

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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“We have such a special night planned for you Kaykay, oh yes we do! Who’s a good girl? Who’s a good girl?”

The voice came out in a singsong from my Mommy’s mouth. Of course, Tiffany wasn’t my mother. It was the kind of parentage people without children claim for their pets, that kind of false equivalence that never made any sort of sense to me.

Until I became a pet.

Tiffany was talking to me, while I wagged the large butt plug inserted into my ass, the rubber tail bouncing back and forth between my cheeks. She had the treat in the air, holding it, having me stretch up my neck into the air with the motion of her arm. My bare breasts bounced just a little with the extension of my petite body.

I mostly lived my life naked now, except for the little bits of my puppy costume, like my knee pads. On my head was a pair of ears in a headband, my blonde hair was done up into childish pigtails. Around my neck, I wore a collar, engraved with a heart that said bitch-slut. Finally, on my hands, I wore padded gloves shaped into paws that prevented me from masturbating.

Because I was always horny.

“Ah, no! Stop, stop... Kaykay, be good!” Mommy said, holding the treat, then tossing it.

I tried to catch it, only to have the bone-shaped cracker bounce from my nose and onto the floor. That didn’t matter. My mouth sunk to the carpet and ate up the treat unconscious of what I was actually doing.

I heard the jingle of keys at the lock and scampered on my hands and knees, jumping up at the front door. I couldn’t control myself; the new stimulation was too much for my over-eager mind. Mommy had to pull me back, calming me back as I yipped eagerly.

Daddy was home.

For a month, I’d lived this way, completely devoted to living this lifestyle close as I could to 24/7. It had started as a torrid affair, a bad moment where I had almost cheated on my husband, Scott. I guess it would be easy to think this was some sort of punishment or abusive marriage, but slowly Scott and Tiffany showed me how much I needed this.

Initially, yes, it had started as a way of paying him back for my near infidelity by indulging in one of my husband’s fantasies, but it had moved beyond that...

And I couldn’t go back.

Okay, so there were moments when practicality took over. I might need to sign a check or visit the doctor. I even wrote about my experiences on Literotica. And there were times during any given week when Mommy or Daddy would make me stand and stretch, exercising my body in a traditional way so that I remained healthy. Other than that, meals, sleep, the bathroom (I went outside), everything happened like I was under some spell that cast me as a completely submissive sex puppy.

I didn’t care that my husband had a live-in girlfriend. Actually, all the things that worried me before, my career, jealousy, insecurities, sexual boundaries, all of it had been replaced by feelings of simple

contentment.

Now, I could be happier finding a sunny spot to warm my bare rump than I ever was after a big sale. I found more relief in being allowed outside to urinate openly in the bushes than I ever did during the weekend. And no vacation ever held more comfort on those rare nights when I was allowed to sleep in our marital bed with Daddy and Mommy, curled up at their feet.

I loved them both with a jubilant, childlike fascination, the kind of adoration that only comes from being below another person. There was a simplicity in my subservience. They would decide when, where, and who fucked me. They would provide food and shelter.

I only had to open my holes and obey them.

“Down, girl, down...” Daddy said softly, not even really looking at me.

Mommy seemed apprehensive like something was missing.

“I thought you were bringing her home tonight...”

“She’s on her way right now...”

“Oh, alright...”

“She just had to bring her dog,” Daddy said, rolling his eyes. “Thankfully, we’ve already got one.”

His hands reached down, jostling the playful blonde puppy pigtails attached to the top of my head.

“Would you like to meet a new friend?” His voice was sing-song.

My tail wagged against my ass.

“Good girl, who’s a good girl?” Daddy said.

Then they sat down on the couch, leaving me in a specially designed puppy area at their feet, a fuzzy dog bed with a few different play toys scattered around. A few minutes later, there was a slight knock on the door, the brisk rap that comes when someone knows the owners are waiting on their arrival.

“Hi Scott,” My sister said, kissing him politely on each cheek. “I’m sorry to make another stop. I just couldn’t leave Buddy alone for the night.”

For the night?

The statement caused my ears to perk up, my mind suddenly transforming back into Karen. I love submission, and there was something about the 24/7 lifestyle that appealed so fundamentally to me. I couldn’t understand the people who could just switch their fetish on and off at a whim. Sure, there were times when being Karen, thinking, and intelligent human was necessary, but why would I want that when I could be naked, horny, and aroused until I got stuffed and fucked to my darkest desires.

But there was something to the introduction of new taboos that brought me back to reality for a moment, making me balk before truly accepting my submissive state. It was one thing to lay naked on the floor, prone like a puppy when no one was watching, another thing to do so while the secretary from the office fucked my husband on the couch.

And once that had happened, I needed more and more, almost like a junkie needing a large hit. Each time, something more shocking was needed to bring Karen up to the surface, if only to shove her face back down into the smut of her broken soul.

I didn't care that my parents knew about this arrangement, that my father and brother had both fucked me, leaving their cum in each of my holes. It didn't matter who pissed on me, I'd even worn a cone, swallowing the mixture of cum and piss until I nearly choked on my own depravity, letting man after man use me.

The erosion of my boundaries or rather the reminder that I simply didn't have any proved to be more erotic than anything I could imagine, causing me to crave my degradation, desiring more than anything else an escalation of what any reasonable person would think of as unbearably humiliating.

I was not a reasonable woman or even a person.

I was Daddy and Mommy's pet...

And I loved it.

I couldn't quite explain it, but my resistance, my reluctance to any new task, had become a sort of fetish, driving my libido to places that were strange and sick. I was like a teenager tired of seeing the same Hustler, needing to see a woman covered in cum, choking as a dozen men forced her to swallow round after round of strange seed.

In my scarce moments as Karen, I'd expressed this need to Mommy. And Tiffany had promised to oblige, to keep testing my limits with new and erotic tasks that forced me to remember my sorry state as their submissive. While I could not hope to break new barriers every day, there were events, hidden from my knowledge, that Mommy planned to test the depths of my obedience, of my acceptance into this new lifestyle.

And my sister Madison proved perfect for this particular task.

I had been forced to watch as my sister sucked my husband. Of course, at that point, I had been too cum drunk from being passed around as my family's pet slut to complain. But the image had become almost iconic, stamped into my mind. She hadn't done for any reason other than cold, calculated revenge...

And it worked...

My sister was talking amiably to Daddy, laughing too obviously at his joke. She had always been the pretty one in the family. Long, dyed platinum blonde hair, a little taller than me, with significantly larger breasts that commanded attention. There had always been that tension, with me lording my smarts over her, making her always feel as though she wasn't good enough, while I always wondered how I could compete with her stunning looks.

She had delighted in seeing me objectified, in lowering me to the status of an animal. And once she finished with her pleasantries with Scott and Tiffany, exchanging hugs and friendly kisses, she lowered herself to look me in the eyes.

I couldn't help it. I started to growl, knowing exactly what Madison enjoyed about our encounters.

"Is someone not happy to see Sissy?" Madison sneered, mimicking that high-pitched voice Daddy and Mommy sometimes used.

"Maybe we just need to get used to each other again," Madison said, holding me tight by the chin.

There was a noticeable contrast between the two ways I was dominated. Tiffany was a profession dominatrix, or at least she had been. If anything, I knew Mommy loved me. Yes, she also loved Scott, but she nurtured me even more than my husband, taking me for walks, making sure that my body was comfortable, and even making me come back out of my role for stretches and exercises that would keep me safe...

But Madison...

There was so much pent up rage from our childhood that she might have actually hurt me. And though I hadn't asked Mommy, I think that's what appealed to her about the interaction. Yes, I knew Mommy had complete control over everything, even Scott, for that matter, but there was something frightening about feeling vulnerable to the sadistic whims of my sister.

"Oh, it looks like Buddy made a friend..."

My sister's dog was a full-grown black Labrador, moved closer to me, his nose cold and wet against my ass. I could feel the breath come out warm from his snout as if moved close to my bare pussy, causing me to jump up in the air to Madison's delight.

Then, Buddy licked me.

It was too near my pussy for comfort. I'm sure I would have died had he actually licked me there. Instead, his slimy wet tongue just touched my ass, lapping at it a few times before Madison almost reluctantly pulled him away. He bounced up on his hind legs, again coming close to me as he exuberantly met my acquaintance.

I shrunk, making it clear he was the Alpha, feeling his cold tongue again on my body until my sister pulled him back. He seemed to calm down, following Madison's lead into the kitchen. There was something about being subjected to the same space as her literal pet that made the reality of what I had become sink in, digging up that long-buried pit of shame to remind me just how low my place was in this world.

It had this nostalgia that brought me back to the first few days I spent as my household's pet, when each new task was fresh and profoundly humiliating, rather than routine. I expected to eat my dinner from my bowl, to lap up water, or occasionally alcohol from my dish.

But this was new.

Buddy reminded me that this was not my place.

It was his.

It was most demonstrably displayed when Mommy set down bowls for each of us. I didn't actually eat dog food, not because of some misplaced sense of dignity, I had swallowed so much cum and piss that restraint really did not apply to how they treated me. I'd even fetched dog bones and chew toys. But there was no eroticism for either of them in actually harming me.

It was all about the subjugation.

It was enough for me to eat real food next to Buddy on the floor while my husband chatted up my sister.

Despite being relegated to my puppy state, I wasn't braindead, though certainly a little more docile. Madison had already sucked my husband's cock in front of our entire family, tonight she must want to finish the job.

And there was nothing I could do. I would let my sister fuck my husband in our marital bed, just like he fucked Tiffany nearly every night. Worse, I would watch wantonly, ready even help if ordered.

My only hope was that Mommy didn't get involved with my sister, that I would have one person or one sexual act that was reserved just for me.

I know it's bizarre to explain but placing some act as taboo or off-limits in my mind made it so much hotter when it actually happened. When I first agreed to become Kaykay, I never thought I'd have to pee outdoors, which made the act all the more intense... at first...

Now I would whiz anywhere.

I never thought my husband would fuck another woman.

Now I relished in watching the two of them coupled together, licking, sucking, and spreading my hole whenever either of them designed to give me the fucking I craved.

I never thought I would be fucked and pissed on like the sluttiest porn star.

Now my holes ached for anyone. Only a few weeks ago, I had sucked a stranger in a dog park. Just before that, Mommy had fixed me with a plastic dog cone, letting strangers piss in it and forcing me to drink it down while I came over and over again on a Sybian.

Each time, I had reluctantly accepted the new task with excited, nervous arousal.

Now Mommy worked so hard to recreate these circumstances, sharing me with pictures and videos online, walking me through kink parties, but it had begun to pale a little, to settle into a sort of routine.

Scott fucking my sister in front of me was a part of it, but truthfully, I'd known it would come. I was conditioned to it. Yes, I wouldn't like it. The act would cause some shame to rise up from the pit of my stomach, but I knew that I could stand it.

It wasn't really pushing me. I already knew it was going to happen. As aroused as I was, the scene was choreographed, controlled, consented to in advance by me willingly accepting this new role as the status quo.

And then the control vanished, sudden and terrifying in one menacing growl as Buddy snapped at me, causing me to retreat back as the dog claimed my dinner as his.

It only seemed natural, our proper place.

Madison chuckled, seeing an opportunity.

She rolled up a newspaper, leaning over to swat me a few times on the nose with it.

"He eats first, do you understand?" She said. "You can have whatever the dog doesn't want."

"Arf!" I said.

She let me go, leaving me to watch as the black lab finished his bowl, then moved to mine, not finishing it completely.

Then, the old shame truly rose up in my body, reminding me of when I was first taken. It was there, that question again asking if I would actually do this while I lowered my face, tasting the drool covered food Buddy had left in the dish.

My pussy twitched at the prospect, propelling my head down as I decided to do it.

I licked the bowl clean.

I had this sense that Buddy didn't like me or that he liked me too much, I couldn't really tell. Nor did I give it much thought. It wasn't my place to make any protest. I had absolutely no control over anything in my life, and the thought of stopping a scene to express a concern, especially one as trivial as the dog won't stop sniffing my behind, seemed completely unthinkable. After all, this was just what dogs did...

And wasn't I a dog?

No, I was lower than that. I was a good puppy. And though I tried not to think about it (a definite advantage to subspace, not thinking), I knew how the evening would end. Like a tick, it burrowed its way into my skin, unsettling me as the old Karen made her internal monologue heard through the normally oppressive droning of my submissive libido.

She managed to scream out, suppressing the sub in me for brief seconds, even minutes without objections.

He's going to fuck your sister.

Your husband is going to fuck your sister in front of you.

She'll make you lick her pussy... and you'll probably like it.

She'll make you do so much worse. You need to stop this. What's wrong with you? Why are you such a sick fuck? Why do you let them do this to you?

But that answer was clear enough, it just was so hard to articulate out loud.

I let this happen because I needed it. I wanted Scott and Tiffany to fuck me every way that they could imagine. I wanted to be used and abused, to be forced to do things that I should have abhorred, that I initially hated so that I was shown what a submissive wretch of a woman I was underneath it all.

It made the orgasm that much more intense.

Karen didn't really matter. To acknowledge her would have been to break with everything that had been building over the past month, to say that it had all been a mistake. I couldn't have an identity anymore, not really. I didn't want one. All I wanted was to make Mommy and Daddy happy so that they would let my desperately greedy holes cum at their convenience.

I would always be their good girl.

So, all I did was watch at the foot of their bed as Scott slowly undressed my sister in front of me, kneeling with my padded paws up in position as I watched Madison naked in front of me. Just like

Tiffany, her boobs were bigger, her face so much prettier. Her platinum blonde hair flowed down past her bare shoulders, moving with his touch.

He dropped and pulled down her shorts, leaving Tiffany to explore her breasts, to kiss her gently until she could pull my sister towards her with a practiced motion. Then she was touching, caressing, helping Scott force her forward with such virility that I longed to be her, just for a second.

Not to be in her position, but to be inside her body, looking out through her eyes as Scott laid her down on the king-sized bed. I wanted to be her, to sense Mommy and Daddy's touch for the first time.

She lay next to my sister, reaching up to squeeze on her breasts as Scott spread those legs, longer and more supple than mine. It was like watching a better version than me like she was the next generation of Karen, equipped with everything I was lacking.

Her body burst into my vision, and I watched her splay out, watching for my husband to penetrate her with all the reverence of a primitive awaiting the sun.

It was the ultimate humiliation, the final act of cuckoldry that would again forever change my self-image.

I was going to see my husband fuck my sister in front of me.

And if I was lucky, they would let me help.

There had been so many moments like this, Rubicon's I could never cross back from that each needed to escalate on the other to provide the same reaction, a revolting kind of ravishment of my character that fueled every dark and forbidden fantasy....

Only in that final moment, when my sister took everything from me, spreading her legs so that Scott could thrust himself inside her bare pussy, it all barely registered with me.

There was a numbness to the shame, a casual sense to the callous way in which Madison took everything from me. But it had already been gone, forced out of me at the moment that she sucked him after making our brother and our parents fuck me.

She turned her head, eyes open in mock joy.

"Oh god Kaykay, your man has such a big dick..."

Madison smirked, wanting to twist the knife.

"Oh, I'm sorry," She turned around, looking at Mommy in the eye. "YOUR man has such a big dick."

Only nothing...

No jab of shame, no bleeding cry of regret, and remorse mixed with helpless new arousal. Yes, I was turned on, but there was no reluctance, nothing other than my usual overeager anticipation to be played with like a completely sexual creature needing her libido curbed by a dominant master and mistress.

Scott held her legs in the air, hoisting her butt up off the bed as sissy moved with the force of his thrusts. He had her feet almost over one shoulder, pushing as she writhed against him. He spread her legs a little, adjusting so that Tiffany could reach down, Mommy licking above the part in my



sister made by Daddy's cock.

She found her clit at an angle, licking as he fucked her. For a minute or so, they stayed like this, fucking and licking together until Madison's face contorted, her hair flowing into her face as she let out a climatic yelp, signaling her orgasm.

While I rubbed myself against the carpet. Not even able to masturbate. Trying to coax out a climax from the rigid fibers, my needy cunt leaking onto the floor.

He let her legs down, Tiffany sliding up over Madison's face, lifting up her skirt and sitting down so that my sister had to lick at her pussy.

I couldn't see Mommy's titties, I could only watch as they bounced against her bra and crop top, bigger than mine or Madison's, curvy without giving too much to gravity. If anything, being denied the vision made the encounter all the most alluring, leaving me wishing and wanting to at least witness...

Scott pounded into her pussy, Tiffany rocking her hips on her face, grinding out her pleasure as she kissed my husband. And they left me there, watching desperately as the other two women in the room drew out satisfaction from the man I married.

I let out a bark.

And Madison's head came out from underneath my Mommy's pussy, reminding me that as much as she owned me, I had no real claim over her. There was no one in the room who I could control, not even myself.

"Tell me how much better I fuck than my sister," Madison said to Scott.

But Mommy answered Scott was consumed with his task. And part of me knew for him this was a long-held fantasy coming to fruition. Of course, I had noticed the looks he made at her over the years, at family events, even the wedding, forcing down the feeling as ridiculous.

Only they weren't. He may have loved me, but Scott couldn't help but lust after Madison. What heterosexual man wouldn't?

"Of course, you fuck better," Tiffany said. "You're a woman, like me."

"Tell me..." Madison said.

Scott was pounding into her, answering with each frenzied thrust.

"You fuck better..." He grunted.

"My tits are better than my sisters?"

"Your tits are sooo much bigger than your sister's..." Tiffany said. "And your pussy is so much tighter, isn't it Scott?"

"Oh god, her pussy is so tight..."

"I'm sure not like Kaykay's," Tiffany said. "She's had so much in there. She's been fucked by the entire office, by my strap-on, by my fists, even her own father..."

I shuddered a little, remembering what it was like to have both of her fists inside each of my holes, filling me completely.

“Tell her my pussy is tighter,” Madison nearly screamed, breathing heavily as Scott pounded into her. “Look at her! Tell her my pussy feels better!”

And I saw my husband, turning his eyes to me as I rubbed my lips against the floor.

“Her pussy is tighter... it feels so much better...”

I wish the words had come out with a sting.

I wanted to be hurt, humiliated, and treated like dirt. But I had a sudden thought that they had run out of ideas. That this was the last act in a series, tepid and predictable. That here, I was being defaced and denied for nothing. I had this twisting knot in my stomach, this slithering, sinking feeling of self-doubt, almost like a person who cannot cry or even feel after the death of a loved one.

Was I so broken that even my husband fucking my sister for the first time didn't even register? And what would that mean for the future?

It wasn't that I didn't enjoy the scene. But even watching Madison pull off Mommy's clothes, seeing her nestled between those larger nipples, motorboating while stopping to stare at me, I didn't get the same sense of shame I needed to drive me absolutely crazy with lust. They switched into another position, Madison, now in doggy-style, my husband pounding into her perfect ass while she lapped at Mommy's pussy.

None of them were mine anymore. Madison had taken everything, behaving like a bratty, jealous younger sister tattling to take a favorite toy she didn't really want.

Just to prove she could.

Don't get me wrong, I was on the edge, desperately, unequivocally, but not much more than yesterday, when Tiffany had me slurp my husband's creampie out of her messy, matted cunt. It was supposed to be something uniquely special, and it just....

It just wasn't...

“Oh, wow...” Madison said, looking up from Tiffany's pussy. “You love this, don't you, KayKay? You love watching your sissy fuck your husband?”

“Arf!” I said obediently.

“Do you still even fuck her, Scott? Or is her pussy too public for your liking?”

I let out a louder bark, moving up towards the bedpost.

“He still fucks her,” Tiffany says. “On the days, my pussy is too tired...”

“I want you to stop fucking KayKay,” Madison said. “Why fuck my sister when you could have me?”

Scott groaned.

“I'm serious, Scott...” She breathed.

I couldn't resist, I moved up to the bedpost, rubbing my clit against the ridges in the wood. I let out a soft moan, starting to sate myself with the conical pattern.

Was this it?

There was something that had been spurred into life by my sister. Not only was she fucking my husband, but she was *taking* my husband. Forcing him from me. Using her pussy again as a weapon against me.

"I will come over every night Tiffany can't and milk you dry," Madison said as she pushed her ass against Scott. "You can fuck my ass."

She climaxed again, still speaking through gritted teeth.

"Fuck! Fuck, yes, fuck me! You think my pussy is tight, you can have my ass. Fuck! Fuck! Leave Karen like this and I will bring my friends over and introduce you to them to this big, beautiful cock. You can fuck any other girl, just not her!"

She turned her head to again, needing to rub in her superiority. Madison had me now, her superiority complete. She could keep me chaste, and I was lost again in the depraved act of submission I craved.

I was close, unable to keep myself from the slamming into the post, jostling the bed frame.

"Jesus, just look at that thing. Don't fuck that when you could have this..."

And she pulled away, rising up on the bed to move towards me, her naked body gorgeous as she crawled towards me, looking down from the mattress.

"Put her outside," Madison said, leaning to look at me directly in the eyes.

"What?" Scott said, somewhat befuddled, obviously needing to cum.

She turned onto Tiffany, who had her head cocked in curiosity.

Before becoming my Mommy, the female Daddy-dom equivalent, she had worked as a professional dominatrix, settling on a job as a secretary at my old real estate firm.

Of course, I had quit after every man in the office had fucked and pissed all over me.

I knew she cared about me that she was tempering the hard ax Madison had been grinding against me since childhood. But I didn't know exactly what she would allow.

Her brow furrowed, her beautiful features perplexed.

"Go on..." Mommy said.

"Do you just let Kaykay pleasure herself without permission?" Madison said. "I thought you had this bitch trained."

I shrank back from the post, suddenly shamed, feeling everything, I wanted flooding back. I didn't want to go outside, not while they were fucking. Surely they couldn't begin this cruel sort of chastity tonight...

Tiffany thought about it.

“She has a point.”

“You, you really want her outside?” Scott asked, reluctant.

Nice to know that my husband still loved me.

“Baby, it’s eighty degrees out, she’ll be fine for the rest of the night.”

“For the night?” Daddy asked.

“Do you want to wake up early in the morning to walk her?” Mommy asked.

And suddenly, they were really humiliating me, treating me like a dog.

“Besides, she needs to learn a lesson from this. It’s not about her Scott. It can’t be.”

Scott made as if to speak and then shrugged.

“Put her outside with Buddy,” Tiffany said. “She’ll learn a lesson tonight.”

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The fence around our backyard had been chipped away, partially by neglect, partially by the neighbors, who had knocked out various wiggling boards to watch me naked. That I was treated as a human puppy was well known to most of our block, and thankfully appreciated by those in our immediate vicinity.

Scott had solved the Buddy problem with a stake in the middle of the yard, tethering the Labrador with a twenty-foot chain.

I had barely six feet of rope after she tied me up with the lease. I let out a pathetic arf as she bent down to tie me in my place, looking right at me as she spoke...

“You know he’s going to cum inside of me, don’t you?”

“Arf...”

It came out a little reluctantly, not because I didn’t expect it. I wanted to watch so bad, to witness as my sister drained his balls. I wanted to clean up cum from her pussy, if only to taste it again like when she’d pissed in front of me, using me instead of toilet paper to lick her clean.

God, I wanted my sister.

She was the only member of my family I hadn’t fucked.

“It’s never going to end,” Madison said, bringing my eyes up with a hand on my chin. “It’s just going to get worse. Every week, I’m going to take a little bit more from you. Scott will be easy. He’s too horny. Tiffany will take some work... but soon you’ll go a week without a cummy. Then two weeks. Then a month... then three... then a year...”

I groaned, thinking about what that constant state of arousal would do to me, afraid for how truly irrecoverable I might become after a year without an orgasm. I might really do anything, not that

there was much left. Already, even with only a day between cummies, I was ready to walk on my hands and knees to the nearest truck stop and let any man fuck me.

Yes, anyone could fuck me.

What more could they want?

“Have fun outside tonight, Kaykay! We are just getting started.”

Madison finished by patting me on the head, walking into the house, her ass swishing with every step, making me wish I could have at least buried my head there while my husband fucked her other hole.

I tried to calm down, my pussy dripping with excitement, needing so much more. I could feel the blades of uncut grass as I moved around the stake, not really able to do much than make a slow, painful circle. There would be no exercise, no chasing butterflies around the yard. This was my life until they freed me, tied to a stake with barely enough length to work my way around in a circle, waiting for someone to free me.

While my husband and his girlfriend fucked my sister.

The door shut behind her, the light disappearing into the cool evening. I watched, waiting, still hoping that someone would come back. I had never spent the night outside like a disobedient animal. And the worst feeling of all was the knowledge that this would not be a one-time thing. Once a line was crossed, it became the new norm.

And I didn't care for this.

But there were advantages instead of being trapped in the master bathroom. Here, I could relieve myself without worrying about making a mess or being punished. It came rushing out almost unexpectedly, without me needing to worry the urine on my pussy. No one would be using it for the rest of the night. My owners had left it a needy, desperate mess of excitement.

I guess I should have thought about the unfairness of it, but the thought never really entered my mind. No one had told me I couldn't use the furniture to please me, but that wasn't what my submission was about.

I needed to be controlled.

It was a few minutes before Buddy noticed me, the black lab suddenly all too interested in me. Clearly, I had intruded on his territory, his wet and slippery nose sniffing against my ass. I tried to move away, submissive even to my sister's pet, but he had more length in his teeth.

Not to mention that he naturally walked on four legs. Though it had become a practiced state, I was hardly completely comfortable on my hands and knees.

His nose, cold and intrusive, poked against my butt, parting down until I could feel his breath on my pussy, tickling it in spite of my revulsion. I tried to move away, only to find myself shortening my own lead, unable to undo my hands from their mitt and untangle myself. I had no room to maneuver, my padded knees feeling the grass I just wet, unable to move me any further in the opposite direction.

Buddy pushed his snout down, sniffing at my urine in the tall grass. He moved closer to me, almost

alongside me.

There was a brief moment where I didn't have to worry when I thought that he was moving on from his curious examination of my naked body as we stood parallel.

Then he lifted his leg...

I didn't really have time to react, feeling first his warm, rank urine spraying out onto my hips. I tried to move, frantic to avoid being marked at his territory, only to feel the collar around my neck choking at the rope I had shortened trying to avoid him. I tried to back away, but it proved too slow, and he continued spraying me with his warm piss.

I gave up.

That was the worse part, mentally sobbing as I waited for it to be over.

I stayed still and subservient as he backed up, lifting his legs to mark me more. I lowered my head, feeling the wet grass in my face, trying not to think about anything as the warm stream spread all over me.

The last few drops trickled out away from me, marking the grass instead of me.

But he wasn't done.

He moved closer to me, pressing his snout against my ass, moving down into the crack. I wanted to say something, to speak, to say no, but I couldn't.

Even without my owners present, my status was too secure, too innately wrapped around my mind for me to even assert myself at this moment.

His rough tongue lapped lower, tasting my eager pussy as my butt plug tail slapped against the sides of my ass with my feeble efforts to move away.

And then towards him.

I wish I had thought about standing up and ending the entire puppy charade right then. Had I any dignity or self-respect, I would have sat up and stopped it. But that part of my brain had been eroded completely over the past month, leading to this moment where all I could really feel was the lap of his tongue against my lips and the desire for more...

I shuddered, feeling the cool texture of his elongated tongue, not just letting it happen, spreading my legs to allow it.

Then thrusting back against it.

It was just a pleasurable tingle, not enough to bring an orgasm alone, but only a hundred feet away through the walls, I knew my sister was fucking my husband. She had left me tied up here, presented to her dog, not knowing that I would be willing to do more than hump the furniture.

I wish I could write something else. That I could say honestly that I was forced to cum by his movements alone. But I was unable to care that a creature was licking at me. I didn't know why maybe it was the thought of going a year without an orgasm. Maybe it was the disgusting sort of desperation of the act, too vile and forbidden to even share on Literotica.

Worse than fucking my family....

It was the kind of perverted act done by a pathetic, experimental teenager, with the strangeness of using something that didn't belong for my own pleasure. But it was worse than fucking a hairbrush or a cucumber and putting it back, so much more contemptible and forbidden.

Maybe that's why it turned me on so much.

And as Buddy explored my pussy, I was only grateful for every second, needing any sort of attention.

It didn't take much. I was always so turned on, and the bedpost had brought me so close to the edge. I would have begged Buddy to keep licking, needing any touch, any stimulation. I moved back against his tongue, and he stopped for a second, leaving me waiting for a painful moment before his tongue touched me again, once... twice... and then a more steady lap, the pressure building until I let loose in a soul-shattering orgasm.

I spasmed, shaking, unable to control myself as I moved on the grass, barely able to hold myself up, covered in human and animal piss. I shook, propelling my pussy back against Buddy's touch just as he withdrew, leaving me with a muted orgasm that barely woke my brain from what my pussy had driven me to do.

The dog had licked my pussy...

Not only that, but I also had cum from his touch, giving myself over to him.

I looked back, horrified at what I had been doing, completely Karen as the line I had crossed became suddenly apparent.

But while I had been sated and disgusted at what I had become, Buddy seemed unaware of any such violation. I looked back and saw his penis, completely erect, like some red, alien thing dangling down from his dark body, ending in an engorged, enveloped sheath that swung with excitement.

Oh god...

It was the last real human thing I thought.

He jumped up, me unable to move much, tied in place as his feet pushed down his back. I cried out, his nails digging into my back, pushing my bare breasts down into the urine-soaked ground underneath at least a hundred heavy pounds of dog. He scratched at my flesh, jumping on my back, keeping me from fighting against him.

How could I?

My hands were stuck in my puppy, paws. My knees couldn't stand up to his pressure.

His hind legs were used to life on four legs, mine buckled.

There was a horrible moment before it began, where I felt his slimy, wet penis trying to find the opening in my hole, moving against my prone body. His bulge was lodged between the tail in my ass and my sex as he humped against me, not quite in but nearly there.

And there was nothing I could do. No way I could stop Buddy from having his way with me. Naively, I hope his cock would just grind against my butt cheeks, letting loose his semen like a torrent of his urine, harmless against my legs.

I was wrong...

He kept humping, until by repeated chance his narrow sleeve-like head brushed against my vagina, causing my lips to bristle against the nonhuman dick. He pushed down, the head entering me in one terrifying second.

Then he bucked out, his hips pulling his dick free from my ready hole before he brought it back again, finding the exact right spot to bury his bone inside of me. There was this defeated realization that spread over me, knowing it had already happened.

A dog had fucked me.

He had put his strange and knob-like head inside of me, violating the last bit of my humanity.

Making me truly his bitch.

What did my resistance matter, except as a way of signaling some virtue long since passed? And yet still, I resisted as he slid the rest of it into me, the strange bumped and weird oblong shape of him reminding me every second what a whore I had become.

It didn't matter that Madison had left me outside with him.

It didn't matter that his paws were pushing me down, tearing at the flesh of my back.

It didn't matter that I didn't want this.

He was going to take me. The Labrador had no control, no way of communicating with me about my needs. He humped mindlessly, ramming his cock into me over and over again with my face pressed into the grass. I tried to think of something, of anything else and found myself unable to control my body, the burning in my split pussy giving rise to a new sort of sensation.

A joy I could not keep from myself.

Slowly, I rose a little, not quite on my hands and knees, but enough that I was pushing back against each thrust. The internal screams from the scrapes and cuts across my back where he clawed me raw had been replaced with increasing yelps of pleasure rising from my cunt, combining the pain and pleasure into an exquisitely escalating desire.

Everything turned towards his cock slamming into my pussy, teaching me the true depths of my dark needs.

There was a moment where I was bucking back against him, my rump meeting his cock so much that he was nearly pushed off his hind legs, and yet still, he humped into me.

Even when I started fucking him.

The switch came without an actual realization. The transformation was wordless and complete, creating in me a swelling need for anything he would give me. Unlike my owners, he wasn't withholding. Buddy was completely fixated on his pleasure, intense and rough, ravaging me thoroughly.

I couldn't control him. He couldn't even control himself. There wouldn't be an end until he reached the biological imperative, and I was just the recipient of a misplaced drive.



He wouldn't be able to fill me with puppies...

Even though I was now his bitch.

"ARF! ARF! ARF!"

The words came out in a loud scream even before I realized that he couldn't possibly give me permission to cum.

I fell down on the ground, my paws losing their grip in the grass, again prone as he pounded into me.

A few more strokes and my body completely betrayed me, writhing and spasming in full orgasmic delight as the dog pushed deeper and deeper inside of me.

I shook, I writhed, I lost myself fully into the truth of what I had become, lost in lust, loving every joyous second until the overriding orgasm subsided.

Truly anything, man or beast could mark me, could make me his. There was a brief refractory moment where the consequences of my needs boiled to the surface. I thought about Madison's ultimatum, how much easier it would be for my husband to never fuck me again now that I had given myself over to my sister's dog. I thought about her scorn, about Mommy's scolding, about the kind of trouble I might be in...

Then again, my vagina restarted the same desires, squeezing around the strange, slippery cock inside of me, using it for my own ends. Buddy seemed to swell inside of me, reaching a fever pitch as he again forced me down into the dirt.

I didn't care.

I wanted him.

He started to swell even more, around the base, a round bulb growing inside of me. It should have been overwhelming.... It almost was, and yet the growth only elicited a meek moan from my battered hole. The black lab kept pounding, nearly his own end as his fully engorged animal prick pushed deeper and wider inside of me, taking me nearly completely.

He just needed a few more thrusts...

Warm cum spilled out into me, flooding my cunt with a toxic seed that could never take. It was so much more than any man and so much worse, the shame compounding the sexual energy, making me all the more pliant.

I let out a cry, not sure if it was from denial or from the sickening feeling in my stomach from feeling him finish. The head of his sleeve pulsed inside of me, pushing out more and more until I had been completely filled.

But it didn't stop.

More leaked out, gushing into me even after the dog was clearly done with my broken body. He turned, trying to free himself from aching pussy, only for the knot inside of me to keep him attached. Buddy was turned backward, trying to free himself, pulling me painfully a few steps away from my lead.

Until it pulled against my neck, tightening and choking me at the collar. I couldn't tell which sense commanded more attention, my cunt or my gasping, panicked breath. I had the thought of Tiffany seeing me like this, imagine how disappointed she would be finding me knotted by a Labrador, used and bred by an animal.

Would she want my pussy anymore after Buddy had left his cum inside of me?

He stopped pulling, deciding to wait as his seed continued to leak out into me. But with that final jolt, my pussy again came alive again.

I needed more, and it was too late for decency to restrain me. I bucked up, grinding against him, unable to move him much either way as he nearly sat, patiently waiting for his knot to shrink. I didn't matter, and neither did my orgasm.

This was worse than Mommy or Daddy, or even Madison could provide. They would withhold, tormenting me until I had reached a limit, teaching me to obey for my reward until it became a Pavlovian response.

The black lab could do nothing like that.

He had no understanding of my needs. No knowledge of what would make me cum or hurt. Buddy couldn't understand being too rough or too quick, he just was doing as nature intended. And it was up to me to derive what little pleasure I could.

I bucked up a little, my whole body and soul hurting, trying to alleviate the horror with just a little relief. I moved, pushing him onto his front legs, but his cock barely twitched inside of me. I groaned, feeling as though it would never happen as his cock started to shrink, the flow of cum slowing to a near halt.

I gave a few frantic wriggles, needing more...

And with this last movement, I climaxed, shaking, and shattering every last vestige of decency as the dog again caused me to orgasm with his raw organ. He nearly sat, not really moving, letting me rock on his dick, making me the one who needed him.

In those last moments, as a final shame-ridden orgasm override everything in my mind that could have ever reminded me of Karen, I truly lost myself. Anything of the past was gone. All that mattered was my own greedy hole and the depths I was willing to delve in order to make myself cum.

Buddy wasn't fucking me.

I was fucking the dog, taking into my pussy every last drop of doggy cum into my sore and wrecked pussy, humping into me the last few seconds of pleasure. I quaked, not feeling myself, not hearing even my own thoughts as pure, animalistic ecstasy overcame everything in my entire life...

Leaving me with my ass in the air, a butt plug tail inserted in my ass...

A shrinking dog cock stuck in my pussy.

I don't know how long I held that position. Time extended forever, unmarked by anything other than the need for it over. And when Buddy slid out, my pussy only felt strangely empty, squeezing open and shut as doggy cum dripped down my thighs and onto my legs.

I couldn't even cry.

I couldn't even care.

I slept that like, leaking out doggy cum in my prostate position, even waking once to let loose a torrent of pee and cum all over me and the ground. I hadn't even risen up to pee, letting go all over my legs, my vagina still stinging from the pounding.

I couldn't even move, falling back to sleep in the mix of fluids.

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"Kaykay!"

The voice stirred without waking me.

"Karen!"

I looked up through bleary eyes, my body a complete mess. Tiffany came rushing towards me, on her hands and knees, examining my torn up back with concerned eyes. She undid my collar for the first time in months, cradling me close.

Mommy glared at Buddy, then at my sister.

"Oh my god, did he..."

She moved, continuing her examination. Her fingers went to my pussy lips, spreading them, then examining her fingers...

They were wet with Buddy's cum.

"Okay, okay, everything looks worse than it is..." Tiffany said, stroking my cheek. "You're going to be okay, baby, Mommy's here. Mommy loves you."

I could hear the calm restoring to Tiffany's voice.

"I'm going to get Daddy," Tiffany said, standing up and moving briskly towards the house.

"Did she have a good time outside with Buddy?" Madison asked, her tone mocking.

I looked up, barely able to think.

But I saw Mommy wheel around, her open hand striking my sister across the face.

*The End*