

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Sister Myriam was driving the convent station wagon to take her pet, Buster, a full blood German Shepherd, to the vet's for his annual checkup. She was unfortunately distracted at a critical intersection by some of Buster's antics in the back seat. Buster was not a very good passenger; he despised the noisy smelly automobiles and they always made him very nervous, especially when he was in one. He let out a howl of panic when a large truck let loose a blast of its air-horn preparatory to pulling out into traffic.

Sister Myriam looked up at the mirror to check on her precious pet and, because her attention had wandered, ran a red light. Her car was hit on the driver's side of the station wagon by another truck going at a respectable rate of speed. Poor Sister Myriam was killed instantly. The wagon came to a stop on the far side of the intersection, still mated to the front of the truck. Its radiator had burst and steam and scalding water obscured the front of the wagon. The body of the wagon was deformed and the passenger-side rear door had popped open.

Buster was in a panic due to his having been hurled about the wagon's interior. However, due to the cushioning of the plush interior of the vehicle, he was uninjured. He spotted the open door and quicker than thought rushed out of the smoking, steaming vehicle. Buster was petrified of the sounds of the noisy metal creatures all around him and in a panic ran from the intersection and continued to run until he was in a quieter section of the city.

Buster had always been well treated at the convent by the nuns there and especially by his owner who had bucked the rules of the order on pets, so this was extremely unpleasant to him. He wandered about this section and then on out of the city to a quiet area, with many trees and the scents of strange animals all around him. He came upon a little farmhouse in the waning light of the day and collapsed at the front door in exhaustion.

Jan Taylor was getting ready for bed when she heard a faint whimpering coming from the open window of her bedroom. She looked out the window but was unable to see Buster due to the porch roof. She again heard the whimpering, louder now. She hurried down to the front door and opening it spied poor Buster on her front porch. Seeing the bedraggled animal for the first time she exclaimed, "Oh My God, You poor thing!"

Jan had a soft spot in her heart for any creature in distress and rushed out onto the porch to tend to him. Her heart went out to the obviously owner less pooch (his collar had become entangled in some underbrush and he had pulled his head from the loose collar).

Jan tried to drag him into the house but he was too heavy. Buster rallied some strength and got up and slowly allowed himself to be led into the warmth of her home. Jan got some water in a bowl and placed it in front of Buster who, not having had any water since early that morning, proceeded to noisily slurp it up. Jan knew enough not to overdo it with the water for awhile and only gave him sparing amounts of it so that he did not become sick. The water revived Buster immensely.

"Poor thing", Jan thought as she petted and soothed his furry body. "I wonder what happened to you?" Jan checked her refrigerator for something for the dog to eat and saw some leftover meat loaf from her dinner.

"I always make too much these days," she ruminated. Jan had recently lost her husband of only 5 years and was very lonely. They had had no children and she had no friends (she did not get out much due to her very shy nature. Her almost pathological fears of the outside world had made her

almost a hermit).

Jan placed the bowl on the floor and Buster wolfed it down, demolishing the adult portion of the meat loaf in seconds. She checked to make sure that he wasn't injured and except for a few scratches on his nose he appeared to be in the best of health, barring his apparent exhaustion, thirst and hunger of course.

Buster took stock of his whereabouts for the first time. No smelly noisy cars around here, clean water, good food. Then he checked out this new bitch who was taking care of him. He looked up at her.

She was a lovely blond haired bitch like his last owner. She didn't have on the concealing furs that his last owner seemed to prefer almost all the time. Of course it was night time and his previous owner did divest herself of those coverings then. Buster was tired though and did not want to go to work tonight. He hoped that she would let him have the night off. He walked to a corner near a heating vent and curled up in a ball and fell asleep.

Jan watched him make himself to home and thought, "Well looks like I've got a room mate! Just what I needed too. I was getting very lonely."

She cleaned up the mess Buster had made on the floor and went to bed for the evening.

The next morning, Buster was up bright and early. Completely recovered from the previous day's exertions, he set about exploring the farmhouse. He wandered into the bedroom upstairs through the partially open door. On the bed lay the new human bitch who had been so nice the night before. She was slightly entangled in the bedclothes except for a leg and her hips; the other leg was still partially covered. She wore none of the coverings that humans usually wore.

Was it time he wondered. No the signal had not been given. Still he might as well get to know her better. He hopped up on the bed and licked at her ankle. The tickling sensation caused the sleeping woman to move her leg away from the sensation which caused her legs to open. The dog sniffed at her crotch then licked it once, then once more, and again.

Jan's body began to get excited in her sleep. Blood began to flow into her nipples and her pussy began to swell in anticipation. She began to dream of a handsome man who was licking her pussy.

Buster tasted the juices that began to flow and eagerly anticipated her giving the signal. He slurped and slurped at her creaming pussy.

Then she had an orgasm and she screamed which frightened the dog off the bed. His previous owner had never done that! Jan awoke right after she had screamed and thought "Wow that was the most... real dream I've ever had. I came to a dream!" She got up and saw Buster looking through the door. "Good morning! Did I scare you Hun? Hmmm what am I gonna call you... how about Wolf! You kinda remind me of a wolf."

Buster looked at her wondering if she was gonna give the signal. He was hard and had anticipated the fun he would have... but no the human bitch did not give the signal so he turned away disappointed. Jan saw the bright eyes he had when she called him Wolf. "OK Wolf go on now I gotta get dressed."

His eyes took on a disappointed look and Jan thought, "Wolf really likes me. He wanted to play. Well I will play with him a little later." She then went about her morning routine of a bath, makeup and dressing.

Jan stared at herself in the mirror. "One day I won't be so scared of life out there." She was safe here

in her home. The insurance on her deceased husband had paid the mortgage and left enough to allow her to live a comfortable life in her safe haven for the rest of her life. The bank took care of all the bills and the closest food mart had a standing order that they filled for her on the first day of the week, every week. Speaking of which her order for this week should be arriving any...

A horn honked in the driveway. A young pimply-faced delivery boy drove up to the porch. He placed her food delivery on the porch and began to walk away.

Jan cracked the door and timidly called out to him.

His eyes got real wide as he turned for this was the first time he had seen the hermit lady. She was very pretty he thought, maybe 25 or 26 years old blonde and curvy as hell!! And standing at her side was a huge German shepherd!!! A mean one too. He saw that it was silently snarling at him and he wished to leave toot sweet.

"Could you add a case of your best dog food and some doggie vitamins to my order from now on please?"

"Yes ma'am I sure will do that."

"You want me to go get them now for this week too?" he asked.

"Yes please," she replied just before she closed the door.

"Well that takes care of that. No need to take chances like that again," she mused.

Buster lost the bristly look as the delivery boy drove off. He hated the smell and the sound of the delivery truck, the boy who was driving, and anything connected to it. OK now to play. Buster ran around Jan barking.

Jan giggled. "Awww he wants to play." She opened the door and Buster ran outside. Jan did not join him of course. She very rarely ever left her home. Buster ran around the yard out to an old barn that had seen better days. He looked around the barn nothing had lived in there in years. He ran around the yard again sniffing.

A while later Buster came back to the house, not having found anyone or anything to play with. The store's delivery truck was just leaving after having brought back the items Jan had requested and the door was opening. Jan reached out and snagged the box of groceries and pulled them inside. Buster wiggled into the house through the partially open door.

"Oh Wolf you scared me!" Jan exclaimed. Buster watched her on her knees picking up the cans of dog food that had spilled on the floor. He crept up to her rear, her ass in the air and saw that she was only wearing a pair of loose shorts. His tongue leapt from his mouth and scored on her naked pussy through the loose leg opening.

Jan let out a scream that would curl your hair, once again frightening poor Buster. "WOLF!! Never do that again. What do you think I AM, A BITCH?" Buster's head shot up into the air. "THE SIGNAL" The human bitch had given THE SIGNAL PHRASE-"I AM A BITCH." Buster's face curled into a snarl. His teeth grasped the back of her shorts and with one gigantic pull ripped them from her body.

Jan let out a scream and rolled onto her back looking up as that teeth filled muzzle shot out and grasped the front of her pull-over shirt and tore it into pieces.

weak and barely felt the dog stepping over her.

She did feel it when he licked her breasts. LICK, bang on the nipple. Her body arched in pleasure again and she tried to roll away from the new attack on her body. Amazingly no growl was sounded as she rolled over onto her stomach.

She pulled her legs up under her and her hands under her to get up on her feet, not really realizing that she had just gotten into a perfect doggie position.

Her first realization that she had just made a very big mistake was when Buster's legs wrapped around her waist and she felt something battering on her flesh near her pussy.

"NO! You can't! I won't let you!" she yelled.

At that moment the dog's cock slipped inside her cunt.

She screamed and tried to buck the animal off her back, which just put her pussy perfectly in line for Buster's full-power thrust. Wham, and ten inches of dog-cock plowed up into her quivering belly. The air was literally driven from her body as her arms gave out and Buster began to fuck her.

In and out he thrust, with the power of a jackhammer and damn near the speed of one as well. Wham, wham, wham, one after another.

Then Jan felt something else. A thicker part of the cock. Buster seemed to be trying to get that into her as well.

Jan's mouth was open with the shock of the dog's brutal rape of her poor defenseless pussy. Then her mouth opened again as did her eyes when at last a particularly powerful thrust pushed the knot inside of her body.

As soon as it was seated the dog's knot began inflating until it was the size of a baseball. Jan's eyes kept getting bigger and bigger as she felt the knot inflate inside her. She really didn't know much about dog physiology. She had no idea that the knot was there to essentially lock two dogs together and keep all the male dog's sperm inside the bitch to ensure that the bitch would conceive puppies. It was so large that it was painful. She felt soooo full.

Then the dog gave a howl and came inside the panting woman. Jan once again gave out a scream, and came as well. "Oh Lord it feels so hot!"

"Well at least he's done, but why isn't he pulling out," she wondered. And why did she continue to feel hot sperm pumping into her belly? There was so much of it she actually felt her belly distend a little.

Buster was now laying on her back licking his drool off her neck and back. He was done.

He got off Jan slipping one leg over his still-embedded cock and stood butt to butt with his new bitch. He began to walk over to his favorite place near the vent to lay down and clean himself, inadvertently pulling the helpless female along with him. The pain of being dragged made her scuttle backwards.

Finally, twenty minutes later, his massive knot had deflated enough for his equally massive cock to pull free of the girl's stretched cunt. Its withdrawal was immediately followed by a flood of sperm spilling out of her well plowed pussy.

Jan collapsed and just lay there gathering up her strength and thinking back over the events which had just occurred.

"I've been raped," she thought. "Raped by a dog!!!"

Her mind almost refused to believe what had just occurred. She just lay there in a pool of dog cum, some still leaking from her cunt. Buster lay in his corner grooming himself.

Jan couldn't know the special training that Buster had received at the hands of his previous owner. Sister Myriam had all the cravings of a bitch in heat but felt so guilty about them that she had trained her pet Buster to take what he wanted when he wanted. She would give the command and Buster would instantly begin treating her as if she were a bitch dog in heat. He would rule her life until she gave the counter-command, at which time Buster again became the friendly playmate.

This seemingly contradictory set of circumstances and actions actually absolved Sister Myriam of any guilt for wanting to be fucked so badly. She merely gave Buster control. What he did with it, well, that was on him.

Of course Jan couldn't know that. All she knew was her playmate had turned vicious and had ripped her clothes off her body and then proceeded to viciously rape her. How was she to know that her accidental use of the begin phrase had by her own command given Buster control of her, her house, and in effect her very life; that to Buster, he was now the master. This was now his house, his domain and that she was now his, his bitch.

He would of course only rule as long as the countering command was not given, but Jan did not know anything about that. Oh my Jan doesn't know all this and she doesn't know the counter command either as a matter of fact she doesn't know anything about this. Hmmmm what is she going to do.

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## **Chapter Two - Her Master's Voice**

Jan once again began to take notice of her surroundings. Buster was in his corner still licking Jan's pussy juices and his own sperm off of his shrinking cock. Jan was still lying in a pool of cooling dog sperm. She got to her feet, which were still a bit wobbly, and walked up the stairs to her bathroom. Buster had leaped to his feet at this and paced her the entire way, not leaving her alone for a minute.

After turning on the tap and after getting the temperature right she began filling the tub. After the tub was filled she eased her aching body into the hot water. It was much hotter than she usually liked it but she felt very dirty at that particular time.

As her body relaxed she once again went over the events preceding her bath. How was it possible that she had been raped by a dog? Granted he was a big dog, but she was a human, smarter, superior to dogs. How could she have not only been raped, but also have cum during the rape, several times as a matter of fact. She scrubbed herself a bit harder while going over that in her thoughts. Buster lay near the heating-vent and watched what his new bitch was doing. She was playing in the water. Buster had noticed that his human bitches tended to do strange things at times and that he had to curtail some of their activities when it did not suit him to let them play or when such activities would endanger the pack. Granted it was a small pack, only himself and his bitch, but soon there would be puppies to fill out the vacancies of the pack. Buster would see to that.

Buster's cock began to protrude from his scrotal sack again as his cock began to harden. Buster's eyes narrowed and he began to pant with excitement.

Jan had been purposely ignoring the dog since he followed her into the bathroom. She began to consider her situation. She was in a house with a crazy dog who thought she was some kind of strange bitch dog, a dog who would and it seems could fuck her whenever it crossed his mind. She had no phone. She had no friends who would visit her and discover her situation. No one would look for her, since they were used to her not being seen. Even her food was delivered. THE DELIVERY BOY!!!! That was it. She would wait for a week and... A WEEK!!!! A week of this... A lustful growl disrupted her thoughts and she opened her eyes to take in Buster's toothy grin not two inches in front of her eyes. Jan sank down into the now only warm water, trying to get away from those razor-sharp teeth. Buster barked once then twice and she understood his orders: "GET OUT."

Buster stood back away from the tub and Jan came up out of the water and got out, water dripping from her body. Tiny streams ran between her breasts and down over her stomach through her pussy-hair and down her legs. Jan saw his cock free from its furry covering and hard again. She shuddered knowing that round two of her subjugation to the huge animal was about to begin.

Buster stalked behind her and reared up knocking the tiny woman to her hands and knees. Buster did not mount her as she thought he would so she got back to her feet, or started to at any rate.

When she began to get up Buster growled and nipped her ass with his teeth. Jan screamed and fell back to her hands and knees and turned staring at Buster.

"What do you want Wolf!?" she cried.

Buster stared at her on her hands and knees like any bitch would have to be. As soon as Jan saw how he was looking at her she understood. He thinks I'm his bitch and a bitch walks on all fours doesn't she? She suddenly understood her future. "Oh My God! He means to keep me here and fuck me and make puppies with me, He doesn't know that's not possible, so he'll keep trying and trying."

Jan crawled out of the bathroom into the hall and from her, well, from her MASTER'S Voice, His Growl, His Bark, His Bite; she was directed to the basement game room. A nice well-lit room with no windows, well-insulated and well-furnished, with a lot of fun home-games and a lot of free space in the center of the room where one could play twister or dance, or be brutally fucked by your dog.

"I'm not gonna do this." Again she rebelled and began to stand up but again she was tackled from behind and her master's teeth settled around her neck. When she was once again on her hands and knees like a proper bitch, her ass hiked up high in the air. She was such a little woman (barely 5'3") that Buster could maintain his neck lock and still get into position over her.

Jan remained frozen, making little high-pitched squeals but locked into position. Buster gained the necessary position and once again began probing for her cunt with his cock. He poked and prodded but couldn't seem to get the bitch in the right position until he bit down a bit on her neck and she willingly rearranged her ass a bit higher and to the left where he had been prodding her.

She gasped again as this, this, well this DOG once again jabbed his slimy thing into her pussy. The outrage, the shame of it all. The fires of superiority, of pride, of humanity left her eyes. With every thrust of this dog's cock into her human pussy she became in her own eyes as in his, a bitch.

The feeling of that cock pounding into her again and again and again raised a bestial feeling in her. Her body began to come alive, to tingle all over. Her nipples, at first hardened from the chill of the air after her bath, then fear hardened, now were just lust-hardened. Her cunt, at first dry except for the residual water from the bath, now was cum-slicked from Buster's lubricating fluids and her own cunt juices.



Over and over he thrust into her. She was being driven by the force of the thrusts slowly across the room. His knot was slowly being pushed up into her again, but it seemed to not want to go in this time, until the bitch raised her ass to her master's thrusting and it slipped into place and promptly inflated, locking them together again.

The bitch howled from the pain of the blockage and then again when she came. Buster howled with her as he came and came and came into his wonderful if willful bitch.

Buster remained over her this time until his knot had shrunk enough for him to pull free and his sperm spewed from her pussy like a miniature river, his mouth still around her neck. He released his mate. She was his mate now, he could tell. Although she was still probably as willful, he knew that a part of her was now his.

The meter man smiled when he heard the howls coming from the basement. Though he could not see the dogs, he knew what was happening, having heard and seen plenty of dogs fucking while he went from house to house recording the meter readings. As he was leaving he thought, "Go for it doggie. Get you some bitch pussy."

The bitch awoke some time later. Again she was passed out in a pool of dog cum and she stretched and cooed at the feelings in her body. She felt a funny feeling and saw her belly bulge and then she felt the contractions as the first puppy came out of her belly, then another and another until six hungry wiggling shapes were lying there. She cleaned each of them then lay down and let them nurse at her tits, two at her breasts and the other four at her new tits which had grown in to help feed the pups. She loved the feeling of the lapping... the lapping...

Buster was again startled as the scream of his new mate interrupted his busy lapping at her breasts. He sprang back as the scream let go and she sprang up and awake.

"Oh God it was only a dream!!" she said. Buster growled at the sudden actions of his bitch. Jan got very calm, very quickly. She got to her hands and knees again and crawled up the stairs to her bathroom where she once more took a bath, this time without interruptions from Buster, who was again just lounging around the bathroom watching her.

She finished her ablutions and started to dress in a pair of shorts but Buster's growl warned her not to bother with dressing. She was a bitch and bitches did not wear clothes.

Jan wondered what she could do. She did not have a gun. The only possible weapons were in the kitchen, THE KNIVES! Jan crawled down the hall and down the stairs to the kitchen, followed of course by Buster.

In the kitchen she looked at Buster and tried to get to her feet. This time it was allowed by the large dog who curled up in his favorite corner. Jan went over to the knives and pulled one out of the wooden container and started to turn when she heard the warning growl behind her.

Jan froze. She glanced over her left shoulder which was away from the area she had started to turn towards. She saw Buster looking at her, his fangs dripping saliva. She realized that he could rip out her throat before she could even finish a turn. She slowly turned back toward the counter and replaced the knife into its wooden container. When she turned back around Buster was in his spot watching her, again.

"Jesus it's like he can read my mind," she thought. She didn't know that dogs are often very astute in their responses to humans. They instinctively seem to know who is an enemy and who is not. They take their action cues from things that are beyond the senses of humans, like the smell of her when

she was afraid, like the small muscle movements she made when she went for the knife and gripped it by its handle, like the sound of the automatic sharpener scraping the edge of the blade as it was pulled from its spot in the wooden holder. All these clues told Buster that he was in danger and he acted. So in a way he did read her mind; he read her mind's intention, cued to him by the actions of her body. But Jan didn't know all that, all she knew was that he knew what she was going to do before she did it. Another speck of superiority died in her.

Jan got herself something to eat and fixed Buster something. She ate in a very mechanical fashion; her thoughts were not on her food, but on her own problems. Jan was at a loss, a dead end. "What can I do to escape from Wolf?" she thought.

He had finished his meal and was pacing around the room. He wanted to go outside and romp a bit (not to mention take care of some pressing needs. After all, some things no well-trained dog did inside and Buster was nothing if not well-trained).

Jan saw this and saw her chance to escape. When Wolf went outside, she would close the door and lock him outside. Then even if he hung around for a week she would eventually be able to contact the authorities through the delivery boy and have the animal disposed of.

She got up and received a growl in warning and immediately went back to her hands and knees. She crawled to the door and opened the door, then pulled back waiting for Buster to go outside.

Of course Buster knew that the new bitch was not trained properly and might run away, but he knew the way around that problem. He would simply do what his previous owner had done to him and had taught him to do to her as well.

Buster got to his feet and bypassed his young willful bitch and went into the utility room just off the kitchen. It had been Jan's husband's workroom and now served as storage space for things that Jan no longer needed but was too sentimental to throw out.

Buster pulled what he wanted off of a peg on the wall and dragged it into the kitchen where his bitch still sat looking at him in curiosity and then dawning horror as she saw what he had retrieved from the room... a leash and attached collar.

The leash had belonged to her husband's old dog, Katie, a shepherd bitch which had pined away for her dead master and finally died of a general systemic shock herself. The collar was a cute pink color as was the leash. Jan herself had purchased it for Katie about six months before her husband's death.

She looked at the dog with amazement. "No Wolf please not that!!" she said, but she received a growl from the dog as he laid her new trousseau in her lap. Buster stepped back and then snarled at his disobedient bitch.

She knew what he wanted her to do. Since she had no choice she placed the collar on her neck and found that it fit her very well. She buckled the buckle and she then sat back on her haunches and just sat there feeling miserable.

Her new master took the end of the leash and walked out the door with his bitch trailing behind. She barked at the door, trying to close it on the leash, but was jerked outside by the powerful dog.

Jan was now out of her element, out in the world she had fled, away from her beloved home, her safe haven. She was now out in the world again, and not only out but leashed and collared like a dog and as naked as one as well. Well more really, dogs at least had fur. She did not and it was pleasantly cool outside. Her skin immediately got goose bumps and she went out a little ways out of the shade of the

house to sit in the middle of her back yard, in the sunlight, facing the old pasture and the barn.

Buster sniffed around the back yard, lifted a leg and sent a stream of dog pee onto an unlucky bush. He ran around doing the same at strategic intervals, marking his territory. Then he took a dump in an out-of-the-way section of the yard.

Jan just sat there in the sun, not daring to head for the house, knowing that Buster would be able to get there first no matter how hard she ran. She kept an eye on him though, hoping he would go far enough away, but Buster wasn't quite that stupid. As a matter of fact Buster was a very intelligent animal, as you might have guessed already. He grabbed her leash and pulled her to the first place he had marked with his urine and waited expectantly.

"Oh no, no, no, no!!! You couldn't want that!!!?" she shrilled and Buster responded with a fierce growl. She had come to know that growl, "OBEY ME OR ELSE."

Jan had been raised a good girl and good girls did not go outside naked. They especially did not pee in the yard or shit in the grass... however bitches most certainly do. They mingle their pee with their mate's so that wandering dogs will know that this territory is guarded by a mated pair and avoid it. It also broadcasts to the doggie world that here is a pack in formation.

Jan lifted her leg and sent a small stream onto the bush then stopped, thinking "that's all I have to do." She was almost paralyzed with fear at being out and was so red from the shame of going on the bushes like a dog that she felt like dying.

Buster pulled her around the yard to each place he had marked and she obediently complied with his will, even to the point of grunting and straining and expelling her solid waste as well.

Buster was satisfied with his bitch's progress. She was being taught the correct way to act. She learned fast and well. But it was getting late in the day, time to return to the den.

The bitch's head hung as she crawled inside the house once more. Buster dropped the leash after the door was closed and Jan unfastened the collar, or started to anyway. Buster growled at her again and a weary bitch complied with her mate's orders and left the collar alone. She did unfasten the leash though and Buster did not object to that.

As Jan turned she heard a tinkling noise and felt a movement at her throat. Looking down she noticed, as she had not earlier, that the collar came equipped with a couple of dog tags. One was a notice of the bearer's, having had a rabies shot at the local vet's office, which was listed. The other was a tag with the inscription "Katie" on one side and some vital statistics on the other, like gender-bitch, owner Roger Taylor and their address.

Jan looked down at the collar and the dog-tags and thought, "I've been tagged just like any other bitch." Jan went to the bathroom and cleaned herself again. Then she returned to her bedroom and they curled up on her bed and went to sleep.

The next day started early. Just as the sun began to rise, Buster awoke first, his nose not two inches from the bitch's cunt. He began to lap at it. He was lying against his bitch with his nose in her crotch and his rear almost in her face. He began licking her cunt, lick, lick, and lick.

"Ummmmmm", she murmured.

Buster got up on his legs and the movement, made his bitch turn onto her back. Buster, not wanting to move much, kept licking in this inverted position. Buster's cock poked out of its covering not an

inch from her mouth.

The bitch opened her mouth just a bit and panted and his cock touched her mouth and Buster's instincts took over. He humped, trying to find a hole. It inserted just a little.

The bitch felt the cock in her mouth and started to wake, but at the same time Buster pushed the rest of his cock into her mouth and part-way down her throat.

Jan awoke completely with the huge dog's cock being thrust in and out of her mouth and throat. His knot was tapping insistently at her mouth and his nuts pummeled her nose and forehead.

Jan panicked, not realizing where she was for a second. Then she realized what was happening. "Wolf is fucking my mouth!!" She tasted his slimy wet cock, thinking to herself, "It doesn't taste too bad."

Jan was pinned by the weight of the dog on her chest and her head was pinioned by the giant cock in her mouth, which was elongating and thickening even now as it thrust into her mouth.

Buster kept licking her pussy. He was adept at it and this situation was not entirely new to him. He had fucked his former mistress in the mouth more than once, so he was not too concerned or worried about the situation.

Jan was coordinating her breathing with the cock's movement in her mouth. She was already very excited by Buster's licking her pussy and the thoughts of her giving a forced mouth-fuck to a dog was overwhelming her mind. That bestial voice in her mind was saying "suck, suck, suck," to her, and her conscious mind was relinquishing control of her body to it.

She sucked and licked at the hard doggie cock in her mouth. Her saliva was all over it and the dog was squirting little shots of pre cum in her mouth, filling it and overflowing around its wide girth.

The knot kept hitting her lips but she knew if that entered her mouth and it swelled to its maximum circumference she would be choked to death, so she kept it from entering even though Buster seemed intent on getting it in her. She reached a hand up and grabbed the cock by the knot, keeping it from entering her mouth and squeezing it in the process.

That was all it took to bring the dog to the end. He began to cum and cum and cum. His cum was so hot it felt like it was scalding her mouth. She began to swallow and swallow. She seemed to be able to keep up with it. She was able to breathe between swallows. Still it kept coming and coming.

Jan wondered wide-eyed how long he would cum. While this was going on, Buster kept licking her pussy and was doing a wonderful job on her clit, which had protruded out of its protective covering earlier. When he began to cum he worked on it feverishly, and Jan came as well. She came, swallowed, breathed and came some more. Finally Buster stopped, his balls temporarily emptied into the bitch's mouth. He rested for a second on his bitch then got up and hopped off the bed and groomed himself on the floor.

Jan lay there spread-legged and arms outstretched, her eyes glazed from the multiple orgasms she had just received from Buster's work on her clit and pussy lips. A stream of cum, drooled out of her mouth and puddled between her tits.

Jan moved to the edge of the bed. The dog's sperm rolled in her stomach. She felt like she had just eaten a seven-course meal. She got on her hands and knees and crawled into the bathroom. Buster would let her stand and fix her face and hair and let her use the bathtub but he would not let her near the toilet. She sighed knowing that she would be making daily trips and more to the new toilet area

outside, naked and wearing her new cute pink dog collar and her new dog tags. It was going to be a long week.

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Chapter Three - The Pack

After cleaning herself off, Jan was ushered downstairs to the back door and there Buster again laid the leash in her hands. She fastened it to her lovely pink dog collar and then reached up and opened the door.

As soon as they appeared on the back porch, Buster went into a defensive position and his ears laid back, a vicious growl emanating from his throat. Jan knelt on the porch, still as stone.

Buster flowed off the porch, inadvertently yanking the kneeling woman after him as he still held her leash in his clenched jaws. Buster could do without the inconvenience of his bitch's presence, so he dropped her leash about halfway to the borders of his realm.

Across the yard, near his marked borders, stood a large Rottweiler. Behind him, curled protectively around nine pups, was a haggard female chow. The rotti also appeared fairly disheveled, as if they had both had a hard time of it lately. The pups were just plain exhausted and hungry.

The large Rottweiler knew he was not in tiptop performance and that the fast-approaching German shepherd was. At his best he might stand a chance in a battle for dominance with the shepherd but not as things stood. He waited till Buster came to his borders and stopped there in a display of bristling fury and complete command, at which the Rottweiler rolled over on his back his throat open to his new master to tear out at his whim.

Buster lunged forward taking the throat of the Rottweiler in his jaws and closed his teeth on the flesh of the rotti. The large rotti held completely still and allowed the grasp, as he was incapable of resisting now. His future or lack of one was completely up to Buster now.

Buster, after a minute of holding the other dog's throat in his jaws, released his new subordinate. Buster stood and the rotti rolled again this time coming to his feet.

Buster was pleased; his pack had almost sextupled in size in one fell swoop, although most of the new pack members were still pups and wouldn't be able to help protect the pack for a while yet.

He stalked over to the chow and she drooped her head in submission but bared her fangs in a protective display over her pups. Buster knew better than to provoke her further, as the most dangerous thing in the world was a mother (of any sort) protecting her children. Buster sniffed at her tail, then walked back into his domain and was followed by a new retainer, a lady in waiting and nine small and tired urchins who would soon grow into formidable animals in their own right.

The newly-formed pack approached Jan who trembled in dread at this new turn of events. The pack members were confused. They knew this was no ordinary bitch and were loath to approach her as they had had their share of problems with humans before, but Buster took them right up to her and sniffed at her rear and grabbed her collar. This told the pack that she was his bitch and was to be accepted by them, or else.

Rotty sniffed at her rear in greeting his bitch and the pups did the same. Jan was haggard and tired her mind almost blank at the things she had endured, but a part of her knew what was required and that part took command of her. She bent over and smelled at the rear of rotti, of chow, of the pups.

They accepted her, of course; after all she was the Leader's bitch.

Buster led the pack back into the den, Jan opening the door. She left the door open so that just the loose screen door was blocking the entrance and the dogs could push it open from the inside and paw it open from the outside so they had their own entrance without Jan having to open it for them. Chow snapped at her for getting too near her pups at one point.

Now in a wolf pack she would have had almost as much control of the pack as her mate. Such however was not the case in a dog pack. Here the strongest animal was the leader the next strongest after him and the weakest animal last. The bitches were generally on the bottom of the stack. But that's the way of things. They were also the makers of the future pack members and were thus protected by the males.

Jan knew where she fit in the pack, dead-last.

Another thing that Jan was to find out was that while wolves often mate for life and are as such strictly monogamous, dogs do not. A dog bitch will mate with whatever animal gets hold of her and its not uncommon for them to have two pups of one sire and two or three of another as well. Jan's sex life had just doubled and once the pups had grown a bit would multiply almost exponentially. The sex's of the pups was unknown to her but she would be gratified to know that there were five male pups and only two female pups.

Jan had taken off her leash when she entered the house and went into the living room to lie on the couch, her body shivering with dread at the now fairly-large pack that now ran her life.

Rotty was consumed with curiosity at this new type of bitch that was part of the pack and he sensed that his leader controlled her to an extent that he did not control his own bitch. He went in the den and sniffed at Jan's rear.

Jan reacted by cowering on the couch, which made Rotty angry. The bitch was rebuffing him! He nipped at her ass with his sharp teeth, prompting a sharp scream and Jan came off the couch and crouched on the floor, her teeth bared at the large dog.

Jan's display of aggression further infuriated the large dog and he leaped at her, grasping her neck in his teeth-filled maw and instantly gained himself complete control of the human bitch. He found himself becoming aroused at this and began to get into position to breed the Bitch. He kept her neck in his mouth while moving himself into position over her and began jabbing at her rear.

Jan tried to keep him out of her pussy by staying low to the ground in her crouch, not realizing that while her pussy was out of danger her ass was not.

Rotty poked at her, his cock coming out of his penile sack and slipping back in, then he hit the right, or from Jan's perspective the wrong, hole and he jabbed his cock into her ass hole a short distance.

Jan let out a scream of fright and the dog tightened his grip on her neck, causing her to stay still long enough for him to instinctively thrust into her humid ass with his now swiftly-lengthening dick, the uninflated knot going into her ass in that first swift thrust.

Jan felt his doggy cock get longer and longer and thicker and thicker until it felt like someone had shoved a rod up her ass. The knot slipped in and out and began to inflate, causing it to catch at her ass hole and push it in and out. Finally it became too large to slip in and out easily.

Rotty gave a fierce thrust and the knot seated itself inside the Bitch's ass. Jan felt the knot inflate

inside her and knew herself to be tied with the dog.

Her mind blanked at the horror of another dog fucking her and The Bitch rose in her again. Knowing she was a bitch and was going to get what bitches get from male dogs, lots of dog sperm in her, ass or womb, it mattered not, in the end she was being fucked and that's what bitch dogs are good at, fucking.

The bitch pushed her ass back at the large cock filling her ass and felt it thrusting in her.

Rotty, not caring that he was fully tied, thrust powerfully at her, pushing forward and back, pushing her forward and pulling her back with him, causing The Bitch some pain in the process, but still causing his cock to thrust further in and then pulling partly back out of her, causing a delicious friction in The Bitch's ass.

She howled her pleasure at the ceiling and orgasmed with a dog's cock in her ass.

Rotty felt the tightening of her ass-sheath on his cock and knot and howled his own pleasure as he began to cum in the other pack bitch. He came in buckets and buckets or that's what it felt like to The Bitch.

Her bowels began to fill with the cum of this powerful animal and it felt good to her. Her colon filled and released its growing pressure in the only direction it could, further up into her body.

Finally Rotty's massive cum weakened and then stopped. He felt good; he had bred a bitch and now needed to lie down and clean himself. He turned and stepped over his still-buried bone and tried to trot into the other room. However, being tied with the Bitch, this did not occur, as the Bitch had fainted with the intensity of her pleasure and had become a dead weight holding fast to Rotty's cock with her ass muscles.

Rotty pulled at this constriction and while his knot was not as large as his leader's, he could not pull out. Her anal ring was squeezed shut and there was no way it would open to allow his knot to escape. Rotty lay down to rest. Twenty minutes later the knot had shrunk down and Rotty pulled his deflating cock out of the Bitch's ass. After a quick cleanup of his cock, he went into the kitchen leaving the bred bitch lying there.

The pressure in her bowels was soon noticed by the Bitch and Jan awoke to find that she needed to go to the bathroom quite soon. She got to her hands and knees quickly and raced to the door, knowing it was her only hope.

She was so quick that Buster did not have a chance to stop her from exiting the house. He rushed out of the den, knowing that he must bring her back or risk losing her.

He found her in the yard excreting the massive cum mixed with her own excrement, as the cum had acted as a large enema to the woman. She bowed her head in shame at the depths she had sunk, she had enjoyed the wild ass fuck by the dog and she was at a loss as to an explanation for her actions.

Jan returned to the house and went upstairs to clean up, at least wolf let her clean up. She also decided to clean up the house a bit. She went downstairs staying on hands and knees and got the cleaning supplies in the kitchen. She had a hard time cleaning the cum stains off the rug in the downstairs playroom but with some elbow-grease they came out. She proceeded to make the bed and clean the bathroom.

Buster leant a tolerant eye at his bitch. These human bitches do such strange things, but he was not

inclined to stop her. The Den did smell better after she finished.

Chow was having a hard time with the pups. She had nine and only eight could feed at any one time. This left the runt without a full meal at times. She wondered if the strange bitch of her leader would help her with her motherly duties. She smelled the odor of mother's milk on her and knew she was lactating. Well she would help her regardless.

Chow got up trailing her nine pups and went into the kitchen where Jan was putting the cleaning supplies up. Chow growled at the strange bitch and Jan backed up to the wall and was forced down on her side.

A pup sniffed at her and smelled food he came closer and closer to her nipple. Finally he latched onto her tit and began sucking at the large (to him) nipple he found there.

Jan was amazed. How did they know? How could they tell?

She had found out about this condition when her body began to go through puberty. It seemed that because of a hormone imbalance her breasts were in a constant state of readiness to produce breast milk, all it took was someone sucking on her tits to set them off.

Her husband had loved her milky tits and had drained them for her daily. Of course since his death they had gone back to their readiness state instead of producing.

The pup began getting a thin stream of fluid; not milk just a precursor to the actual thing.

Jan felt her breasts tingle and knew that the pup had set her tits to functioning again. She had no milk now but in a few hours she would be making enough to feed a good sized baby or a couple of dogs.

Jan laid there her emotions working overtime. She was a bitch in truth now, she thought, fucking dogs and now feeding them as well.

Another pup wandered over and latched onto her other nipple receiving the thin milk her breast had just begun producing. There wasn't much this time and they went back to their true mom with slightly fuller stomachs, leaving the strange bitch gasping on the floor.

She was now seriously turned on. Her nipples were so very sensitive and the pups had just tripped her trigger. Especially, the one that had been attached to her left nipple, it was like her left nipple was connected directly to her cunt.

Buster sniffed at the air and looked over at his bitch and sniffed again. He began to get aroused and went closer. His bitch was in heat!!

He licked at her legs, which opened automatically for him. Jan's mind went to auto pilot and The Bitch came forth. She was definitely in heat and wanted to fuck. She rolled to her hands and knees and wagged her tail at her mate.

Buster licked at her juicing pussy, his tongue working at her cunt lips, which engorged with blood as The Bitch got more and more excited.

Rotty sniffed at the air and saw what was happening across the room. He got excited again and trotted over to see if his leader would share.

Buster didn't seem to mind when Rotty's snout and tongue went to work on The Bitch's cunt as well

and he made room for his subordinate.

The Bitch began a low moan as both dogs laved her pussy with those coarse tongues. Rotty swiped his tongue up over her pussy and around her ass hole as well, while Buster's went for the juices coming from inside his bitch's pussy.

The Bitch was in heaven, her pussy on fire with the feelings her mates were giving her, as the dogs' tongues worked overtime on her overheated cunt and her spasming rectum. She lowered her face to the cool tile of the floor, Her arms outspread on the floor, her hardened nipples brushing the floor, her ass prominently up thrust and quivering with her need.

Buster abandoned her cunt and, rearing up on his bitch's back, mounted her and began probing for her cunt with his gargantuan member.

Rotty knew better than to object to his leader having first go at her but wanted to join in nonetheless. He put his paws on her back, trying to find something to fuck as well.

The Bitch felt a pair of paws gripping her around her waist and another pair resting on her back. She raised her head and was staring at Rotty's cock not two inches in front of her face. She leaned forward and her mouth opened as Rotty's cock entered her mouth. At the same time Buster's dick entered her sweltering pussy.

As soon as both dogs felt a hole around their cocks both dogs thrust forward at almost the same precise instant. The young woman was skewered at virtually the same moment from opposite ends. Both dogs went into full fucking mode, thrusting into The Bitch at full speed, Buster into her cunt and Rotty into her mouth.

The Bitch pushed her pussy further back to take all of Buster's cock into her tight pussy and then thrusting forward to take all of Rotty's cock into her salivating mouth. Buster's copious pre cum slickened the pathway for his cock and ran out to drip onto the floor and Rotty's pre cum drooled out of The Bitch's mouth to puddle there as well.

Buster's knot whacked at her pussy, demanding entrance, and was slowly pushed inside to swell and lock the lovers together. Rotty's knot was similarly pushing against her mouth and the bitch opened her mouth wider to accommodate it as well. She wanted more and more of the cocks drilling into her body. Rotty's knot swelled as well, forcing Jan's mouth to open to its widest extent, his cock drilling into her throat.

The bitch found it almost impossible to breath in this situation and could only catch a breath when the cock in her mouth pulled back for its next thrust, but she began to get the hang of this fast-paced rhythmic exercise, quickly thrusting in both directions and breathing when she could.

The bitch worked her lovers feverishly, coming closer and closer to her moment. Buster and Rotty thrust into her in a counterpoint ballet, one thrusting in while the other withdrew.

Suddenly both dogs raised their muzzles to the ceiling and howled as their cocks spewed cum into their bitch filling one end almost to bursting and forcing the Bitch to swallow furiously at the other end to avoid choking to death.

The bitch came at the same moment, her pussy filling with Buster's huge load as she gulped down the equally large cum of Rotty. The dogs continued to cum for what seemed like forever, her tummy and her womb filling with the dogs' sperm.

Finally the elongated cum came to an end, both dogs attempting to dismount at roughly the same time, both dogs turning themselves around to face the opposite direction, both dog's cocks still fully engaged inside the Bitch, both dogs attempting to retreat from the joint congress and both dogs failing.

Jan awoke to her predicament at that time. Her eyes widened with the realization that she was tied with two dogs at both ends of her body. Her mouth opened just that extra amount to allow roddy to withdraw and his knot slipped from her mouth along with his wilting cock. Roddy trotted away to lick himself clean of his cum and her saliva.

Buster, on the other hand, was tied fast to her pussy and lay down to rest, panting from his weariness. His knot slowly shrank and finally his cock pulled loose from her cunt with a sucking noise and his sperm poured from her stretched cunt.

Jan collapsed onto the floor in a daze and was motionless, her pussy drooling Buster's cum.

The pups rushed over to check out the motionless bitch and licked at her face and her breasts and her pussy. They cleaned the cum off her pussy and even off the floor.

Jan's pussy was being licked and licked and licked by the pups, her flanks and her face were licked as well. Jan began to cum again and again and again as she lay there. She did not have the strength to fight it. She simply lay there and came and came and came.

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## **Chapter Four - The Bitch**

Shortly a very tired Jan got to her hands and knees; she couldn't get to her feet even if the dogs would allow her too. She went upstairs to her bedroom and collapsed on the bed asleep before she hit the mattress, unaware that the rest of the pack had followed her there and were clustered around her asleep as well.

Jan awoke the next morning and was taken outside again to relieve herself. Buster didn't bother with the leash this time since his bitch seemed to have accepted her status. Jan hadn't really thought yet this morning she was more or less on auto-pilot and was just following the pack about. After the pack had finished following nature's call they went inside again and seemed hungry. Jan placed various bowls of dog food about and fixed herself something as well.

Buster was pleased with his new pack it was getting strong now and soon would be the dominant pack in the area. He was even more pleased with his Human bitch, she was adapting to her new life. Buster was sure that soon she would take her place as the dominant bitch in the pack. Jan Laid down in the corner, her breasts hurt now they were full again. Several of the pups ran to her and began nuzzling at her searching for her nipples. The pups found both her nipples at almost the same time.

Jan felt her milk flowing into the pups and a warm fuzzy feeling over took her as she fed the next generation of the pack. The Bitch looked out over her pups and smiled a feral smile. The pups were both male pups and were both smaller than the other pups. The Bitch curled about them protectively. Chow was checking out her pups and noticed two missing. She looked around and noticed them feeding off the other bitch. SHE HAD NOT ALLOWED THAT!!!! Even though she had forced them on the human bitch yesterday they were still her pups!!!

Chow advanced on the human bitch growling. The Bitch leapt to her feet and kicked out in fury, her pups were in danger. Chow was struck on the side of the neck and was bowled over. The Bitch

grasped Chow by the neck and squeezed, shutting off the female dog's air flow. Buster leapt into the fray and the two battling bitches separated in the blink of an eye. Chow was chastened and essentially relinquished her claim to the pups. The Bitch went back and curled around her pups and they began feeding again suckling on her enlarged and full paps.

Jan was fairly fuzzy headed and wasn't sure what had happened. Had she actually fought for these puppies? She was curled around her pups, they were still noisily feeding. She looked at them and cuddled them to her breasts her sense of reality was a tad skewed, but the warm maternal feelings she was experiencing reassured her and she felt very good and very secure at the moment.

The Bitch got to her feet and stretched forward stretching her arms out one at a time with her ass high in the air just like a dog would have done. She got up on all fours and scooted off to the living room her pups following faithfully. Buster and Rotty were lolling around on the furniture and looked up when she came into the room. Both dogs were interested in what the Human Bitch would do.

The Bitch went up to Buster and nosed at his fur sniffing his doggy smell. Buster nosed at her and licked her breast, her nipples hardened immediately. She sniffed at Busters ass and licked his balls. The Bitch then turned and wagged her tail in Busters face. Buster of course knew that this signaled that his bitch was primed and ready for sex. He of course took advantage of it mounted his willing bitch. His cock was stiffening up nicely even as Buster thrust it into his bitch. He rammed it home and began to fuck her at that super fast pace that only a dog can maintain.

The Bitch thrilled at the intense fucking she was receiving from her mate. Busters cock was growing by leaps and bounds until it achieved its maximum length and width and was really reaming out her cunt. She pounded back to meet his thrusts. She was giving out little yips of pleasure. Busters knot was thrust into his bitch's cunt and started to inflate. It slipped out, then back in, out and finally in where it inflated too big to come out, then it got even larger. Buster stopped his furious thrusting when he felt himself lodge in the Bitch still he thrust to push it further and further into the bitch.

Jan felt the knot being pushed further and further inside her. She felt the tug upon her pussy lips as he pulled back to thrust in again then the thrusting stopped and the cock began pulsing and pulsing inside her as he began to cum, his huge cock rubbing the insides of her cunt walls and she adored the feeling. She was a bitch in heat she mused, being bred by the pack leader.

"What the hell is going on here?!!" Jan heard from the doorway into the kitchen. Jan looked up and looked directly into the eyes of Marisa Taylor, her husband's younger sister. Marisa had not been heard from for years she was not very welcome around the house because she was always wanting her husband to give her money for some dubious scheme. Jan had never liked Marisa very much and the feeling was mutual with Marisa.

Marisa was a tall very well proportioned 23 year old redhead, with large firm breasts, a very trim and stunning figure. She was wearing an obviously expensive designer dress; her hair was done to the max., not a hair out of place.

Marisa had just come back to the U.S. and had just heard of her brothers passing and figured that she was owed something of his estate. Good God in heaven she had thought when she had entered the house from the back door and had then seen Jan and that huge German shepherd fucking in the living room. "Well, this is a sight", Marisa said!! "Marisa", Exclaimed Jan, "Help me please". "Now why should I do that darling? You look like you have the situation well in hand or should I say that, that lovely dog looks like he has his cock well and truly buried in your cunt, Jan!!"

Jan was finding speech to be very difficult with her pussy spasming from the pulse, pulse, pulse of

Busters gigantic cock. She grunted and then squealed when Buster, who was concerned at the intrusion of the new human female, tried to dismount and turned about, butt to butt with his bitch.

"Oh my God, darling. Look!! He's tied with you", she then chuckled evilly. "You Bitch", Jan said. "No, No, Jan darling, you're the Bitch, his Bitch anyway". "He makes me do it!! I'm a prisoner in my own home", Jan whimpered. "Of course you are my dear", Marisa said sarcastically. "I am! I am! I swear it!!" Jan exclaimed. "And he makes you wear that lovely dog collar as well, I suppose". "He does, He does", said Jan.

Then to further add to Jan's humiliation. Rotty, who was at first concerned about the new person in their den, decided to ignore her until the Pack leader decided what to do with her. Rotty trotted over to Jan and Buster and licked at the junction of Busters buried cock and knot, which was still spewing cum into Jan's distending belly.

He decided to get into the act as well and humped at Jan's side wanting to get some of that pussy for himself. "Awww, look Jan darling, the other doggie wants some too! Here let me help". She lifted Rottys leg up over Buster's rump. "No Marisa, please don't", Jan screamed, but Marisa guided Rottys cock directly into Jan's ass hole. Of course as soon as Rotty felt his cock in the grip of something soft he thrust forward and buried himself in Jan's ass, all the way to the knot, which due to Buster's buried behemoth, could not gain an entrance. Marisa stepped back and admired her work. There was Miss perfect, Miss prim and proper Jan with one massive dog cock tied to her pussy and another dog cock, not as large, but still quite big, thrusting in and out of her ass hole.

My God, That dog fucks fast, Marisa thought as she watched Rottys trip hammering thrusts in and out of Jan's stretched ass hole. Jan lowered her head to the ground and moaned at the feeling of being filled to the brim with Buster's cock and knot and his cum as well, swelling her tummy and now Rottys fast and furious fucking in her ass, was indescribable.

Jan began to cum. She literally vibrated she came so much. Then she felt Rotty begin to cum in her ass. pump, pump, pump went Rottys cock her ass began to fill with the super heated dog cum. Jan collapsed to the ground her ass still high in the air held there only by the strength of the two dogs cocks. Then gravity had its way and with a very liquid sounding squelch, the two dog cocks were pulled from their proper place in their Bitch and Jan slumped all the way to the ground.

Then Jan heard a whirr-click-whirr-click sound. She suddenly realized she had been hearing that sound for some time now. She looked up just in time to catch the flash of the camera which Marisa held in her hands. "My word, darling you really should have been a model, dear. The camera just loves you". "Marisa!! What!? Why are yyyou taking my picture". "It's really so simple dear. I need Money to pay off a few... friends of mine and you are going to supply it for me otherwise I will leave you here and plaster these pictures all over town and set up signs pointing this way and have you give performances out on the front lawn so the whole world knows what you like to do with your darling doggies."

Jan detested Marisa's contrived high society speech and absolutely hated her for what she was doing to her now. "Jan darling, how did you get into this mess in the first place"? Jan glared at her and began to get to her feet; Buster growled a warning growl at Jan and Jan returned to all fours. "My goodness, Darling he does consider you to be a Bitch, Doesn't He"? Marisa Reached over and petted Buster on the Head. Buster craned his neck to receive more of the petting. "He's awfully Big isn't he Darling? And in more ways than one"!! She smirked as she rubbed Busters head.

Then Marisa saw Buster's Cock reviving. "Oh Goody, Darling, Doggy wants some more Bitch pussy"!! Marisa chortled, "And from the size of that cock I can honestly say that I am glad that he doesn't think

that I am a bitch as well”.

At the sound of those three Innocuous words, Buster turned and opened his mouth and grabbed Marisa's Oh so expensive designer dress and ripped the fragile Silk to pieces. Marisa was jerked from her feet by the violence of Buster's attack. Marisa let out a piercing scream as Buster grabbed a mouthful of her chic French cut panties and with a vicious twist of his muzzle ripped it from her as well.

Rotty was not sure what the pack leader was doing but he would follow his leaders cues and the Leader was essentially telling the pack that this Human was a new bitch for the pack but would need some training to keep her in her place. Marisa got on her knees and reared up to get on her feet and Rotty jumped in and grabbed her brassiere right between her breast making Marisa lunge backwards in an attempt to escape, which in turn ripped her own bra from her body.

Jan stared at the sight of the worldly, high class Bitch who was now being treated like the Bitch she was. Jan began to smile. Then she leapt into the fray and grasped her stay up hose and jerked them and her shoes off Marisa's legs. This caused Marisa to fall flat on her face. Then Jan grasped Marisa by her hair and pulled her head back. “Jan What are you doing”?, Marisa cried!! “Why just making sure that wolfie gets that Bitch Pussy he wants, Bitch”, Jan spat at the helpless Marisa.

Buster chose this moment to let the new bitch know where she stood in the pack, especially with him. He grasped her throat in his steely jaws and bore down on her throat. Marisa stopped all movement and went with the force of Busters movements turning over on her back. Jan and Rotty stepped back and let the Master at his new slave. Buster knew what to expect from a new Bitch, it was his job after all and he was an expert in it. He had to break her will down, to make her a dog. Now of course he didn't know that this is what he did, he was just doing what he had been taught to do by Sister Myriam. Buster released his new Bitch and walked around her studying her. Marisa tried to get to her feet screaming for Jan to help her, Jan of course did nothing. Buster grasped her by the throat again and this time Marisa realized that if she wanted to live it would be at the behest of this massive and brutal animal. She stopped struggling and lay still.

Buster wanted to go ahead and plug the new bitch right then but his training took precedence to his wants he got between Marisa's legs forcing them open and began to lick at her inner thighs and her pussy. Marisa whimpered and opened her mouth to beg for Jan to help, When this occurred Rotty remembered that this end of the Human Bitches could be fucked as well, He leapt over her and before She realized what had occurred she had a mouth full of Rottys very respectably sized bitch prodder.

Marisa found she had to fight to breath around the cock in her mouth. Jan reached in and grasped Marisa around the jaw and squeezed forcing her mouth open wider. Rotty forced his knot into her widely stretched mouth then it swelled larger than she could accommodate. Her jaw was at full distention and her mouth full of knot and cock Marisa could barely breath only when Rotty pulled back to thrust in again and only through her nose.

Buster was laving her pussy with his talented tongue forcing more and more of his tongue into her now soaked cunt, forcing little muffled barely recognizable squeals and cries from Marisa. Buster decided that his training was satisfied and that the Bitch was ready to be bred. He proceeded to force Marisa onto her hands and knees, when Jan realized what Buster was trying to do, She cried “Oh wolf let me give you a hand and pulled Marisa over on her hands and knees.

Marisa was too busy trying to breath to bother with fighting them and just rolled over causing Rottys cock and to some extent the knot as well to rotate in her mouth. Rotty began to cum in her mouth and because he had played with Jan earlier just stopped thrusting and came and came, This caused

Marisa some anxiety of course since her mouth was full of dog cock and her throat as well not to mention the cum that was pumping into her stomach, but mostly because now that Rotty wasn't pulling out to thrust in She was stuck with a cock in her throat and could not breath.

If she didn't do something fast she would suffocate or drown in dog cum. Marisa swallowed the cum pulled her head back causing Rottys cock to be pulled from her throat, took a quick breath and then Due to the knot and Rottys weight his cock was forced back into her throat.

"Why Marisa, You slut", said Jan. "Looks like you like sucking down that slimy dog cum. Look at you giving a Dog a Blow Job, and working hard at it too". "Well here's something more for you DARLING". Jan reached around and grabbed the wildly searching Cock that Buster was trying to get into Marisa and lined it up with Marisa's perfectly trimmed pussy and her oh so selective cunt hole and as soon as it touched her Buster rammed forward and buried it in Marisa's juicy cunt.

Marisa's eyes got even wider as Buster thrust his gargantuan cock into her tight hole. Oh my God, Oh my God thought Marisa I'm really being fucked by a dog, A BIG DOG!! Marisa kept bobbing her head and swallowing and breathing, as Buster trip hammered her poor abused pussy. Jan leaned over and Whispered in Marisa's ear "You're the bitch now, Marisa dear"!! Buster kept thrusting in her and his knot finally forced its way into Marisa. Marisa actually got a sound past Rottys cock and knot and his cum, as Busters knot inflated to it full size inside her. Marisa's eyes practically bugged out of her skull as the knot inflated to almost softball size and lodged immovably in her.

Jan went to the opposite side of the room and grabbed the camera and began taking the pictures that Marisa had planned on taking and noticed a movie camera that Marisa had set up beneath the stairway on a tripod it was recording everything. Jan smirked at that, that it was planned to record her degradation and instead recorded Marisa's

Buster began to cum in the lovely high class bitch and her tummy literally bulged with the amount of cum produced by the huge dog. Rottys cock finally stopped cumming but Marisa was forced to continue her head bobbing motion to breath. Buster licked at her back and neck as his drool ran down onto her back and lazily ran off her back and under her to drip off the points of her tits.

Rotty tried to dismount turning around with his cock still imbedded in her mouth. Marisa was struggling to breath still even though she didn't have to swallow anymore except her own saliva and what little was still drooling out of Rottys tool. Her mouth caressed his cock and it stayed hard, forcing her to continue the mouth fuck just to stay alive. Buster was still humping into her his knot pulling and pushing her back and forth somewhat interfering with her breathing.

Marisa couldn't seem to get her breath at all she grew weaker and weaker and finally passed out from lack of oxygen. When this occurred her jaw relaxed a little more and with a jaw wrenching tug from her weight the knot pulled free from her mouth and her body began to breathe again. She was still on her knees and was still being fucked royally by Buster.

Jan went to the kitchen and retrieved her Leash and an older dog collar. The one that the pink one she wore had replaced. It was a brown leather collar that had been worn by Katie for some time and positively reeked of the smell of female dog. She took it into the living room and placed it on the neck of the unconscious Marisa.

Jan was rather enjoying herself at that moment. No longer was she too worried about her future. The Bitch and Jan had finally come to grips with each other and had merged. Parts of Jan and parts of The Bitch had formed this new personality brought on by the humiliation, the joy, the lust, the maternal feelings, and finally the hatred and the power instilled in her by this encounter with Marisa. Jan was a

new Jan, more confident in herself and her place in the world.

Marisa moaned as Buster, who had finally finished his attempt to impregnate the new Bitch, dismounted and attempted to drag his Bitch into the corner with him, but her weight kept him from moving more than a foot or so. After a few more minutes the knot finally went down and he pulled out along with a veritable river of his cum, making a large pool on the floor under Marisa.

“Not so high falootin now are we Marisa”, Jan mused to the moaning Marisa. Marisa opened her eyes and moved her hands to her still wide open pussy, rubbing it and getting her hand smeared with the dog cum still leaking out of her cunt. She brought it to her face and stared at her hand, it was covered with the essence of Buster. She began to get up but Jan pulled at the leash and said, “Now, now Marisa, hands and knees only darling, Wolfie doesn’t like it if you get up on both legs, except at certain times so lets dog trot downstairs shall we and have a talk”

The two Bitches went downstairs followed by the two males of the pack and Jan pulled the weak and barely moving Marisa into Katie’s steel wire pen that had remained empty for months since her death. Marisa was too groggy to really understand her plight when she finally did take notice of her surroundings it was because her brain finally registered the steel click of the lock of the cage clicking shut. Jan Spun the tumblers of the combination lock, just for extra security you understand. “Now Marisa we will have that talk after we both have rested up a tad. See you later darling”, Jan chirped. “Jan let me out please”!!!, Marisa cried at the departing Jan.

Jan went upstairs and into her bathroom where she took her a long hot bath. Buster lay curled in his favorite spot again. Jan got out of the tub, dried off and went into the bedroom, still on her two feet, Leapt to his feet and rushed at the woman with a growl for daring to stand like a master. Jan turned on Buster and cried out in anger, “now look here BUSTER, I AM A HUMAN BEING, not a dog”.

Buster instantly stopped his growling and suddenly Jan saw his personality return to the nice dog she had seen during the first day he had spent with her. Buster rubbed against his Mistress and licked her hand. Jan was very confused she did not understand what had happened. She thought for awhile and played back each of the incidents in her mind in which buster had changed.

Jan thought of her words, “What do you think I am, a bitch”, and Marisa’s words “and from the size of that cock I can honestly say that I am glad that he doesn’t think that I am a bitch as well”. Jan realized she had discovered the trigger phrase for Wolfs transformation from nice house dog to The Bitch Master he had become. Jan felt certain she was right and now she knew the stop phrase as well. She couldn’t resist trying it out just to make certain.

“I AM A BITCH”, said Jan and buster growled at her and advanced on her, again the Master of all he surveyed. “I am a Human Being” cried Jan, but buster still advanced on her. Jan got on her hands and knee’s again and buster stopped his growling and lay down again. Jan was massively confused. She had said the words she had said earlier. Then she realized she had not said all the words. She had said “now look here BUSTER, I AM A HUMAN BEING, not a dog”. She looked up at Wolf, no not Wolf, but Buster!!

“BUSTER, I AM A HUMAN BEING”, She said quietly. Buster jumped to his feet and came over and licked at Jan’s face. She stood up and jubilantly went downstairs. Rotty was confused as well but followed the lead of the Leader who wasn’t controlling The Bitch anymore and just went with the flow. She sat on the couch and wondered, What do I do now?, What do I do with all these dogs?, What do I do with Marisa?, What do I do with the Puppies?, What do I do?

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Chapter Five - The Sale

For the next few days, Jan just rested and tried to figure out what she was going to do. She was pretty much on auto-pilot. She got up in the morning and ate. Then she fed the dogs. She fed her pups, curled around them on her bed. The only time she seemed very animated was when she let Marisa out to be taken out so she could relieve herself and so Buster and Rotty could have some fun as well. Marisa had time and time again, tried to get up to run away but neither Buster nor Rotty would let her get away and then the training episodes would begin again.

The next day the delivery truck rumbled up her drive, her groceries were unloaded and left on the porch as usual. Jan brought them indoors, put them away and then went back into the living room. She had made no decisions about what to do about Marisa and as for the pack well...

The doorbell rang and buster ran to the door barking. Jan sent Buster upstairs. Then Jan opened the door to find two men in expensive Armani suits standing there. One was suave and sophisticated looking the other was a mountain in the shape of a man. The suave looking man gave a slight bow and spoke.

"Madame Taylor", "My name is Jean Henri Zepardo", he said with a slight French accent. "I am looking for your sister, Marisa". "She is not my sister. She is my Sister-in-law", replied Jan. "What business do you have with Marisa", Jan asked. "She tried to steal around a million dollars in diamonds from me Madame Taylor". "I am sure it is not necessary to say that I am rather interested in finding her".

"Well Jean, may I call you Jean, I do know where Marisa is but don't know if it is worth my time, to let you know where she is and whether it is in her best interests as well". "Why do you want her"? "She did not get your diamonds". "She caused me to lose face with my customers, my friends and my employees". "I Work in a field that relies quite heavily on respect and even fear. If I let anyone appear to make a fool of me, then I am in danger". "I can't risk that, so I have to find her and punish her", he said in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Well, well, well. So Marisa's been bad. Not surprising, really. She always was a bitch, now more than ever", she said with a smile. "Perhaps you would care to see how Marisa is doing here", Jan said. "Oui, I would indeed Madame Taylor, I would indeed", replied Jean Henri!

Jan took the two men down to the playroom. Marisa was engaged with Rotty at the moment. He had just mounted her and was trying to get his cock into her pussy. During the last few days, the high class Marisa had been taken at least four times per day by the two full grown male dogs. She had gotten to the point where she just accepted her lot. She was bent over in the classic doggy position, when she saw Jean Henri.

"Jean", she cried!! "My God, help me"!! Jean's eyes bugged out of his head as at that moment Rotty thrust his cock clear up into Marisa's Womb. Marisa let out a mortified shriek as Rotty went into his doggy, machinegun style of fucking. Marisa tried to get away by moving forward giving little high pitched squeaks. Unfortunately, Rotty was up on how a bitch attempts to get away from mating with males she doesn't like and Rotty clamped down harder with his legs around her hips. He Growled and grabbed her neck in his very sharp and very pointy teeth. Marisa froze and made little embarrassed mewls as she was furiously fucked.

Jean began to grin and leaned back on the wall. He noticed the Movie Camera on a tripod and noticed it was recording. He turned to Jan and asked, "How many tapes of her do you have"? "Quite a few", claimed Jan. "She has been a favorite of my dogs for several days now". "Well, I have a bounty out for

her". "Fifty thousand in U.S. dollars, to anyone who finds her for me". "I think you have earned that fee". "I would also like to purchase all the tapes you have made for a further Fifty thousand". "I will ensure you receive copies of the tapes and any further pictures and movies she stars in.

"Any further movies she stars in", Jan asked!!? "What do you plan to do with her"? "I think I will have her continue what she is presently doing".

"Wwwhat", screamed Marisa!!!!? Rotty at that point stopped pumping his large cock into his high class bitch and began to cum. "Ohhhhhh my God", Marisa moaned as she came to the feeling of the big dogs jism flooding her cunt. Rotty pulled his bloated cock from Marisa's depths and as he did Marisa collapsed with dog cum draining out of her wide open pussy. She weakly leaned up on her hands and said, "Jean, what do you mean"?

"I thought that was obvious Marisa. I intend on you doing this for the next few years. I have a movie studio in Korea where I make porno movies. You will stay there for at least two years maybe more. It depends on how angry I am with you Marisa and Marisa... at the moment, I am very angry with you". "You will be the perfect example of why no one should fuck with me, Marisa". "Once it is known that I had my lover turned into a dogs whore and turned into the best Doggy Bitch Porno Queen in the world, no one would dare mess with me"!!! "The money from the movies you will make will be a nice bonus and I think I will give Madame Taylor twenty percent of proceeds of those movies and pictures for this lovely idea".

"Does that sound fair to you Madame Taylor"?

"It does indeed, Mr. Zepardo, It does indeed".

"Very well perhaps we should go upstairs and discuss our business partnership in Marisa Enterprises.

"Fine lets just secure Marisa shall we"? "Monsieur Zepardo", the other man broke in. "Oui Claude" Jean asked? Jan noticed that 'Claude' was sporting a humongous hard on. "Monsieur, you know my slight kink in zis direction, would it be possible for me to..." "Why Claude, what a marvelous idea. Oui, by all means go ahead". Speaking now to Jan, "Claude likes his ladies to have fun with animals first, then he has fun with them". "But Claude, make sure you take precautions, we don't want our little Bitch to get pregnant now do we"? "Unless it's with puppies of course". Marisa moaned, still lying on the floor where she had collapsed.

"You don't need to worry about that Monsieur. You might remember I chauffeured Mademoiselle Taylor around and a month ago she went to her gynecologist for a birth control implant Monsieur".

"Fine, have fun Claude". "Oui Monsieur, merci Monsieur"!!

Jan and Jean climbed the stairs to the living room and sat down for a chat. Jean Henri began, "I was quite shocked to see Marisa in such a state". "However did you manage to get her there"? "She said the wrong thing to a friend of mine". "A friend"? "Who is he, I really must thank him".

Jan gave a small whistle and down the stairs from her bedroom came the largest German Shepard Jean had ever seen. "Meet wolf". Jan did not want Busters real name known to anyone but her. Jean Henri knelt and took the paw that Buster was offering to him. "He is quite large but does not appear unfriendly".

Jan who had been finding other code words for Buster said "Protect Me" to buster. Buster instantly turned from a cute and cuddly teddy bear into a Satanic Demon from Hell. Jean Henri leapt back away from the bristling animal and relaxed when Jan said "Down", and Buster immediately became docile

and friendly again.

“MERDE”, Jean Henri exclaimed.

“I’m Sorry, I’m still training him and he is sometimes more enthusiastic than others” Now you were saying...”

As Jan and Jean Henri went upstairs, Claude turned to Marisa and smiled a cruel smile. He grabbed Marisa by her hair and hauled her face up to look into his eyes and said in French, “Well Marisa, not so high class now are we Bitch”? “Claude please no, don’t hurt me”. “Help me and I will do anything for you”!! “Marisa you have nothing to bargain with. “First I would not ever dare to cross Monsieur Zepardo”. “That was your first mistake”. “Secondly, I think you will do whatever I want right now”. “Your second mistake was in calling me a little errand boy”. “I’m now going to show you how ‘LITTLE’ this ‘BOY’ really is”. He flipped her on her back, picked her up and placed her on the pool table that occupied part of the room. Her head was hanging off the end of the pool table.

Claude opened his belt and lowered his pants, after removing his coat, tie and shoes, revealing a Massive Cock. It was at least 12 inches long. Marisa opened her mouth in wonder and maybe the beginnings of horror. As she did this Claude rammed hi mighty Rod down her throat. Marisa began to choke and gag from the presence of his huge hunk of meat crammed down her throat. Claude began to seriously mouth fuck her. Holding her head in his mammoth Hands he pulled his cock from her mouth and after she had a quick breath of air rammed it back in again.

Claude was enjoying degrading the hoity toity bitch who had always put him down as if he were nothing to her, as if he were trash under her high class snooty heels. He could feel her tongue on his cock and could feel her throat make convulsive tugs on him as he plundered her mouth and throat. Each thrust forced more and more of his cock into her throat. Each inch gained seemed to be another inch her eyes bugged from her head. Marisa had never had anything like the size of this gargantuan cock in her mouth her lips were spread so far that it felt like the skin was going to rip and her jaws... another millimeter of girth and her jaws would break.

With a final thrust he sank it home. Marisa’s mouth was circling the base of his mighty cock with her nose and forehead being beaten by his huge balls. Claude began to pummel his ‘schlong’ in and out and in and out. Until finally he could hold back no more and came.

Marisa suddenly had cum being pumped down her throat with the force of a hosepipe. She swallowed very fast but not fast enough. The cum backed up on her and came out the only aperture not plugged, her nostrils.

Claude pulled his still spurting cock from her mouth and painted her face with his cum, while she caught her breath.

Claude went around to the other side of the pool table and pulled her across till her cunt hung over the other edge of the table. He mauled her breasts and then stuck an inch or two of his still hard cock into her cunt. Then he wrapped his hands under her arms and lifted her off the table. She looked at him in respect at his strength then screamed bloody murder, as he thrust her body down onto his cock.

The Girls pussy was full of dog cum but literally squirted out the edges of her cunt when Claude’s obscene cock was forced into her belly. Claude using his great strength lifted her off his cock just to let it be thrust back in again. Claude was helping gravity along on each thrust as he forced her body down and then pulled her off of his cock.

Each thrust into her body seemed to go up into her body almost to her throat. She knew when this man mountain came she would taste him in her mouth, at least that's the way it felt. In and out and in and out, he speared her. Finally Claude groaned and came in pussy. His cock was so big his come just filled her womb to overflowing and pooched out her tummy.

Claude held her until he finished cumming then jerked her up off of his cock and held her as his cum drained from her gaping cunt. He then carried her over to her cage put her in it curled into a ball, asleep. Claude locked the cage and walked upstairs with a predatory gleam in his eyes. Thinking about the fun in store, all the pussy he would get during the next few years.

Jan walked men out to their van. They had parked outside the grounds on the street and walked up the long driveway. Jean Henri thanked her for everything as Claude placed the cage into the back of the van. Jan asked if they would have any trouble with customs, and Jean Henri assured her that "They wouldn't dare". Then both men got into the front of the Van and drove off.

Jan turned to go back to the house when she looked up and saw the sky... It was so big and open. Her sense of balance left her and she fell to the ground. No, this can't be happening, I was cured!! She began crawling back up the driveway toward the house and safety.

Jan could not think, she crawled on not looking at the sky but that did not help she knew it was there. She collapsed and her bladder let loose. She remembered just the other day she had been outside and had no problems... when she had been a member of the pack, when she had been A BITCH.

She needed to get back inside where safety was, where The Pack was, where Buster was. She began to crawl again. She threw up after a few feet. She crawled and crawled. Feeling like it was going to take forever. Finally she crawled up the stairs and opened the door. She collapsed in the foyer and kicked the door closed.

She looked up at the grinning face of Buster and received a concerned face washing by his tongue.

She felt at peace again, she felt strong again. She wasn't this puny defenseless woman. She knew that she could never do without The Pack and that she would forever be a member of it.

She knew what she was. She knew the words. She knew she would say them.

"I AM A BITCH".

This ends Book One of The Dangerous Dog. I will be working on Book Two. It will be set about two years in the future and the pack will be somewhat larger. I hope you've enjoyed it so far. keep a keen eye peeled for more and let me know what you think.

Unfortunately incomplete as the author has been inactive since 2004