

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



To broach the topic of the lurid and the kinky, why, it was well-trodden territory for the Henderson's. Very well-trodden. Almost nothing fazed them. Almost. When Emily toyed with the newly presented idea that had just been given to her, it gave the minx an honest sense of pause. More than she had initially expected. She rolled the idea around in her head, the thought of it bringing a smile to her ruby-red lips. Something so taboo and depraved had only crossed her mind once or twice, in the past. She had considered asking, of course, the temptation was always there. Something to test the waters, when she was well and truly in the mood, but she refrained – for one reason or another, she had always refrained. Not to dismiss their reputation, that is. As a couple, the two of them were.. to put it as lightly and pleasant as possible, incredible adventurous and very much unafraid to bask in a wide variety of hot, kinky soirées. Not for nothing; in the sack they were bold. In light of that, the Henderson's always had quite the knack for attempting to surprise their significant other, to the point where it almost became like a sordid game to them. A heated battle amongst loving foes. The best possible kind. Even so, the real test was in seeing who could truly shock the other. No playfulness, no mischief or anything of the sort. No. Pure, unadulterated shock. That was the goal. And in that moment, on that night, her husband had proven the illustrious victor, much to her dismay – or, perhaps, her delight? Emily prided herself on dwelling somewhere in the center of most things when dealing with the filthy and depraved. Always. Having been beaten to the punch on a request or, rather, an ask so similar to the one she had always previously toyed with, she gave her husband's chest the most playful of shoves. "So filthy, boy" she teased, which made him do nothing but smile in earnest. "In there of all places?"

Derek had leaned into her, wearing a devilish grin upon his face as his words teased themselves out, slowly, keeping her on edge. "Why not? It's confined, probably very dirty – likely, very likely, in fact – and houses a locking mechanism." His grin widened. "Why, it's perfect for you." She shoved against him once more, with greater force this time around. All he could do was look up at her and chuckle. "C'mon, now, it's hardly the most filthy thing we've done together."

Emily leaned back to tap at her chin playfully, giving the notion some thought. "Hmm.. true, my darling.. true. I suppose there was that one time in the park."

Derek waited for a beat, trying his best to think, trying his best to remember as he broke character. "Wwwhich time?"

"You, um-" She paused, caught off-guard, briefly screwing her face up in attempting to describe how depraved that particular meeting was. "You.. you know, the-" Emily began to motion with her hands. "With the big- yeah, in the-" Derek's eyes widened, then, and his cheeks burned a faint blush in remembrance. She planted a kiss upon one of those cheeks as their mutual sense of character returned. "Exactly." She repositioned herself, moving to straddle his lap as her hands moved behind his head to interlace at the back of his neck. With her sultry gaze upon him, she began her next line of query. "Okay, so let's say I'm in the cage." He nodded. "But what about Buddy?"

Derek made a face, waving a dismissive hand. "D'oh.. don't mind Buddy. I'll keep 'em outside. Not a problem. Out of sight, my dear, out of mind.."

She hummed temptingly. "Can you..? Buddy's smarter than you, you know, he always finds a way."

"Smarter than me?" Derek made another face, feigning a look of hurt. "My ass. He's a good dog! He'll mind me. He always does." He could tell she only somewhat believed him, but it would have to do. He sported a cheeky grin to ensure no further doubts remained.

She rubbed against him, clearly in the mood. He hummed softly at the feel, as her chest lay against his own, cushioned by her soft bosom. "What next, my lord.." Her breath grew hot against his face. "Want me tied up, huh? Hmm? Nestled in your little cage of debauchery, ripe for the plucking, is that it? Or should I say.. ripe for the f-"

He nodded slowly, shushing her quietly as their lips almost met in a sorely needed, but hotly declined, kiss. His next few words struck at her molten-hot core. "Shh, my pet. Tomorrow night, you will be bound, gagged, and blindfolded. Inside the cage, prey to my every whim. Just how I want you."

She crooned, her loins already tender with a ferocious need. "Giving me the works.."

"And.. who knows, maybe I'll leave you in there, possibly for days at a time." His tone remained hushed, but all the more harsh. "Nothing but a receptacle for me to fuck when I please." Derek's brows lowered in a sharp, playful squint. "How does that sound, hm?"

Emily feigned a look of suspense. "Only to open the cage for when you would want to have your way with me..?"

"It's what you deserve."

In that moment, no longer able to restrain themselves or resist, the lovers kissed with the utmost passion. It was brief, but no less intense. Emily spoke again amidst a sharp intake of air, allowing herself to take a quick breath lest he steal it from her. She'd let him, if she could. She grinned against him. "Like a bitch in heat, darling?"

"Only the best. And more."

Their lips met again, in a trade of desperate tongues as her hands dug into the muscles upon his neck and shoulders. His hands began to explore her body more thoroughly as her face dug into the nape of his neck. Settling upon her ass, he kneaded the supple flesh even through her pants. She whispered against his ear, "You dog."

The next night was going to be very, very fun.

When it came, the lovers found themselves both brimming with an anticipation that tingled the senses. Neither had felt such a way in some time. Not since the park, in fact. By the good graces of such a venture, Emily had damn near been dripping wet all day. She made sure to let him know that. Painfully, teasingly. All throughout the day.

Even before their lovemaking could begin in earnest, she continued her halting with more questions, more queries, needing to make doubly sure.

"Is Buddy okay?" She asked, clad in something of a schoolgirl uniform. She was haphazardly palming her breast with one hand, her other toying with her clit. Even when horny, she remained conscientious.

Derek nodded. His hungry eyes all over her. "Check."

"Is he outside?"

Derek almost made a face, the impatience beginning to grow unbearable. "Check." He began to approach, but she stopped him.

“And is the kitchen door secure?”

“Check, check, check.” Derek’s motions grew tired, the impatience having reached a fever pitch. He closed the gap between them whether she wanted it or not; not allowing another moment of visual appreciation or eye candy to be all they were dealing with. He was insatiable, no longer able to restrain himself. He was hasty when dealing with Buddy. Far too excited as she showered while he moved him outside and became prepared. But it would be fine; he made sure of it.

Luckily for him, she wanted him to approach just as badly. The night was young, the air caught in a sea of lust. In the lounge, Emily stood before him, her blouse having nearly been ripped open for her body to spill out of it. He was slowly but surely applying the collar around her neck, before feeling up her cheer. Her throat mustered a whimper, which set his body aflame with need. She knew exactly the noises to make, the words to say, to undo his composure and send him spiraling into a pit of lustful despair. His motions grew rougher, as he tore the rest of her blouse away. Their lips met in a sordid heat, crashing together with the utmost sloppy intensity. Her hands toyed with his belt, undoing the buckle and slipping it through in order to pull it all away. Having kicked his pants off in the aftermath, he pushed her against the wall adjacent to the cage – one hand around her throat, squeezing lightly, while the other moseyed downward towards her sopping cunt. He rubbed her through the now-slick cloth, letting slip a satisfied moan, himself. He had to. Having waited all day, it was time to get filthy. “Good girl,” he affirmed, which made her squeak in approval as his fingers tore the dampened material away from crotch. She gasped as it was pulled from her, leaving her bare underneath the short skirt. Before she could protest, or voice any further tease, he balled the underwear and jammed it past her lips to function as a makeshift gag. She grew playful, then, attempting to spit it out until he doubled his efforts. He attached a cleavegag, to ensure her discarded underwear remained nestled inside her hungry maw. He thought of everything. Her cheeks burned blood red as the leftover nectar filled her muffled mouth, a tiny moan barely able to air itself as his fingers slipped inside her. He cooed as her eyes closed shut, the feeling of relief mixed with the anticipation of what was to come doing much for her first, impending orgasm. His middle and ring fingers plunged deep with her tender folds, drawing more delicious sounds from her form. He hissed with satisfaction, curling his digits towards himself to stroke along her button of pleasure. “That’s it, you dirty fucking slut. That’s it.. so fucking wet.” His face drew close, tickling her ear with a whisper. “Look at you, just waiting to be locked inside that cage. You know your place, you know what you’re good for, don’t you..? That’s right.”

In spite of her guttural moans and brief chirps of pleasure, she hummed in agreement, dramatically so, in a ploy to egg him on further. It worked, it always did. She knew how to derive the exact performance she desired from him. Emily withheld a quiet moan as she could feel the hardness of his cock against her thigh, as it rubbed up against her tender flesh. It was almost time.

His palm pushed inward, brushing up against the outside of her labia, rubbing against her clit as he fingered her with a growing intensity. “Going to cum already, are you?” She nodded readily, that familiar need in her eyes. “Yeah..? That’s it. Think about how I’m going to fuck you in that cage, in there where you belong.” He repeated himself, twice as harsh the second time. “You know your fucking place.” He fingered her faster, which drew from her several squeals, until she shivered with delight as she hit her first orgasm, coating his hand with her pleasure as she gushed, Derek chuckling with the utmost devilish of glee. Her chest heaved as she started to come down from her high.

“Good.. good. That’s my girl.”

Before she could recuperate, however, she was pulled away from the wall, with the rest of her clothing cast aside. She was roughly undressed, his groping and pulling making her squirm. Adding

insult to her desirable injury, he fitted her with the blindfold she was readily looking forward to. It shrouded her vision then, leaving her world a dark abyss of nothing but the promise of future pleasure and the thrill of anticipation. He gave her ass a hearty smack and then, with continued force, she was brought to her knees and urged inside the large, chain-link cage which belonged to Buddy. The poor pooch had been left outside hours ago, without a care, Derek having hastily led him out and immediately closing the door behind him. Buddy wasn't smarter than him, there was no way. Even under the assumption that he was; he would still be mindful. He had to be. Derek didn't care one way or the other, he simply desired nothing more than to make love to his wife.

Emily's tiny mewls were like music to his ears as he bound her wrists and ankles to the metal bars affixed to all four sides of the cages interior. He couldn't help but snicker at her predicament, how far she allowed herself to fall. But she wanted it, she did - and so did he. Who would he be for them to back out now? There was no going back. Not ever. Whatever the night would bring, it was going to be a night neither would ever forget.

Thinking of everything once more, he conjured a leash to bind to the back of her collar, clicking it in place for him to spool upwards, tying the other end to the top of the cage, tying it off. It remained a tight fit, not allowing her head much movement if at all. She could allow herself to droop, to have her head held low despite the restraint, almost suspended without a care as he had his way with her. Like she was trapped in a dungeon, at the whim of some monster; a beast hungry for carnal delights. The thought almost made her come again.

And so, there Emily was. Bound, gagged, blindfolded - just as her husband promised. He was proud of himself in that moment, making good in the promise and then some. It took some time to prepare, but the payoff was more than worth it. Far, far more. Her restraints were tight, the discarded panties in her mouth coating her tastebuds with the results of her previous pleasures. All she could do now was control her breathing, collect her thoughts, and prepare for what was to come. Sheer, unbridled bliss. To be fucked senseless inside a house built for a lowly animal, bound, made to be a receptacle for his lewd delights.

It was going to be a long night.

Derek looked down upon her, as he did away with the rest of his own clothes. To his credit, he padded the bottom of the cage for her sake as he fetched a small pillow for his own knees. In previous, precarious trysts both their knees weathered worse in the past. Asphalt, sand, brushing over leaves and pine cones. The Henderson's were an insatiable couple, having done it in a wide variety of places. That night, he wanted things to take it easy upon them - on that front at least. In the comfort of their own home, it was the least he could do, considering.

Placing the pillow upon the floor right in front of the cage opening, he settled down upon it. He also made a mental note before diving in, a very important one. Derek had no damn clue where the key to the cage's lock was, but Emily did. She always had, but he never asked. He considered asking her there and then, but with her gag and his lust-addled mind working hard to override any logical precedent, he decided to let it be. He wouldn't regret it. Surely. She knew where the key was, that was good enough. Even then, the chances of her getting locked inside the cage were slim. He was there, everything was safe and secure. It wouldn't be for very long.. but he wouldn't rest until he had his fill. With how active they were going to be, he would likely consider buying Buddy another, better, less-filthy cage - so the one in their possession could remain that way.

With her ass pointed outward, it was ripe for the pickings. Or, per her earlier words, plucking. He rubbed his cock, brushing the crown against her sensitive folds. He could hear her moan sweetly, as he brushed his sex up along her slit to slide up the cleft of her ass. Her head dangled as he toyed

with her, his cock sandwiched by her most delicate of places. Rubbing along her puffy, reddening mound, over her tight, pink bud. She was left not knowing what he would do next, which hole he would fill – she figured he would take both; hard and fast, just how she liked it – nor did she know how long it would be until he granted her that sliver of relief to do so, how long-

“MMMF!” came her muffled cry as he entered her suddenly, disrupting her thought process, his prick disappearing inside her snatch in one fell swoop. His hand came down upon her ass, then, reddening it with a harsh smack as his hips began to thrust in earnest. With each buck, her body was rattled. The continued ‘plap, plap, plap’, the soft clapping of flesh airing itself so sweetly amidst the night. Beneath the blindfold, her eyes quivered with delight as he speared her folds. Were it not for the makeshift-gag, her tongue likely would’ve rolled out of her mouth, wracked by the intense onset of a carnal reprieve.

His hands dug into the soft, supple flesh of her backside, his pelvis clapping against her fat ass with reckless abandon as his fingers kneaded the heft of her rump. His fingers would leave marks, dimples in her backside she was sure to be proud of. She could do nothing, she did nothing, but regress into a quivering, mewling pile of delight as Derek continued to rut into her. “Look at you,” he spat, beginning to tear away at any remaining shred of possible decency. She wanted none, cared for it not one bit. “Already perfectly content with your new status, hmm? Like some kind of common whore. Worse than that, even, or..” His playfully venomous words trailed, as his thumb edged closer towards her inviting little bud. “..should I say, better?” Without care, he nudged his thumb inside to be met with another squeal, having slipped it in with relative ease despite his forceful entry. With his hand hooked, keeping her hoisted to his cock, he continued to hammer away, taking her deep with every thrust, to and fro, to and fro. The clap of his balls against her sensitive clit sending jolts of shock through her nerves in the most satisfying of ways. The sight of her defiled in such a way, with her pussy stuffed, slapping back against his sex with growing intensity, his thumb nestled securely in her ass, her hands and feet bound, her mouth gagged, her eyes shrouded by the grace of a blindfold he haphazardly tied around her.. it was all too much. Too much, and too good.

The Henderson’s were a wild couple. No position was off limits to them, they retained an active lifestyle in order to remain limber and spry. Their closet was full of toys. Handcuffs, ball gags, paraphernalia such as bonds and whips. Vibrators. Plugs. Dildo’s large and small, fleshlights of varying purposes and quality. Silicone, rubber, steel. And with lubricant to beat the ban. All manner of toys and accessories lurked behind those walls.

But to enact this, something so simple yet unrefined, something considered so low and animalistic.. it was new. For her and him both. Making love amidst a forest under cover of night while dressed as a ghoulish and goblin was one thing; primordial in another way. Getting the strap from his lover while clad in nothing but socks and a ritualistic face mask was one thing; again, primordial in another way. But this.. this was something else.

And he loved it.

He signaled as much when he reached his own peak, spewing a torrent of cum deep within her. Emily’s entire body convulsed, trembling through another, smaller orgasm as he filled her thoroughly. The tired, pained grunts he let slip was like music to her ears. Having filled her up, he hissed with the utmost satisfaction at sowing his seed. He gave her ass another smack.

Yet despite having hit his peak, it did nothing to shame his refractory period. He pulled out of her with a loud, lewd ‘pop’, his seed seeping from her reddened folds in droves. Even still, she attempted to shove her ass back, wanting more. “Goddamn,” he said with a laugh. “We should have done this ages ago..” He leaned down, inside the cage, planting a kiss upon her left cheek as he went for the

makeshift-gag and cleave in her mouth. "Tell me," he asked with a heavy but pleased sigh; catching his breath, "tell me that wasn't the hottest shit for us in a while."

"I.. I-" Emily could hardly form words as her composure was regained, her back heaved slowly with every intake of breath. "Oh god, honey.."

"Better than the park?"

"Keep treating me right," she shot back with a tease. "And we'll see.."

He wiped some sweat from his brow. "You've gotta see yourself, this is-" He stumbled back, groaning as he stood to his feet. "I have to get the camera."

"Film it," she said between moans. "And don't you dare stop. I want.. I want more."

"Want a better gag?"

"Yes. Fetch me the proper ballgag, dear."

As it happened, the proper ballgag was nearby on account of Derek having forgot it. He wouldn't dare tell her, lest he suffer any possible embarrassment at the worst of times. Far be it from him to sour the mood. And so he fetched the ballgag from the nearby stand, and strapped her with it inside the cage.

Afterwards, she was primed for more, eager. "I'll be back soon," Derek said, giving her ass yet another smack before he up and left, almost slipping on the pillow he had placed before heading off to fetch the camera. Provided it was where he last left it..

Outside, Buddy had been a mess of his own. Not in a fun way, no. To strand him outside without a care, why, it struck him as alien. When Derek left him so haphazardly, it struck him as the oddest thing already - but to not return posthaste? Derek had never acted so rashly. Not often, anyway. Something was up, that much was clear, something was wrong. Buddy knew he needed to get inside. But how?

After running around in circles for thirty minutes, he attempted to enact some kind of plan. As good a plan as any loyal dog could conjure, at the least.

His paws scuffed at the outside doors leading into the deck. Locked. With no open windows in sight. Something had to give. His several, plentiful barks fell upon deaf ears, even when he would near where he thought he heard noises coming from, inside. Not only was something wrong, something continued to be very strange. Was it a punishment? A surprise? His ears perked at the thought of something, recalling the faintest shred of something having stuck out. Buddy leapt from the deck, hitting the ground with ease as he went to investigate.

The kitchen held a door which led to the backyard. Buddy had used it many a time thanks to its doggy-door. Former doggy-door, given the.. raccoon incident, some time ago. Since then it had been removed, no hole for him in sight, but the locking mechanism of the door had never worked quite right since then. Time and time again, he would watch Derek on occasion find great difficulty in jimmying it open. Other times, it would open with hardly a need to push. It seemed his only chance at the time, barring the worst having happened. All a dog could do, was try. And that's what he intended to do.

Having neared the door, Buddy sniffed around the area, inspecting any and all possible scents,

looking for any sign of damage. Nothing of the sort was in sight. Seemingly clean. His paws scraped against the door, giving it a firm nudge. Nothing. He tried again. Nothing. Withholding the faintest whine, he tried once more and, to his surprise, the door began to give. Hearing the lock malfunction, coming undone, Buddy redoubled his efforts and gave it a much more confident push. To his delight it crept open, but he dared not voice his pleasure with an audible bark, lest an intruder dwelled within the house and surprised him with some kind of attack. He needed to remain calm, and remain focused. Maintaining an air of subtlety – as best a dog like him could do – he eased inside and began to quietly sniff around. Again, nothing out of the ordinary. Whether that was a good sign or bad, he had yet to know. In the distance however, several rooms away, his ears prickled at the faint sounds of something. Someone.. moaning? Panting? Surely, they were in need of help. Consequences be damned, the faithful dog went to investigate.

Peeking around the corner, Buddy was met with an.. unfamiliar sight. Emily, naked and bound, nestled inside a cage. His cage. She seemed distracted, already preoccupied with something as her body shivered and writhed. For some reason. What had really thrown him off was the simple fact that she was baring it all, her nethers free to anyone who might come by and consider taking advantage.

Why, to Buddy that simply made no sense. Her and Derek were a pair, always seen together, enjoying each other's company. And likewise, they were good to him. Emily especially. She took a liking to him rather quickly when they had first met. Lucky for her, he was the same. So why had she been displayed like that? It puzzled the pooch to no end as he approached with an almost nervous trepidation. He made no sounds, merely smelled, sniffing around the cage, encircling her current predicament.

Emily, conversely, remained so lust-addled that she could hardly tell who it might have been. Despite any slight touch of discomfort, she bore the brunt of it – the pleasure outweighing the pain. With a small moan, she wanted to speak, to welcome the presence of her lover once more. She moaned in such a way to attempt the most muffled of words. Sounds that came out as incoherent as they could, but Buddy picked up on a few. Or so he thought. Gibberish, mostly, but “boy” and “fuck” could be discerned much more acutely. Not that he completely understood it all in the first place. When she wiggled her ass side to side, barely giving her fingers a snap despite the restraints, it set a precedent.

Buddy sat behind her, absolutely dumbfounded.

Was it.. deliberate? Had she been setup in such a way, on a platter of sorts, for.. him? No, it couldn't have been. Buddy was a good boy, but the thought of that was..

Emily snapped her fingers again to the best of her ability, more urgency the second time around.

Buddy hesitated. Given such a command, it was hard to deny. He was a good dog. Never bad, ever. Who was he to deny such a request? He was faithful, loyal, duty-bound to the end – as any dog should strive to be. And so, he approached with a certain level of care, his snout drawing dangerously close to her sex. Her scent signaled much; that she was in the mood, in heat. It signaled much within himself, as well. Without thinking, his snout pushed inward, against her folds to sniff further, to inspect and prepare. Emily gasped. The mixture of a cold nose and hot breath drawing together a sensation which shocked her nerves and made them burn all the same.

It was when Buddy's tongue slipped up, tracing up her labia sloppily that something felt off. It was intensive, unlike anything Derek could give. It was the dog, and she wanted to panic. To shoo him away. But it was too late. Buddy remained preoccupied with licking up the leftover nectar from her

cunt, and even lapping at the bud of her ass. She squealed hard, wiggling her hips in a way that achieved the opposite effect in him. He continued, more thoroughly in his oral assault.

Despite her desire to be free, her body, similarly, was achieving a result not quite to her liking. Her loins came alive at his touch, his oral ministrations doing much to keep her in the mood in spite of the wrongness of it. She attempted to wriggle her hands free, to shout for Derek to get his foolish ass in there to help. Instead, the only ass being fooled was her own. By the goddamned dog.

Buddy was thorough, attentive, all the things a good lover needed to be when servicing their partner. The overly slick yet mildly rough texture of his tongue sending shocks up her spine. The most satisfying shocks. She groaned against the damn ballgag, wanting nothing more than to chide the dog and chide her husband even more. Where was he? The fool could have gotten lost in their closet of pleasure for all she knew. The thought crossed her mind, the thought would not have surprised her. Any other thoughts crossing her mind dissipated with every lick of Buddy's tongue, his intense oral worship of her pussy and asshole exactly the kind of thing she so desperately needed – from the absolute wrong member of the house.

When his tongue retreated, she was granted a sense of relief despite the small – the very, very, microscopically small – shred of disappointment in her core at the absence of further servicing. But, no matter. With luck the damn mutt was done, eager to wander off to roll around on the floor, or-

Buddy's presence made itself intimately known as he attempted to slip inside the cage. Emily squealed, wiggling in honest protest but, again, it only served to egg him on further. Like a good dog. And like a good dog, he raised himself up upon her, settling into a mounted position despite the confined nature of the cage at that moment. His hind legs stood high, his front legs draped across her sides. She was panicked, almost caught in a sweat as she felt the tip of his cock now very apparent, and very eager to please. In the end, she could do nothing but endure the fucking she was sure to receive, only able to pray her idiotic beau would return soon.

Buddy found difficulty in readjusting, settling in to service one of his owners well. He almost stumbled back, then dove forward. In his haste, the door of the cage was rattled, swinging itself shut behind him. Emily's heart sunk at the sound of the locking mechanism clicking into place.

Before she could muffle a scream, her folds had readily accepted the beginnings of Buddy's cock—half of it slipping inside with such ease it almost made her faint. She could hardly form another squeal, let alone any possible noise which signaled protest. To her dismay his cock continued, bringing her to the hilt until she could feel the knot brush against her molten-hot entrance. She was almost trembling, it was too much. Far too much for her to take and comprehend in equal measure. Regardless of her what she thought she could take, however, Buddy had other ideas. While initially sloppy, the dog picked up in pace to set a nice tone. Brisk but deep medium thrusts. Again, her head hung low even as her pussy quivered, yielding to every poke and prod of his cock. Her body remained hot to the touch, her cheeks a bright red as her core continued to betray her – her sex took it all, relishing the pounding she received even as her wrists twisted and pulled against the confines of the restraints. They remained tight as ever, because of course they were.

Buddy's panting was brisk and quiet, just as the soft 'plap, plap, plap' of flesh echoed throughout the lounge.

With the dog having his way with her, she hated every second that part of her body loved it. Her pussy easily accommodating what he had to offer, tingling her nerves with every retreat and reentry. Pleasure or no pleasure, however, she would not – would not – allow herself to experience orgasm from something so depraved and disgusting. Her pussy squelched with each thrust, tightening

briefly with every impact, but she would not cum to the likes of a dog's cock.

No matter how much her body was beginning to signal otherwise...

"Where the hell was it.."

The camera proved all the more elusive as he searched, his cock haphazardly being stroked to keep up his physical prowess and performance. Emily was waiting for him, likely growing all the more impatient at the lack of a cock to service her. He knew he had to move - he would never forgive himself otherwise. He dug through the closet, the comical view of his ass-cheeks stuck out while he searched sure to please anyone who might have seen him.

"Yes," he uncovered it finally, at last. He wasn't sure why it was obscured with so much in the closet of all places, but the time to ponder it was time he could no longer afford. He flipped it on, with a battery clocking in at seventy-six perfect. Good enough, he thought. He got it primed and ready, his cock remaining stiff now at the thought of coming back for a second helping. Her supple, pristine sex eager for more of him. Not just that, but her ass. Derek practically salivated at the thought. Anal wasn't always an option for him, something she saved for the most special of occasions. Even when it's all he would want, she would never budge. Not until he earned it. That was the power she had over him. As much as she was his sub, with him as her dom, it was a constant push and pull of each other's many, many needs. Some easy, others tumultuous, but it was a partnership. They trusted one another. And he knew - full well, and without the need for words - that she wanted him to give it to her up the ass.

He could hardly wait.

And so he moved, a purpose to his steps as he exited their bedroom and barreled down the hall, camera in tow. A feeling of unbridled excitement came over him, anything for him to return to his pet to bestow the many fucking's she sorely needed.

When Derek returned, he found that someone was already filling that position. With a sordid glee.

There Buddy was, laying waste to his wife's pussy.

With her blindfold off, the look she gave Derek conveyed so much. A thousand, contradictory emotions. "W.. what... BUDDY!" The dog's ears perked at his name, knowing he was there; and yet the dog continued anyway. "Goddammit," Derek spat, surprisingly tame at such a notion. He rushed over, setting the camera down upon an angle that gave an excellent view of the scene unbeknownst to him. And after, he rushed over to shake the cage, urging Buddy to halt. But every command fell upon deaf ears, as man's best friend was already locked in on his mission. No going back.

Derek swatted at the cage, attempting to draw Buddy's attention to no avail. He cursed again, hissing under his breath. When he found the door to the cage had been shut, the locking mechanism firmly in place, his heart sunk. "Oh shit.." His movements were rapidly growing all the more frantic, as sounds of Emily squirming and moaning were filling his ears.

He took a step back, absolutely dumbfounded by the sight. The almost-spectacle of it. No matter the partner, Emily had always looked so good when getting fucked, he could watch for hours. But he had to focus, to reassess. The key to the cage was.. somewhere, and he would kick his own ass later for not having asked earlier; but what mattered was the here and now. He doubled around, giving his wife a look of sympathy. "Honey, where is.. where is the key??"

"Mmmph, hrnn, mm, hhhmp! Mnn! Meffnnn!"

Right. Goddamn ballgags.

Feeling like a complete and utter fool, he rubbed the back of his head and glanced around, desperately trying to think. "Shit, shit.. where- where would it- gaagh. Fuck! Okay." He crouched down, meeting her line of sight from the other side of the cage. "I'm gonna go look for it, I just- um- just don't.." He stood up, beginning to step backwards. "Er, just don't come! I'll be back!"

And like that, her dom had left her to her own devices. Those devices being an eager, thick dog-cock laying waste to her supple, fertile sex. She groaned in frustration, lamenting the lack of foresight on his part. Amidst her frustration and disappointment, however, something else neared – causing her to groan in a different way.

Buddy hit her with a ferocious pounding, until his bulge of a knot slipped inside her well-used cunt. She yelped, squealing as she was finally bred. Fully, hotly. In light of his knot seeping his seed deep inside her, her pussy clamped against it as the throes of orgasm tore itself through her. Whether she liked it or not, she milked his cock for all that it was worth.

With luck he was finished, he would relent. He would pull out of her and fall asleep maybe. Even if he were to fall asleep atop her; it would be uncomfortable, but at the very least it would be over.

It was far from over.

His hardness remained, and his thrusts continued. She squealed as his onslaught persisted, his seed coating her insides, making it all the easier for a potential knot reentry.

While Derek was away, Buddy was eager to play.

All the while, Derek was scrambling to find the key. The kitchen; its many cupboards. The storage room; its numerous cabinets and cubbies. No key would be found. And the more he went without; the more desperate and frustrated he became. He considered all the possible locations it might have been. Was it in the sex closet? Amongst the fleshlights and dildos. As silly as the idea may have been, he couldn't deny the possibility. Hell, the key could be somewhere in the trash – practically on accident – and he still would not be surprised. He was sure to check both, his nerves burning at the thought of his pet being fucked by someone other than him. Her supple loins tarnished by the likes of a dog cock. Preposterous.

He could only hope she would hold out. Not just for him, but for herself.

With the camera left in such a position as it was, its lens had been provided ample room to drink in the sight of an intense, passionate bout of lovemaking. As it turned out, just not the one Derek the Dom had intended. Not at all. Emily's eyes nearly crossed at the feel, at another blast of cum splattering her inner walls from the heat of Buddy's knot. Like it or not, she was continuously bred for what felt like.. goodness, it had felt like hours. Minute after minute of the dutiful dog battering her tight, red-hot pussy. Derek could only have been gone, maybe, ten minutes. But comprehending the passage of time was a luxury she was hardly able to afford in her current state. All there was – was cock, cum, and sheer, unbridled bliss. Her body had long since broken down, no longer able to possibly resist the intense, unforgettable, inarguable pleasure she was receiving from his many, tentative motions. There was simply nothing she could do. She knew where the key was, of course she did, but it would take Derek ages to find it. She had done away with it long ago, finding little point in locking Buddy up when, so often, he either slept with them – or at the very least, was able to sleep nearby. He was a good boy, a good dog, and she loved him. Clearly, he had always felt the same. Of course he had – that much was known. But now, another point was being made disturbingly clear to her, crystal as a ball.

She was beginning to love his hot cock, and his knot.

Maybe not her, to be completely precise, but her body was beginning to love it – her insatiable lust craving anything it could receive. No matter how many times her and the hound would go for a roll in the hay, it would prove to be a thirst of hers that could just never be quite so thoroughly quenched. Not for lack of trying, on his part, in the end.

Finally, Buddy relented after expelling a soft ‘awoo’, slowly pulling free from her well-used hole. Emily was caught at an impasse; struck with a twisted sense of not only relief, but remorse and a shameful disappointment in equal measure. With her eyes closed, she cooled the rapid beat of her heart with another few breaths as Buddy seemingly had his fill. His panting continued, his tongue having rolled out of his mouth long ago.

Then, suddenly, she wasn’t sure whether she had accidentally – or perhaps subconsciously – wiggled her hips just the slightest bit, or something had taken hold of him once more—but the faithful dog brushed his ever hardening cock up against her for another round. How many was it now? Emily didn’t quite know, nor did she care. His excited panting signaling much, more than she had expected.

She prepared herself for another round, then, his movements growing hasty, sloppy. Upon reentry, he slipped, sliding up the cleft of her ass which made her squeak. Despite having calmed herself just seconds prior, the rapid beating of her heart would soon return. Out of dread.. or, perhaps, was it excitement? Both? In her current state of mind, it was impossible to say. All she knew was the cold, hard reality that she was in a place solely made for getting fucked – and not much else. Even as Derek busied himself in his desperate attempt to find the key to the lock, it mattered not. It was a night she would never forget. Perhaps he was right all along. The cage would be her home, a place for her to remain, her only remaining purpose being a sleeve to wring pleasure from. And nothing more.

Doubly so, when her eyes widened at the feel of the tip of his cock brushing against her ass. She groaned, feeling some life injected in her again as her wrists struggled against the restraints. A fool’s errand, she knew from a dozen attempts prior, but something had to give. Of all the places for him to go, her ass was off-limits. It would, it should. On the contrary, Buddy was seemingly none the wiser, as he accidentally began to slip his cock inside the ripe, molten-hot confines of her ass. She squealed loudly as the intrusion barreled its way through, past any and all possible defenses. Her eyes nearly rolled to the back of her head as she endured her tight little ass beginning to be fucked by the dog. Her special place, utterly defiled.

It was a place reserved for only the most special of occasions, and yet there Buddy was. Not a care in the world except for the sheer, utter delight of seemingly pleasing one of his masters as well as himself. A win-win in any case. He took her ass, thrusting in and out with relative ease considering all the intimate preparedness it had received over the last hour or more. It was a place for Derek; only when he truly deserved it. A sweet dessert for being such a good, deserving boy in her eyes.

And now, there a good, deserving boy was – likely eager to fuck her ass to ruin.

Every bump, and every ridge of his throbbing sex slid to and fro, Emily feeling every single inch in painstaking detail. It set her nerves on fire. The numb but very pleasurable discomfort battering her senses until she could do nothing but whine and ask for more. Despite any remaining shred of mental resistance, her body had completely turned against her—readily accepting a throbbing doggy cock in her asshole, as she could feel the looming knot brush against the hole. Even amidst the throes of pleasure, she still mustered enough concern to know that taking his knot up her ass would

change things, irrevocably. She would never be the same after that. Frankly, she wasn't sure what kind of person she would be, considering everything she had already been through that night - but she was sure of one thing.

That knot would ruin her for good.

And Buddy seemed hellbent on ensuring as much.

The fucking grew faster, squelches of leftover cum spilling out of her as the dog increased his motions. She knew it was coming, and that there was nothing she could. Nothing but savor the final few moments of who she was before the night had its way with her for good.

Her tiny moans and pained whines doing nothing but adding to the sounds of pleasures echoing across the lounge.

With a loud howl, Buddy slammed into her - her ass accepting his knot whether it wanted to or not. Emily screamed, crying out in a mixture of pain and pleasure as her ass was stretched to accommodate the wide girth. And it was in that moment, she came. When her orgasm hit, it hit hard. Her body remained wracked with a full, trembling shock that rattled her bones and scorched her soul. It came in waves, coating every sense, every feeling, in a sea of ecstasy even with the added pain. Her face beet-red, her limbs almost giving out, her eyes almost permanently stuck to the back of her head.. something inside Emily broke, something that could hardly be repaired.

And when Buddy released the last of his own pleasure, the knot spewing so much, he sowed his seed deep inside her, marking her permanently as someone who would never be the same. The lower part of her belly bulging the smallest bit from all the fluid she had been given.

She fainted, she had to. The weak material of the leash having snapped with ease, allowing her head to lull and droop to the floor despite her best efforts to stay alert. Caught with her face down, ass up, she closed her eyes and her world subsequently went dark from everything her body endured that night.

To go back would be impossible. Derek would find the key, he would. Even if it took forever - or worse, being forced to pry the cage open - relief would come, in due time. Her life would go back to the normal the following day. Buddy would be reprimanded but not punished too harshly. Derek and Emily would continue their sexual adventures, same as ever.

But something would be different. Something she would never be able to deny in her heart of hearts. Derek would ignore it, Buddy would hardly even remember, but Emily..

She would never forget how low and desperate she was, how filthy and depraved she was in the very fibre of her being, that she came upon a dog's thick cock. Multiple times. How it nearly ruined her ass, how full it made her feel.

And how, not only did part of her enjoy it, but part of her absolutely relished the feel and idea. So much so that, even if she only ever entertained the idea, she would occasionally consider having another go at being brutalized by his cock.

Even if she never acted on it; at least that night was caught on film.