How can you not like him? Hell, you don't even know him you crazy cunt. Why don't you like him?"

"I just don't." she pouted.

"Well he is your husband and this is your house. You live here NOW!"

"Do I have to fuck him? She asked defiantly.

"No, you don't have to even touch him if you don't want too and he won't force himself on you. Right fuck head."

"Right." I echoed not knowing why I even responded to his question.

"So what do I have to do?"

"Get me a pen and paper." Dave demanded.

I went to the phone stand and got a bic pen, a small note pad and tossed them to him.

"OK," he said as he took the cap off of the pen. "RULES" and wrote that across the top of the pad. "One, You will live in this house as dick head's wife and perform all stereotypical wifely house hold duties with the exception of having physical contact with said dick head. Two, you will give your body to your husband.....,"

"But you just said I didn't have to have sex with him." She whined."

"Woof,..." Dave continued. "at his pleasure and you will perform any sexual service that he demands. Three, you are to remain nude while you are inside of this house at all times, the exception being, when you are getting dressed to leave the house and you will have five minutes to get undressed once you are back in the house. Three, you cannot say no to any male in this house except dick head and there are three other exceptions this rule. One, no one can force you to leave the house. If I have instructed someone to collect you, they will have a note signed by me or I will have notified you in advance of their arrival. Exception two, No one can tell you to take drugs of any kind, including alcohol unless you choose to. Exception three, you will not obey any order or request that "you believe" will do permanent or excessive damage to you. Four, you will sleep in dick head's bed. Five, just to be clear, you do not have to have sex with dick head, you do not have to touch him in any way and you do not have to do anything he requests or demands of you, you may however, do any or all of the above things if you so choose. If I decide that I need to modify these rules and or add more I will do so as the need arises."

Dave turned to Shannon. "Do you understand these rules?"

"Yes." She said.

"Do you have any questions regarding these rules?"

"No." was her response.

Dave looked at his watch. Then he turned to me. "Do you understand them and do you have any questions?"

"What constitutes excessive damage?" I asked.

"Cuts or scrapes that cannot be covered with a standard three inch band-aid bandage. More blood

than would ordinarily result from a wound that might be covered with a standard three inch band-aid bandage. Third degree burns of any kind and any activity that “she thinks” might result in a broken bone or concussion. Any other questions?

I couldn’t think of any, but I was sure that I had them rolling around inside of my head, they just wouldn’t fall out.

Dave looked at his watch again.

“Take off your clothes cunt.”

“Get me a belt dick head.”

“What?” I asked surprised.

“That fucking leather thing that holds your pants up. Get me one.”

I got a brown leather dress belt about an inch wide and handed it to Dave.

“Grab your ankles and spread your legs slut.”

“Whoa Dave, what are you going to do.” I asked concerned.

“Shut the fuck up dick head and stay out of this. I am using aversion therapy to teach this cunt to obey the rules.”

Wa... What rule did she break?”

“Not that it is any of your fucking concern, but when she said that she understood the rules and had no questions, she had five minutes to get out of her clothes. I gave her eight before I told her to strip.

Shannon was now naked, her ass was in the air and her legs were a little over three feet apart. Dave placed the buckle of the belt in his right palm and wrapped the belt around his hand until about eighteen inches remained hanging down. Then he stood ninety degrees to Shannon and swung hard, right across her ass, leaving a bright red stripe across her butt and she yelped. Again the leather whistled through the air and bit into her tender flesh. Again and again he swung and each time a little yelp escaped her lips. After about fifteen licks Dave stood behind Shannon and like a fast pitch softball pitcher swung the belt around and up between her legs, the leather popped against her pussy and she screamed. Four more times he swung brutally up into her cunt. Twice he must have connected with her clit because her knees buckled and her scream contained a groaning sound as well.

Woof watched all the commotion with attitude of detached curiosity.

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## **Part V**

Shannon and I were married two week to the day from the bachelor party that I had first met Shannon. The wedding was a fiasco that resembled the bachelor party in almost every way except Shannon is now married to me and Woof a huge pure bred mastiff.

Whatever her reasons are Shannon seems to despise me and has refused to live in my house with

me. She left the house full of fury and Dave had to collect her and forcibly returned her to “our” home.

Dave drew up a set of rules that defined what was required of Shannon while inside our house. Once Shannon said that she understood the rules, she inadvertently broke one of them and Dave sought to discipline her. Dave sent me for a belt and I watched as he commanded...

“Grab your ankles and spread your legs slut.”

“Whoa Dave, what are you going to do.” I asked concerned.

“Shut the fuck up dick head and stay out of this. I am using aversion therapy to teach this cunt to obey the rules.”

Wa... What rule did she break?”

“Not that it is any of your fucking concern, but when she said that she understood the rules and had no questions, she had five minutes to get out of her clothes. I gave her eight before I told her to strip.

Shannon was now naked, her ass was in the air and her legs were a little over three feet apart. Dave placed the buckle of the belt in his right palm and wrapped the belt around his hand until about eighteen inches remained hanging down. Then he stood ninety degrees to Shannon and swung hard, right across her ass, leaving a bright red stripe across her butt and she yelped. Again the leather whistled through the air and bit into her tender flesh. Again and again he swung and each time a little yelp escaped her lips. After about fifteen licks Dave stood behind Shannon and like a fast pitch softball pitcher swung the belt around and up between her legs, the leather popped against her pussy and she screamed. Four more times he swung brutally up into her cunt. Twice he must have connected with her clit because her knees buckled and her scream contained a groaning sound as well.

Woof watched the alpha male beat the bitch with an attitude of detached curiosity.

“Now crawl over there, suck your four legged husband hard and fuck him till he is tired of you. Don’t make me come back here and discipline you again.” Then he threw the belt at me and stormed out the door.

My wife wiped the tears from her eyes and got down on her knees, silently crawled over to Woof and rolled him onto his back. She scratched his belly, cooed at him and rubbed his furry sheath until about three inches of his pointed pink prick was exposed. She then bent down and sucked his dick into her mouth and it began to rapidly expand into an angry red cock. His left hind leg began involuntary jerking rapidly like a dogs leg does when you scratch their rump vigorously.

As soon as she felt he was sufficiently stimulated, she turned away from him and wagged her rump at him. Woof popped up on four legs and sniffed her ass and pussy. Then the dog committed his tongue to drilling that cunt for a gusher of girl cum. Shannon groaned and squirmed under the onslaught of that long flexible appendage and came, spurting her juices and rewarding the mastiff for his efforts.

It wasn’t necessary for Woof to jump up onto Shannon to mate with her. He was so large that he simply walked over her until his cock bumped into her ass. Shannon would reach between her legs and guide that massive cock into her body. Once connected he drove that poor woman across the room in hundreds of rapid jabs. I was amazed that her knees did not get rug burned.

I spent the rest of the day with a hard dick but I would be damned if I would let her see me suffer.

Shannon spent most of the rest of the day on her knees getting pounded by Woof. He would fuck her then wander off for a little while then mount her again and again. It wasn't like she didn't enjoy it because she obviously did. She got at least three nuts each time he fucked her. I discovered that when he wanted a blow job he just rolled over on his back and spread his legs and she would immediately go down on him and drink as much of his nut juice as he could give her. She seemed to really love sucking that cock.

Around noon she got up and fixed three sandwiches ate one and put the other two on the table. She had not spoken a word from the time Dave left and until now and then all she said was "Your lunch is on the table if you want it."

Then she got back down on her knees and wagged her butt at Woof. He took the bait and plugged her asshole with that huge cock of his and she whined with pleasure. It got to the point that she had to keep a roll of paper towels beside her to keep from messing up the carpet. Toward the end of the day she got back up and explored the house. I assumed that she was familiarizing herself as to where everything was.

After awhile she came to me and said. "We need dog food, groceries and cleaning supplies."

I had forgotten about the dog food and I knew I needed to get some. As for the other stuff I deferred to her expertise. She had a piece of paper in her hand and again I assumed (correctly for the second time) that it was a shopping list. She looked at me expectantly and it dawned on me that I was to take her to the store and pay for the things that she needed.

"We need to bring Woof with us." She said with her hands on her naked hips.

"He can't go into the grocery store with us." I told her.

"It's cool out and he can stay in the van while we shop for groceries, but he can go into the pet store with us.

I stood and called Woof to me. She went to get the little white pleated tennis skirt and the thin white blouse that had buttons on the front and began putting them on. She had no panties and she buttoned no buttons on the blouse, instead she tied the tails under her tits and walked out the front door. I closed it behind her and locked it. Then I made sure Woof was behind me and walked through the house to the garage and loaded Woof into the back of the van. Then I pressed the automatic door opener and walked over and picked up a short length of rope as the overhead door rattled open.

She walked into the garage and got into the van's passenger seat.

"Dave usually has me ride in the back and Woof rides in the front." She informed me.

All I said was, what I would discover was what I was to repeat time after time. "I'm not Dave."

I started the van and turned to back out of the garage and noticed that her skirt was not covering her pussy and Woof's sperm was leaking out of it.

"We need to go to Pet Depot to get Woof's food."

I drove to the pet store, opened the side door of the van and tied the rope thorough the metal loop on the dog's collar.



Shannon took the rope from me and Woof pulled her behind him to the pet store. Shannon would have to have a bunch of rocks in her pockets (If she had pockets) to make her weigh as much as a hundred and fifteen pounds. Woof however, weighed over two hundred pounds. All she was doing was holding up the other end of the rope. The wind constantly blew her skirt up and she did nothing to restrain it.

Once inside the store it was apparent to me that she and Woof had been there before. The store was pretty big but I could see no other shoppers. The male manager came from behind the counter and greeted Woof, then grabbed Shannon, kissed her and stuck his hand under her dress and scooped some cum from her pussy.

"I see you just fucked our big boy here." He said smiling and fed her the dog cum on his fingers.

Shannon smiled back and groped his crotch. "Sure did Joe, he's been pumping his cum in me all day. There must be six or eight loads in there."

The manager called a female assistant over to him and he told what kind of dog food to get and bring to the counter. He also told her that he was taking Shannon into the back room and not to disturb them. Shannon looked over at me I guess to see if I was going to interfere. She had a kind of half smile on her face as she handed me the rope in her hand, then he led her through the swinging double doors at the rear of the store.

I went around and selected a leash and a choker chain. I got the largest one I could find and I wasn't sure if it would fit so I tried it on my husband-in-law. It barely fit. The female assistant came over to me and told me that Dave would not like that choker chain on Woof and would probably make me remove it. I considered buying it anyway but Woof had not been a problem so far and perhaps I would never need it. So I put it back.

"You have never come in with her before." The woman said. It was more of a question without really being one.

"No, this is the first time." I told her.

I could tell that she wanted more information from me but I wasn't going to volunteer any. She fiddled with the leash display and glanced at me a couple of times.

"Ok." She said, "Who are you?"

I looked at her and smiled, "I'm her husband."

Her jaw dropped and seemingly could find nothing else to say.

Then something struck her. "You know he's fucking her right now."

"I figured as much." I responded.

"Why haven't I seen you before now?"

"We have only been married for about fifty five hours."

She turned, shook her head and as she was walking away said, "Jesus Fucking Christ."

A lady came in the store with a white miniature poodle and Woof decided he wanted to visit. He nearly took me off of my feet before I let go of the rope. The woman stopped dead when she saw the

monster mastiff headed for her. He sniffed the poodle at her feet then he stuck his nose under her skirt and I could tell when he made contact with her pussy because she gasped and stood on her tippy-toes.

I finally reached Woof's rope and hauled him from under her skirt. When the dogs head came out, her skirt was bunched around her waist and her panties were exposed. You could tell that Woof had got in a few good sloppy licks because the material was plastered to her labia lips. She snatched her gray skirt back down and I apologized to her profusely. She huffed something about having proper control of such a nasty beast and dragged the poodle from the store, vowing never again to return.

The assistant giggled and said, "That's why I don't wear a dress in this store. That and the horny manager that works here."

At that very moment the horny manager returned to the show room a little less horny and my wife followed in his wake.

She stopped by my side and took Woof's rope. Woof stuck his nose into Shannon's cunt and began lapping the sperm from it. She stepped out with one foot to give him better access.

The female assistant walked away and spoke quietly to herself, but we all heard her say. "What a slut."

Shannon smiled at the comment. The big mastiff was still lapping away when two women walked into the store. The older woman didn't seem to notice or had decided not to notice the dog licking the ladies pussy over by the cash register. However the younger woman zeroed in on the ladies bare ass and the big red tongue sliding through her slit and almost tripped over a dog food display. Woof was now energetically digging in Shannon's cunt for the manager's sperm deposit and Shannon stepped out further.

I stepped up to the register, took out my wallet and handed the manager my credit card.

As he rang up my purchases, I asked. "Do I get a fucking my wife discount?"

He looked me directly in my eyes and said. "Sorry sir, sluts are not discount worthy at this establishment, but I do have a gift for your dog."

He reached behind the counter and pulled out a large rubber bone. Then he walked over beside Shannon and pushed Woof's head from her pussy and shoved the rubber bone into her cunt. I thought the young lady who had been staring at Shannon was going to faint.

I took back my card and signed the slip. They had put the large bag of dog food and my other purchases in a shopping cart. I pushed the cart out of the store and Shannon followed with half a rubber bone dangling between her legs.

We loaded Woof and Shannon got into the passenger seat with the bone sticking from her cunt. I glanced down at the obscene object but kept my poker face on. I was wondering if she planned on going into the grocery store like that. If she did I wasn't going to say a thing and act as if every woman on the planet went shopping with a rubber dog bone hanging from her cunt.

When we got to the grocery store Shannon got out, opened the back of the van and extracted the rubber phallus from her pussy and tossed it to Woof. Then she admonished him to be good, did a twirl right there in the parking lot showing off her bare cunt and ass. She was having a good time tormenting me, but I refused to let her antics disturb me.

I pushed the cart and she loaded it and she took every opportunity to flash her ass and pussy to everyone. Not just men but the women too. The only time she resisted showing skin was when a kid might be able to see her. Otherwise all adults were fair game.

At one point she picked up a large cucumber in front of an old couple and turned to me and said. "This is a nice one honey." Then she proceeded to slide deep inside of her, pumping it several times. She then commented. "No, I don't like that one." and placed it back on the pile of cucumbers.

The old lady was apoplectic, but the old man picked up the vegetable and put it in their cart when his wife wasn't looking.

Almost everything that she picked up that would fit went into her cunt for a test drive. After a while several men were trailing us just for the show. Fortunately we got out of there before we were arrested and made the quiet ride home.

At home she fed Woof, offered him some pussy, which he promptly took. I put away the perishables and frozen items at her instruction while the dog knocked off a piece of ass. Then she put the rest of the groceries away with a paper towel stuffed in her twat to keep the dog's sperm off the kitchen floor.

Shannon showered and sat next to me as I watched TV. I looked at her in all her glorious nudity and I got hard again. She noticed and a smile played across her lips but she said nothing.

"Is there something that you would like to watch?" I asked her.

"No." she responded. "I don't watch much TV."

We sat in silence except for the noise of the TV. Now she was watching me with her arm on the back of the couch and her chin resting in her palm. I glanced at her several times, but she said nothing. After about thirty minutes of this she gets up and stretches right in front of me.

"I'm going to bed." She announced.

"Ok." I said.

"Good night." She said, as she bent over to re-stack the magazines on the coffee table, placing her ass in my face.

"Goodnight." I said.

"Are you coming to bed?" she asked, facing me again so close I could have leaned forward and licked her pussy.

"In a little while." I said.

Then she left me to my throbbing dick and aching balls. When the show I was watching ended I got up and took a shower. I put on a pair of underwear some gym shorts over that and a huge "T" shirt that came below my shorts and got into bed beside her. She watched me when I came into the room and as I slid under the sheets.

I turned out the lights and said. "Goodnight," and turned my back to her.

"Goodnight." There was a pause. "Why did you marry me?"

"I can't tell you."

"Why not." She asked.

"No, you misunderstand. I can't because; I don't know why I married you. It's just that something inside of me wanted to be in your life or you to be in mine. I am still confused. Anyway, Dave gave me only one option for that to happen and I took it."

"I bet you wish you hadn't done it now, huh?"

"No, absolutely not. I mean I am still trying to figure out what being married to you means, but I don't regret a second of it."

I rolled onto my back and looked over at her. She was staring at the ceiling. I asked her. "Why do you hate me so much?"

She looked into my eyes. "Because you destroyed my life."

"How did I do that?"

"By marrying me. All my life I have been a possession, But when I was a little girl I had a dream that one day someone would rescue me and love me and I would belong with someone rather than too someone. I knew that it would never happen so I had reconciled and accepted that I would be a possession and that is all I would ever be. I had everything figured out. I had boiled everything down to a simple formula. I could live my life being owned or take my life and be free. Simple huh. So far I have decided that being owned is good enough for me until it isn't any more."

"How did my marrying you screw that up?"

"Our marriage fed the dream, I had everything worked out and my life, while not very pleasant was acceptable. I was ok with being a cunt. My problem is that I need to be used, otherwise I have no value. I could live with not being loved as long as I was needed, even if to be needed meant being a whore and a slut then here I am. Then the marriage made the dream a possibility and if it was possible then it could someday be a reality and that fucked everything up. Now nothing is simple anymore. Hope has reared its ugly head. The real pisser is that I understand in my head that the dream is only a fantasy because I can't be loved, because no one will love a whore and a slut. But my heart wants to hang onto the dream. I hate you because you can't possibly love me and you will eventually leave me."

We lay there in silence. Many minutes passed before I finally spoke.

"Yeah, I can see that your life was really great before I came along and fucked it up."

She laughed and slapped me on the arm and we fell silent again although now we were looking at each other.

"How come you haven't tried to fuck me?" she asked.

"Because I don't want to fuck you."

"Bullshit. You want my body. Your dick has been hard all day. It's probably rock hard right now."

"True, on all three counts" I said. "I want your body more that you can even know, but I maintain that I do not want to fuck you. I want to make gentle, caring, sweet love to you."

"So if you want me so bad why haven't you done anything to have me?"

"I do want you, but I want you to want me more than I want to satisfy my desire for you and I am willing to wait until you desire me. I guess the best way to put it is that I want you to believe and trust that the dream is really possible. I am not saying that overnight you change into someone you have never been. What I am saying is that you trust that someday, whenever that day may be, that the dream will come true."

Tears were running from both of our eyes.

"I want you now." She whispered. "I want to believe."

Whoa, beautiful. I'm not sure you we are ready. First I can't tell you that I love you, although whatever is going on in my head has to be dam close. Second, I can't tell you that I will never leave, I don't know if I will ever be able to say that.

She looked deep into my eyes and asked. "Do you believe that the dream will come true?"

"Absolutely." I responded.

"Then we're ready. Get those clothes off."

The End