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Harry would swear blind to anyone who asked that he wasn't gay, it just so happened he was very good at sucking cock. The great thing about being young, good looking and a great cock sucker was old men would pay good money, something that had helped Harry finance his way through university for the last three years.

The first time he was just 18 when a man old enough to be his grandfather engaged him in conversation at the bar. The man bought him a few drinks and Harry guessed by the hints the man kept dropping he was gay. When Harry went to the toilets the man followed him in and made no attempt to hide his erection as they stood next to each other. The man looked straight at Harry and said, "£20 if you suck my cock and let me cum in your mouth."

As Harry had less than £5 in his pocket, he said nothing but pulled the man into an empty stall. Harry had never sucked a cock before but he didn't really need much expertise as the man fucked his mouth until he spurted thick jets of cum down Harry's throat.

Harry was hooked, not just on the easy money but on how much he liked the taste of cum. Watching videos online of both men and women giving blowjobs he started to develop a technique that allowed him to build up a small number of regulars. He learnt how caress a guy's balls as he worked the shaft with his mouth and how to milk every drop as the man would spurt in his mouth. It wasn't uncommon for him to give more than one blow job in a night and on one occasion blew five guys one after the other.

He got plenty of offers and requests to proceed further and let them fuck him, but he always declined as it wasn't something that really interested him. Even when he was offered £100 he was happier just blowing more men to earn the same. When his regulars found out he was a virgin the offers increased to £500 to be the first, which although tempting; he kept insisting he wasn't gay.

His little group of followers varied from older gay men through to married men who weren't getting their cock sucked at home and they all wanted slightly differently things. They all agreed that Harry looked like the perfect twink with his thin willowy body and virtually no body hair. The hair on his head was cut in a floppy style so that when he started to work his head back and forward it would gently whip the body of the man he was sucking.

Sucking cock wasn't the only thing Harry was hooked on, the other was dogs, but not just any dogs, he loved greyhounds. The difference was that although Harry was very skilled at sucking cock, he was total rubbish when it came to betting on the dogs. Once he got to the track and saw the lights and smell of the track all logic went out of his head.

He would bet on a dog because he liked the name or that he decided that night trap 4 was a lucky trap. Sometimes he would win but those winnings would quickly go as he would bet bigger and bigger. More often than not he would lose and then he made the mistake so many gamblers make, he started giving out markers. At first it was an IOU for a blow job in return for a bet, something he didn't mind doing although some of the bookies or their minders were quite rough.

He remembered how one guy had held his head rigid and forced his cock down his throat until his balls rested on Harry's chin. Then he had proceeded to fuck Harry's throat, ignoring his coughing and gagging until he was about to cum. The man pulled out allowing Harry to take in great lungful's of air as he worked his cock until he shot strings of seed over Harry's face. To complete the humiliation the man wiped his cock in Harry's hair before turning away without a word.

Harry decided that blow jobs for bets was a bad idea and turned to the loan sharks who were more than happy to take his markers. They weren't interested in blow jobs, instead glib statements about

"we will work something out," were bandied about. Then one day the loans stopped and to make things worse the demands for repayment started.

Harry recalled the three large men who came into his regular bar and sat down around him.

"So Harry, there is some good news and some bad news for you," one of the heavysset men said in a conversational tone. "First the bad news, your debt of £5,000 is owned by our...consortium and repayment is due now."

At the word consortium the man waved his hand at the other two men with him who smiled, though it was less frightening when they didn't. The man paused as if he was thinking and then put his arm around Harry conspiratorially and pulled him close.

"The good news is you can pay your debt off in one night." The man waited to allow Harry to absorb the news before he went on, "my friends and I like to make films and we will pay you £5,000 for one film starring the four of us and of course, Timmy."

Harry didn't need to ask what would happen if he refused so finished his drink and followed them to their large black SUV.

When they arrived at the 'studio' it turned out to be a small warehouse with a few lights and cameras on tripods. At the back was a couple of doors which one of the men referred to as 'the facilities'.

In the middle of the room was a double bed covered in an old blanket that had seen better days, and by the side of the bed was a worn rug.

"Better get yourself ready," one of the men said throwing a bottle of lube on the bed.

"Where is this Timmy?" Harry asked looking around.

"You will get to meet him soon enough," the tallest of the men said with a short laugh, "but for now you would better served getting ready for us."

A short stocky guy held out three cards face down, "let's agree to the order, my balls are aching."

"Your balls are always aching," the third man said and then held up the card he had drawn, "looks like I am second, which one of you gets his cherry?"

The tall man let out a whoop, "that cherry is mine."

The man who had organised the draw laughed cruelly, "well don't stretch him too far."

Harry had listened to the men discussing him like he was a piece of meat and to his surprise he was turned on. Knowing getting fucked was inevitable, Harry was gently rubbing the gel around his ring and easing one finger inside.

"We don't have all night," growled the man who was first as he grabbed the bottle of gel and squirted a generous amount on his fingers. He had already removed his jeans and boxers leaving his semi-hard cock jutting out. Lifting Harry's legs he grunted, "hold them up." Harry complied, folding his legs up to his chest and gripping them around his knees so his ass was fully exposed. The man thrust one of his gel coated fingers into Harry's ass to the second knuckle and he twisted as he pushed it fully in. "This guy is pretty tight," the man exclaimed as he started to work his finger.

Harry wanted to scream as the man's thick digit brutally penetrated him. Before he even had time to adjust to the initial intrusion the man started to force a second finger in, pushing relentlessly until they were both fully home.

"Looks like we have a natural bottom," the man said, "he seems to be enjoying it."

Despite the pain and the uncomfortable feeling; to his shame Harry realised he was hard as rock. His cock wasn't anything like the size of the man's cock but to Harry it was the largest it had ever been.

"Ready or not, here it comes," the man said pulling his fingers out and squirting more gel on his cock before placing it at Harry's anal opening.

As the man started to push Harry opened his mouth to scream but no sound came out. The two fingers had felt huge in his ass but this was unbelievable as the pressure increased until finally there was a stab of pain that shot through his brain.

"Just relax," the man said looking down at Harry.

"It's so big I thought it would never fit," Harry gasped.

"It's not even half way," the man said making little movements with his hips. "And I am not that big, just 7 inches." As he spoke he pushed further and deeper into Harry until finally he said triumphantly, "that's fully home now."

Harry was almost whimpering, his hands making feeble attempts to push back against the weight. The man simply ignored him and started to slowly fuck him, pulling his cock half out then fully back in. The pace of the man started to increase as his cock drove deeper until he unloaded deep inside Harry with a satisfied grunt.

Pulling out he laughed as he said, "OK next please, ready loaded."

Man number two stepped forward and pulled Harry's legs until he was on all fours.

"This is how I like to fuck my bitches," he said as he wiped the head of his cock in the goo starting to slide from Harry's ass. Once he was happy that his head was coated, he grabbed Harry's slender hips and pulled him back onto his cock driving three quarters straight in. Harry lifted his head to scream, the man grabbed his hair and started to drive in and out pulling Harry's back like a bow.

The man slammed faster and faster, his cock slamming fully home as his balls slapped against Harry's.

The man switched from fast frantic fucking to slow strokes, and Harry felt the cock leave his ass fully, pausing for a moment before driving back in. The pressure on Harry was increasing as the man slowly started to pick his pace back up. Harry's ass was fully open now and he realised that he was starting to enjoy being fucked. Then with a mighty roar the man suddenly increased his speed, now not leaving Harry's ass until he had unloaded copious amounts of seed into Harry.

Man number two pulled out and admired his work gaping Harry's asshole. As some of the goo left Harry's ass, the man playfully pushed it back in with his semi-hard cock.

"My turn," chuckled the third man as he too coated his cock with juices oozing from Harry's ravaged ass,

Harry groaned deeply as he felt the cock enter his well fucked ass and slide in easily, it's passage made easier by the two loads already in there. He felt a meaty hand slap down on his ass and a deep voice chuckle, "this boy is still tight,"

"Best you get him looser then," another voice replied, "he will need it for Timmy."

The third man was bigger than the other two but Harry was now open enough that he could push in with very little resistance. Harry could hear his ass squelching as the man churned the mixture inside him.

The pace of the third man increased as his orgasm approached, and he dug his fingers in to Harry's hips pulling him onto his cock. Looking down the man could see it was coated with the white cream of his two brother's loads and he drove in harder; slamming his flesh against Harry's. "I'm going to breed you boy," he grunted as his balls tightened before exploding sending streams of seed deep into Harry's bowels.

Pulling out he admired Harry's open ass, pulling his cheeks apart so the cream oozed out and down Harry's balls.

"Now for the main event," the man laughed as he stepped away, his cock dripping.

He whistled and Harry shivered as he heard the click clack of claws on the concrete floor.

"Meet Timmy," the man laughed cruelly, "he is a 200lb mastiff with a 11 inch cock. Most say they can't take it, but do you know what?"

Harry couldn't help croaking, "what?"

"Timmy don't care what his bitches say, male or female, he just keeps going till he knots 'em and breeds 'em."

Harry said nothing as he felt the dog sniff then lick his balls and open ass, sending shivers through him. The lighting in the room had brightened and Harry knew the camera would now be recording.

The three men watched in awe as they always did, when Timmy took a new bitch for the first time. The mastiff lifted its weight up on the boy's back, its long red cock jabbing as it sought a willing hole. One of the men stepped forward, careful not to block the camera, and placed the tip of the dog cock at Harry's well used ass. The dog sensed its position and shifting its weight thrust half his cock home in one move. Happy it was in the right place the dog began to thrust wildly driving itself deeper with each thrust, until its knot was banging on Harry's anal ring.

Harry couldn't believe the pain tearing through his lower body. Even though none of the three men were small, and all had fucked him with considerable vigour, Timmy was much bigger. As the frantic fucking continued Harry started to adjust to the size and to his shock found himself getting hard. The pressure inside seemed to increase when without warning the dog forced its knot into Harry's ass.

The feelings changed for Harry as instead of pressure he now felt his prostrate being massaged by the pulsing knot embedded deep inside. As Harry's cock twitched and began to spurt onto the floor, he felt the more powerful jets of hot cum from the dog in his ass. His orgasm seemed to go on for ever and Harry found himself pushing back to the mastiff's minimal thrusts.

"Will you look at that," one of the men said pointing at the puddle between Harry's legs. "I think we have a new dog slut on our hands. Is that right boy?"

Harry knew that if before he was hooked on sucking cock, now he was hooked on taking a dog knot. He simply groaned in agreement as he felt another pulse sending seed deep inside.

Harry was woken from his semi-comatose state by loud yapping and barking. Looking over his shoulder he saw that the three men had returned and had a lead in each hand that was attached to a greyhound.

The first man looked at Harry as he said, "So as it was greyhounds that you lost lots of money on it seems apt that they should get their turn with you."

The second man smirked, "Oh and just so you know they have all been neutered but as this was done quite late they still have sex although they can't get you pregnant... which doesn't really affect you, they will still cum in your ass."

The third man added, "Their testosterone levels drop after they have their balls cut off but don't worry we inject them from time to time so they are as randy as hell."

Almost like the dogs understood they started to yap and tug at the leash, smelling the bitch that had been filled. Harry found himself getting hard at the thought of six dogs and wiggled his ass in encouragement.

"Good job they already have the order sorted out," the first man said as he released the clip on the first greyhound with the Red jacket on and the white number one. The dog moved in a blur and as it skidded to a halt it sniffed loudly, its cock started to poke from its hairy sheath.

"Major is keen as always," one of the men laughed but Harry wasn't really focused as the greyhound mounted him and slammed his long thin cock home in one movement. After the three men and the mastiff, Harry's ass was pretty open and the dog was able to bury most of its length in one shove. With a few more thrusts the greyhound was fully home and started to fuck Harry at a tremendous pace.

"Look at him go," said another man pointing at the scene, "wish he was that fast on the track."

Harry could feel his teeth rattle as the dog pounded in until with a loud yelp he unloaded deep inside Harry before almost instantly pulling away. Reaching the clip to the collar the first man released dog number two and in a streak of the blue jacket, it was up and in Harry.

"Blue was always fast at the start," one of the men said as the number two dog hammered at Harry's ass at a breakneck speed and it wasn't long before his seed joined the others before him. This time when he pulled away there was a gush of fluids from Harry's ravaged ass, but the flow was plugged as dog number three with its white jacket mounted Harry. It was in him and fucked Harry hard and deep pushing him up the bed as he drove his cock and knot into Harry's ass. Harry had become delirious as the feelings seemed to merge into one long pleasure train.

Dog three finished and dog number four in its black jacket mounted and started to thrust frantically, seeking Harry's hole but missing its target. It was starting to get frustrated as it jabbed and one of the men laughed and pointed as Harry reached to guide him in, "Seems our new dog slut is pretty eager for cock."

Harry didn't care what they thought as the sensations running through him were like nothing he had

ever experienced. The savage mounting by the dog followed by the frantic fucking captivated Harry's very soul and when the knot started to pulse against his prostate he was transported to heaven.

Dog number four finished and his place was taken by the orange-jacketed dog number five. As he rose up Harry's eager hand was already there guiding him home with a contented sigh. Harry could feel the dog slam home fully in one thrust including its knot causing him to winch a little in pain. The dog senses Harry trying to move to ease the discomfort and moved its head to snap at Harry's neck to keep him in position. Luckily for Harry, the dog's teeth were contained behind a lightweight muzzle so the dog could just snarl.

"Sorry Mr Dog," Harry whimpered and pushed back to the dog despite the pain, the dog didn't care but continued to drive in and out until it was spent.

The sixth and final dog moved arrogantly forward knowing it looked good in its black and white striped jacket stopped for a moment to inspect Harry gaping and cum filled hole. "Geordie boy knows how to finish," laughed a man as the dog rose and started to fuck at a steady speed.

Harry couldn't help the spurt of seed that came from his cock as the continual massaging of his prostate triggered a huge orgasm. As he moaned and trashed on the bed the dog just continued to fuck until it was ready to pump its seed deep.

The final dog pulled away and Harry just knelt on the bed letting the cool air caress his battered ass.

His voice cracked as he croaked, "When is the next race?"