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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

“Welcome back to a very special edition of Who Wants To Be A Huge Slut, America’s favorite game show!”

The studio audience clapped enthusiastically for the announcer.

“Now today, ladies and gentlemen, we have a very special show for you,” said the announcer in a quiet, Serious tone.

“Today’s special, two-our long episode is being presented in honor of National Science Day. We strive here at the studio to provide entertaining, quality programming for the whole family. But tonight’s episode is specially designed for all you eggheads out there. We do strongly believe, though, everyone can find something to enjoy in tonight’s episode. Although tonight’s show will have some science we made to include some good fun and some laughs. We also made sure to bring in some audience favorites so stay tuned everyone to America’s favorite game show. We’ll be right back.”

The announcer, teeth gleaming, with slicked-back hair looked visibly annoyed. This game show was just about fun and not learning, he hoped that the audience would forgive the studio for tonight. His spirits were lifted however when the girls came on set. They looked as gorgeous, if not more gorgeous than usual. Their make up was done perfectly, their hair as well. Each of the three girls, Tiffany, Cynthia, and Gabriella, were wearing short dresses and heels, their outfits calculated perfectly to accentuate their generous, erotic curves. There was a girl for everyone, the studio ensured that after extensive polling of America’s population. Not every type of girl was in every show but the most popular types were always included. In tonight’s show there was a blonde and two brunettes, one of them being of obvious Hispanic descent.

As the girls got situated in their three seats across from the announcers table, all eyes in both the studio audience and of the crew were locked on them.

Admiring the girls, the announcer thought to himself that maybe tonight’s episode could actually go pretty well. He and everyone else would find out soon enough.

“All right ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to Who Wants To Be A Huge Slut. Before we explain tonight’s episode I wanted to make sure to bring in our girls. Everyone, give a warm welcome to Tiffany, Gabriella, and last, but not least, Cynthia!”

The audience cheered as each name was announced and each girl, in turn, waved to the audience and gave seductive smiles and winks to the camera. Cynthia even licked her lips sensually for the benefit of the audience at home.

“All right girls, thank you very much. It’s time for you to take your places and we will be back to you in a little bit. But now, I would like to turn everyone’s attention to our special guest, Dr. B, who is here to explain some new breakthroughs at WorldCorp and the premise of tonight’s episode.”

The girls shuffled off camera and were directed by stagehands to one of three large, soundproof cells on the set while a very nerdy looking, be-speckled man in a lab coat came on stage and sat down in an interview chair across from the announcer.

“Welcome to the show doctor,” greeted the announcer, cheerfully.

“Well thank you for having me. It’s an honor to be here. I’ve always been a huge fan of this show, and it’s a great pleasure to be able to present some of the findings my team and myself have made on this very special show,” replied Dr. B.

“Well, Dr., why don’t you tell us some of the results of your latest experiments.”

“Sure. As you know, the company I work for has conducted much ground-breaking research over the last few years, including the research that led to our famous BimboPill which has helped make this show possible.”

Dr. B was referring to a wildly popular hormone supplement designed for women ages 18 to 35. The pill dramatically enhanced a woman’s attractiveness level. It did not work very well for any woman who was already very attractive, for obvious reasons. In the years since the supplement’s release, it had become the world’s best-selling dietary supplement.

However, it was becoming apparent that there were unforeseen consequences of the pill. One of those consequences was at first recognized as a good thing. Women who took the pill experienced heightened levels of sexual desire and increased libido. That was a good thing for most men. Girlfriends and wives across the nation looked better for men and also wanted more sex. Single men, also, loved the pill because suddenly all the women they met were insanely sexy and horny. The world seemed like it was turning into a man’s paradise.

But there was a downside, already known men who dated or married attractive women. Simply put, they cheat. Scientifically, desirable mates have more options than ones that are not so. Furthermore, women are more difficult to satisfy sexually than men. With the new miracle pill, now men across the world were increasingly finding their wives and girlfriends cheating on them and concerns, both public and private, we’re starting to arise about the pill. Dr. B was on the show tonight to provide to the audience a possible solution to the unforeseen side effects of his company’s popular supplement.

“Ha ha of course we all know the pill you’re talking about,” replied the announcer. “We in the studio are very grateful for it and so is our audience here and of course our audience all over the world, isn’t that right ladies and gentlemen?”

The audience cheered and clapped loudly.

Dr. B began to speak again. “Now my company works hard to be very transparent. And what we have seen lately are a number of complaints regarding our product. Of course everyone is well aware of the pleasure our product brings each and every day. But if there are side effects our company wants to make sure that we deal with them responsibly.”

“What kind of side effects are we talking about?” Asked the announcer.

“Well it is well known that the vast majority of men do not achieve orgasm more than once during sex. That is not the case with women, especially very attractive women, like the ones you have today on your set every night. We have seen this demonstrated many times on this show,” Dr. B said as he glanced at Tiffany who was now in a small Plexiglas room with a bed which rose no more than a couple feet off the ground.

“Well, what we are seeing,” Dr. B continued, “is that women who take our pill have a sudden increase in libido and it doesn’t take long before they look to satisfy that libido with people other than their boyfriends or husbands. We understand that cheating is a big problem. I’m here tonight to announce an excellent solution to the cheating problem. “

“Well that sounds great,” said the announcer. “It seems to me like the easiest way to fix this problem is to release a pill for men that increases their libido as well.”

“And we thought about that at first, but that pill would involve a lot of chemicals and we at our company want to provide natural, healthy solutions,” Dr. B said with a smile for the camera. “Wait, you aren’t thinking of changing the effects of your BimboPill are you?” The announcer asked grimly.

“No, let me assure you, our company is committed to the continued success of our most popular product that has brought so much joy to so many people,” Dr. B said reassuringly.

“And our solution, let me assure you, will bring joy to souls that haven’t yet been able to appreciate the magic of the BimboPill. “

The audience clapped and, so too, did the announcer who shook his head solemnly while he did so.

“Well then, Dr., what’s your solution, we’re dying to know,” the announcer quipped.

“First, I have to give credit where it is due, this solution was actually brought to me by someone in our advanced research department. This man and his team we’re studying, and continue to study, the sexuality of all animals. What they found was that not all mates of all species were matched appropriately by nature. Women, for example, have evolved to enjoy sex with multiple partners multiple times over in a single setting. In short, a single man can’t really biologically satisfy a horny woman. But men should not despair. We can get help and not from another man or woman. What our research department found was that horny, attractive women aren’t the most compatible mates for men. Instead, they match up better with, if not perfectly with, not man, but man’s best friend.”

The audience let out a collective gasp, as did the announcer. It was safe to say that nobody expected Dr. B to say what he had just said. The girls, For their part, we’re growing restless and bored. They couldn’t hear what Dr. B was saying, nor did they care. It didn’t matter though, because they were soon going to find out.

“Wait, I’m confused doctor. How did you come to this startling conclusion?” The announcer asked. “What other conclusions did you come to? How can your findings be put to use in the average home?”

“Well, one of the researchers in the advanced researcher division is also a dog breeder. He breeds many types of dogs. One common frustration for him was that he had a difficult time supplying his studs with suitable bitches. For example, some dog bitches won’t except certain studs. Also, bitches can only mate at certain times of the year, and they should only really be bred no more than once every two years. During this off time our researcher had on his hands a number of very frustrated, strong studs capable and willing to breed far more often than the bitches were able to. In fact, a stud can successfully breed once a day, optimally. That is far more often than any bitch. Not only that, he found that every one of his studs were willing to breed even more than once a day, although doing so decreases the stud’s sperm count.

Basically, male dogs are almost always horny. There are very few mates in the animal kingdom that are capable of physically satisfying a male dog, sexually. Human women, though, are capable of doing so, making them, perhaps, the perfect mate for a horny, male stud dog.”

“Well Dr., this is all very fascinating, but it all seems very theoretical. Am I right or am I wrong about that?” asked the announcer.

The audience waited in breathless anticipation for the doctor to continue.

"That's also what I thought," Dr. B said with a smile for the camera. "But initial studies by the advanced research team, and further trials, have proven that this theory is correct."

"I don't know Dr., it still just sounds like theory to me. How can mates of two separate species be not only compatible, in theory, but also enjoyed themselves?" asked the announcer, incredulously.

"Well, the pairing actually works out spectacularly, and both parties, girl and dog, almost always end up enjoying themselves greatly. Smoking hot, horny women, like the ones who take our supplement, love to be dominated in the bedroom. They love sex hard and fast, and they particularly enjoy it when their partners are almost unable to contain themselves at the prospect of sleeping with them. On the other hand, male stud dogs just want to get the rocks off in a submissive mate, and be able to do so at their leisure as many times as they want. Given a suitable mate, a horny male dog will and can successfully copulate several times a day. Attractive women are more than capable of accommodating a stud dog, if not more than one."

The audience let out another gasp.

"But physically how is it possible?" asked the announcer, curiously.

"Many people don't realize that humans have quite large penises in comparison to the rest of the animal kingdom. That is also true of dogs. In fact, the penis of a medium size dog often matches the size of an average male. The larger and more testosterone filled you get, the bigger the penis size. Dogs can actually physically mate with a woman quite capably. And, on the other hand, a girl's vagina is just as pleasurable for a man as it is for a male dog. In fact, our researchers have found it very difficult to get stud male dogs to mate with bitches of their own species after they've experienced women."

"Wow, that is just incredible and educational," the announcer said as he turned from Dr. B to the camera. "Well, we have to go to a break folks but when we come back we hope to see Dr. B's theories be put to the test live on national TV, so make sure to tune back in to America's favorite game show, Who Wants To Be A Huge Slut!"

During the commercial break three, large male dogs were brought on stage. There was mastiff, a doberman pinscher, and a lab. The audience cheered the dogs as they were walked by handlers over to the announcer and Dr. B.

"And we're back to America's favorite game show. If you're just joining us, we've been having a fascinating conversation with our guest, Dr. B. He's given us some fascinating scientific theories to think about, and now we're going to put these to the test. Ladies and gentlemen, we caution that before you try any of what you see here tonight at home that you watch this show in its entirety so no one gets hurt. So, Dr., can you describe to the audience the next part of the show?"

"I'd be happy to. What we brought in today are three types of dog with sizes ranging from very large to medium-size. We brought these specifically to show the audience how dog-on-girl copulation can be achieved with a variety of species and sizes," explained the doctor.

"So are these the only types of dogs that this will work with?" asked the announcer.

"Oh, of course not, we at WorldCorp make only one suggestion, that Fido at home be of a medium size or larger. Other than that stipulation, any species and size will do just fine. Even extremely large dogs like Great Danes work very well.

"So it sounds like if you don't have a very big dog this is the perfect opportunity for you to go to a

local animal shelter and pick one out, is that right?" asked the announcer.

"Oh, absolutely. WorldCorp is extremely pleased to have had found a solution for the cheating problem, but more than that, we are just happy that this solution has the potential to touch the lives of every member of our households and we encourage people to expand them by adopting or taking in dogs who need homes," the doctor said solemnly into the camera.

"Wow, that is so touching. Hey everybody, let's give this man and his company a round of applause for all the good work that they do," the announcer stated mock sincerity to audience. The audience clapped and many nodded their heads, some wiping tears away from their faces.

"And as a special thank you to you for having us on, we'd like to bring in our final dog," Dr. B said to the announcer.

The audience burst into applause and the announcer clapped excitedly as his very own big, mean-looking Boxer was brought on stage by a statuesque model in lingerie and heels.

"Wow, this is incredible! You really are great, thank you so much!" The announcer gushed to Dr. B. "Now I'm really excited to get this started!"

"Me too, but before we begin I have to explain some things to the audience," said Dr. B.

"We are all ears," said the announcer.

"So, we have three dogs and three women. Only one of these women, we hope at least, have had any experience like this with dogs. That's the lovely girl who brought in your dog from backstage. With her is your medium-large sized Boxer who has had no experience mating with girls. She will properly demonstrate how an inexperienced dog can mate with a girl.

In the other three cells are three show favorites. They have never mated with a dog. Each of those three lovely ladies will be paired with a dog. Each of our dogs has been trained with girls before. This is nothing new to them. But, here's the thing, each dog has a different temperament. We did that so we could include, for the audience, as wide of a variety of canine temperament as we could. We have the classic mean hound dog who always gets what he wants and the enthusiastic and energetic type, for example. And just to mix it up and keep everybody guessing we are not telling which dog has which type of temperament. We want that to be a surprise for everybody and, of course, the girls. That is also why, actually, we didn't want to show any footage from our research. We want everybody to see that this works very well in normal settings. Also, we thought it would be fun for the audience to see the girls try this for the first time, without any help or guidance from a video or a person. In our experience in the labs, we have found that the build up to the mating process can be just as fun to watch as the mating itself. We strongly believe that the audience will take great pleasure in watching all the various, subtle emotions the girls will shortly be expressing. That is only possible if you have an element of the unknown," said Dr. B in a slightly sinister tone.

"We here at the studio completely agree with you, Dr. B. That is why the girls are each in a soundproof, Plexiglas cell with blindfolds on," said the announcer to the audience and the cameras. "The girls only know that their partners for the show will be entering their cells shortly. They have no idea who or what their partners are going to look like. And let me tell you folks, I think these girls are in for a big surprise. Soon a trap door will be open in the back of each girls cells and a dog will be let in each cell. The dogs, again, know what do from there. It is up to the girls to figure it out the rest. Their only instructions are to please their partners as best they can for 45 minutes. Then, our studio audience will vote for the girl who they believe did the best job on the show and that girl will be the winner of tonight's episode. In the fourth cell we will have a very special demonstration with

my dog, Max, and the very lovely Lydia. Then, I'm being informed, that the winner of tonight's episode will be putting on a very special show for everybody. When we come back the doors on each cell will be open. So, America, get ready for some hot dog-on-girl action on this very special, exciting episode of Who Wants To Be A Huge Slut!"

During the commercial break the tension in the audience and in the crew was palpable. It was also palpable for the girls. They hadn't heard a word of the interview and each was bound to their beds in their respective cells. And each had a blindfold on. The girls were not used to waiting this long for the action to start on this show. The temperature in their cells was turned up, and each was developing a slight sheen of glistening sweat on their supple skin. They didn't know what was taking so long, but the wait signaled that something exciting was going to happen.

The attention of the audience was now on their own individual screens. Each cell had its own live-streaming feed. Each audience member could switch between any cell at anytime to watch any girl they wished, or they could watch a combined feed of all three or, additionally, they could choose to watch the announcer and his guest.

"And we're back to America's favorite game show. It's about time to get started with our first round. To the viewers at home with smart TVs, you can access any video feed from any cell at anytime. For others you can watch the main feed on your television now. Our producers will ensure to switch between each cell at different times. Of course, after the show, anyone can access our website and download any stream from tonight's episode. Now, I think we've waited long enough. Let the games begin."

Unbeknownst to her, most audience members, at home and in the studio, were tuning in to Tiffany's video feed. The petite, stacked blonde wasn't sexier than the other girls. In fact, it was virtually impossible to choose between them. Each was a walking wet dream. People tuned to Tiffany's feed because she was the smallest of the three and, coincidentally, her partner was what everyone assumed was Dr. B's "big, mean hound dog," the huge mastiff, the biggest dog on the show.

The audience weren't the only ones to catch this obvious disparity between the dog and the girl. "So, Dr. B, is there a reason why our lovely Tiffany was paired with such a big dog?" asked the announcer. "Yes there is, replied the doctor. "We wanted to show everybody at home and in the audience that almost any pairing between girl and male dog can work well, extremely well. Plus, we thought it would be especially fun to watch."

Tiffany squirmed uncomfortably over the covers of her "bed." Her cell was hot, she didn't know why, and she was sweating. She felt her pussy slicken with juice. Being bound, having to wait, was driving the horny girl crazy.

But she wouldn't have to wait much longer.

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## **Part Two**

Suddenly, her wrist and ankle bindings came loose. A second later she heard a slight "whoosh" and a slight rush of cool air. A small door opened in the back of her cell. She raised herself up and began to take off her blindfold to greet her new lover whom she had heard enter her cell. In the midst of doing that she heard a very strange noise, a deep "hwoof."

As she took off her blindfold she found herself staring into the round, pale eyes of an enormous, muscular mastiff. Tiffany loved dogs but this dog scared her. It scared her so much, in fact, she

forgot that she was on the game show.

The mastiff, on the other hand, had no idea what a game show was. He only knew what he wanted, and she was right in front of him. The dog let out another deep, menacing “hwoof” and stamped the ground with his front right leg. Tiffany instinctively shifted backwards at this. The mastiff moved closer, placing both his front paws on the low-rising bed. Tiffany, again, instinctively moved back towards the end of the bed. The bull mastiff let out sinister bark and bounded forward towards the sexy, frightened girl. Tiffany had nowhere else to go. She knew she couldn’t run, and she also knew, from experience with dogs, that her best bet was to play it cool. And so Tiffany didn’t move again as the mastiff approached her. And as he bounded up onto the bed Tiffany noticed something, something that the audience members were noticing as well. Between the enormous dog’s hind legs his thick, red cock was emerging from its sheath. Seeing this, Tiffany realized, for the first time, that this mastiff was going to be her newest lover.

Questions raced through the pretty blonde’s mind. What was the studio thinking? How is this even possible? What was she supposed to do, exactly, with this dog? They weren’t really expecting her to have sex with it were they? Above all else, was this even safe? Was this dog even tame? Would he attack her?

Tiffany gave a worried, pleading look to one of the cameras in her cell. Nothing happened and nothing would.

The mastiff, for his part, was somewhat confused at the situation. It had been a long time since a girl did so little with him for so long. It didn’t really matter to him, though, that this girl didn’t know what to do. He knew what to do and knew what he wanted, and he would force this girl to comply.

A loud, menacing bark echoed off the walls of Tiffany’s cell. The deep, testosterone-fueled male grunt gave the girl a start. She moved one arm across her body protectively and raised one leg up, as well, as the huge dog approached her. She looked into his mean-looking eyes that had been locked on hers purposefully ever since she had taken off her blindfold. Tiffany began to tremble as the mastiff stepped over her legs and came face-to-face with her. He was huge, easily twice her size. The mastiff buried his nose in her dress, sniffing her. To him she smelled as good as all the others. He could even smell her wet twat. Yes, this girl was ready, the mastiff knew. But this mastiff had been specially trained for foreplay, something that Dr. B knew the audience would like, or at least he would.

Satisfied with Tiffany’s scent, the mastiff raised his head and swiped his huge, wet tongue across the girl’s face. Tiffany just screwed her doe-eyes shut as the big dog slobbered on her. His tongue nearly covered her entire face and soaked it after two licks. Yes, it was disgusting, but she was slightly comforted now. At least the dog wasn’t attacking her.

Then the mastiff let out another deep, gruff growl. He shifted his front paws, his sharp claws scratching the creamy skin of her legs. The mastiff bent his head down and took a great mass of fabric from Tiffany’s dress into his mouth and shook his head violently. The dog’s strength was apparent now, and Tiffany herself was jostled side to side by the dog’s thrashing. The girl flashed the camera a terrified look, but she got the hint. She hurriedly fumbled with some buttons on the back of her dress and undid them as, at the same time, both the audience and she heard the familiar sound of ripping fabric. Buttons undone, though, the dog easily tore the dress from Tiffany’s body revealing it finally for the audience.

Underneath her dress the girl had on a pair of white, lacy lingerie that looked great on her curvy, luscious body. The audience, and seemingly the dog, marveled at Tiffany’s body. Not satisfied



though, the mastiff huffed loudly again at the girl and reached a massive paw up and swiped at her shoulder, his claws catching the lacy fabric of her bra, pulling it to the side.

Tiffany needed no more of a hint than that. She immediately reached her arms behind herself to undo her bra. As she did this the mastiff moved forward and, strangely, rested his chin on top of the girl's head and at the same time raised a heavy, wide paw and pressed down on the girl's scratched shoulder. Still working her bra, Tiffany got this hint as well so she squirmed her body underneath the dog so she was flat on her back. Arching her back, pushing her tits upwards, Tiffany finally got her bra off which she tossed to the side next to her torn dress. The audience was finally treated to the sight of her large, perky tits, each capped with a suckable, pink nipple. Underneath the mastiff, Tiffany now got to see face-to-face the size of this dog's cock and it was big, the biggest cock she had ever seen. She had never really noticed dog dicks before, so she was surprised by how thick and large the mastiff's was. But she didn't get to muse for long because the mastiff's head soon blocked her view.

He was doing what he was trained to do, to warm the girls up before they took his huge dick up their twats. Tiffany bit her plush lower lip and watched, now with nervous excitement, as the dog's head lowered. Some in the audience cheered, many of the girls held their breath as they watched Tiffany and the mastiff. Tiffany just watched the huge dog's head as it lowered to her chest. She arched her back, pressing upwards, hoping to encourage the dog to do what it was about to do. And, of course, it did just that.

Tiffany let out a pent-up sigh of pleasure as the mastiff's huge tongue touched down on her delicate underboob. The weight of his stroke actually pressed her petite body into the bed, making it hard for her to keep her back arched like it was. The tongue continued. It felt incredible. It was so huge it could nearly cover one of her entire tits at a time. The first stroke left her right boob covered in dog slobber. The mastiff lapped again, moving his tongue from the bottom of Tiffany's tit, pressing deeply, and passing a now rock-hard nipple. The edges of his tongue gently pulled her delicate skin. The weight of his stroke crushed her tit against her rib cage, deeply bending her sensitive nipple back onto itself. At the end of each stroke, as the mastiff lifted his tongue, Tiffany's boob, relieved of the crushing tension, bounced and jiggled erotically. Then the mastiff took another swipe. It didn't take long before the hot, just a few swipes, before petite blonde was gasping. She collapsed on the bed. The mastiff's head followed its targets, and the dog switched to the gasping girl's left tit.

Many of the women in the audience let out soft groans as they watched the mastiff's huge, slimy tongue assault hot blonde's delicate tit-flesh. Tiffany, herself, was sighing and gasping with pleasure as each swipe of this huge dog's huge, heavy tongue made her titties bounce, and pressed her into the bed. Then the sexy girl let out a squeal of delight as the mastiff gulped one of her tits, completely, into his hot mouth. It was quite a sight, this statuesque, petite blonde, squirming with pleasure under an enormous mastiff's head, one of her soft, perky titties completely engulfed in his mouth. Then the mastiff switched tits, revealing for the incredibly turned-on audience, her right tit, shiny, gleaming with dog slobber, now with pinkish, teeth marks running across the skin like railroad tracks. The mastiff was chewing, gently, on Tiffany's tits and if her squeals of joy were any indication, it felt amazing.

Dr. B was watching Tiffany's feed with great interest, the giant mastiff chewing on her left breast, Tiffany grabbing and squeezing a wet tit in one hand, the other on her head, palm on her forehead, fingers entangled in her blonde mane, her pretty eyes screwed shut, her head tilted back, her mouth open, white teeth gleaming, in a sexy smile as she emitted slight, hitching sighs with every breath. Yes, Dr. B thought to himself. Tiffany was a special subject. Perhaps he could convince his bosses to arrange for her to be one of his team's "test subjects" for further experimentation.

Tiffany, for her part, was loving every second of the amazing titty-licking. She had never before felt the sensations she was feeling at the hands - or maw - of this huge dog. And although her pussy was slick, she half-hoped that this would be the extent of her coupling with the beast. She was wrong.

The dog eventually released her tit and looked at the blonde, waiting patiently for a moment. Tiffany, in her own world, just brought her knees up closer to her body, and her free hand to her recently-chewed breast, massaging it and squeezing it, reminiscing the intense pleasure of seconds ago.

A deep, grumbling "HRRROOF" brought the girl back to reality as she instinctively backed up the bed a little out of fear. The mastiff just stood there then looked down and brought a paw to her hips, swiping it down from her side to her right upper thigh. His sharp claws scratched her creamy skin again, leaving yet another dog-scratch on her pristine body. And, to Tiffany's annoyance, the dog's claws also caught on her lacy, white lingerie panties, pulling the strap down her her body a couple inches. Her audience watched in rapt anticipation, hoping she would get the hint. Tiffany, of course, got the dog's hint. But she didn't like it. She shot the camera an annoyed, exasperated look. But like the last time she looked to the camera for help there was no response. Resigning to her fate - a fate she still was apprehensive about because she didn't know exactly what it was - because she really didn't have a choice, she couldn't even begin to fathom fighting off this huge mastiff, Tiffany hooked her thumbs beneath the waistband of her lingerie bottoms, brought her long, shapely legs up, and slid her last remaining article of clothing down her body, past her strappy, white heels.

Her audience, the people tuned into her video feed, cheered or watched silently, intently at what was going to happen next. Tiffany, to be fair, didn't know exactly, the dog's intentions. They had been surprising thus far. So Tiffany decided to the the safe thing and spread her legs, shamefully, for the dog. But that wasn't what the dog wanted. The mastiff looked Tiffany in the eyes again and let out a deep, rumbling bark. She just froze, not knowing what to do. The mastiff barked again. She closed her legs, feeling shame and fear at the same time. The annoyed but well-trained mastiff lowered his head again and nipped her right thigh. Tiffany jerked it away, but not too much, because she didn't want to startle the mean dog. Obviously, Tiffany did not react the way the dog wanted so he "HRRROOF"ed again, visibly annoyed, his huge cock bouncing with the force of his grunt. Tiffany was terrified. What could she do? To everyone watching her feed, Tiffany's experience seemed to be taking a downhill turn.

Then the mastiff figured it out. He brought his head down, nose to the bed, muzzle against Tiffany's scratched right thigh, and gave the sexy blonde a forceful nudge, forceful enough to lift the girl's right side off the bed a couple inches.

Tiffany's heart fluttered and her cheeks flushed with indignation. Her audience peered into their TVs, smart devices, phones, and computer screens with abated breath. Did she understand what the mastiff wanted? Would she comply?

Tiffany understood all too well what the mastiff wanted.

The audience's second question was answered as the girl, many people's new favorite, somewhat hesitatingly turned over, gingerly, on all threes beneath the towering, muscular dog. As Tiffany assumed her position under the mastiff, she felt her juicy, plump ass brush against his short hair the dog's chest and she could feel the hard, rippling muscles beneath it.

But Tiffany had no time to think, as soon as she was on her hands and knees the mastiff was upon her. She felt the heavy crush of the mastiff on her back. His hair prickled her smooth skin.

Then she felt a massive forearm curl around her upper body, crushing her left boob against her

ribcage, the paw landing between her tits, claws pressing against sensitive flesh, squeezing her petite, curvy body against the big, blocky animal body on top of her. Tiffany felt the mastiff's heavy head land over her left shoulder, she could feel the dog's hot breath on the side of her face, she could hear the panting in loudly in her ear. And, of course, she could feel his red cock, slimy and hard and stiff and long, bumping against her upper thighs, brushing against her pussy lips, bumping up and around them, sliding up her belly, leaving a trail of sticky precum, the tip of the dog's penis brushing against her cute belly button. All the while the mastiff was rocking. Not violently, but he was rocking, confusedly humping, scrabbling his back legs across the bed, repositioning himself, jostling Tiffany around, trying to find his mark.

For a moment, the mastiff seemed to have found it, the tip of his huge dick pressed between Tiffany's pussy lips, but a mis-timed bounce caused it to shift, instead sliding between them, pressing deeply against the delicate, glistening flesh between them, pulling them, mashing against the girl's swollen clit, as it, again, passed over Tiffany's twat.

The dog whined in frustration and tried again. This was actually the final straw for Tiffany. She could no longer hide how turned on she was. The initial mounting was embarrassing and humiliating, she didn't care how much of a slut she'd been before. Letting an animal fuck you on TV was different than the other things, no matter how humiliating, she had done. But feeling the thick, long cock, press against her most sensitive flesh gave her a change of heart. The cock was so big, the beast was so muscular, so insistent. All the mastiff wanted was to bury his aching meat in some sweet pussy, in Tiffany's sweet pussy. The girl's pussy juiced at that thought.

The mastiff was getting more and more frustrated with his attempts to mount his bitch. His frustration was about to boil into anger until he felt something familiar, it wasn't pussy, but it was the reassuring feeling of dainty, feminine fingers wrapped around his massive boner, steadying it, guiding it. Then the mastiff felt familiar warmth on the tip of his dick, and he instinctively humped. Unlike the last times, the mastiff felt his cock not bounce across delicate skin, he felt it sink, slightly, inside of it. This was the familiar feeling the mastiff had been waiting for the second he'd laid eyes on Tiffany laying on the bed in her dress, of his aching cock sinking inside her soft, wet, twat. He wasn't all the way there yet. Another thrust pushed about an inch in. The mastiff felt the familiar quiver of his bitch beneath him, heard the familiar highpitched sigh, and he knew he was on the right track. He thrust again, with more power this time, sinking his fat prick another couple inches into Tiffany.

Tiffany was beside herself with lust, her pussy was literally dripping on the bed with anticipation. She had never had such a thick cock inside her. She had never had such an insistent, brutish, muscular, big, or powerful lover. She no longer cared an iota that a giant, horny dog was about to bang her. Confident the dog could handle himself from here, Tiffany released her grip on the corncob-sized meat and again again braced herself with both hands on the bed. The mastiff thrust again. This time Tiffany was ready for him, her back arched, her hips pressed back. Because the sexy blonde's pussy was so wet, she was able to receive much more cock than the last thrust. The audience gasped as they watched even more of the mastiff's huge meat disappear into Tiffany. Tiffany gasped, too, more out of surprise than anything else. She held her position though as she felt the mastiff's massive meat pull out, and she inhaled, bracing for the next thrust. It came powerfully, like a battering ram. The dog's thick cock, already somewhat lubricated, was now shining brightly with Tiffany's juices, and it plunged even deeper with this thrust.

This was the last tentative thrust from the dog. He achieved over half penetration. The feeling of his bitch's tight pussy, like a pink, velvet sleeve, sucking his meat, squeezing his dick delightfully, was the only signal the mastiff needed.

Tiffany didn't know how to brace for the full force of the mastiff's pumping. Being her size she couldn't, having driven so crazy with lust, she couldn't. She just had to take it, his fat cock, his powerful, jack-hammer humping. And it was all amazing. Her breathing couldn't keep up, she just let out arousing, high-pitched gasps and sighs, as her body bounced on the mastiff's cock, it was all she could do.

From a couple angles it was hard to tell there was even a person in Tiffany's cell, that's how big the mastiff covering her petite body was. Luckily there was more than one, roving camera in her cell because from other angles you could tell. One angle caught Tiffany's face, her eyes shut tight, squinting hard at a particularly brutal thrust from the mastiff, her cute upturned nose, with strands of sweaty hair stuck to it, her bright red lips, sometimes in an erotic "O" or sometimes in a perverse smile.

Another angle was right under the mating pair, focused perfectly and strategically at the depraved joining of dog and girl. Anyone who watched Tiffany's feed and chose that angle were treated to the sight of the girl's shapely hips pressing back at the humping dog and his huge rod, so huge it never pulled out all the way, plunging into the girl's pink flesh and retracting back, pulling Tiffany's clinging pussy lips with it, each in-and-out plunge making wet, audible popping sounds.

Tiffany, of course, needed no reminders that a dog was fucking the shit out of her. She could hear the brutish mastiff pant loudly in her hear, she could feel his hot breath, and his slobber and his drool. He drooled a ton. She felt it on her upper back as the mastiff slid across her.

There was so much his fur squeegeed his drool up like wave, sending its thick crest over her shoulders, up her neck, and into her hair. From there the crest continued, spilling in thick rivulets down her arms, under her neck, some hanging from her collar bone in long strings, yet still more drool soaking her hair, matting it, dripping off the ends. Still more drool followed trails across her collarbone, down her neck, onto her upper chest. This drool continued on its path to her enthusiastically quaking tits, it reinvigorated the drying slobber there, re-moisturizing the mauled flesh again with dog slobber, before running across the globes, to be soaked up by the fur of the mastiff's paw that held Tiffany to him, or instead it headed for Tiffany's aureole, moved over that bumpy skin, and trickled onto her cute, pink nipples, eventually dripping off the tips.

It didn't take long of this relentless fucking before Tiffany's orgasm started to build. In fact, she was about to prove Dr. B right on almost every point he made. If she would have heard his chauvinistic spiel she probably would be fighting what she was feeling. But she didn't hear it, and there was no fighting it. The mastiff's dick was too good, it plunged deeply, it battered her delicate flesh with every inward thrust, it was so thick her pussy lips clung to it with each outward thrust, ensuring they'd be pinched, pressed, and mashed on every inward thrust, it's width and size was so great that it stretched her, stretched the sensitive skin around her clit, tantalizing it, pumping underneath it and it just barely, barely brushed the underside of it with each stroke.

And the mastiff kept going, never stopping his pace, holding her tight, jostling her petite body with every thrust.

In and out. In and out. Tiffany's breath became more labored than before, her sighs more insistent, high-pitched. She reached one hand out, wanting to grab onto something, anything.

She settled for the paw that was clenching against her titties, scratching them with every thrust. She no longer cared about his claws, now they felt good, not demeaning. Her legs, she spread them, lewdly for her lover, she pressed back more enthusiastically, trying to fit more of his meat into her, encouraging this dog to fuck her deeper, harder.

To the mastiff, the reactions of his bitch were familiar, but good signs. When bitches did this, he knew, the feelings in his boner were about to get even better than they were. When bitches did this their tight, hot sleeves got wetter, they pulsed and sucked more, and they got deeper, and he could pump harder and faster. And, usually, his bitches would quiver and move and squirm in ways that pleased him. Then they wouldn't do it again for a little bit, but then they did it again, except usually more than before, and that is when the mastiff usually filled his bitches up.

Underneath the mastiff Tiffany was orgasming wetly on his squelching, hammering cock. The audience had seen Tiffany cum before but not quite like this. They had never seen her shake so much, or hear her curse quite so much, or seen her pussy so wet, so wet her juices streamed down her inner thighs and dripped from the joining of her and the dog onto the mattress, and they had never seen one of her orgasms last so long, or a look of such utter satisfaction across her sexy face.

This was nothing new to Dr. B. He'd watch many dog's please women in ways they didn't know they could be pleased. It was especially true of every dog he had brought to the show, but probably especially the mastiff. Dr. B watched in immense pleasure as the mastiff did something more than have sex with a human girl. No, what Dr. B was watching was a claiming a bitch, marking her, changing her. It wasn't a phenomenon that happened often, especially with human girls and stud dogs, but when it did it was magical. After tonight cute, curvy Tiffany would do anything for another chance at the mastiff. Dr. B smiled at himself as he thought this. But, as he knew, the show wasn't done. The audience and he and plenty more to watch of Tiffany and the mastiff. The mastiff usually lasted a long time and it was not uncommon for a human girl to orgasm two or three times on his cock before he filled them up. Dr. B would make sure to study the Tiffany footage in its entirety later, but he was missing the rest of the rousing footage of dog-on-girl sex.

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Part Three

Gabriella, the Hispanic girl, was paired with a doberman pinscher, bred especially to be larger than usual and trained to be an alpha, the perfect combination for a dog whose sole purpose was to dominate sexy human girls. And the mating was going well, extremely well, as expected.

As soon as the door opened in Gabriella's cell and a big dog walked in, Gabriella knew exactly what perversions were expected of her. Her father and much of her family was from Tijuana, she had heard of the infamous "donkey shows" and other animal-on-prostitute shows that rich Mexicans put on. She had even been solicited for one, once, by a well-dressed man in a bar when she was just 18. He asked her if she wanted to "express her love of animals" for thousands of dollars, a couple hours work for a year's pay. She declined, disgusted. But things were different now after the release of the BimboPill. She took it, it didn't affect her looks much because she was already a stunner. It mostly effected her attitude. Now, to Gabriella, the sleazy Mexican's proposition seemed more palatable, even hot in a way. So when the doberman padded his way into her cell, Gabriella wasn't as shocked as the other girls. She knew it was possible to have sex with the animal, and so she did.

Gabriella still didn't really want to have sex with an animal, but if she was expected to, then she would put on a show for the audience.

It started with a blowjob. The depravity of which caused many of Tiffany's fans to switch to Gabriella's feed. The muscular doberman whined and shook, his muscles twitched under his glossy coat as stiff, aching meat disappeared into beautiful Gabriella's gullet.

Gabriella's bobbed on the thick cock, she pressed her full pink lips against it, she swirled her tongue

around it and forced it deeper than any cock before, into her throat. She sputtered on it, she hummed. Her cell was filled with the sounds of the obscene blowjob. The sluttiest, best blowjob she had ever given - and she was giving it to a dog!

On she went, holding onto the base of the squirming dog cock with one hand, the other placed on his muscular haunches for support. She felt his powerful muscles rippled under her hand. That made Gabriella hornier. She was blowing a dog but she didn't care, it made her hot. She wanted to please the dog, show him that she was better than any dog bitch, that only her could give him such satisfaction. So Gabriella kept sucking, her head going back and forth faster and faster, picking up the pace, red, animal cock twitching, stiffening, plunging into the sucking, hot, wetness of Gabriella's mouth as it pushed into her squelching, clenched throat, and pulled back, her plush lips massaging it through its repeated journeys.

It was a fantastic blowjob. Cocks in the audience were stiff, pussies were wet. Dr. B even marveled at Gabriella's slutty show.

It didn't last long, though. How could the doberman last long?

As the sexy Latina noticed the tell-tale signs of a male orgasm, the stiffening body, the stiffening of cock-meat, she wondered what to do. She wanted to swallow the jizz, her reward, her recognition for sucking cock so well. But she had an audience, she knew. She decided to do something special. So she continued to suck the dog and right as the first spurt of his runny jizz sprayed the back of her throat she pulled his cock out of her mouth, saliva strings connecting her lips and the red meat, ropes of semen splattering on her face. Gabriella closed her eyes and squeezed and jacked the dick with her hands, bringing her chest up, jets of dog cum hitting her face, neck, and chest, running down to perky, bronze globes, some splattering across them.

It was quite a show, but it wasn't finished. As Gabriella leaned back, sitting on her backs of her tall heels she noticed the doberman's cock was still rock-hard, though the animal was seemingly sated momentarily. She studied it. It was big, she knew that from just sucking it. It was bigger than any cock she had ever had. Her beautiful brown eyes continued to scan, moving across the animal's body. Its glossy coat was short and shiny, accentuating its hard, bulging musculature. It's face mean, its fur black and dark brown, the doberman's body seemed the definition of masculinity. It turned Gabriella on immensely. She raised an eyebrow and bit her lower lip, sexily, admiring the animal in front of her, wondering, imagining what it could do to her body. She knew it was wrong but the dog was impossible to resist at the moment. She was wet, the insides of her thighs slippery, her twat practically dripping. Yes, her desires were shameful, but it seemed so easy, so convenient. She knew this dog could and would take her, give it to her hard, carelessly, no questions asked. And Gabriella needed it. The anticipation for her lover's arrival had been too much, and her perverse blowjob only bolstered her raw lust.

The sexy Latina stood, eyes still roaming the doberman's body. Then she lowered her dress, revealing her curvy, luscious body, draped in a black, sheer teddy, her heels still on. The doberman looked on, seemingly marveling Gabriella's body as much as everyone else was.

Dr. B didn't actually know if dog's could appreciate the figure of women as men do, but he did know that the dogs in his experiments seemed to be attracted the sexiest ones. Perhaps it was because of their conditioning, all tests were conducted with BimboPill takers, or their pheromones. Dr. B didn't know, but he definitely concurred with their taste in women.

Gabriella, for her part, had never been attracted to dogs or any animals. But now, posing sexily in skimpy lingerie for one, she was. Part of her wanted to keep the teddy on, to be as kinky as possible.

But another part of her wanted to be completely naked so she could feel every inch, every ripple of his muscled body over hers.

Actually, Gabriella didn't know if things with the doberman would go any further. The animal's still-hard dick seemed to indicate things would go further. She hoped they would, and of course she chastised herself a little for hoping that. The Latina got her answer, though, as she seductively lowered her teddy, letting it puddle on the ground at her heeled feet. The dog doberman began getting excited, as if a bolt of energy caught him. His short tail started wagging, his dick bouncing lewdly, he let out two excited barks. Gabriella smiled sexily at this and bent forward and placed a single, wet kiss on the dog's snout, all the while shimmying her panties down over her smooth legs.

The doberman was definitely ready for more action with Gabriella. What she had done had felt incredible, but it confused him. He had never received a blowjob before. In his doggy mind he knew he liked it but he also knew that he wasn't done with the seductive, dark-haired girl. Being a trained alpha he knew he hadn't asserted his dominance like a good alpha he still hadn't made her his bitch. And, of course, he knew what it meant when women took off their clothes in front of him, he knew mating would occur, that he would bury his hard, aching cock into wet, sucking flesh. The girl's mouth, surprisingly to the doberman, had felt just like a pussy, but not quite. It felt as good, but it wasn't the same. Now he needed pussy, and having mostly had girl pussy, he didn't want dog pussy, it didn't feel as good for him, and it wasn't as fun for him to make a dog bitch yield - it was far more fun to make a human, his supposed masters, yield and grovel. No, he needed girl pussy, and he was going to get it and Gabriella was going to give it to him or he would make her.

But Gabriella who had so lewdly blown the doberman then seductively stripped for him - for a dog, no less, had no intention of delaying intercourse with the dog. Studying the dog's dick as it bounced, admiring its hardness, its thickness, its yearning to be buried, listening to the dog's commanding barks, Gabriella did what horny sluts do when they need to be fucked, she got in position.

Having more control over her situation than the other girls because she had immediately pleased her lover and temporarily calmed him, Gabriella was able to make some decisions for herself. She had decided to get naked for the doberman, and she decided how she would present herself to him, the dog excitedly wagging his stubby little tail as he watched, almost now like an excited puppy waiting for its head to be patted. But, of course, this puppy was anticipating much more carnal action than petting and patting, he was anticipating fucking the shit out of this girl.

Gabriella knew that so she splayed herself on all fours in the middle of the bed hands grasping the railing at the head of the bed, golden wrist bangles softly clicking against the metal, round ass turned upwards, shapely legs spread, her inner thighs shining with juice, pink lips slightly pulled apart, sensual back arched, round tits hanging, dripping with dog jizz, head cocked to the side, lips parted seductively, doe-eyes subtly beckoning the dog.

The dog, now quivering with newly-built pent-up anticipation, wasted no time in pouncing on the girl.

One of Dr. B's ongoing frustrations with dog-on-girl mating was the awkwardness of the initial coupling. It was sheer luck if a dog found his mark quickly. Most of the time, though, dogs have to be helped. It was, of course, best when the girl helped. In his research he found that when a girl helped a dog it was a mark of dominance, an obvious one for the dog but a more subtle, albeit humiliating one for the girl. Often, the girls in his studies find dog sex satisfying mainly as a carnal sexual release. They don't understand the implications for dogs, especially alphas. Mating with alphas confers ownership on a mate. And stud alpha males typically ensure the owner-ownee relationship is reinforced strongly and whenever possible with dog bitches in heat. Because girls are technically

receptive at all times, it doesn't take stud alphas to recognize that they can mate with girls completely at their own leisure.

Gabriella, though, knew nothing of the implications of her actions. It felt a little embarrassing to help a dog find her pussy, but that feeling was drowned out by her horniness, by her need to get fucked.

And get fucked she did. She should have expected how good, how good, how fast, how hard it would be, but how could she, really? She had never been fucked by a dog before, or really anything with so much energy and power.

Gabriella, like Tiffany, orgasmed quickly for the dog. She couldn't help it, it was embarrassing how quickly she came and how wet she became, but there was no stopping the stud dog. She didn't want him to stop. Neither did anyone else. Gabriella's fans were treated to the same angles as Tiffany's fans, except with Tiffany's fans few watched the panorama view because her little body was completely covered by the hulking mastiff. The panoramic view of Gabriella and her dog, though, was much better because the dog wasn't so large.

And so most people watched the pair rut enthusiastically from the side, treated to the full view of Gabriella's gorgeous body as it quaked and shuddered, heaved and jiggled as the muscular doberman bucked and hammered, riding his bitch.

Everyone admitted the sexy Latina and the doberman put on quite a show. Gabriella blew the dog, then the dog fucked her from behind. Gabriella orgasmed on his cock once. Then she orgasmed on his cock again, screaming and cursing, then the dog came, filling his bitch up. But he didn't stop. The dog kept on fucking Gabriella, reducing her to a panting, sweaty mass of horny girl flesh. All Gabriella could do was hang onto the bed railing try to enjoy the ride - or being ridden - of being banged by a dog. She knew it was noisy - the dominating fucking she was getting from a dog - she could hear her wrist bangles clap against metal, she could hear the THUCK THUCK THUCK sounds her clenching pussy made around the hard, red cock that was effortlessly gliding in and out of her sensitive pink flesh, she could hear the loud pants of the dog, and she could hear her shameless sighs of joy, her moans, and her screams of encouragement. And Gabriella knew it was messy, probably the messiest sex she'd ever had. Cum dripped from her tits, it covered her face, neck, stuck in her hair. It even dripped from her belly after the dog had accidentally pulled out too far when he came for the first time and sprayed the bed under her and her lower body, Gabriella, of course, guided him back in to her quickly, wanting to feel cum - dog cum - fill her insides up. Cum - her cum and the dog's - also dripped from her pussy, in long strings, onto the bed. It coated the inside of her thighs, too, hers and the dogs. The doberman, though, wasn't covered in cum, the girl's or his. His coat remained glossy, pristine, and clean. The doberman had merely gotten his prodigious rocks off, it was the girl, the hot, groveling, Latina, who was covered with the lewd artifacts of the pair's enthusiastic mating, it was she who had degraded herself, it was she who was covered with her own arousal, and the sticky, watery jizz of the doberman who had just dominated and claimed her.

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## **Part Four**

Gabriella, of course, wasn't the only girl on the show getting her brains fucked out by a dog. So was Cynthia. Well, Cynthia wasn't so much getting her brains fucked out, she was having sex with a dog - but she was brains fucked out, too. Gorgeous Cynthia was probably the announcer's favorite. He specifically ensured that she would be on the show tonight. She had long, thick auburn hair, deep brown eyes, a stuck-up nose with a ring that made her look arrogant and erotic at the same time,



and plush, pink lips. Her figure was amazing, she had large, full knockers - the biggest tits out of all three of the girls, that tapered to a slim waist and curvy hips and long, shapely legs.

On the show tonight Cynthia wore an extra tight pink dress, calculated to show off her dramatic curves. That dress, though, was now in shreds on the floor of her cell. What she wore now were the remnants of a light-purple set of lingerie panties and bra. Her bra, frayed from the insistent re-positioning and scrabbling of claws, was still clinging to her waist, straps loosely around her arms, revealing her jutting, jiggling tits to the audience. Cynthia's panties, meanwhile, were dangling loosely from one still-heeled ankle. Her white stripper heels, like all the girls', were still on her feet, locked behind the back of her energetic, eager lover.

Of course Cynthia and the lab didn't start out like that. Not at all. It started with a make-out session. As soon as the bigger-than-usual lab entered Cynthia's cell it immediately jumped up on standing girl. The lab did what excited labs do, it greeted her enthusiastically, it sniffed her, it jumped up to lick her. In heels, though, Cynthia wasn't able to balance well and was pushed onto the bed in a sitting position. The dog instantly shot up, excitedly grasping her with his paws, trying to find balance as his intentionally unclipped claws snagged on her delicate dress, tearing it. Cynthia, though, wasn't thinking much about that. She was thinking more about the dog's tongue that was insistently licking her face, lapping her cheeks, pressing against her lips, trying to force itself between them. Cynthia did not want to make out with a dog on TV, she knew that. But Cynthia didn't have much of a choice. The lab didn't seem mean and he wasn't huge - though he was big for a lab and as heavy as she was - but dog's energy and insistence wasn't containable. Cynthia had been around many labs before - they are popular dogs - and they seemed highly trainable. She didn't understand why this dog wasn't adhering to normal human and dog boundaries. What Cynthia didn't know, what she couldn't know, was that this dog was trained, and trained well, and he was acting completely within the boundaries he was trained to follow.

And so beautiful, snobby Cynthia couldn't stop the lab as he eventually forced his tongue into her mouth. The dog's tongue felt alien, strong as it wormed it's way inside her mouth. Cynthia, resigned to her fate, just opened her mouth for the dog. He delved in more enthusiastically, licking her pearly teeth, the roof of her mouth, the inside of her cheeks, and her pink tongue. After the initial shock of having dog tongue being forced into her mouth wore off Cynthia refocused on the painful, digging claws that were catching on her dress, tearing it, scratching her skin. Not knowing what else to do, the girl plopped back on the bed, flat on her back. The squirming, energetic dog followed, still intent on making out with the girl. This time Cynthia just opened her mouth, not fighting the dog. Excitedly, the dog forced his tongue into her mouth again. This time, though, Cynthia kissed back, pressing her own tongue against the animal's in a lewd kiss. This time, too, she really came to understand what it means to make out with a dog. Standing over her strings of drool streamed between her lips, dribbled on her chin, cheeks and nose. And she tasted it, she had no choice, as it pooled in the back of her mouth, and as she swallowed it.

The make-out session was hot, lewd, and intimate, making it feel all the more wrong to Cynthia. The audience loved it though, loved watching this beautiful, snobby brunette debase herself like she was. So did the announcer. It didn't last that long, though.

Neither did Cynthia's dress. During the lurid dog-on-girl french kiss her delicate dress tore under the excited paws of the lab. It was almost as if the dog didn't like it, wanted it to go, wanted Cynthia to take it off.

Cynthia, for her part, really had no idea where the show was going at this point. Innocently, she assumed that it was part of a bit, that a man would walk in on them, and that she would be "punished." The show had run scenarios like that before, except they always involved humans and

only humans. Cynthia never questioned the show-runners though, after all they had created America's favorite game show. Something felt off though, it felt especially off as more time went by and it especially felt off when she took off her shredded dress. She figured, though, that was what the audience wanted to see. She was right about that. She looked incredible, the light-purple lingerie complimenting her curved, feminine body.

Cynthia knew she was hot and when she looked down at her body that notion was reaffirmed. But she was disgusted by the scratches and welts that now marked her body, running across her shoulders, her upper arms, and even her great rack.

The lab, though, didn't give the chesty girl much time to think. He was conditioned, trained for this, and he grew even more excited after Cynthia took off her dress. The dog quickly hopped off the bed and before Cynthia could react, buried his muzzle between her smooth thighs. The dog's hard nose pressed deeply against the girl's pussy lips, mashing them and his erratic movements pulled them, tugged the sensitive skin. Cynthia was already wet but she immediately felt her twat grow wetter with girl-honey.

Cynthia moaned involuntarily, her audience eating it up, watching hopefully for what else might come while the dog just kept on persistently sniffing her, pressing against her, and finally licking her through the thin fabric of her thin lingerie. Then the elegant girl with her stunning body, gave in to the dog, moving her fingers between her legs, pressing them past the dog's nose, momentarily blocking his tongue, and moved the thin fabric to the side, the fabric that separated her most intimate, fragile flesh, from urgent tongue of a dog.

Everyone watching, the dog, even Cynthia was pleased by her decision. For a moment, the only audio from Cynthia's cell was the soft slapping sound of tongue on flesh, of dog tongue on pussy flesh. Seconds later, though, that sound was joined by the unmistakable, almost musical, aroused sighs of a girl.

Cynthia loved getting her pussy eaten. She loved it. She wasn't a lesbian but she had let lesbians eat her out before because they could fucking eat pussy. She had never been eaten out like this, though. The dog wasn't particularly skilled. In fact, the dog was completely unskilled. Well, not completely, he had done this before. But he just did what dogs do, he licked. And licked. And licked.

And that's all Cynthia wanted right now, for the dog to keep licking. The dog's tongue, faster, longer, than any human's, pressed deeply into her pliable flesh, pressing and pulling it as it passed from the bottom of her pussy to her fat, aroused clit, which was bumped, to her great pleasure, by the dog's nose every few licks. Each swipe separated her lips, pushing them apart, and dragging them, ever so slightly with the ridges of his tongue. And the dog kept going, with energy, not stopping, with seemingly no intention to stop. Cynthia just breathed out a series of hushed Ohs and Yes. With one hand she massaged and squeezed on of her full, ripe tits, heightening her bliss, the other was brought to her face as she bit her finger, suppressing her shameful moans. And the dog kept on licking, loving the tastes and smells he was getting, happy to - apparently - please this human.

When the licking started Cynthia wasn't sure she could cum on a dog's tongue, she didn't know if he could or would keep up the pace, if the dog would stay interested or not, but now she was sure. Her orgasm was coming, it was building. Cynthia grew hot, she lifted one shapely leg and spread the other, giving the dog more access to her delicate flesh. With both hands, now, she grabbed her tits, working them, squeezing them. And she arched her back, and ground her lush hips up and down, pressing them against the dog's muzzle, simulating sex. Then she began to jerk, her body spasming, her boobs quivering in her hands. The dog, excited by the girl's reactions, loving the taste of juices that covered his snout, licked the girl through her orgasm.

The dog loved pleasing humans, and he knew from experience that what he just did pleased girls. He also was trained to do this before he could do what he really wanted to do. It was OK, though, it got him excited. He loved the scents and the tastes, they turned him on. But now the dog needed something from Cynthia.

After the girl's orgasm the dog backed away, tail wagging, happy and excited as ever. Cynthia, meanwhile, just lay on the bed, basking in the afterglow of her cum. Yeah, she had cum on national TV for a dog but it was good. It wasn't that bad, she actually knew a girl who had told her she had trained a dog to do that. It seemed naughty but she didn't judge the girl, and she definitely couldn't now. These and other thoughts swam through her mind in her blissful state. She was also thinking about how easy tonight's show had been. Cum on a dog's tongue, not that hard. Pretty easy, actually.

Her ignorance was soon to be shattered, however, by a loud bark.

It wasn't a menacing bark, or a whining bark. No, the lab let out a simple bark. Loud but simple, its only intent was to get the attention of the girl.

Cynthia raised her head up to look at the happy dog, wagging his tail wildly. She smiled at him, between splayed, tanned thighs, telling him he was a good boy.

The dog, though, reacted strangely. He whined and barked again, a little more insistently. This confused the girl, what more could he want?

Her question was answered by red. Red, veiny cock, standing firm, erect, against the dog's fur.

Cynthia's smile disappeared while many other smiles were formed all over the nation as the excited, horny lab bounded back up on the bed, between the girl's spread legs.

No. No. No. No. No.

Cynthia thought to herself as the dog once again came face to face with her. His fur felt good between her thighs, but his cock didn't, as she felt it's distinctive, slimy, hardness, slap against her thigh then press into her tummy. The dog just licked her face again, this his muzzle was covered in her juices. Cynthia turned her face to the side, not wanting to make out with the lab again, as any girl would do.

The lab whined, his hips erratically pumped, his fur brushing quickly, back and forth across Cynthia's creamy legs, his claws reached up, scratching her again. Cynthia was reminded at the dog's energy, his relentlessness as well.

He barked again, this time into Cynthia's face. This wasn't normal behavior for a dog, she thought to herself, especially a friendly lab. She just didn't react, she wasn't sure how to, so she didn't. The dog barked again, sharply and let out a high-pitched whine. Between barks he continued to pump, his dog dick rubbing against the soft skin of her toned tummy.

Cynthia was getting the hint. In fact, now she got the hint loud and clear. She flashed one of the cameras in her cell an annoyed look. Like Tiffany, she knew there was going to be no rescue from the producers and knew nothing would happen.

The lab continued to hump erratically at her belly, wrapping his paws around her, now scratching her back.

Cynthia's hateful, delicious glare at the camera soon dissipated under the dog's insistence and she

moved her face back in front of the dog's looking at him in the eyes.

Then the girl whispered something to the dog, something only one camera picked it up. "Hey... hey there mister. You're doing this wrong. Let me show you what to do. Let me make you feel good for making me feel so good."

The dog had mated in this position before, that's how he knew it was possible. Cynthia, on the other hand, had never even considered that girls and dogs could make in the missionary position. She soon found out, though, that it wasn't only possible, it was amazing.

As Cynthia reached her hand between herself and the lab, she could feel him grow more excited. His tail thumped against her thighs and knees, his energetic body squirmed on top of her, but his haunches became still. Not any part of the dog, not for a second, was still since the moment he bounded into Cynthia's cell. Except for now. For what was about to come he would be still.

First Cynthia removed her panties as best she could. Luckily, the straps had gold loops on each side that pressed against her hips. Instead of shimmying them all the way down both legs, all Cynthia had to do was undo a tie, which she did. Then she pushed the panties down past her ass and they dropped down her calf, catching on her heeled ankle. She was ready, and from the feel of it so was the dog.

The lab whined as Cynthia grasped his firm cock in her hand. It was surprisingly thick and long, bigger than most men, but not as big as the mastiff's or the doberman's. But what it lacked in size - and it didn't lack much - it made up for with the boundless energy behind it, which Cynthia would soon find out.

Then she guided the dog's dick to her wet twat, the twat the dog had just licked so well, the twat that was about to thank him for his efforts, the twat that was about to be battered relentlessly by the lab's dick.

Cynthia's pretty eyes gazed deeply into the dog's as she pressed tip of his cock firmly against her pussy flesh. The dumb dog eyes looked back, then away, then back, confusedly. It was erotic, though, watching the two face-to-face like this, beautiful girl and horny, dumb dog. It was also humiliating for Cynthia. It was one thing to let a dog fuck you, but this was different. In the missionary position Cynthia had no choice but to watch as a dog enjoyed her. But something was kind of hot about that to her, that she could watch her lover overcome with joy at the prospect of fucking her. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad.

Cynthia's thoughts were interrupted by a piercing whine and the familiar yet alien feeling of dog dick pressing into her flesh. The dog knew this feeling, and once he felt the hot, tight ring of pliable flesh around the tip of his cock he did what he did best. He started hammering his girl. Cynthia, really, had no choice but to let him. She could have squeezed her pussy muscles to dissuade the invader but that wouldn't have worked. She was too wet. The dog's dick glided effortlessly inside of her. And she only got wetter, of course, as the dog began fucking her.

Cynthia, though, couldn't really say that a dog had fucked her on national TV like the other girls could say. No, Cynthia was clearly having sex with a dog on national TV, and obviously enjoying it. So was the dog. He loved humans, he loved human girls, and he loved riding human girls, and he loved licking them, and he loved hammering their pussies and he liked to watch them. In the missionary position he could do it all, except lick their pussies. But he liked licking their mouths, too.

Cynthia didn't know if having sex with a dog missionary was better than on all fours, but she definitely liked it missionary, even if the dog was panting into her mouth, his pussy-lapping tongue,

dripping drool onto her face, her neck, and her chest, even if his sharp claws scratched her as he repositioned himself, even if it was a dog on top of her, riding her, plunging his dick into her wet, sucking twat over and over and over. But what she liked was obvious. From the front she could press her hips towards her dog lover, pushing her fat clit into his prickly fur, she could hold him - which is what she was doing - by his strong doggy shoulders, and she could wrap her legs around him, to feel his fur brush against the inside of her thighs, against her calves, squeeze him, encourage him with her body.

Cynthia's fans definitely liked that she took the dog missionary. She was the stuck-up type and they loved the fact that she was forced to witness her degradation face-to-face, as they witnessed it, too. The announcer thought he would like it. But now he wasn't so sure. He had fucked every girl on the show, to their displeasure, and his favorite was Cynthia. He wasn't a particularly good fuck, but he knew what he was doing and he had made her cum before, a fact he had taunted her with many times. But she hadn't cum for him like she was cumming now, for a dog. She had never been so loving with him, she had never cooed like she was cooing for the dog, she had never pumped her hips so enthusiastically for him. Now, watching Cynthia and the dog he was growing jealous, jealous that dog was enjoying the girl's pliable flesh and her elegant curves, jealous that she was had orgasmed wetly for him twice and, without pause, was about to do it again. As the announcer watched Cynthia and the lab he noted that he would make sure to include her in some especially depraved future episodes of the show.

Cynthia, for her part, had orgasmed for the announcer before, and she had orgasmed on the tongues and dicks and fingers of many people before. But it was nothing like now. She had never had sex like the sex she was having now, with the dog. It was different from sex with men. It was different and it was better, Cynthia was beginning to realize. She rarely came twice during a single fuck but she was going to now. And the dog just kept on giving. There was a moment's pause, right after her first orgasm, when the dog had cum - cum in buckets, and filled her up. Somewhat disappointed, Cynthia had tentatively moved to disengage with the dog. But the dog was still hard, rock hard. And he was ready to fuck her again. And so he did.

And because the dog had just blown his load he lasted a long time the second round, his enthusiasm, his eagerness unhindered. And so the raucous dog-on-girl sex continued. The two bodies of different species rocking, rutting, panting, heaving, orgasming satisfyingly together.

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Part Five

Cynthia and the lab and Gabriella and the doberman weren't the only pairs working themselves to mutual sexual satisfaction. There was Tiffany and the mastiff, of course. Their mating had continued way past Tiffany's first orgasm. Her orgasm, in fact, only seemed to intensify it. The mastiff, she and few others knew, had been fed Viagra before the show and he had been sucked off by a prostitute. He was primed to last for a while, which pleased him to no end because his new bitch's twat was the best he had ever felt, or at least he thought in his dumb dog brain. It pleased Tiffany as well, though she never would have agreed to the arrangement beforehand because it was so shameful. It was shameful to orgasm on a dog's dick, even if was the thickest, biggest dick the girl had ever seen - let alone shoved in her pussy - and it was especially shameful to orgasm multiple times on a dog's dick, over and over, in multiple orgasms, each one more pleasurable, more exhausting, than the last. And it was shameful to verbally encourage a dog to continue fucking to compliment him on his size, his ability, his strength, as he fucked, it was shameful to scream in pleasure on a dog's cock, curse in pleased agony, buck against him, spread silky, smooth thighs for him, beg and plead for his cum, hold him tight like a lover. Tiffany, though, did all those things with the mastiff, and her audience -

the biggest audience - watched on as the huge mastiff ravaged beautiful Tiffany's pussy over and over and over, mangling her delicate pussy lips with his cock, plunging deeply, stretching her, making her scream and say things they had never heard her say, and finally bust his doggy nut deep inside her velvety pussy.

Then, of course, there was Lydia and the announcer's boxer. Their mating was more informational than the others but no less enticing. Lydia, a sultry blonde uber-slut, was teaching women all over the world how to entice a dog with no experience with girls to have sex with a girl. At first, as to be expected, the boxer seemed uninterested in Lydia. That was until she started sucking his cock. She had to entice it first, something for girls at home to take note of, before she put her mouth on it. The next part, of course, was easy. All a girl really had to know was how to suck dick.

After sucking the dog for a few minutes, though, Lydia stopped. She didn't want the dog to cream, not until he had experienced her pussy. Undoing her bra to release her amazing melons, then sliding her panties down her body, Lydia assumed the classic "doggy" position. This position was the best for enticing new dogs. Missionary could work well but often took practice. Dog's instinctively know to mount anything on all fours.

So the boxer mounted, confusedly, excitedly. Lydia, of course, had to guide the dog's dick, as it bounced off her ass and the back of her thighs. This was actually no easy task. The dog had no idea what was to come, he didn't hold still like Cynthia's lab did. Lydia, experienced as she was, was able to guide the dog properly.

Then the fun began.

The boxer needed no more encouragement than tight, hot pussy to begin fucking the statuesque blonde. The dog had no idea that anything could feel so good. He had no idea that girls could do this that they could make him feel so good, but now he knew and he wasn't going to forget.

Inexperienced, the boxer bucked erratically, wildly over the blonde's supple ass. Lydia, loving the fact that she was turning the dog on so much and converting the animal into a girl lover, arched her hips for him and pressed back, demonstrating for girls across the globe how to seduce a virgin dog.

The dog, though, didn't have to be a virgin. Far from it. A male dog that has mated with dog bitches worked fine. They had no concept of cheating, they didn't think anything was wrong with mating a girl. In fact, they loved it, and they showed how much they loved it with every thrust. And even this virgin dog was driving Lydia, an experienced dog-whore, crazy with lust. She had had better lays before, she had had bigger cocks and more enthusiastic dogs before, but good-sized dog dick was better than fine.

The camera close-up on her face caught that fact in full detail. With every thrust Lydia winced with pleasure. And after the dog had locked his forelegs around her curved waist and established a rhythm, a perverse smile broke across the girl's alluring face. Like the other girls Lydia gasped happily as she was fucked, she moaned and cursed, and not long after breaking into a series of high-pitched, arousing squeals, she came noisily, wetly, for the dumb dog who quickly afterwards pumped his load into her sucking pussy.

Lydia's show wasn't over, though. After her orgasm and after the dog dismounted, Lydia sucked the dog off, cleaning him of her juices and his semen, bringing the boxer to hardness again. She would have demonstrated how to get a dog to eat pussy, but the show-runners didn't want the dog subjected to eating his own cum. So Lydia didn't demonstrate that. Instead, she fucked him again, this time guiding him between her plush thighs.

The boxer lasted longer for the second mating. He bucked and plunged and bucked and plunged, battering Lydia's twat flesh with his stiff cock. She encouraged dog, held his head in her hands, licked his muzzle, like a slut, spread her legs as wide as she could for him, ground her hips - and her clit - against him, and, with long, tanned legs wrapped around his energetic body, heels locked behind his back, face to face, muzzle to mouth with a dog, she came loudly for him, her titties bouncing, her body rocking from the rutting. And on her way to her second orgasm, unfortunately for her, the dog came in her again, his cum spilling from her twat, oozing onto the mattress below their lewd joining.

Lydia was actually the first girl to get done. She didn't have a time limit like the other girls. After the boxer was spent after filling her a second time a handler came to retrieve him and Lydia was told to put her bikini back on and join the announcer and Dr. B to comment and answer questions.

Dr. B and the announcer regarded the flush, sweaty Lydia coolly as she sat down with them. She had just fucked a dog, not any dog, the announcer's dog - a virgin dog - she had seduced him. And although the announcer and Dr. B were enjoying themselves immensely as they watched the footage from the other three girls, they couldn't help but feel some animosity for Lydia, that she had allowed a dog to enjoy every inch of her sumptuous curves, plunder her pussy, without any prior connection. She was hot, and would have been unquestionably out of their league in a pre-BimboPill world, yet she willingly, joyfully had just fucked a dog and, apparently, enjoyed it more than any sex they had ever had with a woman. The men chalked their feelings up to disgust but a more accurate description would be jealousy.

Dr. B actually knew these feelings well and had felt them before. He had learned to get over them, but they came back once in a while. His dick hard as rock watching these girls and these dogs wasn't helping the situation. The dogs were getting more, and better ass than he was. That fact wasn't lost on the announcer, either.

Lydia expected questions to be asked, especially from the seemingly plucky announcer, but he was just watching, with a seemingly frustrated look on his face, Cynthia and the lab. Dr. B, moreover, watched every feed studiously, but seemed most fixated on Tiffany and the mastiff. Lydia could only guess the sick perversions running through his mind.

Lydia, though, knew there was a show to cast so she cleared her throat loudly. The announcer, brought from his trance, looked at Lydia then smiled a big, fake smile.

"Oh, I'm sorry beautiful, I was just so fascinated by Dr. B's theories put into action!" he said, lamely.

The announcer's talking also brought Dr. B out of his trance.

"Oh, absolutely, it is fascinating research that we've uncovered and are now putting into practice," said Dr. B.

"So, are there any girls you think will win tonight's show?" the announcer asked Dr. B.

"Well, my eye has been on the blonde through most of this round, but my guess is that Gabriella might win. She truly upped the ante for all the girls when she gave that doberman a blowjob. She also seems to be the most sure of herself."

"No arguments there, Dr. But I will say, every girl, including our lovely Lydia, are doing amazing work tonight. And no matter who the winner of this episode is, every girl will be receiving a special gift in the final round of the show" the announcer said, somewhat menacingly, but with a huge smile.

"And now, I understand you have a special announcement to make on behalf of WorldCorp, the maker of the world-famous BimboPill? The announcer asked Dr. B.

"That I do, thank you for asking. You see, our researchers at WorldCorp wanted this solution to the cheating problem to touch the lives of as many people as it could. As you suggested, earlier, we hope that animal shelters across the globe become a lot more empty after tonight. And we'd also like to take the opportunity tonight to offer a brand-new product line."

"You see, the dogs you see with the girls tonight are specialized variations of popular breeds.

As you can see, they are extra well-endowed animals. We know there are always specialized buyers out there and we want to inform them that WorldCorp is now offering a dog-breeding service. All you do is choose your breed and we'll have a very special boy delivered to your house."

"But more than that, the dogs you are seeing in the feeds right now have had very specialized training. Each dog, actually, have been trained in different ways."

"The doberman has had alpha male training, which means that if Gabriella didn't comply, he would have made her. Alpha training means more than that, though, which is detailed in our brand-new set of training guides now available on WorldCorp.com, and soon to be available in stores everywhere. We only recommend Alpha training for some homes. Alphas can become very protective of their girls. So we only recommend Alpha training for your dog if you don't mind the lucky lady or ladies in your life to be taken over and over and over again by a stud dog."

"The mastiff you see here, while also being the obvious product of very specialized breeding, has been trained extensively in foreplay, as you saw when he got Tiffany 'ready' by paying special attention to her breasts. This type of training is especially recommended for dogs were are bigger 'down there.'"

"Our lab, on the other hand, has been trained to please women across the board, hence his insistence on providing lucky Cynthia with oral sex. We recommend this training for us guys that just don't like going 'down there' a whole lot."

"And, of course, WorldCorp's very own Lydia showed that extensive training isn't always necessary. As we have stated and firmly believe at WorldCorp, women and dogs make perfect mates."

"Well that is just incredible" the announcer chimed in. "I was skeptical before the show, but now I think my doubts and the doubts of our worldwide audience have been put to rest. And let me assure you, Dr, your visit has inspired us here in the studio. I have no doubt we will have you back again to test more of your theories and no doubt we will broadcast episodes in the future based on your research."

"Thank you so much, we have much more tantalizing research to share with you and the audience at home, and of course the girls," said Dr. B.

"And we are just so excited for it," said the announcer.

"But before all that, we have a show to finish," the announcer quipped. "Our ladies have five minutes left which is good, because it appears that they are finishing up. Dr. B, would you like to announce the contents of our very special winner's round?" asked the announcer.

"It would be my pleasure. So, as we all have seen tonight, there is overwhelming evidence for the compatibility of women and male dogs as mates. Some would say they are perfect mates, weighing

all variables such as size, temperament, ease of access, training, and so forth. What we have also found - and this is very exciting - is that girls make excellent mates with another of other animals as well. We at WorldCorp only recommend dog-on-girl mating but want to demonstrate how other couplings are possible as well. We'd also like to demonstrate just how slutty hot women can be, that they can move from species to species, in a single session, and still enjoy themselves. If that isn't proof that the cheating problem isn't real, then I don't know what is."

"Amazing, just amazing. You have really opened my eyes tonight. So, Dr., what other male animals are women compatible with?" asked the announcer.

"What we have found, strap into your seat belts ladies and gentlemen and all your farmers out there, is that donkeys and pigs also work great with women and we're willing to prove it tonight!" Dr. B said excitedly.

"Amazing, just amazing. I wouldn't believe it if it wasn't coming from you, Dr.," the announcer said.

Lydia just sat in her chair stunned. She couldn't believe what Dr. B was saying. She had worked in his labs some but she had no idea he was cooking this up.

"Well, I'm glad we have you on to explain, Dr., because ladies and gentlemen the winner of tonight's show will be performing for us live with one of these animals," the announcer stated loudly, motioning to the back of the set, past the four cells on stage. As he did this the backdrop was raised up, revealing two small sets, each behind Plexiglas. One set was made up to be a farm, with hoe, bales of hay, and a broken wagon wheel. The other well more sparse, with a gurney and pulley system. Each set had multiple cameras.

The girls' time was up. Handlers went to each cell to retrieve the happy, satisfied dogs, leaving the girls inside.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is time to cast your vote for the girl who most pleased their man - I mean dog, tonight. That winner will then be taken directly to the set on the left you see there and she will next perform with a live donkey!!!"

The audience cast their ballots.

"So, if there is only one winner tonight, who's going to perform with the pig?" the announcer asked Dr. B.

"Funny you should mention it" Dr. B said while motioning for a burly man offset who came over to him "but WorldCorp is providing that performer, Lydia!"

Lydia turned her head, shocked at what she had just heard.

She didn't have time to respond, though, as a big, burly man took her by the arm and led her to the farm set.

As the statuesque blonde was being drug over to her set, handlers brought in a large, ugly pig and guided it to her set. Other handlers wheeled in a donkey who was then attached to a pulley system above the gurney in the other set.

"Well ladies and gentlemen the votes are in and it was close. Tonight's favorite performer was Tiffany, but she did not win the round. The winner of the round, the sluttiest whore who pleased her dog the most was not Tiffany, it was not the lovely Cynthia, it was GABRIELLA!!!" The announcer

cheered.

The audience cheered.

Gabriella was drug from her cell and walked over to the set with the donkey.

“We here in the studio want to ensure everyone at home that we firmly believe that every attractive girl in the world can be a slut if they want to be. So while the winners of this round perform with their animals, we have added something special for this round for the losers. During our fantastic show our producers have managed to retrieve, from around the city, two very mean, untrained, but horny junkyard dogs. You’ll see what we mean in just a second. During the performance in the back, these dogs will be put in the cells with the losers, and it is up to them to put their new found skills to the test” the announcer stated solemnly.

“When we come back, ladies and gentlemen, round two of our very special science episode.” During the break two ferocious looking dogs, a rottweiler and a pit bull with, both with muzzles over their snouts, were herded, with poles with nooses, scrabbling and growling onto the set. Gabriella and Lydia were strapped into place, as well.

The two men on stage just talked and laughed with each other, commenting at how slutty girls were these days, that they would fuck multiple animals in a single night. Then it was time.

“Let the games begin” screamed the announcer.

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## **Part Six**

If each girl didn’t go through a phase of absolute horror in the previous round, they were going through it now.

Petite Tiffany, pussy thoroughly ravaged, actually screamed in terror as a mean rottweiler - muzzle just taken off - came tearing, barking, growling into her cell.

Statuesque Cynthia did the same as a pit bull entered hers.

Gorgeous Gabriella wasn’t screaming she was just looking on, horrified, as a huge, loud donkey was lowered between her spread, naked legs, as she was strapped on her back to a gurney, wrists fastened, a rubber strap running across her ribcage, right below her glorious tits. The donkey’s was huge and felt rubbery as it bumped against her thighs as it bounced lewdly. Sumptuous Lydia, meanwhile, also only looked on in disgusted indignation as handlers coaxed a giant, fat big on top of her luscious body as she lay flat on her back, wrists held by strong men. She never saw the pig’s cock, she could only guess at the size.

To the girls in the cells, also, the cocks of their new set of dogs weren’t easily seen. They weren’t horny yet, they were just mean and locked in a small space with them. The girls had to work their sexual magic on them.

And they did, eventually. Cynthia had a difficult time with her scarred up pit bull. He didn’t trust humans much. She was even bitten, not badly, on the side once. The dog seemed interested in the smells coming from her pussy, though, so she started with that.

Tiffany, too, got shaken up by her dog. He didn’t calm down at all for a while. She ended up getting

scratched even more than she was. But the rottweiler, also, seemed interested in the smells coming from Tiffany's pussy.

There wasn't much build-up for Lydia and Gabriella. Their performances were pre-planned. Lydia, especially didn't have to wait long before her tight - still unsatisfied pussy - was speared by wetly by the pig which began humping right away. It was good, actually, that Lydia's performance started first because male pigs are known to last for long periods of time during mating sessions. There was more build-up for Gabriella, though. There had to be, the donkey cock was so big. It was so big she didn't think it would fit. She began to think all the tales of donkey shows were lies. Then a handler pushed the huge, black rod against the Latina's twat.

Like the dogs, the donkey instinctively thrust as he felt the moist, pliable skin of pussy against the tip of his dick. Unlike Lydia's pig, it took a bit of time before the donkey started humping his girl. Lydia, for her part, only grunted and shut her eyes tightly and balled her fists as the donkey pressed his enormous cock slightly deeper with each tentative thrust. Her heated, juicy pussy eventually accommodated the donkey and the audience cheered as the animal took its first viable fuckthrust into Gabriella's pink meat.

For their part the girls in the cells were having a more difficult time. Cynthia, luckily, had been able to calm her pit bull down somewhat, was allowing it to sniff her body while she played with its growing penis. Tiffany was having a slightly harder time. The rottweiler had first lapped at her pussy until an intercom in the cell told her that it was against the rules for a dog to lick his own cum, it was obscene. So Tiffany had to try something else to calm the dog down. She tried to rub his back but that didn't go anywhere. That was until she saw that his dick was protruding somewhat from his sheath.

As an audience member or a viewer at home it was almost impossible to choose what feed to watch, each had its own unique thrill. In the cells one could watch sexy sluts do their best to both calm down mean dogs and then seduce them into sex. Lydia's feed was all about debasement. Anyone who wanted to watch a gorgeous girl writhe under the fat belly of a big while he snotted and slobbered her huge tits, could do so. Then there was Gabriella, the winner of the show. Her feed was exciting, well, because she was fucking hot and she was taking an enormous animal cock in her twat.

It didn't take too long, though, until all the feeds had things in common.

In each feed curvy hips pumped, girls gasped in excitement, in pleasure, long, silken hair was tossed, big, perky tits bounced, jiggled or swayed, there were distinctive animal sounds from each one, either grunts, squeals, or pants. From each feed, at various times, expletives passed over plush lips, sweat shined over creamy skin, tight tummies trembled, dainty hands grasped tightly onto things, onto railing, onto bed sheets, onto the muscled backs or legs of animals. And each feed had more in common. In each tight pussies made erotic "popping" sounds as hard dick plunged into them over and over, in every feed the slapping of flesh on flesh could be heard, in each feed bodies rocked, swayed, and quaked. In each feed a girl was being jostled, pushed, pressed. And of course in each feed one could watch a gorgeous slut, replete with generous curves and alluring faces, moaning and humping and cumming loudly, wetly beneath the body of an animal of a different species rode their plush bodies, enjoyed their smooth bodies, and sunk their meat into their wet, sleeve-like twats until they filled them up with their copious animal cum.

It was an amazing show, and the best-rated episode of Who Wants To Be A Huge Slut to that date.

Some at the studio thought the reason for the ratings was Gabriella. She had put on amazing show with the donkey. Indeed, it was hard to get the image out of your mind, once you saw it, of the huge

donkey dick, glistening in pussy juice, as it battered Gabriella's pussy meat. The dick was so big it mashed her fat clit with each plunge and pulled the sensitive skin around it with each upstroke. Gabriella had to be the sluttiest whore that episode, people argued, because of the way she came for the donkey. The animal's huge meat caused her to go multiorgasmic. She came and came like a nympho slut for him, she even tried to fuck him from below, grinding her hips for him. People who voted for Gabriella, of course, weren't wrong. Everyone agreed it was great watching her plush body rock back and forth on the gurney, her round tits quaking with each donkey thrust.

It was a toss-up between Cynthia and Tiffany, many seemed, when it came to their second performances. They both did amazing. It was great to see Tiffany coax her mean rottweiler into fucking her on her back. Many actually didn't believe she could fuck anymore after the mastiff, but they were wrong. She actually fucked the rottweiler twice, both times in the missionary. And she came on his cock, at least twice, in a series of high-pitched, hitching gasps while she wrapped her legs around the mean dog. She came out with a lot of scratches, though. Poor girl, many thought.

Cynthia, meanwhile, eventually coaxed the big pit bull to take her from behind. She had to spread her legs wide for him because he had short legs. But it worked out. Her performance was delicious, too. She apparently, was not even close to done when the lab got through with her and she taunted the pit bull to fuck her good. The pit bull did, of course, and everyone agreed it was delightful to watch as he big dog jostled her body forward with every thrust. The dog also had a really thick cock and it was nice to see it plunge in and out of the gorgeous girl. They didn't get that view with her and the lab.

A smaller but fiercely opinionated subset of viewers, of course, went with Lydia. She was built like a porn star and it was amazing to watch her statuesque body underneath the fat, ugly pig. The pig was the longest fuck, in fact, and he drilled Lydia with his cock as soon as it pushed into her. It was amazing, her fans contented, to watch such a gorgeous girl be so slutty as to have passionate sex with a pig. They pointed out with glee when she tried to lift her shapely legs around the pig but couldn't so she just rested her heels on his humping haunches. And she was so sweaty, too! Her skin glistened under the exertions of the pig fuck. Her huge tits especially glistened, but that was because Lydia held his snout to them, pressing her melons against him, as he coated them with snot. And the way she came for the pig, some said argued, was the best because Lydia had the most arousing orgasms.

In the end, it was anyone's guess why that episode was the highest rated up until that time. What was for sure, though, was that the studio was determined to replicate their success in future episodes.

*The End ... maybe?*