

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It had taken Claire a long time to realise what it was she wanted. At 32 she had been through 15 relationships since the age of 12 and enough one-night-stands she had lost count somewhere between 40 and 100.

Claire had tried being the mother, the nurse, the sister and friend. She had dated naïve university boys, bad biker boys, a quiet school teacher, a computer geek, a rather cute scientist and even the local Anglican priest. None were quite what she was looking for. The closest Claire came to working out what might be right for her was when one boyfriend arranged a rather drunken gang bang with five of his mates, and another had tied her to the bed with a silken scarf. Something about the domination had done it for her, but she couldn't quite work it out.

It wasn't as if Claire was asking for much, all she wanted was to find someone she could click with, someone she could have a lasting relationship with. She was a self-reliant woman, making her own way in the world in a job she liked, granted nursing in an old people's home wasn't that glamorous, but it allowed Claire to tap into her nurturing side. What actually got Claire onto the right track was something that happened with one of the patients.

Mr. Johannes was a sprightly 70 year old widow. He had a sparkle in his eye and an air of cheekiness about him. Claire warmed to him immediately. It was one Sunday evening, during the night shift when Claire was working 6pm to 8am that it happened. It was around 2am when Claire heard the buzzer go off in Mr. Johannes' room.

Being the late shift, there was only a skeleton staff on and most of those were either on break or sleeping at this time. Claire had been reading a romance, bodice-ripper novel, so was wide awake and just a little horny. She was annoyed at having to put the book down at a very raunchy part, but did so and went to Mr. Johannes' room. He was sitting up in bed, smiling at her as she came in.

"Mr. Johannes, what seems to be the problem?"

"Nothing lass, I just felt like a bit of company, can't sleep is what."

"Oh? Would you like a sleeping pill?" Claire thought of the book she wanted to return to, really you shouldn't leave a girl in the middle of being taken by a pirate against her will, that really wasn't nice.

"No, rather have a pretty lass to chat to instead."

Claire smiled. "Now, now, Mr. Johannes, you really shouldn't say such things you know, might turn a girl's head if you did." She walked over to the bed and leant over to fluff his pillow. As she did, her breast brushed passed his cheek and she felt an instant tingle between her legs. She blushed a little and tried to ignore it.

Mr. Johannes had felt the breast brush his cheek and turned to look, as he did he saw her nipple harden instantly under her tight uniform. He put up a hand and stroked her now obvious nipple. Claire was even more aroused but pretended not to notice. She played and prissied with the pillow, not wanting him to stop. Mr. Johannes had no intention of stopping. He had pegged this nurse as a bit of an easy target and it had been a long time since he'd had any fun. He was going to see how far she would let him go. Just then Claire straightened up. "Now, what would you like to talk about?"

"You missed a bit lass, just there." replied Mr. Johannes with a glint in his eye, as he pointed to the far side of the pillow. Claire giving only the vaguest of smiles as she realised what he was up to, leant over to play with the pillow.

As she was bent over, with her breast inches from his face, Mr. Johannes reached up and pinched her nipple in his fingers. Claire gasped, she was surprised but also incredibly turned on. She froze, not wanting him to stop. Mr. Johannes studied her face, yes he'd been right about his one. He twisted his fingers slightly and heard her breath quicken.

"Like that lass?" he asked as he twisted her nipple just that little bit harder. His only response was her moan as her breathing increased a notch. Mr. Johannes smiling broadly now, reached up his other hand and grabbed her other nipple in the same way. A much louder moan escaped Claire's mouth this time.

"Undo your top lass, so I can have a good suck." Immediately, Claire obeyed, as soon as he had said it, Claire felt she wanted nothing more than this man's mouth on her tit. She gingerly unbuttoned her blouse and let it fall to her sides, she then pulled the cups of her bra down to allow her breasts to fall free. Mr. Johannes latched on to one breast and sucked like a madman, all the while twisting the other. After a few minutes, he switched. Looking up, he could see she was getting flustered, her breathing coming in short, sharp pants.

"Lass, why don't you play with yourself while I do this, I'd like to see you finger you pussy and cum for me." His voice was warm and friendly, but there was another element Claire couldn't name. All she knew is that it sounded very much like an order she was compelled to obey.

Without pulling away, Claire reached down and one-handedly, she undid the zip of her pants and put her hand inside. Claire instantly felt her own wetness, she'd never been that wet before in her life. She'd had men suck her tits before, even bite them, but this was different. It was something she would worry about later.

"Don't cum yet lass, just play with yourself. I'll let you know when to cum." Mr. Johannes was having immense fun. He had a hard on now, and had started to gently stroke it. An idea had come to him and he wanted to see if she would play it out. So far, there had been no hesitation from her to obey.

Claire was quickly reaching orgasm, but something in her wouldn't allow her to cum. She fingered her clit madly, yet part of her brain was stopping her, what was she waiting for? In desperation, she moaned, "Oh please, please Mr. Johannes, let me cum."

"Not yet lass. First I want you to suck me off. If you do a good job and swallow all my cum, then you may cum." It was a gamble he knew, but it was worth a try. Instantly, Claire was at his cock, pushing his hand away and sucking for all she was worth.

To Mr. Johannes, it felt awesome. It had been so long since he'd had a girl suck him so wantonly, it didn't take all that long until he was pumping creamy, hot fluid down her throat. She pulled back from what she was doing and looked at him. He grinned and nodded. Claire shoved her hand down her pants and brought herself off. She was about to scream from the sheer bliss of it, when he grabbed her blouse and pulled her down to a lust filled kiss. She screamed her orgasm into his eager mouth.

When Claire finished, she straightened up and stared at him. What had just happened? A little embarrassed, she began to tidy herself up again, doing up her blouse and tucking it back in. "um, um, Mr. Johannes, I-I'm sorry. I don't know what just happened to me."

"I do lass. Tell me, have you had any fulfilling relationships lately?"

"I don't see what business that is of yours." She replied a little defensively. "You were too easy lass, too willing to please me. You also came too quickly, seems to me like you haven't had the right kind of

relationship for a long time." Suddenly, another buzzer went off down the hall and Claire had to leave to investigate. She would think about this later.

Two days later, Claire had a day off. Every time she thought about the experience with Mr. Johannes a blush would stain her cheeks. She had been able to avoid seeing him up till now and felt a little relieved, it was only now that she had the time and privacy to really think about what he had said. He had been right, she hadn't had any fulfilling relationships, not ever. And she had cum way too easily.

It was only now that she realised Mr. Johannes was over twice her age. Somehow, that didn't seem a problem. All the men she had dated had been from 10 years younger to 5 years older than her, maybe an older man was what she needed after all, but Claire sensed there was something else to it. Somehow Mr. Johannes was different and she wanted to find out how.

Next day, Claire went into work early, so she could talk with Mr. Johannes. She went into his room and said a quiet 'hello'. Mr. Johannes looked up, "Well hello there lass, come sit down." Claire was relieved he was happy to see her and went over to the chair he had indicated.

"Was wondering when I'd see you again, lass. Thought maybe our little experience may have scared you off. Long time since I've had such fun with a subby."

"Subby?"

"Yes lass, that's what you are. Don't tell me you don't know." Claire shook her head.

"Geez girl, all this time and you never knew what you were? No wonder your relationships haven't been fun."

"Please, Mr. Johannes, I need to know, what happened the other day? I mean, I thought about what you said and you were right, I cum much too easily and much stronger than I ever have before. There is something different about you that made the difference, and I have no idea what it is, please, please explain it to me."

"First, tell me this. Have you had many relationships that didn't work for various reasons?" Claire nodded.

"Did you find yourself changing who you were to fit into what he wanted?" Claire was stunned, that was exactly what had happened. "I can see by your expression I'm right. Now tell me this, has anything happened which got you even a little excited?" Claire nodded and blushed. "Go ahead lass, you won't embarrass me."

"Well, there was this one time when a boyfriend tied me to the bed," Mr. Johannes nodded, "and another time when a boyfriend organised for me to have some 'fun' with some of his friends." She blushed deeper and fell silent.

"Yep, do you know what those two experiences have in common?" Claire shook her head.

"Both times you were not in control. The other person was. See lass, for you to get aroused, really aroused, you need someone else taking control and telling you what to do, making you do things in a sense. It's not abusive and you aren't forced to do things against your will, it's just that you are the sort of girl who needs someone else to tell her what to do, that alone is arousing for you.

"Look at the other night, have you asked yourself why you wouldn't cum, even though no-one was

stopping you?" Claire was stunned, no she hadn't even thought about that. It had simply seemed natural to wait until he told her to.

"See lass, you could have cum, but something in you told you to wait until I said it was ok, because I had previously told you to wait. And when I told you to suck me off before you could, you didn't hesitate or argue, you simply jumped on. That is what a submissive does, they obey to please the dominant.

"I'm a dominant and something in you recognised that, just as I recognised you were submissive. Tell you what, go and do some research on dominants and submissives, then come back to talk with me about it." Claire thanked him and left to start work, she would definitely be checking it out. Something in what he had said made sense, but she couldn't put her finger on what.

A week later, Claire was back in his room to discuss what she had learnt. "Well lass, what have you discovered?"

"You were right, I checked out a few web pages on the net and realised I am like you say, a submissive. The thing is, what do I do about it?"

"Nothing, you simply are that's all. It doesn't mean you will become a 3-headed monster or anything, you are still you, you just know something more about who you are that is all."

"No, you misunderstand. I accept what I have discovered, I mean what do I do about finding a Dominant to be with?"

"Ah, well, you can advertise or find groups around here."

"But that will take ages, I want to learn now."

"Well lass, there is always me." Claire looked at him. He could be her dominant? Why not.

"Yes, that is an excellent idea, but how do we do this in here?"

"Granted, it won't be easy, but I can set you some tasks to do and you can come back in and report to me."

That felt right to Claire. Inside her, something sparked to life, she felt alive in a way she never had before and didn't quite yet understand. Mr. Johannes had told her to report back to her the same time the next day for her first instructions. She couldn't wait to find out what they were. She arrived 10 minutes early, a little eager to begin.

"Well, hello lass, a little early I see, but that's good."

"Yes, a little nervous too I admit."

"Good, good. Well, I have thought about this and have some rules for you.

1. From now on, when people are around you shall refer to me as Mr. Johannes and when no-one is here, you shall call me Sir, is that clear?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

“Oh, yes Sir.”

“Good.

2. You will come to see me at the start of each shift and at the end just before going home. At these times, if no-one is around, you will unbutton your blouse and present your tits to me. Before you come in you will have your bra pulled down, under your tits and you will stand beside my bed, holding you blouse open, with your tits hanging out. You will then say to me, Sir, these tits and this girl belong to you.’ You will then let me touch them and do what ever I like to them.

3. Every night, before going to sleep, you must visit a porno site and look at pictures or read erotic stories. Each Sunday, I expect to receive an essay where you have written down your honest thoughts and feelings about what you have seen, detailed the things you have looked at, and written at least 4 fantasies of your own based upon what you have seen. If you aren’t working on Sunday, then you must give it to me on Saturday.

4. From now on, whenever you write to me or speak to me, you are only to use the words tits, cunt, cock and arse to refer to these body parts. Your tits will be called ‘Sir’s tits’ and your cunt sill be ‘Sir’s cunt’. As for your arse, you will say ‘Sir’s sub’s arse.’

5. You are forbidden to wear panties from now on. If it is that time of the month, you must request to be allowed to wear them. If you use tampons, then you are to make no request and have no reason to wear them.

6. You must be honest with me at all times. If you are unable to do something I set you, you must tell me so and the reason why. I will then decide if I will let you off. Likewise, if you disobey me, you must tell me about it and I will set a punishment. Once punished, it will be forgotten.

Do you understand and agree to these terms?”

“Yes Sir.”

“One more thing lass, I want you to cum twice while at work, and straight after to come and tell me about it. You are to stick your finger in your juices and then when you come to me, you are to present your fingers to me and I will smell then and taste them. At night at home, you may cum up to three times before looking at the porn sites, but you are not allowed to cum after, until you come into work and cum here. Understand?”

“Yes Sir.” With that, Claire unbuttoned her blouse, pushed her bra down and holding the sides of her blouse out, said ” Sir, these tits and this girl belong to you.”

Mr. Johannes smiled, leaned over and pinched both nipples hard. Claire gasped and felt herself get wet. She then did up her blouse and went to work.

Claire was Mr. Johanesses submissive for 8 months, then he passed away. Claire was very distraught, having never felt a loss like this before. In her grief she quit her job and decided to go back to tafe, to study for another career. It was there she met Pete Edwards, a teacher of librarian studies, and the man to become her next Dominant.

Things were different with Pete. He was only 10 years older than her and she found him really attractive in a sexual way, which she hadn’t with Mr. Johannes. Pete was into a much more strict style of Domination. He required her to stay at his place all weekend, arriving on Friday evening and leaving Monday morning. During this time, she was ordered to stay utterly naked, even if he had

guests come over.

She had also been made to completely shave her pussy and to keep her nails and make-up neat and tidy. Pete made her practice what he called slave positions and how to serve him a drink. She was required to ask permission every time she needed to go to the toilet, and then how it would please him for her to go. Sometimes she was allowed to use the toilet, other times he made her go outside on the grass like a dog, or even pee into a little brass pot on the floor.

One of his favorite things was to make her drink excessive amounts of fluids if they were having guests over and to deny her to go to the toilet for up to 2 hours before they arrived. When they did arrive she would be desperate to relieve herself, then he would make her pee in the brass pot on the living room floor so they could all watch her.

When Pete had honoured guests come over, he would make her take up a position to present herself to them. She would be laying on the floor, with her hands under her head and her elbows out straight, her legs would be bent out at right angles with her feet touching. If the guest wanted to touch any part of her body in anyway, she had to let them, afterward, thanking them for their attention.

Pete also took much pleasure in making her wear a vibrator switched on while they went out shopping. He had introduced her to enemas and to anal sex. After four months of being together, he had also required her to start having sex with others. If a guest stayed over, she was given to them for the night, to use sexually as they saw fit. If someone was only over for dinner and requested a favour from her, she had to immediately comply.

Usually, the request was for a head job during dinner, occasionally, it was for sex. One guest had requested her pleasure his female submissive. Claire had never been with a woman before. She found herself with her face buried deep between the thighs of another woman for the first time in her life. This other woman was wetter than Claire had ever been, she was moaning loudly and smelt and tasted of sex.

Claire could taste man cum in her still, and found out later the Dominant had fucked her in the car just before they came in. Claire revelled in this sexual use, it was what she had been craving for the longest time, without knowing it.

After two years Claire's course in retail studies was finished and so too was this relationship with Pete. Claire took up a new position in another state and it wasn't long before she met a customer, Max Wildman. No truer name had ever been given to someone as Claire was going to find out.

Max Wildman called himself a Master. He was seeking a slave, someone who sought complete ownership and someone he could own completely. Claire fitted the bill. Toward the end of her relationship with Pete, Claire had felt she needed something more, but didn't know what. Max offered an exciting and risky change. She could hardly wait.

Straight away Claire moved in. She was ordered to get rid of her possessions as everything she needed would be supplied. She had only been at her job for three months, but Max ordered her to quit, he would find the right job for her eventually. Everything was gone, everything from her past.

Claire was made to sleep on the floor next to Max's bed and she walked around the house all day wearing a heavy leather collar and high heels. Occasionally she would be given a pair of crotchless panties to wear, as Max felt this emphasised the pussy more. He would make her wear a butt plug most days, often inserting a vibrating one to keep her horny.

From day one, Max made her have sex with all his friends and their wives. Some days Max would throw a party and sometimes she would be tied to the bed and gagged, people would wander in and out as they pleased and use her till they were satisfied.. Other times, Claire would be free to mingle with the guests, at any moment one of them could pull her aside and use her as he/she desired. Often Claire found herself crawling through a party, being fucked by someone different at each step she took Claire learnt very early on she could not say no to this, and she loved it.

The next lesson Claire learned came as a surprise in the middle of the night. It was around 3am when a hand suddenly shook her awake. Claire immediately knelt up and suddenly she felt a hand grab her hair, yanking her head back sharply. She opened her mouth to scream in fright and felt a cock shoved in.

At first Claire thought she was to suck it, then felt something trickle down her throat. Quickly she swallowed and realised he was peeing in her mouth! After this, Claire was used all the time for him to relieve himself. It was especially good for him when they were driving somewhere. He simply yanked her by the hair to his crotch, where she would undo his zip and place his cock in her mouth, then she would wait until he peed.

On the first anniversary of Claire being Max's slave, he came home with some news.

"I've organised a job for you. You start on Monday. You will be working Monday to Friday, 10am to 6pm and Saturdays 10am to 2pm. I will buy clothes for you to work in" Claire was excited at the prospect of getting out and about and being able to speak with new people. When Monday rolled around, Claire found out her job was to be selling stock in an adult shop. The clothes Max had bought for her were trashy/slut to say the least. But since the owner was a good friend of his, and had no problems with the clothes she would be wearing, there was no problem. Besides, it would increase business.

Almost as a uniform, Max had chosen skirts that didn't quite cover all of her butt cheeks, and tops that were either see-through or were cropped and didn't cover all of her bust. Of course there were not bras or panties. Claire was given explicit instructions that under no circumstances was she to stop a customer from touching her up.

They could do anything they wanted with her, even take her out the back for a quick fuck if they wanted, the only proviso she was given was that she must use a condom. The owner of the store was going to be working there all the time as well, so he would know if anyone did proposition her (and would even tell them to) and if she did deny someone, he would be reporting back to Max.

It didn't take long for her to find herself spending more time out the back having sex with customers than inside doing work. One of the customers let slip that they were paying good money to use her, and she realised she was being prostituted by her Master. It was something she had never considered, but she found it arousing. One day a man came in with an unusual proposition.

"I've been told you never say no to any request."

"Yes Sir, that's true."

"Well, I have one for you, I want you to mate with my dog."

Claire was taken aback. Fuck a dog? She'd never heard of such a thing. How on earth was she supposed to fuck a dog? The idea was ludicrous.

"Um, I've never heard of that. Just a moment." She went up to the owner of the shop. "That man

over there wants me to fuck his dog.”

The owner of the shop looked over her shoulder and walked over to the man. After a few minutes the man left and the owner went back behind the counter. Nothing more was said. Later that night, she broached the subject with Max.

“A man came into the shop today, asking me to fuck his dog.”

“Really? And what did you say?”

“‘Just a minute’, then I went up to my boss and told him.”

“And what did he do?”

“Went over to him, talked to him and then the man went away.”

“Curious.” said Max, and Claire could see he was thinking. The next weekend, Claire got a surprise. Late on the Saturday afternoon, barely an hour after returning from work, a knock came to the door. When Claire went to open it, she saw the man from the shop standing there, with his Alsatian beside him, on a lead. Max rocked up just behind her, putting out his hand and welcomed the man inside. He then ordered Claire into the lounge room.

Once inside, Claire was ordered down onto all fours. The dog was immediately let off the lead and went over to sniff her. It gave a lick then went back to its owner. The man looked at Claire then at Max. “The bitch isn’t on heat, Roger isn’t interested.”

“We can fix” replied Max and disappeared. He quickly returned with a large vibrator. He went over to Claire and pressed it against her clit. It wasn’t long before Claire was moaning and Roger pricked up his ears. Max stopped and walked away. “Would you like a coffee?” he asked the man, who nodded. Max placed the vibrator all the way inside Claire’s pussy, “Don’t cum.” he instructed, then lead the man out into the kitchen. Roger went with them.

Claire was getting horny. She hated when Max did this, because she never knew how long he would be gone and she could barely stop herself from cumming. As the tension built up, Claire felt a slow transition happen inside her, as she was building up fuck lust. It happened when she became so full of lust that she simply HAD to fuck - anything! She was left there for 45 minutes, with her juices dripping down her legs. When they returned, they found her gently swaying her hips, as she arched her butt in the air and moaning.

Max could tell she hadn’t cum and he patted her on the head. He removed the vibrator to her protests, then Roger was let off his lead again. This time Roger got stuck right in, his tongue disappeared up Claire’s throbbing, wet, engorged pussy lips and she almost howled. She still had not been given the command to cum, and she thought she would explode with the tension. Suddenly, she felt Roger climb on top of her.

He gave a few quick thrusts, then his rock hard cock hit home. It slid straight into her slippery cunt-hole with no resistance. He pumped away like a wild beast and Claire felt a hard lump enter her, then he really let loose. Max was watching transfixed. He’d never seen Claire this sexually primitive. He nodded, but she didn’t seem to notice, so he said loudly, “You may cum.” and instantly Claire responded with a scream, as the tension which had built up in her loins was released.

Immediately, Claire dropped her shoulders to the floor and grunted in time with Roger’s strokes. She was cumming repeatedly, Max was amazed. Roger boned away and his owner now had his cock

out and was kneeling in front of Claire. She couldn't see him, the lust had completely taken her over, but some primitive part of her knew what was wanted. She opened her mouth and when a cock was shoved in, she sucked like a woman possessed. And that was how Max described her.

When Roger pulled out, fluid drizzled from Claire's cunt. Max simply said "Lick it up" and Claire instantly complied. Max had never seen her like this, he was truly amazed. Roger had cleaned himself up and now came back to clean up Claire. As his tongue touched her pussy lips, Claire froze and uttered a low, primitive growl. Roger was back on her in a flash, pumping away for her hole. He found it quickly and was once again 'rogering' her for all he was worth.

Max, unable to control himself, knelt in front of her and shoved his cock in her mouth, this too she sucked like never before. Max grabbed hold of her nipples and pulled on them for leverage as he fucked her face like he did her pussy - hard and fast. He came fast, grunting as he sprayed his juices down her throat and Claire muffled her moans as orgasm after orgasm washed over her. When Max finished, he sat back to watch the rutting pair.

10 minutes later, Roger was finished yet again. Claire slumped forward and passed out. Roger's owner looked at Max and said, "Roger will be ready to go again in about 20 minutes. If she is still passed out, we can put her over a low stool and he will still fuck her. You haven't seen anything till you see Roger fuck an unconscious woman."

Max nodded, and 20 minutes later with Claire still unconscious and positioned over an ottoman, they watched as Roger took Claire for the third time. Max agreed, there was something completely beast like about letting a woman be used for fucking by a dog when she was unconscious. It was the ultimate in using a sex slave. Max also knew what he needed to do with Claire.

The next afternoon, Claire was finally awake. She found she had been sleeping on the bed instead of the floor. She slowly wandered out to the lounge room, where she found Roger and his owner sitting there talking with Max. Apparently, they had stayed all night.

"Ah, Claire, I have some news for you. First, grab a coffee and sit down." Claire did as she was told and sat on the floor at Max's feet.

"Ok, how did you feel about yesterday?"

"It was amazing. I've never felt anything like that. It was as if I'd finally realised what my reason for being was."

"Yes it seemed so natural, watching you, I've never seen you more your real self than when you were being used by the dog. You truly are a bitch, you know."

"Yes, it seems that way."

"We both know what this means, Claire."

"Yes." she sighed. She knew what would have to happen."

"You are a slave, but you aren't meant to be a slave to a man. You were meant to be a slave to a dog, Claire."

"Yes" she agreed. She had realised that last night the first time Roger was fucking her. Part of her had cried out to the universe to make her a dog's bitch slave for ever.

"I've been talking with Ron here, and he has agreed. I am giving you to Roger as his slave. Part of the deal is that Ron will take you in and look after you, but you will be Roger's bitch, at his beck and call. Do you agree to this?"

Claire needed only a moment. She looked at Roger, then back to Max. "Yes."

An hour later, Claire had packed the clothes she had, which Max had said she could take. She was in the lounge room, naked and kneeling, with knees far apart and hands resting on top her things, palms up. She was in front of Roger, as he sat next to Ron's chair.

Claire could see the dog was excited, he had part of his cock protruding from its sheath. This excited her and she began to get wet. Max walked up to Claire and snapped Roger's lead around her neck. He pulled her forward on to all fours and across the room to Roger, where she resumed her kneeling position.

"I now hand you over to Roger. He will be your Master from now on." Max dropped the lead at Roger's feet, who bent down and sniffed the lead. Then he looked up at Claire, then Ron. "Go on" Ron urged and Roger walked over to Claire. She instantly raised her arse in the air and lowered her shoulders to be in position for him. He sniffed her rear end and started licking again. Claire closed her eyes. She knew if he took her now, he was accepting her as his bitch. She held her breath. Everyone waited to see what Roger would do.

Roger stopped licking and stared at Claire's cunt. This time there would be no preparation for him. He had to accept his bitch as she was, take her or leave her. He looked up at Ron, then Max then turned back to stare at the hole in front of him. Suddenly, Roger lunged at the pussy, licking in a frenzy. He leapt onto her back and prodded for her hole, finding it and sticking his cock in as far as it would go. He began to fuck her frantically, as though he hadn't seen a bitch in years.

Claire was whimpering with pleasure. "Oh Master, yes, yes! Fuck your horny, wet bitch. Take me Master, fuck me. Oh fuck me hard." She was filled with a sense of bliss she had never felt before. Roger was fucking her, that was all that mattered. His doggy cock was inside his bitch's cunt and all was right with the world.

Roger fucked her hard and fast for a good 30 minutes then pulled out. She stayed in position as his cum dribbled down her legs. Ron tapped her on the head and she looked up at him. "Roger has claimed you for his bitch. There are a few things you need to know." Claire looked at him, and listened.

"First of all, you belong to Roger solely. I will not be using you for anything, neither will any other person as long as you are with Roger. You are his bitch and only his. He is a stud dog, so is often rented out for stud purposes. You will be expected to assist him in that, to help him mate with the female bitches by sucking his cock off to get hard and excited and to help put his cock into the other bitches' holes. You will have to sit and watch him fucking real bitches, any and as many as I organise for him, but you will be fucked by no other dog or man. Occasionally, I will order you to suck him off, just because I wish to see it..

"Also, you will not wear clothes around our house, you will be completely naked at all times and accessible for Roger. That means you will be expected to move around the house on all fours at all times, so that you are always in position, ready for your Master to fuck you. Even when you have a period, you will not be allowed to use anything for it.

"Roger will take care of keeping you clean at that time. You will not work but will be around the house 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Whenever Roger wants to take you, let him, even if I have

guests. You are forbidden to ever utter the word 'no' to Roger. Do not worry about others seeing you, nobody comes to my house unless they expect to see it happen.

"You will wear Roger's collar at all times to show you are his property. I will get a dog tag made up saying Master Roger's bitch', which you will wear at all times. You will be responsible for feeding him, for bathing and grooming him. You will be able to eat whenever you like, but when Roger is eating, you must sit and wait for him to finish first. I arrange for someone to take him for walks, can't have you denying Roger his rights to his bitch, just because you are in the street.

"You will sleep outside in the kennel with Roger. It's outside, but is walled off, so no-one can see. It is a large enough kennel for you both. You will drink out of his water bowl outside and relieve yourself on the lawn when outside. Do you accept all of this?"

"Yes, I accept all my obligations and limitations imposed by my Master Roger."

"Fine, we will leave then."

Claire looked forward to her new life. Finally, she now knew where she belonged, knew that she was born to be a human bitch for a dog Master, to have a dog's hard, stiff cock pumping away inside her woman's pussy, like a piston whenever he chose to use her, as often as he chose to use her and that she would only ever feel complete when it was.

The End