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One Fine Saturday Morning...

I sat somewhat reclined in our bed, checking out the latest Reddit posts one Saturday morning, when I felt Melanie stirring on her side of the bed. We always slept pretty close together, so it was unusual for me to be awake and not spooning her. Other than those few period days, we had sex practically every morning. But not today. The day she and I had planned on for almost eighteen months had arrived, only she didn't know it. She and I have almost no secrets, but I am a bit of a sneak, and I was preparing to pull a fast one on her. A pretty big fast one, I hoped.

She reached over and found my soft cock, then looked up at me with her mischievous grin and began to stroke me.

"Sorry, sweetheart. We have a lot to do today."

She looked at me, stunned. I don't think I had ever denied her before unless I was deathly ill.

"Um... what? It's Saturday! We don't have to punch a clock." And she moved her head down to my nether region.

I grabbed her by the hair and stopped her. I pulled her to me and kissed her passionately for a few moments, then I told her we had to get up and get moving.

"Seriously?" she whined. "Well, I will just take care of myself if you're going to be a dick about—"

"No. You won't touch yourself. Not even in the shower."

She looked at me, gauging my level of commitment.

"I'm not kidding," I reiterated.

I'm usually pretty easy-going, 'kind of a take-it-like-it-comes' kinda guy. And although we'd made some forays into the BDSM world, it was almost never part of our sexual routine, even though we'd play out a 'scene' every now and then. So, me looking at her sternly and telling her flat-out "no" was rather out of character.

Even though she's quite feisty, she's also rather submissive by nature. Slowly, she got out of bed but refused to look at me.

Duke, our 130-pound adolescent Rottweiler, ran over to her for some loving. He's certainly very scary looking; but in reality, very affectionate. He growls a mean game and frightens people, but one word from Melanie or myself and he backs down immediately.

Melanie bent down and grabbed his fur to hug him. Duke leaned on her, like he tends to do, and tried to lick her face. Melanie raised her head to avoid most of the licks, but the first one got her on the chin.

"Duke, you good boy! At least someone loves mommy today... good boy."

She glared at me as she spoke. She could probably tell I was up to something but was miffed that we weren't having sex. I just smiled what I hope was my enigmatic smile. She smirked back at me, shaking her head. I watched as she sauntered off to the bathroom, making sure to hide her luscious boobs from me as, apparently, I hadn't earned the right to look at them today.

We spent the morning doing our usual weekend stuff. I made sure I was extra nice to Melanie; I made the entire breakfast, all her favorite things. I helped her clean her side of the closet, and made sure I did the dirty work in the bathrooms.

Afterward, we got the groceries, then we took Duke on a big stroll through downtown. We ate at one of the restaurants along the waterfront, even getting Duke some nice treats.

We chilled at the dog park, watching Duke romp with all the other dogs. Some other owners showed a little concern at first; a big Rottie on the loose can certainly cause concern. But they warmed up as they soon saw he was just a big goofball.

Duke did get somewhat on edge when a transient shuffled by. Duke ran in front of Melanie and assumed his threatening defensive stance; ears up and alert, his muscular chest facing the supposed threat. A low growl escaped his throat, so low only Melanie and I heard it.

"Watch this," I whispered to Melanie.

"At ease, Duke," I said.

He stopped growling and sat on his haunches, but continued to eyeball the transient while he rummaged through a trash bin.

After a few moments, I told Duke to "Stand down." And damned if that dog acted like nothing happened. He turned and licked both our hands, then awaited instructions.

"Go play."

Melanie leaned against me, watching as Duke ran to a female Collie. As she talked, I slid my hand dangerously high up her bare thigh.

"You've really got him trained well... oh... now you want to touch me? In the middle of the dog park?"

"I always want to touch you, Melanie." My middle finger grazed her crotch, feeling the slick fabric of her thong underneath her jean skirt. I tickled her for a few moments, her breath rate increasing.

"He is doing really well," I agreed with her as I kissed her neck. "He's so damn smart. But... uh oh... look at him with Lassie over there..."

Duke was sniffing and circling the female, and I could see the tip of his red rocket beginning to appear. He was getting ready to get frisky. Not good!

"Duke!" I called. "Here boy!"

Without thinking, he immediately bolted for me.

"Such a good boy!"

He came to me first, then rubbed against Melanie. She proceeded to hug him because he was a good boy. He quickly turned and licked her face, catching her mouth for a moment with his big slobbery tongue.

"Eww!" exclaimed Melanie, laughing, but quickly wiping her mouth. She tried to play it off as being gross, but I knew my girl. I knew her dark desires.

That lick aroused her.

Duke put his snout to her crotch and sniffed for a moment, he knew she was aroused, too.

"I still don't know why we got this other dog bowl," Melanie wondered aloud as we were putting away some of the little things we picked up that day. "The ones he has are perfectly fine."

"Melanie," I said firmly. "Come sit down with me."

She gave me a funny look, then sat at the kitchen table. I sat beside her and took one of her hands in each of mine, and I looked straight into her eyes.

"Melanie. Today is the day."

"The day for what—... oh... Shit! Really?"

"Yes. I think Duke's pretty much reached sexual maturity. And I think you're ready, aren't you?"

Melanie gripped my hands tight, her face flushed. But not from embarrassment, it was from excitement. She had dreamed of this for years, now. We'd talked about it extensively and did a ton of research. But it was still just theoretical, up to now. That was going to change, very soon.

"So here's what's going to happen, Mel. You're going to give yourself an enema. Don't shower, though. Clean up but don't use any soap, just water. No fragrances. Then dress comfortably and be back here in the kitchen in... let's say an hour.. Put on just a little eye makeup, if you want. This will all be filmed."

She took a deep breath and exhaled, her mind spinning.

"Oh, my God," she whispered. Her hands trembled, she looked like she could barely speak. It took her several moments before she could form a sentence. "We're... really going to do this, aren't we..."

I joked with her, "Well, it will mostly be you, not we."

She smiled radiantly at me. "You wild man. So, this is why we haven't had sex all day, you were getting me all charged up for this."

"That's right. You will wear this, too."

I showed her the collar I had delivered a few weeks ago from an online store. A thick black leather band complete with a solid buckle and two separate loops.

But the best part was the big chrome letters that spelled out 'BITCH.'

Melanie nearly swooned when she saw that. I had to pull it away as she reached for it.

"Not yet. Enema, and clean up but don't shower. I want you smelling all natural for our boy. After that, I will put you in Bitch Mode."

Mel arrived back in the kitchen precisely an hour later. I made her stop as she approached me so I

could take a good look at her. It's amazing, I thought. After almost two and a half years, just the very sight of her still enthralled me. She sighed, pretending to be annoyed at me. But she loved it, she loved the attention I lavished on her. And when I admired her, and inspected her, well it made her juices flow.

"Take off your shirt, hon."

She pulled the thin t-shirt up and over her head. Some of her long blonde hair cascaded gently over her breasts, the rest flowed down her back.

"Hands on your hips... mmm hmm... shoulders back... good girl."

Her full breasts jutted out, her stiff pink nipples poking through her hair. I walked to her, and pushed her hair back over her shoulders so I could inspect her breasts.

She was rather proud of her breasts, and they drew many looks and stares. She was concerned about future sagging due to their size and weight, but I always tried to reassure her that they were spectacular. I gently cupped both breasts in my hands, feeling their substantial weight.

D-cups. Motherfucking D-cups. Tipped with gorgeous coral-pink nipples whose lighter pink areola were a full three inches across. Just perfect.

A soft moan escaped her lips as my fingers encircled her stiffening nipples. I looked into her eyes as I gently pinched those firm nips. Her eyelids fluttered a bit and then partially closed as she enjoyed the sensations.

I stepped back and told her to remove her shorts, which she did while shimmying from side to side. Her hair and breasts swayed and she smiled as they finally dropped to the floor. She wore no underwear. That's my girl.

"Turn around, show Daddy."

Obediently, she did a half turn and spread her legs about a foot apart. Already I could see her glistening lips below her luscious ass, but she knew I wanted more. Wordlessly, she grabbed her ass cheeks, and slowly pulled them apart, showing me all she had.

She turned and smiled, still spreading her ass cheeks, and asked me, "How do I look, Daddy?"

"Well now, let me look and see."

I bent forward to inspect her.

Her asshole beckoned me. Completely hairless from lasering when she was younger, her crinkled little skin begged to be licked. I gave her a few laps with my tongue, just to test. She moaned and had to put a hand on the nearby chair to steady herself. You have to understand, Melanie was coming up to almost twenty-four hours without an orgasm; she gets pretty feisty the longer she goes without.

Moving my face down a little, I gently licked her opening and surrounding flesh while my nose rested on her asshole. Breathing in her natural scents just intoxicated me.

I could just take her right here, right now on the kitchen table.

However, we weren't here for me. We were here for Melanie and Duke.

I stood up and slapped/grabbed an ass cheek firmly in my hands. She yelled, and then moaned at my rough treatment.

"This is mine."

"Yes, Jim."

"All of you, all of this." I slid my hand over her ass and pussy. "All of this, is mine."

Melanie looked back at me. "Jim, my love. You own me. I'm completely yours."

"Stand up, girl, and face me."

I put my arms around her, pulled her in close to me and we kissed softly. I was trying to be slow and romantic but Melanie was a little too wound up for that. I decided not to tease her anymore, but I did want to talk to her for a couple minutes. We broke the kiss.

"Hon," I began. "It's going to get pretty intense over the next few hours."

"Hours?" she asked, incredulously.

I smiled back.

"Yeah, hours. I will be very rough with you at times, super rough even. And of course, Duke will have his way with you. Are you okay with that?"

She nodded.

"No, Melanie. You have to say it out loud."

"Sorry. Yes, I'm okay with all that."

"Also, starting right now, there will be punishments for infractions that you incur. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Jim."

I spanked her ass pretty hard.

"From now on you will call me Daddy or Sir. Or Master if you're so inclined, but... that one's a little strange for me."

"I'm sorry, Daddy. That's how I think of you, my Daddy."

I smiled, I loved it when she called me that. My cock was already beginning to fill. "Good. And?"

She looked perplexed, so I spanked her again.

"I... I'm sorry Daddy, but I don't know what I'm supposed to say..."

"Manners, little one. Manners are very important. I've spanked you several times now."

I slapped her ass again, harder this time.

"Yes, Daddy. Of course. Forgive me, I forgot. Thank You so much for spanking me and instructing

me.”

She looked down at the floor submissively.

“Of course, darling. I only want what’s best for you. Remember our safe words? Yellow means ‘warning I’m almost in trouble’, and Red means ‘Stop everything this second.’ Do you understand?”

“Yes, Daddy, Yellow, and Red. Thank you, Daddy.”

“Good girl.” I put my finger under her chin and lifted her face to me.

“Listen carefully. This will be unlike any scene we’ve ever done. We’re gonna go way out there.” I held her face in both my hands. “Just remember how much I love you. I’ve always loved you and I always will. No matter what transpires, it comes from a place of love. It comes from trying to fulfill both of our desires, especially the very dark ones. Just remember, I’ve got you. Always.”

Her eyes got a little glassy as I spoke. But she wanted this, she wanted to submit completely to me. We had talked about this a lot, she wanted to give me all the power.

She wanted me to completely and utterly dominate her.

And I was going to give her all I had.

I got her ‘Bitch’ collar and held it in front of her.

“Is that mine, Daddy?”

“Yes princess, it is. Are you ready to be a bitch?”

“Yes please, Daddy!”

I slowly caressed her cheek with the black leather, then moved the collar down her neck and fastened it around her throat, snugly.

Melanie moaned softly as I tugged on the collar, then I snapped the chrome leash onto one of the hoops on the collar.

She spoke in a soft whisper, “Thank you, Daddy.” She tried to remain calm, but I could see her excitement by the way she bit her lip, the way her fingers tapped on her thighs.

“You are now in Bitch Mode. The scene doesn’t end until this comes off. Hands behind your back, good girl. Now, bitch, when I ask you questions, you will need to answer in full sentences. I don’t want to hear just yes or no answers.”

“Yes, Daddy. I will answer fully.”

“Good bitch. Now, what do you want today?”

“I want Duke to lick my pussy.”

I waited a moment, then yanked a little on her leash, startling her. “What else, Melanie?”

“I want to... I want to give him pleasure, Daddy.”

I yanked harder on her leash.

“Speak the words, you have to speak plainly.”

Clearing her throat, she tried again.

“I want to suck Duke’s cock. I want him to cum in my mouth.”

“Better, and who is Duke, put it all together for the camera, bitch.” I pointed to the camera over my right shoulder.

“I want to suck our dog’s cock. I want him to cum, so I can taste dog cum.”

“Very good, and what else do you want Duke to do?”

She looked at the ground. “It’s embarrassing, Daddy. Do I have to say it out loud?”

I slightly yanked her chain a little, she lifted her head and looked at me as I glared at her.

“Say it.”

“I want him to mount me.”

Slap!

Right across her face, her left cheek. Her hair flew as her head spun to her right.

“I’m getting tired of your obstinance! Now answer properly!”

Her left cheek turned a shade of pink almost instantly. I had never slapped her face before, but she knew it was part of my fantasy. Still, she was rather shocked by it. She began to lift her left hand as if to rub her cheek with it. I grabbed her wrist, hard, and stared into her eyes.

She relaxed, looked down at the ground for a few moments before raising her head and staring into the camera.

“Thank you, Daddy. I want our dog, Duke, to fuck me. I want him to knot in me, tie with me, and fill me with his dog cum. I want... I want to be his bitch, Daddy.”

“Very Good, little bitch. Anything else?”

“I want... I want you to Dominate me, own me... use me as hard as you want to, Daddy. Do... anything to me. I need...”

She looked down at the ground again, her shoulders slumping as she tried to turn away from the camera.

“Say it, little one.”

“I need,” she said into the camera. “I need you to punish me. For my sins. Please punish me hard.”

I pulled her chain to me, she stumbled a bit, and I caught her. I kissed her firmly, lovingly, our mouths open and wet.

“This might be the last time I kiss you all day, my love.”

We kissed passionately, our tongues working feverishly in our hot mouths. My hand grazed her pussy lips and found her soaking wet.

After several moments, our lips parted, and both of us breathed hard. The excitement was palpable.

“Melanie, I love you.”

Before she could respond, I slapped her face firmly, the other cheek this time. I couldn't have her unbalanced, after all.

“Now, down. On all fours, like a good little bitch.”

She got down on her hands and knees and nuzzled her head against my left leg. I grabbed the little square sports camera so I could get some good close-ups.

“With me,” I commanded as I pulled her leash. Melanie began crawling on her hands and knees beside me, like a good little bitch.

I had my little sports camera on a stick, and I held it at length and pointed it right at her ass as she crawled naked on all fours. It was filming upside down, but that's easy to flip over when I edit the movie together. All told, I had seven cameras to film the action. Two were mounted permanently inside the house and one outside, my little sports camera on a stick, and three more on tripods. The mounted cameras fed to a computer drive while the others would require the occasional change of memory cards and batteries. All of my tripod and sports cams were set to record at high speed and 4K resolution. That meant I could have them play back in slow motion if I desired, or regular speed.

I walked Melanie to the corner of our loft, which was pretty cool in and of itself. It was an old six-story factory that built machine parts and, for whatever reason, part of the top floor had the roof and walls cut out and exposed. I guess they needed some outdoor space for part of their processes. Anyway, as part of my remodeling the loft to make it livable, we put in a bunch of ceiling-high glass windows and a glass slider to this outside portion of the loft. This outside area was about forty by fifty feet and was blocked off from the outside view by a six-foot wall. For Duke, we Astro-Turfed most of it. There was a concrete patio area with a table and chairs, and next to it, I fenced off a ten by ten-foot section with tall chain-link fencing. That section had no AstroTurf either, just bare concrete and Duke's bowls and a dog bed/pillow.

The best part of the outside space was that none of it was visible from any other buildings so we could sunbathe in the nude, as well as other things. We were also high enough that any noises made up here were drowned out at the street level.

At this point, Duke, was fired up. I left him outside while Melanie and I got ready. As I walked Melanie along the inside of the windows, Duke jumped up and down, barked, and pawed at the glass. We stopped short at the sliding glass door, I wanted to point out a few things to her first.

“Little bitch, do you see that rack over there? Tell me what you see.”

“Yes, Daddy. I see two, no three floggers of different lengths. Are they real leather, Daddy? I hope so.”

“Yes they are, keep going.”

“Well, there's also some paddles, handcuffs, um... chain, are those nipple clamps? Daddy has been shopping without me!”

“Good girl. Now look down in the corner, what do you see?”

Her eyes followed my pointed finger and she visibly stiffened, a look of fear washing over her face.

“Is that... a cane? Daddy... please no... I will be good. I promise you, Daddy, please...”

I chuckled at her. “We probably don’t need that”, I assured her. “You’ll have to beg me for that, or be really disobedient. Either way, it’s up to me. Everything from now on is up to me. But that is made of rattan, not bamboo. Rattan holds up much better and gives better welts...”

I let her ponder that for a few moments.

Duke, meanwhile, barked and jumped at the glass. He just loved us, and we loved him. He was part of our family, and although I was the one who first got him out of his cage at the rescue shelter, and I was the one who brought him home, he really loved Melanie the most. They had a special bond that surpassed what he and I had. That being said, we were good buddies; he recognized me as the alpha, and was quick to try and please me by following orders.

I cracked the door open so I could talk to Duke. I wanted Melanie to be able to get outside without being molested.

“Duke. Cage. Stay.” And I snapped my fingers and pointed to his fenced in area. He ran over there and sat down quickly, watching us intently. Little mewls and whines snuck out of him as he struggled to obey me.

I walked Melanie over to this wooden contraption I built. Essentially it was like one of those wedge sex pillows you can buy. But this one was custom made to Mel’s height from her knee to her hip so she could kneel down doggy-style and get perfect support. Being wood, it wouldn’t “give” like a soft pillow; whatever was given to Mel, she would bear the full brunt of it.

And since the wedge was made from wood, I could screw in “hooks and eyes” which would serve as tie-down points that I could attach chains or whatever too. More about that later. Right now I just wanted to sit her at the low part, of the wedge so she could lean back on it in just a few minutes.

I positioned the cameras for what I thought would be good angles, then I looked at Mel.

“Ready?”

She took a deep breath, then exhaled heavily. and said,

“Release the hound!” She said.

I couldn’t help but laugh. I loved her enthusiasm. Without further ado, I called out.

“Here, Duke!”

A black blur shot past me as Duke ran to Mel. He was so excited he didn’t know what to do, he rubbed against her for a moment, then laid at my feet, then ran back to Mel... it took us several minutes to get him to calm down with both of us petting him and loving on him.

Eventually, I backed off a few steps. Duke looked at me, but Mel called his name again. He went to lick her face like always tried to do, but never really succeeded as she always lifted or turned her head.

Not today, though.

He lapped at Mel's chin, and then he licked her right on the lips several times. She looked at me... and opened her mouth.

Duke's tongue shot inside. Mel's eyes slowly closed as she opened wider to receive his huge tongue. Duke, who was very interested in this new development, licked her open mouth with gusto.

I got behind the closest camera and checked the view screen; perfect. I could see the camera capturing his tongue inside her mouth, and his slobber dripping down her chin.

"Kiss him back, Mel."

Melanie extended her tongue so that Duke was solidly licking it. She tried to match his licks and get her tongue in his mouth, but his tongue was too big, too strong, and too fast for her.

I got the camera in close, you could even see her cheek bulge when his tongue went inside her mouth and pushed it. I could also see Mel's throat go up and down every now and then; she was swallowing, swallowing his drool.

Mel looked like she was sinking into a hypnotic state. She had experienced this before, somewhat. She was going into 'subspace.' She would become suggestible, ready to do anything, try anything. It was my job to keep her safe, but she told me everything she wanted beforehand, and we were going to do it all.

"Mel, lay back down on the incline. Don't worry, Duke will follow."

She lowered herself onto her elbows first, and finally lay flat. Duke and her broke the kiss for a couple moments, but he quickly resumed once she got situated. As he stood over her, she grabbed his head and rubbed it like she did when he was being a good boy. Breathing heavily through her nose, Mel kept kissing our dog, and taking his tongue inside her.

"Suck his tongue, honey."

I took off the rest of my clothes as I watched her suck and kiss her lover's mouth and tongue. This was my fantasy as much as hers; I wanted her to be Duke's bitch in every sense. I wanted to see her be the complete wanton slut that I knew she was capable of being and Mel wasn't disappointing. She loved his tongue on her mouth, in her mouth, all over her face, and I loved watching her take it. My cock stood at full attention.

Duke heard some birds and lifted his head to see what they were doing. Mel panted hard, trying to catch her breath. In the warm sun, the lower part of her face glistened with dog drool. Duke towered over her, a few drops of drool dripping from his mouth onto her neck and chest.

"You okay, little bitch?" I chuckled as I asked her.

She panted her answer. "Yes, Daddy... oh my... fucking God...I'm so wet, Daddy, holy shit."

"Push your tits together, sweetheart, for Duke."

I pressed two fingers onto her right nipple.

"Duke, lick." I said.

He forgot about the birds, wagged his tail, and slathered that big tongue of his across both her nipples, bathing them in his saliva. Mel arched her back as he continued to lick and lap at her rigid nipples.

“Bitch, did you like kissing our dog? Do you like him licking your body?”

“Oh fuck yes, Daddy. I could almost cum right now.”

I put my fingers to the side of her neck.

“Duke, lick.” I said.

Again, he wagged his tail and dutifully licked her neck and shoulder, tickling her and turning her on immensely. We continued with this game as we both said “good boy” over and over again. Alternating between her mouth and various body parts, he licked most of her upper torso.

After several minutes of Duke licking Mel’s upper body and delivering more kisses to Mel, I stood up and walked about ten feet away from Mel and called Duke to me.

He hesitated for a moment, he was enjoying this new game a lot. But he came over to me as I bent down and hugged him and told him what a good boy he was. He tried to lick my mouth but I politely declined.

“Maybe another time, buddy. But I got something more interesting for you.”

I looked over towards Mel.

“Open your legs, bitch. Duke’s a-coming!”

I told him to “stay” while I retrieved a riding crop from the rack near the door. I took hold of Duke’s collar and walked him right up between Mel’s legs. He caught her scent; hell she was so wet even I caught her scent. He wagged his tail hard, smacking the side of my leg. He looked at me, unsure what to do.

“Duke, lick. Go ahead boy.”

Mel, resting on her elbows while laying on her back, watched with keen interest as Duke sniffed the air some more before lowering his head. He sniffed and nudged her pussy, and then his tongue snaked out and made contact.

Immediately, Mel jerked. Duke’s tongue not only was huge, it was fast. He probably licked her two times per second. He started on her clit, and worked his way down, licking up her entire slit, gathering her juices as he went. Strings of pussy juice mixed with his saliva stretched from his lips and tongue to her pussy.

Mel pulled and twisted her nipples, a sure sign she was going to cum soon. She breathed heavily, and spoke in a breathy whisper.

“Oh Duke... yes Duke... good boy... oh fuck you’re a good boy... oh Daddy I can’t hold it... oh fuck... f-u-u-c-k-k-k.”

Duke growled at me a little as I began tapping Mel’s erect nipples with the riding crop. He’d always been very protective of her. She held her tits for me as I tap-tap-tapped each one harder and faster.

“Duke, lick. Lift your ass up, bitch.”

He stopped growling and got back to licking his bitch’s puss.

Mel dutifully moved her legs so she could raise her pelvis up a few inches. Duke instantly rewarded her move with his wet and fast tongue. That produced a bunch of unintelligible moans from Mel as he licked her asshole and vagina in one swift lick after another. I could tell he couldn’t penetrate her vagina that much with his tongue, but the speed and volume of his licks on her clit and between her lips, well, Mel was climbing quickly.

I raised the crop up several inches and repeatedly struck each nipple. The “taps” were gone, I was now whacking them.

Her orgasmic screams and full-body spasms startled Duke as she fell back on the incline; he looked at me as if maybe he did something wrong. I just told him he was a good boy, petted him, and pointed back to her pussy and said “Duke, lick.”

Now, Mel doesn’t exactly squirt, but she does produce a prodigious amount of girl cum and her secretions just flowed. Duke got very excited about that and lapped it up quickly, causing Mel to squirm and mewl even more. At one point, she went dead limp for about thirty seconds; her multiple orgasms drained her that much.

Rousing herself again, she begged for relief.

“Take,” Mel began, barely able to speak. “Please... take him off... ohhhhhh.”

I knew her clitoris got very sensitive after she came, overstimulated to the point of pain. And Duke’s relentless tongue lashing on her post-orgasmic clit was causing her some pretty good distress.

I pulled Duke by his collar away from Mel’s pussy. I snapped my fingers and pointed to her mouth, Duke seemed to understand and began kissing her mouth again. Mel grabbed him hard by the neck, causing him to lay down partially on her as they tongue kissed.

The kissing, full of tongues and juices, wasn’t just kissing. Melanie was actually making out with Duke; these two definitely loved each other. And I caught all of it on four different cameras, in high definition.

They both calmed down after a bit, Mel was able to form sentences finally as Duke lay by her side, wagging his tail and looking happy.

“Oh my God, that was better than I ever expected. He just, his tongue was, oh my God it was everywhere! Such a good boy!”

“Did you watch it on the screen?” I had set up a couple different wide screens linked to my smartphone. I could choose what camera displayed on what screen.

“Yes, it was so erotic watching that, and feeling it at the same time.”

“You want more, though, right? Something else?”

Lust filled her eyes, her expression left no doubt.

“Yes, Daddy. Please. I need, I need to please Duke. Reward him for being such a good boy.”

"Duke, up."

He stood up quickly, then stepped over Mel's recumbent body as I led him, straddling her.

Mel began teasing and petting his underside, her hands going all the way down to his sheath. She'd done this before, to get him used to her hands in this area, but not for very long. Mel's right hand stopped when it reached his sheath, then she began slowly stroking it.

After a minute or so of that, the very tip of his red rocket appeared.

Mel gasped, and then asked me in her best little girl voice.

"Daddy, will you let me? Huh? Daddy? Will you let me lick his penis?"

I struck her tits hard with the riding crop.

"His what?"

"I'm sorry, Daddy. His cock."

I whacked her tits harder and stared at her.

"His dog cock. Will you, Daddy, please, let me suck his dog cock?"

"Hmmm. You haven't been very appreciative so far today."

"Daddy, please. You own me, you know you can do anything you want to me. Anything. I'm serious. Even... even that." Mel tilted her head towards where the cane sat propped on the corner. "Please, Daddy, I'm begging."

Well I kind of like begging, I must admit.

"Make him cum, be his bitch."

Duke's little cock stuck out about an inch or so, then more of it appeared as she rubbed his sheath. Presently, it began squirting little droplets of pre-cum. Mel giggled as it showered her with this thin, hot liquid. Duke's cock expanded and more of it emerged from the sheath. I set the cameras to catch the action properly, then crawled up between Mel's leg, my own red rocket was fully engorged and dripping, too.

Duke's cock was, I thought, pretty fucking ugly. Red, grey, veiny, shaped weird with its blunt end. His knot was growing, and the whole thing was getting kind of scary big. But Mel eyed it as if it was the sexiest thing she had ever seen. As more of it emerged, the bigger it got. Mel leaned her head towards it while it continued to spray her face with hot pre-cum.

She opened her mouth, tasting it... making a face... and then savoring it... swallowing it...

"How is it, honey?"

I was genuinely curious. We'd read that it could taste pretty nasty.

"Tastes like... salty rust... and maybe blood and... it's nasty... but... it's also very hot."

She swallowed more, reveling in the sensations. She pointed his cock down and his little sprinkler at

the end of his cock shot pre-cum on her neck, her tits, and her stomach. Her body had a light sheen as he coated her with his pre-cum and she rubbed it into her skin.

I lifted Mel's legs in the air, preparing her for an onslaught of my cock.

"Daddy, I'm going to put him in my mouth."

She gripped his cock at the base and closed her lips around the tip. I chose that moment to plunge my cock deep inside her pussy. Although Mel is very tight, the sheer volume of her pussy juice allowed me to bury myself in her on the first stroke.

She gasped at my fucking, just as Duke began to hump a little bit. His cock drilled into her mouth but her fist stopped him short of doing any damage.

I couldn't believe how erotic I felt at this moment, watching my lover suck an alien cock. Juices dribbled out of her mouth, spilling down her body. I grabbed Duke's back to steady him and pumped my woman fast and hard. I wasn't going to last long.

Mel's mouth fucked Duke's big dog cock, taking about six or seven inches of him inside her mouth. I looked at the monitor and it looked beautiful, my girl loving every moment of it.

Melanie grunted three times fast and pointed at his cock while she looked at me with her big green eyes.

"Is he going to cum? Because I am!"

She nodded quickly. Mel told me later that she felt his cock throbbing and growing, and she figured his orgasm was imminent.

"Fuck baby... fuckkkk...suck him hard... I'm going... going to fucking cum in you!"

I saw Mel's eyes go wide as white fluid spewed from her mouth; Duke's ejaculation had caught her by surprise with its force and volume.

My own orgasm swept from deep within me and forced itself deep into Mel's pussy. I pumped her hard and filled her with squirt after hot squirt.

I felt her orgasming vagina contracting on me, followed by her legs clamping around my hips. I drove harder and harder into her as I continued to pump her.

During this, I watched her swallow several times, drinking his overheated dog cum. But her orgasm and his sheer volume overtook her; she pulled off his cock and threw her head back, screaming to God and moaning "fuck fuck fuck".

Duke continued to ejaculate, every few seconds or so a hard spurt erupted from his cock, spraying Mel's face and hair as she moaned in ecstasy.

Because Duke wasn't "tied", he soon became bored once his orgasm subsided. Without full pressure from a pussy or a hand, he stopped ejaculating. I knew a dog could squirt for about twenty minutes; Duke had only gone for a couple minutes, maybe. He stepped off of the incline and came back and said hi to me for a moment. I told him to "lick mommy" and he dutifully licked Mel's open, gasping mouth for a few moments. Then he wandered over to his enclosure, got some water, and laid down on his dog bed where could lick his cock clean.

Mel lifted her head, then lifted herself up on her elbows. White dog cum dripped down her face and hair. It was also running from between her tits and collecting on her tummy where it pooled, and then spilled off both sides of her. She looked like the victim of one of those porn movie "blow bangs" where girl gets bukkake'd by twenty guys. But this was from one male, whose cum was more watery than a man's. I could see the appeal to a woman. She ran her hands up and down her body, then rubbed his cum into her breasts.

I pulled out of her pussy and stuck my hand down there, collecting my cum as it poured out.

Mel just kept muttering "Omigod," over and over. I brought my hand up to her face and tilted it, pouring my cum over her forehead and cheeks. She quickly moved her head catch it in her mouth and swallowed.

"Thank you, Daddy."

I grabbed the mobile camera so I could get a shot of myself sucking the rest of my cum out of her pussy. With my mouth pretty full, I spit the entire load into her face, mixing my cum with Duke's. The cum showed nicely on the screen; Mel had the look of a glazed doughnut. She rubbed the cum mixture on her face and licked her fingers.

A woman's voice called out, "That's an amazing shot, Jim."

Startled, Mel looked past me and saw someone she never expected to see; Madeline Dawson, from the country club. Mel's face drained of all color. Then it all returned in a deep crimson, her shame and humiliation reaching a new low she never expected.

Madeline created a stir wherever she went. Her tall, shapely body and severe good looks were always dressed in the finest designer fashions that mere mortals probably couldn't afford, nor would it look as good on them.

Today, Maddie (her friends call her Maddie) wore a swoopy golden Halston dress that defied deion, other than it was sexy and showed a lot of her ample cleavage.

"What..." stammered Mel, her hands going to her breasts. "What's she doing... here..."

"Oh don't cover up, darling. Jim invited me. He thought he might need some help, but, you two seem to be doing just fine on your own."

I stood up to greet Maddie, but I didn't want to hug her with my cock dripping on her fancy outfit.

"Make yourself comfortable," I said, then I leaned over and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

We met Madeline a few weeks ago when we were checking out the old-school golf and tennis club a couple miles out of town. Maddie took an instant liking to us, but particularly Mel. Said she reminded her of when she was young and beautiful. Mel played it up big time with her, holding her arm, rubbing against her a little. Needless to say, we were voted in on the first ballot.

Madeline was the ladies club president, her deceased husband built the place, after all. She even had us over for a small meet and greet cocktail party with some of the other members. At one point during that evening, I caught her talking to one of her dogs, saying something like "Yes you good boy, stop that sniffing, you'll get mommy later." Obviously, she thought nobody was around. But I had stepped into the kitchen quietly to get a beer and surprised her. We made a few jokes but I let it be known that bestiality was something Mel and I were interested in. She helped me with some

ideas for today, and I thought it would be cool if she came over to watch.

“Bitch,” I addressed Mel. “Stay. Watch.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Mel whispered, her face turning red again as I called her “bitch” in front of Madeline.

Maddie held out her hand, which I took and helped her balance as she removed her very high-heels. She then proceeded to undo, or unwrap, her silk outfit. All she had on underneath was a black patent-leather underbust corset and matching garter belt. That meant her expansive natural tits hung free. Her garter connected to her silk stockings with those awesome little straps. She stepped back into her heels and stood with her hands on her hips, her full, dark bush on display.

I handed Maddie the riding crop laying nearby, completing her “Domme” persona.

Mel gasped, visibly aroused.

“Whose cum is on your face, little one?” Maddie asked.

Mel averted her eyes, ashamed.

“Daddy’s, and... um...”

“Puppy, do give me the courtesy of looking at me when I allow you speak to me. Now, answer quickly.”

Mel looked up at this statuesque Dominatrix.

“Daddy’s cum and Duke’s cum. Duke is our dog, Mistress. I have dog cum on my face and, everywhere else, too. And I drank a lot of it.”

My eyes shone with pride. This was something Mel and I had never discussed, having a visitor watch her, but she was taking it all in stride.

“Have you beaten her yet?” Maddie asked me.

“No, Maddie, just a few swats on her tits. I thought you could have the first crack.”

With that, I went over to Mel and grabbed her leash.

“Let’s go, little bitch.”

Mel quickly rolled over onto all fours. I walked her over by Maddie so she could see how I’d trained my bitch, then I walked her over to the “tool” rack.

“Maddie? Your choice. Whip? Flogger, paddles?”

“Hmmm... how about that flogger there. No, the longer one. Perfect”

I took the flogger and put the thick leather handle between Mel’s lips. She took the hint and opened her mouth, then clamped back down on it as I forced it against her back molars.

Mel looked awesome on the video screens. Her ass and tits swayed and shook, and her cum-soaked face dripped onto the handle.

“Sit up,” I instructed as we got back to Maddie. “Beg.”

Mel rises up on her knees, and actually put her hands/paws in the begging position.

Madeline took the proffered flogger, and then wiped it against Melanie’s hair to try and get the sticky cum off of it.

“Is there something you want, bitch?”

Melanie nodded.

Good girl, I thought. Wait for her to tell you it’s okay to talk.

“Open your mouth first, little pup. You seem dry.”

As Mel’s mouth opened, Maddie spat directly in her face. A big gob of saliva went into Mel’s mouth, which she quickly swallowed. A second blob landed just above Mel’s eye. It sat there for a moment, then joined with some cum and ran into Mel’s eye.

In that fleeting millisecond, I screamed inside my head, Don’t touch it!

But Mel’s reflexes took over, and she began to lift her left hand to her face to wipe her eye.

In a flash, the flogger snaked out and lashed against Mel’s left upper arm. The sound was terrifyingly loud, and Mel responded with a yelp. She let that arm down but, again, her instincts kicked in, and she started to move her other hand up to rub that arm.

Whack!

The flogger lashed out again and struck her right forearm. Mel whimpered but put her arms down and kept them there.

Maddie then took hold of her leash and said in a soft voice, “Come, my puppy. Let’s go for a little walk, you may need more training.”

The Dominatrix walked her puppy, her puppy with a gorgeous ass, swinging tits, and a cum covered face. Maddie walked her around the perimeter of the yard as I filmed with the handheld camera. I couldn’t hear them, but I could see Mel’s head nodding and her mouth moving. They stopped at the far corner of the area and Maddie knelt down to Mel’s level. She grabbed Mel’s dirty hair and yanked her head back, then she kissed her full on the mouth, ignoring the vast amount of dog cum still on Mel’s lips. I zoomed in as Mel rolled over on her back on the Astro-turf, obviously at Maddie’s command.

Maddie continued to kiss her mouth and proceeded to rub Mel’s body like she would a dog. Maddie’s hand went down to rub Mel’s pussy, and Mel lifted her legs like a dog would. Maddie lifted up a little and placed her breast in Mel’s mouth to suck, which she did, greedily.

I really wanted to go over there, but I kept my distance and respected their moment together. I just kept filming and, shortly, Mel orgasmed again in a quivering climax. Maddie let her recover before walking her back to where I was.

“Did you two have a nice walk? I asked with a smile.

“Answer your Daddy, little pup.”

Mel looked at me with dreamy eyes.

“Yes, Daddy. I like her. Thank you so much for bringing her.”

She smiled broadly, then nuzzled her messy head against Maddie’s nearest leg.

Maddie proceeded to unhook the leash from Mel’s collar. I was more than a little surprised, I really liked the leash. But I decided to see what she was up to.

“A little test of loyalty,” Maddie informed me, giving me a little wink.

“Mel,” she commanded. “Go fetch me the cane. Quickly now.”

Mel immediately stopped nuzzling Maddie’s leg.

Mel and I had seen the torture videos where they used canes. The skin usually ruptured and bled after just a few strikes. What didn’t rupture was severely bruised and welted. We had kind of informally agreed that wasn’t what either of us wanted. But, we also agreed, today, that I was in charge and had the final say over what went down.

I kept my mouth shut as Mel crawled slowly at first, then scampered when Maddie gave her ass a swift little kick. She tilted her head and grabbed the cane between her teeth, and scampered back to where Maddie stood.

“Drop.” And Mel dropped the cane at her feet.

“I will now determine if you get caned... or not”

Maddie pulled Mel’s hair back, lifting her face up. I moved in for the close up on her face, not sure what was going to happen next. Maddie raised her right foot to Mel’s left cheek, and gently slid it up her face, effectively wiping off a large amount of Duke’s cum onto her pointy-toed leather high heels. Maddie rested her heel on the ground, her shoe pointed in the air.

“Well?” Maddie demanded.

Quickly, Mel leaned forward, bent down, and gave the shoe an amazing blowjob. She slurped up the cum and sucked as best she could on Maddie’s shoe. She began licking up her foot and ankle when Maddie stopped her.

Maddie took her left foot this time, and placed it on Mel’s forehead, pushing her head back.

“Jim, you might want to get down on a knee for this. And help me balance, would you?”

Maddie wiped Mel’s other cheek with her left foot, gathering up more dog cum from that side of her face.

“Little puppy?” Maddie asked sweetly. “Be so kind as to turn around for me. That’s a good bitch. Jim, get close in on her cunt.”

Mel hated that word, the dreaded “C” word. I’m not entirely sure why, I think because of the negative connotation usually associated with it. She found it demeaning and hurtful. I used it once or twice early on but learned quickly to not do that again. But today, she didn’t flinch or say anything. I moved the camera in close so her luscious vertical lips filled the screen. Those lips glistened in the sun with her girl dew drops.

From the left side of the screen, Maddie's dog-cum-covered shoe appeared.

Holy shit! I never thought to do this before! Probably because I have a bigfoot. But Maddie's is pretty big, too. Might be a size ten...

Maddie placed her hand on my shoulder to steady herself, then began rubbing the pointy end of the shoe up and down Mel's already wet pussy lips.

Mel flinched a little at the sudden contact, then moaned as the shoe roamed up and down her slit, and back up over her asshole. She moaned when Maddie pushed her foot inside her vagina.

Maddie hopped a little to the side, re-positioning herself so she could hold her foot sideways.

She then proceeded to fuck Mel's pussy with her cum-covered shoe.

I got some great close-ups, and the squishing noises were very loud. I checked the video screen; Mel's face showed up well on one of the cameras. I loved watching her cum, and I only had to wait a minute or so until she did.

Mel pushed back hard against that shoe, and Maddie wiggled and twisted her foot inside Mel's vagina. She actually collapsed from her orgasm, falling forward into the turf.

Maddie looked at her dirty shoe, wet with Duke's and now Mel's cum, and looked at me with raised eyebrows.

I laughed and stood up.

"I'm not the sub, honey. She is. Hey, are you hungry? I'm hungry. Let's get something to eat."

I clipped the leash back onto Mel's collar and gently tugged upwards. Slowly, Mel got up on all fours and followed me as I led her to Duke's small fenced in area. Opening the gate, Duke raised his head from his nap, then laid it back down.

"Um... Daddy?"

"Yes, little bitch?"

Mel glanced at Maddie, then whispered to me so only I could hear.

"I have to go to the bathroom."

"I imagine you do!" I said loudly, smiling at her. I closed and latched the gate shut.

"Daddy?"

She looked very confused.

"Yes?"

"Da... Daddy... no..."

"Bitch, yes. And that no is going to cost you. Now go on, do your business now... Duke goes over in the corner. And you better not stand up or do anything not dog-like. I have two words for you, bitch. Rattan Cane."

Mel, resigned to her fate, crawled over to the corner where Duke had pissed earlier. She couldn't decide what to do, how to position herself. She knew she couldn't rise up on her feet or she would get caned. She knew I was watching her intently... she finally ended up in a semi-squat pose with one knee on the ground and the other foot up on the fence.

Maddie came over to watch, and Mel's face went crimson red as I got down low and rested the camera on the fence opening.

"Look at the camera. Good girl."

Thirty seconds went by, nothing. A full minute and still nothing. I knew she had to go. Hell, I had to go!

"I'm shy, Daddy."

"Close your eyes, then. Relax. But once you start going, open them and look here."

She closed her eyes and exhaled a few relaxing breaths. Then she "let down" and released her flow.

"Fuck!" she cried out as her woman-made puddle quickly began to spread and to envelop her knee.

"Look over here, bitch."

And she did, with a rather pained expression on her face. I could tell she was thinking about raising up, so I just said "Cane" and she stayed where she was. I continued to film, getting a good close up of her stream erupting from her pussy lips and splashing on the concrete. She finally stopped.

"Good girl, now come get a drink."

She crawled over to where I pointed, Duke's water bowl, leaving a bit of a trail from her knee. An outside dog's bowl is not the cleanest thing. A few of Duke's hairs floated in it, along with a few other small unidentifiable things, and something that was probably dog slobber drifted on the surface.

"You wanted to be our bitch, remember? So. Be the bitch that I know you are."

She bent down and slurped up a lot of Duke's water. She rose up, some of the dog cum dripped from her face back into the remaining water.

"Drink it up," Maddie commanded. "Good little puppy."

"We have a monitor inside, my lovely bitch. Maddie and I are going to make ourselves some food. Don't do anything... silly... like stand up. I will know."

Mel went and curled up against Duke on his pillow as Maddie I went inside, mostly naked, and prepared a little feast.

"Look at her," Maddie said as we cut up some chicken.

I checked the screen. Mel was holding her tits to her face and licking Duke's cum from them, sucking on her own nipples, too.

"She's incredibly sexy, Jim. You're a lucky man." I nodded in full agreement.

About twenty minutes later, Maddie and I returned with a big tray of food. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Mel watching us as we set down the two big bowls of Chinese chicken salad, two large goblets of wine, and some fresh ciabatta rolls.

We sat at the table about ten feet from the nearest corner of Duke's, and now Mel's, fenced in area.

"Thank you so much for having me over today. I like your new puppy. I must say, you have made good progress with your little bitch."

"Well thanks, Maddie. That means a lot coming from you. Cheers!" We 'clinked' our glasses and drank deeply of the chilled Pinot Grigio and then attacked our salads.

"Your Mel's pretty obedient," Maddie continued. "But, I wonder how tough she is?"

"Yeah," I said between bites. "I think she's pretty tough, but we haven't really 'gone there' before. Well, just spankings, really. But we've talked about it. She says she wants it very hard, so we will see how it goes. Oh my God, did you see her face when you told her to get the cane?"

Maddie laughed hard and we 'clinked' our glasses again.

"That was priceless, wasn't it, Jim? I Thought she was going to cry."

I looked at one of the screens, watching Mel watch us as we talked about her like she was... a puppy dog that couldn't understand our conversation.

This was part of the plan. I wanted her to feel subservient to me, and to Maddie. I needed to give Duke some time to recover so he could really cum hard, but I was afraid Mel might start to lose that subspace feeling during this downtime. So this was my way of keeping her 'in the scene'. Humiliation, embarrassment, forced subservience, mixed with some good old-fashioned physicality... that ought to do it.

As we talked more, I took a nice little strip of chicken and flung it towards Duke. It sailed through the air, went between the fence gap and he gulped it down quickly.

"Good boy!"

I broke off a piece of the roll and flung it towards Mel. However, it hit the wire in the fence and bounced back towards me.

"Aww crap."

I got up and kicked the bread across the concrete towards Melanie, and it hit the bottom of the fence and stopped.

Maddie and I both watched as Mel reached through the fence and picked up the bread, with her hand, and stuck it in her mouth.

"She did that. She really just did that. After all the nice things you just said, too." So I was going over the top a little bit; it's a scene, remember? "Jesus Christ. I'm so embarrassed, Maddie. I'm sorry you had to see that."

Maddie raised her eyebrows, shook her head, and made that tsk tsk tsk sound with her tongue. She

knew.

Mel looked around and stopped chewing, wondering what the hell she'd done wrong.

"Go ahead and swallow, bitch. Good girl. Now, sweetheart, what's at the end of your arms?"

"Um..." she pondered, wondering what I was getting at. Then I saw her face change as the realization set in.

"Oh, Daddy. I'm so sorry. Paws. They are paws, not hands."

"Yes, they are," I said sternly as I walked over and picked up the flogger. "Put your paws against the fence."

She rose up on her haunches and placed her paws against the fence, pressing them flat.

Duke looked at me.

Shit. He may not like seeing his woman get punished.

"Duke, crate."

He followed orders and went inside to his crate in our bedroom. I shut the sliding door behind him so he wouldn't venture back out.

I went back to find Mel still against the fence. I whipped each of her hands/paws five times, just with a medium stroke. Hands are pretty tough, so I knew it stung but didn't do much else other than getting her attention.

I stopped and nodded at Mel, who subserviently lowered her head and started to crawl back to Duke's bed.

"Mel. Stop."

I turned to Maddie and lifted my hands up a little, palms up, shaking my head.

"What did I do to deserve this? Is she obstinate on purpose!"

I turned back to see Mel on all fours, worried to death about what her latest transgression was, and what the penalty would be.

She watched as I lowered my head and shook it a couple times in disgust.

She pled to me.

"I'm sorry, Daddy! I really am!"

"Honey, you don't even know what you're sorry for. We talked about this. When I teach you something important, you should..."

"...thank you for it. I'm sorry, Daddy. I'm sorry I embarrassed you in front of your new lady friend. I will do better next time. Thank you for teaching me."

"Mel, my lovely bitch. The next time is now. Come over here, good girl. Stay on your knees and put

your paws on the fence again... go higher, higher... now press your tits against the fence... harder... lean against it so your tit flesh spills through the openings... good girl."

The diagonal wires in a chain link fence create a diamond pattern, and Mel's ample breast flesh pressed through a lot of these diamonds. Her nipples seem to stand out particularly strong.

"Keep your eyes open, honey. Watch Daddy as I teach you."

Gripping the flogger tight, I reared back and let it fly.

Smack!

"Owww!" Mel moaned, rather stunned by the pain. "Thank... thank you... Daddy."

Smack... SMACK!

Oh, those two really hurt. I could see red marks forming on her tits, and of course, her nipples were rock hard.

Mel struggled but got out a meek little "thank you." She started to pull away from the fence, but she caught herself just in time and redoubled her efforts to mash her tits hard into the fence.

I have to admit, I really got off on hurting her tits. Something from my childhood I'm sure, but I really loved it.

"Does it hurt, baby girl?"

"Yes... Daddy." She whispered. "But, in a good kind of way. Thank you for asking."

Smack SMACK!

"You want to rub them, don't you. Try and make them feel better, right?"

"Yes Daddy," she sobbed quietly. "But I won't. I want...(sniff) you to be proud of me. And thank you."

She sniffed harder, her eyes watery from the sting of my flogger.

SMACK SMACK SMACK!

Goddamn, my cock was fucking rock hard.

Tears flowed down her cheeks, and her nose ran, but she didn't scream or break down, or wipe her nose. She breathed raggedly, though. And when she tried to talk her voice cracked, and her shoulders jumped a little.

She whispered, "Thank... you... Daddy man."

I turned to Maddie, who by this time had gotten up from the table for a closer look.

"She's pretty tough," Maddie said, impressed. "I'll give her that."

Mel looked her in the eye, defiant. She cleared her throat and spoke loudly.

"I can take whatever you have to give, Mistress Maddie."

I gave her one last Smack across both tits, my hardest hit yet.

She flinched a tiny bit but defiantly held Maddie's gaze.

"Thank you very much, My Owner."

I smiled, realizing she was getting a little bratty, and finding I liked her being bratty.

"Scoot back, bitch," I ordered. "But stay upright. We need to see."

As Mel inched her way backward, her breasts stuck to the fence for a moment, being as they were smashed in so hard. The tips of her breasts were a bright red mass, only on the edges could you see individual red stripes. Curiously, the chain-link fence left white imprinted diamonds, creating a stark contrast to the battered areas.

Maddie looked at me and nodded, pleased with my work.

"Let's open the gate," I said.

I took Mel's leash and walked her over to the dog fuck wedge I built. She crawled up to it, so her thighs leaned up on the vertical piece. Then she laid her stomach and tits on the downward sloping wedge piece. I helped put the leather cuffs on each of her wrists. Each cuff was chained to an eyebolt (a metal loop on a screw) so that she was shackled to the wedge. Attached to the base was a thick chain that hooked on to the lower side of the wedge. I took the chain and wrapped it around the back, on the outside of the back of her knees. Hooking it on to the other side, Mel was effectively locked in place.

"Mel, raise yourself up."

She struggled, but couldn't lift herself more than a couple inches off the wood.

Perfect.

"Move your legs, try and push your legs back."

Again she struggled, but the restraints worked perfectly, holding her tight into the doggy-style position.

Although I made this wedge device for Mel to get fucked by Duke, it doubled as the perfect ass whipping station, too. Her round ass stuck high up in the air, her asshole and pussy on display and within easy reach. This was going to hurt, I mused.

I fiddled with some of the cameras again, getting them properly positioned. Then I handed Maddie the flogger, and said, "Do Your Worst."

Maddie bent down to Mel's level.

"What do you want, bitch?"

"I want you to beat me, if you would, Mistress. You and Daddy. Please."

"With the cane, little puppy?"

Mel gulped hard.

"If I have a choice, I'd rather not. But it's up to you, of course, Mistress."

Maddie dragged the leather flogger down Mel's back, tickling and teasing her. She continued to drag it all along Mel's exposed body, with Mel purring and often cooing as different parts were teased. Maddie was excellent at building the tension, the anticipation... I took mental notes, to be sure.

Maddie slowly increased the speed of the flogger up and down her legs. Then she did the slow 'helicopter' motion with the flogger, moving her hand in a circular fashion, making the flogger spin, so the flails struck Mel's skin. But, right now, 'struck' was the wrong word; Maddie was still just playing. Our new Mistress friend brought the gentle helicopter spins right between Mel's legs, gently tickling her pussy in an upward motion. Mel moaned softly, enjoying the sensations.

Maddie put a little more effort into it, using her forearm now to increase the pressure, which Mel appreciated. But then, she put her elbow and upper arm into the rotation, and the pleasurable little taps became pretty heavy-duty slaps. My new hero, the Flog-Mistress, worked her way up from Mel's clit, spinning the flogger hard and moving up an inch each spin. Her swollen pussy lips bounced from the impacts. Glorious. Maddie seemed to spend extra time once she got to Mel's asshole, then she proceeded back down Mel's dripping slit.

At the same time, Mel's sexy little moans turned into quick little gasps of "an, ah, ah," as each fast strike impacted her sensitive area. And try as she might, she couldn't move out of the way, couldn't turn or twist to avoid the impact, couldn't rub her pussy to try and make it feel better. Mel was chained down, defenseless, and we could beat her as we pleased.

My cock was oozing pre-cum at an impressive rate. I knelt over Mel's face and drizzled her cheeks with it. In between her grunt-gasps of pain, she tried to lick it from her cheeks and lips. I worked up some saliva and dropped a few gobs on her cheek and in her mouth.

Now, I'd done my "three Esses" early this morning. That's uh... shit, shower, and shave, in that order. So I was all nice and clean, but that was almost eight hours ago. Running around all day, then these activities out in the sun, well I'm sure that I had a decent case of swamp ass developing. I thought Mel might enjoy that.

So I scooted myself down to lay on the turf and the edge of the wedge so that my ass and balls were right in Mel's face. Again, she was chained down on her stomach, but she could tilt her head up a bit. I lifted my legs high and scooted the final inch or so up to her upturned face... and was quickly rewarded with her hot tongue on my asshole.

Oh fuck, she knew how to eat ass! Plus, she couldn't lift off me much, so her mouth was pretty much planted on me. But she worked her tongue over my asshole, sliming me and relaxing me so she could then press it inwards. With her nose pressed against my hard taint, her wet tongue snaked up inside my asshole.

The feeling was incredibly naughty, forcing this beautiful woman to endure high levels of pain and have her lick my asshole at the same time. Maddie commanded her to "go deeper, bitch!" while increasing the velocity of her flogger strikes. Mel's tongue pushed deep into my asshole, the sensations as she swirled it around we're almost indescribable.

I stroked my cock for a while, getting right up to the edge, but then I stopped because I didn't want to cum like this. No, I had plans for my cum, and they didn't involve wasting it on my own stomach.

Reluctantly, I rolled away from Mel's naughty tongue. It was time to get down to business. Maddie

stood upright, breathing a little heavy from all her exertion.

“May I?” I asked with my hand out. She handed over the flogger with a smile. “You’ve done a marvelous job, I just want to get a few licks in before I bring Duke back out.”

“Sure thing, Jim. I’m going to do your move, though. I need my pussy licked, badly.”

Grinning at me, she got down in front of Mel like I was a minute ago, and forced Mel to lick her hairy pussy.

I took a moment to examine my restrained lover. A thin film of sweat covered her body, getting flogged relentlessly will do that. Her pussy glowed red, and her ass cheeks glowed a soft pink. Mel’s restraints on her thighs looked good, but as I moved in closer, I saw something that surprised me; the piece of vertical wood was wet. Not from sweat, but Mel’s pussy. She was leaking so much that it left a mark on the wood.

What a fucking horny bitch! I thought to myself.

I slipped my hand underneath her, my middle finger finding her clitoris. Instantly, she moaned and clenched, her pussy lips flexing at me. More than anything, I wanted to jump on her and fuck her hard. With Mel moaning and Maddie groaning, we could have a triple orgasm!

With my cock screaming at me in disgust, I stood up once Mel finished cumming. Grabbing the flogger tightly, I released my pent up frustration on Mel’s ass.

Smack!

Mel screamed right into Maddie’s pussy, who then began cumming from the extra pressure and vibrations on her puss.

“Oh fuck,” moaned Maddie. “That’s incredible! Hit her again!”

I wound up and hit Mel’s ass even harder.

Smack!

Mel’s muffled scream drove Maddie into another frenzy. I grabbed Mel’s long ponytail and lifted her head up just in time to see Maddie’s pussy squirting into Mel’s face. I released her hair, and she dropped back down, swallowing as best she could.

Maddie grabbed her big tits, pushing them together. She begged, “Jim if you would... fuck... be so kind as to... strike me right here... fuck, I’m still cumming.”

Happily, I whacked the flogger across both her tits and nipples. I know I had to have gotten her fingers in there, too. Nevertheless, she just yelled “Again!... again!” at me.

After six strikes, she nodded at me, and I stopped. I checked the clock; it was an hour and twenty minutes since Duke had cum on Mel’s face. I was pretty sure he had enough rest.

I helped Maddie up while Mel lay there panting, like a bitch, her face dripping with female cum.

“That was incredible!” Maddie said excitedly. “Never had anyone scream into my pussy before.”

“I liked smacking your tits, thank you.”

"Oh it was my pleasure, I assure you." Her eyes twinkled at me. "I want... more of this, with you both. I am a complete switch, as maybe you noticed. Next time I want you to dominate both of us." She leaned forward and kissed me while she gave my cock a squeeze, her tongue teasing my lips for a moment.

I broke the kiss and looked down to see Mel looking up at us. She was breathing through her nose again, so I knelt down to talk to her in a quiet whisper.

"Mel, how are you? Yellow? Red?"

She smiled at me. "I'm green, Daddy man. I'm so green right now."

"Am I hitting you too hard?"

She squinted her eyes at me.

"Not at all. I won't let you break me, not in front of her."

I kissed her wet lips.

"I love you," I said sincerely.

"I know."

I looked around for my flogger, I had dropped it on the ground a few minutes ago. Finding it, I gave her a solid Whack right on her ass crack. The tendrils of the flogger slapped her asshole and curved around to whip her vagina.

"You know? I'm serious with you, and you're pulling Han Solo shit on me? You know that just makes me love you even more... bitch."

She laughed and smiled until I stood up and beat her ass five times in rapid succession.

Her eyes slammed shut, and she clenched her teeth, Mel was struggling with the pain. And I knew she wasn't kidding. She wouldn't break, wouldn't tap out in front of Maddie. I was so fucking proud of her. But I knew enough was enough, for today, anyway. I knelt down in front of her again, it was a bit difficult for her as her body was angled downward. I grabbed her ponytail and gently lifted her head up.

"Mel, are you ready for Duke?"

Her eyes sprung open, and she gave me a huge smile.

"Yes!" She croaked. "Yes, I am."

"What do you want?"

"I want him to mount me."

I leaned towards her and stretched my arm out to the fullest so I could...

Whack ... her right in her ass crack.

"I mean, I want him to rape me. And you too."

Whack!

“You want Duke to rape me?”

I laughed a little to myself.

“I’m sorry Daddy. Thank you. I want Duke to rape me, fuck me, make me his bitch. And I want you to do the same thing; fuck me, take me hard, rape my ass, Daddy. I am your bitch.”

“And why is that, Mel?”

She paused, a little perplexed.

“Um... because it’s... super hot?”

Whack!

“No, it’s because you are just a cunt for dogs, aren’t you.”

She paused a few moments, then answered, “Yes... Daddy.”

Whack!

“Say it.”

I know she hated that word, but we weren’t going forward until she said it. Why? Why am I making her say this? I was a little bit worried about how much I was enjoying this.

“I’m a... cunt for dogs.”

Whack!

“Good girl. I’ll go get him.”

“Thank you,” she eked out. “Thank you, Daddy, for letting our dog fuck me.”

She rested her head back down on the wooden incline.

Duke was in his crate but ready to get out. He stayed by my side, as commanded, while we walked through the house. He got very excited, though, when he saw Mel’s ass through the glass. I had to remind him twice to stay with me so he wouldn’t bolt.

Melanie looked back over her shoulder as Duke sat on his haunches next to me, mewling with excitement and nervousness.

“Bitch, call him over.”

“Duke!” Mel called. “Here boy!”

She didn’t need the ‘Here boy’ as he was already moving towards her. He ran up and nuzzled her face, licking and kissing Mel full on the mouth. I’m sure this was interesting for him as she was covered with Maddie’s pussy right now.

She told him he was a good boy, but she was unable to pet him as her hands were still shackled to the wooden wedge.

I walked over to Duke and began talking to him and petting him. His tail wagged quickly, and he jumped around quite a bit. He still busied himself with Mel's face, though. Maddie got some good closeups with the handheld as I let the male and the bitch get reacquainted with each other. His tongue diving into Mel's open mouth still fascinated and turned me on to no end.

Finally, I pulled Duke's collar a little bit, suggesting he come behind Melanie. He sniffed and licked and prodded his nose all around her, then settled on licking her pussy and asshole.

Duke looked up at me while he did so, I just told him "Good boy!" and he kept going. Mel moaned as his fast licks did a number on her.

"What's he doing, bitch?"

"Oh God, he's licking my puss... I mean... my cunt so good Daddy."

I smiled, pleased with her, pleased with myself, and pleased that Duke's cock started to emerge. He started humping the air as he licked my love.

I patted Mel's back.

"Up boy, up!"

With little hesitation, he jumped up and set his forelegs on the wood astride of Mel's back. Two inches of his cock stuck out as he humped and humped, but he still wasn't close enough yet.

"Come on, Duke, up! Up!"

He grasped Mel with his forelegs and pulled himself up forward. Instantly, he scratched Mel's sides with his vestigial toe partway up each leg. Mel didn't say anything, but I saw her grimace in pain; she didn't want to upset or scare Duke. Then he put his weight on her, and she grunted and gasped, trying to breathe with a huge Rottweiler on her back.

Duke's cock was now about three inches out, squirting hot pre-cum on Mel's ass and vagina but his humping was still missing the mark. Because of our research, I knew this might happen the first few times, he would need assistance.

I took a deep breath and reached underneath him and grabbed Duke's cock with my left hand and lined it up with Mel's opening. With my right arm wrapped around his hind end, I shoved him forward, and he was in!

"Fuck, Daddy! He's fucking me! Oh shit, he's growing too!"

Duke humped and fucked his bitch hard and fast. Earlier, I estimated his cock at maybe seven inches, then his knot at maybe two inches when engorged. I knew once he entered her, he would begin to swell, and his full length would fill her. Melanie was getting nine inches of canine cock. I looked at the big screen, the joy on her face completely evident.

"Daddy, he's squirting inside me! It's so hot!"

Duke seemed pretty stable, so I loosened my grip on him. He stayed where he was, humping Mel's pussy at a furious rate.

I got down low behind him with the camera. He was fucking her with blinding speed and power. And then I saw it; his knot began to fill and expand. A dog's knot is just part of his penis. Based on the

size of the dog, it can get about as big as a tennis ball. Its purpose is to 'tie' the male to the female so he can ejaculate all his sperm inside her. It swells up to where the female can't get away, she's "knotted" or "tied" by the male.

"Daddy... ohhh he's so deep... oh Daddy I want to cum when he does. Please Daddy, rub my clit so I can cum."

"Rub your what? I think that's the wrong C-word."

"Daddy," she begged. "Please rub my nasty, filthy cunt. Please Daddy."

I did her one better, I unlocked her right hand. Immediately, she reached between her legs to rub her filthy cunt, as she called it.

Duke's tail wagged hard and he suddenly stopped humping.

"Oh Daddy he's swollen in me... oh Jesus his knot..."

She couldn't talk as the pain tore through her body. His knot grew and grew to its full size. I could only see the bare edge of it as it was almost fully inside her. It must be stretching her so much. She grimaced and then cried out in pain as tears ran down her cheeks.

I could see her arm working underneath her as she tried to offset the pain with pleasure.

Duke growled a bit and then slumped; his orgasm had begun.

Inside Mel, he fired shot after shot of 103-degree dog sperm. She stiffened as the pressure on her g-spot and her fingers on her clit combined to overwhelm her senses.

Her body trembled and shook, she moaned like I've never heard her before, and I watched as she fainted, collapsing completely under Duke's heavy body.

She came around after several moments, only to feel his hot jizz still squirting inside her womb. She wriggled her fingers and came again. And then again.

A dog will usually stay tied for twenty minutes at least, maybe even up to thirty or forty. And the entire time, he is ejaculating. As my dog continued to cum inside my woman, I worked my way down to talk with her, though she was rather incoherent, for the most part.

"Bitch?" I whispered to her.

Her eyes fluttered, and she tried to focus on me. "Wha-... what Daddy."

"What are you, my love?"

"I'm a... cunt... for Duke... and you."

Another orgasm swept over her.

"Yes, Melanie. But you are also my love, my one, and only love. Do you know that?"

She winced in pain and then moaned with pleasure as her latest orgasm coursed through her body.

"Yes, Daddy... Thank... Thank you so much for this... oh God, I'm cumming again... I can't stop,

Daddy.”

Tears coursed slowly down her face. Her dream-like trance indicated these were mostly tears of joy and ecstasy, and probably mixed with some pain from Duke’s engorged knot.

Mel panted like a dog. She later told me a lot of that was due to the fact that most of Duke’s 130 pounds were resting on her back, making it hard to breathe. But I also know my girl; she loves that feeling of being physically overwhelmed, pinned and unable to move due to her partner’s body holding her down.

Mel continued to cum, resting a little in between, then I would see her arm move just a bit and she would cum again. Duke licked her neck now and then, but mostly he just hung out, ejaculating his seed into his bitch. I was sure to pet him and tell him he was a good boy. It was important that he knew this new game was a good thing.

His mouth drooled all over Mel’s neck and hair as he panted and squirted. The pace of her orgasm slowed considerably as she seemed to lose strength. I guess twenty or thirty orgasms will do that to a girl.

I went to her and held and kissed her left hand, I think that was probably the cleanest part of her body. She looked at me with her glassy green eyes and smiled. She shook a tiny bit as another orgasm erupted in her pussy.

Presently, Duke began getting a little fidgety. He started looking around and mewling a bit. I figured he was close to getting finished.

“Maddie, get Duke’s bowl, okay? I think they are about to untie. Quickly, please.”

I had to hold Duke’s collar until Maddie returned with his food bowl and held it against Melanie’s legs beneath her pussy and Duke’s knotted cock. I let go of his collar, and our big Rottweiler began backing up, then pushed himself completely out and off Melanie.

Dog cum squirted out of Melanie’s pussy and into the bowl. A deluge. I watched, astonished, as his bowl filled with the watery, whitish cum. It had to have been like a quarter of a cup, maybe even a third, where humans just put out a couple of teaspoons, maybe.

“Kiss Mama,” I instructed Duke.

He was just standing there, unsure what to do. Dutifully, he went and licked Melanie on her open mouth again, his tongue lapping deep in her mouth as she lay there, spent and dazed. He would have licked her all night, I think. He was really bonding with Melanie. But after a couple minutes, I called him over and loved on him, telling him he’s such a good boy.

Duke looked exhausted, I told him “Crate,” and he went into the house and got in his crate. Poor guy was worn out after his first fucking.

I took the bowl from Maddie and placed it near Melanie’s face.

“Sweetheart, look what Duke made for you.”

She roused herself from her cum-coma to see the bowl. She lifted herself up to peer inside and saw the dog cum sloshing in there. She looked up at me, awaiting orders.

“Push your face in it, as much as you can. I want it all over your face, then rise up and look at the camera.”

She did just that; turning her head from side to side, then up and down inside the bowl. Entire sections of her hair also fell into the bowl, also getting covered.

She raised her head and tried to look at the camera in my hand. The cum-glaze covered her face and dripped down in sheets towards her chin where it poured back into the bowl. She couldn't open her eyes for a few moments until the cum had thinned out somewhat. Even then, she blinked a lot, trying to see.

The camera caught it all, and I knew I would play this part back in slow motion.

“What are you, Melanie? Remind us, please.”

“I'm a cunt for dogs. I am... a fucking whore slut for you, Daddy. And for Duke.”

“How was your first time fucking a dog, honey?.”

“It hurt like hell, for a while... but I also came harder than I ever have before. I... I think I'm in shock or something. It's an overwhelming feeling.”

I wanted to kiss her, hold her, comfort her, and be with her... but her face was covered in dog cum and I had this raging hard-on. And I wasn't finished with my bitch, Melanie, yet.

“Mel, love, put your face back down into the bowl and drink his cum. All of it. Slurp it into your mouth and show the camera. Then swallow.”

“Yes, Daddy. Yes, my love.”

And she did. She made fantastic slurping noises, and my camera caught her pursed lips as she sucked up cum. Five times she did this, showing me her mouth full of dog cum before I nodded and she swallowed. Five fucking times watching my beautiful woman dunk her face in dog cum and drink it like a little bitch.

After the last time, I stuck my steely cock inside her mouth and fucked her face with Duke's cum surrounding my cock. It felt fucking great. But I had one last plan for her.

I pulled out of her mouth and asked her, “Would you like a nice ass-fuck sweetheart?”

“Yes Daddy! Please... please rape my ass.”

I asked Maddie to scoop some of the cum off of Melanie's face and deposit it on her asshole. Then I shoved my cock in Maddie's mouth, ensuring that Melanie could see me do this, so that my cock would be fully wet.

“Oh God, Daddy... that's so hot... I want you to fuck my ass hard. I want... I want you to rape me...”

I locked her hand back in its chained cuff so that, once more, she was completely immobilized.

I clambered up on top of her, resting my cock on her back door entrance, awash in Duke's dog cum, while I kept most of my on my hands and feet. After carefully positioning myself, I let myself drop an inch or so into her. With her body on the board, there was no way for her to reduce the impact, no “give” in her position.

My cock head stabbed her asshole, my thick mushroom plowed through her sphincter.

Melanie screamed in pain, then rested a few moments, and eventually whispered, "Do it. Make it hurt, Daddy."

With one inch in already, I let myself fall. All my weight landed on her, and all the remaining six and a half inches of my thick cock plowed straight into her barely prepared asshole.

Melanie shrieked like a banshee. I looked at the screen to watch her face as she winced, as she cried out, and as she began to cry. Yes, even with the dog cum still on her face, I could see her tears beginning to fall.

I whispered in her ear, so low that neither Maddie nor the cameras could pick it up. "Yellow or Red? It's okay, say it honey."

She turned her head back to me, and I moved my head to that side so we could see each other. Her face hardened. She spoke in a low, almost menacing tone through her gritted teeth.

"Get to work, Daddy. I don't want her to see you break me."

She turned her head so that she looked directly into the camera. With each long hard thrust of my cock into her tight asshole, she winced and grunted "Fuck". I have never been more proud of her, my Melanie. She was competitive, so I knew I had to be careful not to take her too far, now that she was so deep in subspace. But I also knew she didn't want to "tap out", not with Maddie watching.

Speaking of Maddie, I asked Melanie, "Sweetie, would you like Maddie to rub you? Ask her properly now..."

"Maddie would you... (unh)... please rub my... (unh)... rub my filthy... (unh)... nasty... dog-fucked cunt?"

As Maddie slid her hand under Melanie's pelvis, I grabbed Melanie's hair and moved it to her right side, exposing her left shoulder and neck area. I leaned back down on her and picked up my rate of ass-fucking. I rutted in her ass like a wild animal, like a wild dog, even.

Then I made my move. Actually, Melanie taught me this one; it never even occurred to me to do this but she said it made her feel so submissive, so owned, so... loved...

I kissed her neck, right where it began to rise up from her shoulder. It tasted strange, a combination of her sweat and Duke's cum and drool, probably. But what the fuck; you pays the price and you take your chances. I began to suck on her neck.

Melanie was still grunting "Fuck" about two times a second, but she took time out from that to scream again as my teeth sank into her soft flesh. Her whole body flinched, trembled, and then tightened up as her orgasm began.

Her ass clamped down on my throbbing cock as her pussy clenched with orgasmic waves. She moaned low and loud as wave after wave pulsed through her entire body. I tasted that coppery taste of blood in my mouth; and I swallowed it all down.

I felt her cum waves as they made her ass twitch. My own orgasm rocketed through my cock, showering the inside of her ass with powerful jets of sperm, again and again, and again... filling her hole with cum.

Utterly spent, we basked in the glow of post-orgasmic bliss. Time passed. I gently licked her new wound, cleaning it up. Then kissed her neck tenderly, whispering how proud of her I was and how much I loved her. She cried quietly, releasing the last bit of pent-up emotion. I couldn't bring myself to kiss her cheek or lips, she was still covered in dog cum.

At some point during the anal rape, Maddie came herself, several times. She leaned down and kissed me, then kissed Melanie on her cummy lips. We promised to talk the next day, she dressed and let herself out.

I grabbed the little sport camera and made sure to film my cock pulling out of Melanie's asshole. She gaped, oh like a fucking pornstar! I easily slid three fingers into her cum-filled ass, eliciting another moan from Melanie.

I crawled up to her and stuck my cock into her mouth so she could clean me. It was kind of a ritual, her cleaning my cock. No matter where it's been. She lovingly licked and sucked all my cum down her throat.

"Melanie... I love you so much, you know that don't you?"

She nodded dreamily.

"And I love you, Daddy. More than you can possibly imagine."

I carefully unbuckled her wrists, then took the chain off her legs. She reluctantly began to rise up, but then she rose up too far.

"Whoa, honey!" I yanked her chain a little. "You're still in bitch mode, my love. Do you trust me?"

She looked at me and nodded, then whispered, "Yes, Daddy."

"Good girl. Let's have one last drink and pee before bedtime."

And I walked her on her leash to the fenced enclosure. Even after being so thoroughly worn out, she still crawled in a sexy way; she just couldn't help but be sexy. She bent her head down and slurped up water from Duke's bowl. Then she ambled over to the pee corner and, with no hesitation, she peed on the concrete. The hot liquid splashed over both her legs and feet, and she didn't even care. I pointed to Duke's big round pillow bed.

"Lay."

Melanie slowly crawled onto the big dog pillow, and lay down on it, curled up in an almost fetal position.

"Good night, my love."

She looked at up me with the most sorrowful eyes you ever saw. Glistening, pleading, her eyes tugged at my heart. She thought I was really going to leave her out here. To be honest, it occurred to me to do just that. But, I missed my Melanie. I wanted to kiss her, and hold her, and love her.

I smiled enigmatically and walked inside the house, shutting the slider and locking it behind me.

When I knew she couldn't see me, I dashed into our master bedroom and turned on the hot water for

the tub. It held a couple hundred gallons or more, it would take a while to fill up. But the nice thing about it was that it had built-in Jacuzzi jets and it's own separate heater so the water would stay hot.

I went to the kitchen and began lighting every candle we had, and we had a lot. I placed them in the bathroom, around the tub, in the bedroom, and in the hallway leading to it. Then I opened her favorite white wine and poured a very large chilled glass, and also poured her a giant ice-water. I got some grapes and bits of cheese and salami and made us a little plate for the bathroom.

Satisfied, I... wait! I told Alexa to play some soft love songs, and she rewarded me with an "Ambrosia" song. Nice.

I looked at the clock and saw that eight minutes had elapsed. Not much time but it probably felt like forever to Melanie. I opened the slider and stepped back outside.

Melanie was lying curled up on Duke's bed facing the window. But when I came outside, she quickly rolled over, away from me. I smiled, I understood. But I hoped I could bring her out of it pretty quickly.

I knelt down beside her in the warm night air. Gently, I unhooked her leash and tossed it noisily aside. Very delicately, I slid my fingers to her collar and unbuckled it, also tossing it aside.

"Melanie. My love. It's over, end scene, we are done. Let's go inside."

She curled up into a tighter ball.

"Honey, I was as just teasing you earlier. I will carry you, but you gotta help me a little."

She shook her head 'no' and stayed curled up.

I arranged myself so I could pick her up. This was going to be tricky as she was curled up on the floor and wasn't helping me at all. Now, she's a slim 130 pounds, but I had to do this gently.

I got down on one knee and rolled her on her back, then slid my arms under her neck and knees. I managed to get upright, and she chuckled a bit at my struggle and, because she didn't want me to drop her, put her arms around my neck. She rested her head on my shoulder as I carried her to the shower.

After carefully depositing her in the stall, I made sure to be always touching her, not losing contact with her body for even a second.

The hot water cascaded over both of us, showering us with warmth and rinsing our sins away. I helped position her as she wasn't all that stable. I rinsed her hair and face really well, taking extra care to be gentle and loving. After a couple minutes of luxuriating under the waterfall shower head, Melanie turned and grabbed me tight. Presently, her shoulders jumped a little bit as she began to cry. I held her tightly against me, patting her head and telling her I loved her.

Her tears became sobs, and she gripped me even tighter. This happened to us once before, but not to this extent. It's basically a letdown of emotions from returning to normalcy from that semi-euphoric subspace area. I shuffled us a bit to one side so the water didn't hit our faces directly. I kissed her tears, and continued to stroke and comfort her. I was also having somewhat of an emotional release, coming down from the high of such an intense session with my love. We spent a full ten minutes embracing each other, stroking each other under the hot, comforting water.

"Why are you crying?" she asked.

Unashamed, I told her as plainly as I could.

"I have never felt so in love with you as I do right now, at this very moment. What you showed me, what you... suffered for me, how much you trusted me... it... well it moved me like I've never been moved before."

Some tears ran freely down my face. I wasn't ashamed, this was very intense for both of us. Having emotions this big and powerful was somewhat new to me. I continued on.

"It's a little hard to explain... I'm practically overwhelmed right now. I swear I am almost able to feel the love, tangibly, between us right now."

She burst into more tears and hugged me so hard it almost hurt. I forget sometimes how strong she is! We kissed a wet kiss, kissing each other so hard our teeth touched a couple of times.

Eventually, we shampooed and soaped ourselves thoroughly, erasing all traces of cum and dirt from both of us. It didn't wash away the bruises and the welts, though. And I noticed several places on Mel that would need antibiotic ointment and band-aids. Most notably her knees, my love bite, and the big scratches from Duke's forelegs and paws.

We exited the shower and stepped immediately into the waiting hot tub. It's hot jets felt good on me, but felt even better on Mel's sore body. We sat catty-corner in the tub; ninety degrees to each other with her legs over mine. We leisurely drank our wine and snacked on the platter I prepared earlier.

"This feels so good, thank you for not making me sleep outside tonight."

"Well... I considered it! But I figured that was a little too much after everything you went through today. Besides," I smiled at her. "I wanted to kiss you, badly, and have these moments were having now. But don't worry, someday soon you'll be chained up out there all night."

She smiled and closed her eyes, relaxing further. Minutes passed as I gently rubbed her calf and thigh muscles.

"Were you really going to cane me? Or have Maddie cane me?"

"Well... okay, no." I laughed at her discomfort. "That was just to scare you. Keep you in line."

"It worked." She raised her eyebrows and sipped her wine some more. "I was scared shit-less. Madeline was a nice surprise, though. I certainly wasn't expecting that! It was... very erotic... having her see me... be so naughty like that. It sent me even deeper into subspace."

Mel sipped her wine and reflected on some of the events of the day, a dreamy, contented look on her face. Then, apparently remembering something not entirely pleasant, she opened her eyes and cocked her head at me.

"Let's see, you made me say 'I'm a cunt for dogs'. Several times, as I recall. I mean, Really? A 'cunt for dogs'?"

"Hey, Babe. It just came to me, honey, in the heat of the moment. It just seemed to fit. But we can talk—"

"No," she smirked. "Stop. I'm just teasing you, Daddy. It was... very erotic, the nasty talk, putting me

in my place like that. Even the c-word. It just heightened everything. I must say, though, you were certainly in your element today, that's for sure."

"Well, thanks, that's good to hear. You, my dear, were amazing! I was so proud of you. I was really trying to... dominate you so hard. And I found I didn't have to try all that hard, it just started coming naturally to me."

Mel leaned over and kissed me. "That just means it's been inside of you all along. I'm glad, proud, even, that I was the one who could help you let it out."

"Mel, I wanted to..." I stopped. I had to tell her something, but it was so very dark. However, she had to already know this, in light of what we just did. I continued on. "You know how much I love you, right? But at the same time... I wanted to humiliate you, Melanie. I wanted to... be cruel... give you pain, I wanted to see you cry. It turned me on like you just can't believe. I... don't know where that comes from... I would never do that to you under normal circumstances."

"Shhhhhhhh." Melanie leaned forward, her breasts pressing on my chest, and gave me a beautiful open-mouthed kiss. "I know you wouldn't, honey. It was part of the play, part of the scene. It's fine, better than fine. Your... dark desires mesh perfectly with mine. Everything we did was amazing, perfect. Every... (kiss)... single...(kiss)... fucking.... (kiss)... nasty... (kisssssss)... thing we did." With her last kiss, she plunged her tongue practically down my throat.

She slid her leg over me and guided herself on top of my hard cock, and tried to sit down on me. But water is a terrible lubricant, and she winced as her pussy was already very sore.

"Baby, it's okay," I started. "You don't have to—"

"No, let me do this. I need to make love to you, I need you to make love to me. I need my Jim."

I knew she needed reassurance, no matter how much her swollen pussy ached. She needed to be loved by me, her Jim. She needed to know that I loved her, the real her, the true Melanie. I needed it too, to be honest. I needed to know she was okay with what we did, that I hadn't taken her too far. It was like... a final cleansing, if you will, to seal our bond.

"Okay, love, but let's do it right."

I helped her up and we hurriedly dried each other off with our big plush towels. I carried her to our bed and gently placed her on the silk sheets.

Incredibly, her pussy lubricated itself again as I kissed and licked it gently. I think I tasted some of Duke's cum in there, too. She didn't let me linger there too long, though. Her hands tugged my hair, wordlessly telling me to come up and love her.

She cried a few more tears as I slowly, tenderly entered her wet sex. But not tears of pain, more like... tears of love. We were both still on an emotional rollercoaster, our nerves and senses raw and jangled.

Gripping each other tightly, we gently made quiet but very emotional, languid love. When we weren't kissing, we were looking into each other's eyes, enjoying and appreciating each other. Except for some gasps and sighs, we didn't need words; our mouths and our bodies spoke the truth to each other; I was hers and she was mine. Forever. No matter what.

Her legs wrapped around me as we picked up the pace a bit, beginning our passionate climb. I drove

deep into her body, both of us overcome with emotion. I could never be this close with anyone else, could never be this honest and open except with her. I just knew it in my heart.

Our tears mixed on her face as we orgasmed together in the dying candlelight. Still, neither of us spoke. We just kissed softly, tenderly, and drifted off to a long, restful slumber while Duke snored quietly in his crate.

Epilogue

Excerpt from the private video "Duke's Days of Summer."

Melanie speaking over a montage of slow-motion dog-sex scenes of her and Duke.

"It's still a little hard to talk about, somewhat. It's just so taboo. But I had this fantasy for a few years. The first time I saw this kind of thing, I was a little horrified. But... the revulsion turned to interest and then became almost a compulsion. It was... it seemed like the ultimate act of submission; to be restrained and then... well... taken by a beast, a wolf, with a big cock. Pinned down, chained down, unable to escape... it's... the ultimate fantasy, the ultimate aphrodisiac for me, being the submissive that I am.

"And Jim made it more than a fantasy, he made it happen. With his help, we have entered a new realm of sexual activity, new sexual heights that... honestly, I couldn't even imagine existed. I mean with Duke and the BDSM... things, it's really brought Jim and me closer than ever before... (sniff)... sorry. His assistance, his encouragement and, um... his dominance... well he's a new person and so am I. I love you so much, honey."

Shot of Melanie sitting on a barstool, dabbing her eyes with a tissue, speaking live now. She thinks we've "cut."

"Was that okay? It was alright? I kinda got teary-eyed at the end. Did I sound sincere?"

The unintelligible offscreen male response sounds affirmative. Mel continues talking.

"Because I am, I don't want it to sound phony... But who are we going to show this to anyway? Better be just about nobody! I swear to God, I'll use that cane on you if you show this to... hey Duke, no boy... Down Duke... you're a good boy but not now... oh shit... honey... his red rocket is out again... good boy"

Fadeout as Melanie leans down to Duke, accepting his wet tongue kisses in her open mouth.

The End