

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Claire Davis was a typical sixteen year old girl. She was young, pretty, and horny. She quickly learned boys and men (and even some women) liked to look at her body – and she loved to show it off! She'd show off her sexy round ass by wearing very short skirts. She'd wear tight tops to accentuate her firm round breasts; whether she wore a lacy bra or not. She would stretch, bend over, or scratch an imaginary itch on her long, lovely legs, or ankles, just to see the reaction from those around her. She loved the attention from the boys and teachers at her school and smugly smiled at their lechery, their embarrassment, and their growing erections. Lately, she even noticed her father's long, open mouth glances at her budding cleavage or the shadowed darkness between her legs, as if dumbstruck and suddenly bewildered by her youthful charms.

Claire loved to tease, and wished she could take her exhibitions further; but knew she couldn't flash a bare breast or 'accidentally' display her perfect, tight little pussy to her father, teachers, or the boys at her school. So Duke, the family dog, soon became the sole recipient of her wild exhibitionist desires.

Duke was a handsome, pure-bred German Shepard. Claire loved his white teeth, long pink tongue and deep brown, soulful eyes. He weighed nearly as much as she did, and he made the silliest faces at her! Her daddy had paid a lot of money for Duke, intending to breed him, but Claire soon found another use for him.

It all started one day when she came home from school, horny and frustrated. She had never had a boyfriend and was very anxious to have sex. Her young body was ripe and ready. On this day, she had flirted and teased a certain boy at school, hoping he would ask her out on a date. She admired the hardness in his pants, felt the wetness in her pussy, pushed out her breasts, batted her eyes and smiled sweetly at him. She was sure he was just about to talk to her, when another girl suddenly stormed over and pulled him away from her! Damn it!

After letting Duke out and hugging him tightly when she let him back in, she went to her room almost ready to cry! 'What is wrong with me anyway?' she asked herself, examining her body in the mirror.

She had a pretty face, long hair, sparkling eyes, and a beautiful body. Her breasts were round and soft, and while not overly large, they were a perfect handful (or mouthful). Her legs were long, her belly was flat, her ass was round, and her pussy was tight and pink.

Claire dropped her panties and kicked them away. She lifted up her short skirt and inspected her pussy. She scratched her sparse hairs and fingered her slit to spread her wetness. Then opened her nether-lips with her fingers. Her cunt was still damp from her long day of teasing. She had almost an hour and a half to masturbate before her parents came home and rarely missed the opportunity. Claire diddled her pussy a little and sighed. She wished she had a boyfriend to tease and play with!

Claire performed a little twirl in front of her mirror to watch her naked ass and pussy peek out from underneath her short skirt. She wondered if she would ever have the courage to leave her panties at home one day before school. She thought she might, if she wore the pretty skirt that barely came to her knees. Maybe with that thin matching top without a bra? Now that would be fun!

Clair rubbed her pussy and began to fantasize, like she often did, of exhibiting herself at school, or the mall, or on the street, and getting a man or a boy (or maybe a few of them) so aroused, they would tear off her clothes and make her suck their cocks and fuck her pussy and ass-hole again and again, until they sprayed and filled her with hot, sticky cum. Claire would have such a nice orgasm from

those fantasizes. Today she decided, a certain boy at school, and maybe his friends, would be her masturbation material.

At that moment, Duke pushed his way into her room. She hadn't closed her door tight enough. The handsome animal ambled in slowly and sat in front of her, looking at her expectantly.

"Oh, Duke, you think I'm pretty don't you?" she asked, knowing he couldn't respond, but she liked talking to him anyway.

Duke cocked his head, perked up his ears and looked at her with the same silly expression that she loved so much. "Stupid dog," she teased. "You think I'm pretty enough to fuck? Don't you boy?"

Duke listened intently to her nearly incomprehensible human speech and barked. He was smart enough to know his owner wanted some kind of response from him. But he quickly became distracted when Claire ignored him. Then, something caught his attention. He smelled something very interesting. He turned and followed the scent. His keen senses drew him to Claire's discarded panties lying on the floor. He shoved his nose into them, sniffing them deeply. They were still damp from her constant teasing at school.

"Oh no you don't Duke!" Claire said. For some reason she didn't fully understand, Duke loved her dirty panties. It puzzled her. It wasn't like she was a female dog or anything. Once, he had even chewed the crotch out of her favorite pair! She scolded him, grabbed her panties and tossed them into the hamper. "Why do you like my smelly old panties anyway, Duke?" she asked, scratching his head affectionately. Looking at him made her smile; she couldn't stay mad at him for long. She was sure her old panties smelled a bit funky, like pee and farts and... Claire had an idea.

"Is it my pussy you like, boy?" Claire asked. She walked over to Duke and put her cunt right in front of his face. Duke became excited. "It is my pussy!" Claire exclaimed. Duke shoved his nose into her groin. She felt his cold nose against her warm, wet, slit.

"Eeeek!" Claire exclaimed, pulling her sweet-smelling teenage pussy away from him. "You're a naughty dog, Duke!" she scolded, but suddenly felt her pussy get warmer and wetter.

Duke, who didn't care if he was a naughty dog or not, wanted to sniff more of Claire's female essence. He barked impatiently at her once and then tried to sniff her again!

"You really like my pussy, don't you boy?" Claire teased, allowing Duke to have another long sniff of her genitals before quickly pulling away again.

Duke whined and followed her. Claire turned around to hide her pussy from him. She then felt his cold, wet nose lift up her skirt and sniff her ass!

"Duke!" she cried, in feigned indignity. The stupid dog was obsessed with her pussy. It was similar to when she would hold up a piece of meat and make him beg for it. This was going to be fun, teasing the silly dog with her warm, wet twat!

Claire took a few steps and bent over, wiggling her ass at him. Duke followed her and tried to get his nose back into the source of that lovely feminine odor. Claire danced away. Duke barked. She stopped and lifted up her skirt, flashing him her fuzzy little pussy. Claire let him have one long sniff before walking out of her room. Duke stayed close on her heels, jumping up and down excitedly.

She teased him all the way into the kitchen, letting him get close to her wet pussy and then dancing away. She made herself a small snack in the kitchen while constantly teasing him, and then shared

some food with Duke. He licked her fingers very appreciatively. Claire then walked into the living room, flashing her pussy and letting him get close enough to sniff her before walking away. Then, he tried to climb on her back, wrapping his hairy legs around her waist!

Claire giggled, "You silly dog!" she said as she pushed him away. Then, she looked down at Duke and noticed something. A long, pink piece of flesh was hanging below his belly. She had seen his hairy sheaf before and admired his big, black balls, but she had never seen his little pink penis get so big before! When he was a puppy, she would laugh out loud seeing his thin, pink doggy-dick poking out. This was different. She was making Duke horny.

"Aw, am I giving you a doggy-boner?" Claire asked. Duke sat down, his large, pink cock fully on display. He bent his body and licked it. Claire, for some reason, knowing she had gotten her dog excited, became more aroused herself. She wanted to do it some more. She couldn't tease the boys as school like this, but she could tease Duke!

"Here, have another sniff of my ass, Duke," Claire said, presenting her ass to him. She felt so naughty, displaying herself like this. Her ass was spread wide, her ass-hole was exposed, and her little pussy was craving attention. Claire held still, intending to let Duke sniff her awhile. She told herself that exposing herself like this was showing him pity, and doing him a favor..., but she knew otherwise.

Duke stalked her, inhaling her intoxicating essence. He found the source, that spot just below her pale, soft ass. He then shoved his nose under her skirt. He sniffed again. Claire giggled, feeling so desired and sexy. She held still, giving him a momentary thrill as he sniffed her repeatedly. His cold, wet nose tickled her pussy and the hair on his face tickled her tender thighs.

"Oh, Duke," she sighed, "You're a silly dog." She let him smell, sniff and snort at her warm, wet, pussy, wiggling her ass back and forth, pushing her ass into his face, pulling away, then letting him sniff her some more. After the fourth time of shoving her cunt into his face, he gave a snort and then he gave her a long, wet lick, right across her leaking, oozing pussy!

"Oh, Duke!" she exclaimed, "You're a naughty dog!" She turned around. Duke smiled at her. Claire realized Duke's tongue was much warmer than his cold, wet nose. It was a very odd sensation, having something warm and wet sliding across her pussy. It was much different from her firm, slippery, probing fingers. It felt strange. It felt good. Really good. Really, really good! But, it was also so very, very wrong!

Claire started to scold Duke, but he looked at her intently, cocked his head, perked up his ears and barked happily. He sat down, trained to wait for his treats. He wagged his tail. Claire looked at his penis again. It was harder than before. It was longer than before. It wasn't thin and pink anymore; it was deep red and purple, covered with blue veins and very gnarly looking!

"Ewww, gross, Duke!" Claire exclaimed. She inspected Duke's odd looking doggie-dick from her higher vantage point.

"Oh, my! What have I done to you Duke?" She knew what she had done. She had gotten Duke horny. Very horny. She was now looking at a fully hardened doggy-dick, ready to fuck his doggy-bitch. She had done this, just with the power of her teenage pussy! Claire felt a sense of superiority over her stupid, aroused animal.

"Duke, what a big boner you have!" Claire teased. "The better to fuck you with, my dear!" she added, in a deep gravelly voice, recalling the dialogue from her favorite fable, 'Little Red Riding Hood.' As if she would actually let Duke or a big-bad-wolf fuck her! No way!

"You really, really like my little pussy, don't you boy?" She laughed at Duke's plight. He was obviously very aroused. She found his hard cock and his weird obsession with her pussy hilarious! She laughingly teased him some more, letting him sniff her briefly before twirling away. Then, she bent over, giving him a long sniff before strutting away. Once in a while, she would pause just long enough to feel his long, wet tongue tentatively snake across her soaking wet pussy.

Claire danced and twirled and strutted around the house. Duke's turgid cock swayed back and forth as he followed her. He tried to climb on her back more than once. Claire giggled. She was so fucking wet and very horny! Duke was very horny too.

She soon decided to head back to her bedroom, wiggling her ass before him. She was so delighted in his attention, her teasing became even bolder. She took the long way back to her room; through the kitchen, around the living room, down the hallway, and into the bathroom, where he almost cornered her before she quickly danced away before he could wrap his paws around her again!

Claire reached her room and stripped off her blouse and bra. "Oh, Duke! That was a lot of fun, but now I have to cum!" Claire said, cupping and squeezing her firm breasts.

"Hey, do you like titties too?" Claire asked Duke. She bent over and dangled her breasts in front of her dog. Duke gave them a lick. "Oh, lick my titties some more boy! Good dog!" She fed a fat breast and a pink nipple to her dog. Duke licked some more, hearing her praise and wanting to be a good dog after all. Her nipple grew taut. Claire imagined the boy from school sucking on her tits. She let Duke lick her breasts a while and then she let him have another lick of her pussy (as a reward), before climbing onto her bed and slipping off her skirt. Naked and horny, the pretty, young teenager began to squeeze her breasts and finger her cunt. She moaned out loud. This was going to be great cum!

Duke stood by the side of the bed and whined.

Claire ignored him and played with herself.

Duke whined again and again.

"What do you want, you stupid dog?" she asked. "Can't you see I'm trying to jill-off here?" She knew she would never be able to concentrate on her near-perfect masturbation session with Duke crying the whole time. She thought about kicking him out of her room, but didn't want to get out of bed. Determined to enjoy her orgasm in peace, she scooted her ass to the edge of the bed and spread her legs wide until her feet were dangling almost to the floor. "Here, you can sniff me while I finger myself." Somewhere, in the back of her mind, she was aware Duke might possibly do more than just sniff her...

Claire closed her eyes and moaned. She fingered her tight, wet pussy. Duke silently walked over to her, stalking his prey once again. He saw his master's exposed pussy, smelled her sexuality with a million olfactory neurons, and gave her a long wet sniff. Sensing his owner wasn't going to run away this time, he shoved his nose deep into her honey-hole. He snorted her odor and began lapping at her pussy, licking the fingers that were in his way, trying to go deeper to get her juices, as Claire toyed with herself.

Duke kept licking at her fingers and her pussy, and it made Claire pause. She was enjoying the strange sensations of Duke's tongue very much. She made a fateful decision and slowly moved her fingers out of his way. Duke lapped her once, then twice, and knowing he had unencumbered access to her delicious, odiferous pussy, he began to feast on her cunt!

"Nnnngggghhh!" Claire exclaimed, feeling the exquisite tingling emanating from her pussy. Duke lapped at her repeatedly, forcibly attacking her tight teenage twat and sliding his fat, wet tongue all over her hot, tasty pussy. His tongue hit her clit. "Ohhhhh, Duke!" she groaned. "Oh, my god!" It felt amazing!

Claire opened up her pussy with her fingers, needing to feel more of his hot, wet tongue against her hungry, yearning cunt. Her pussy was dripping and oozing with lubrication. Duke licked and slurped and then felt her vaginal opening with his probing tongue. This was what he wanted! He snaked his long, pink flesh inside of her, searching for more of her delicious feminine excretions.

Claire rubbed her clit. Duke licked her cunt and probed his tongue into her hole. Claire rubbed faster, moaning aloud, her fingers dancing around her hard clitoris. "Oh, good boy, Duke! Oh, shit!" Duke licked furiously, basking in her praise. Claire came. Claire came hard!

"Oh Duke, oh Duke, oh Duke!" she exclaimed. Her pussy exploded, causing Duke to slurp at her entrance even faster and deeper! Oh, god! What a feeling! Claire pinched hard at her right nipple and then squeezed the left. Her titties tingled. Her other hand and two fingers bore down on her swollen clit. Duke's tongue danced over her fingers, plunged into her hole and licked his wide, wet tongue up and down her soaking wet slit. Claire's pussy gushed, her thighs trembled and her belly heaved as she came. Oh, what a cum! What a glorious fucking cum!

"Aaaaahhhhhh!" Claire moaned. She felt like she would never stop cumming! As soon as one wave crested, Duke and his fantastic tongue triggered another one! First two, then three orgasms crashed over her. His tongue never stopped! Claire curled her toes, straightened her legs and squealed. "Eiiiiiiiiieeeee!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she panted as she came again. She was shaken by the force of her orgasms and by the sheer magnitude of them; just by teasing Duke (and of course, having his lovely, hot, delicious tongue lick her to orgasm)! One last wave softly washed over her, and then she was finished.

Claire clamped her legs together to keep Duke away from her sensitive pussy. He kept licking at her thighs, and when she rolled over, he determinedly licked and probed her ass-crack, trying to get more of her delicious juices.

Claire slowly opened her eyes, took a long deep breath and forcibly blew it out. "Shit, Duke!" she said, knowing this would not be the last time her and Duke played this new sexy game.

She slowly got to her feet and stood on wobbly knees. "Oh, what a god boy you are Duke!" she praised, as she scratched his ears, petted his head, and slid her hands over his back. Duke barked happily at her. Claire waddled into the bathroom to clean up and collect her thoughts.

Duke had a final sniff of her pussy before she pushed him away. The door closed behind her. Duke's large doggie-dick was very hard, occasionally spraying his pre-cum. He whined outside the bathroom door, begging Claire for release.

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## **Part Two**

"Doug! You have to do something about this damn dog!" Darlene shouted.

Claire, in her bedroom, heard her mother yelling from the other side of the house.

"What's Duke done now?" Doug asked, walking into the living room and finding his lovely wife Darlene and the family dog, Duke.

"He tried to hump my leg again!" Darlene said, shaking a finger at their handsome German Shepard, Duke, who looked sad and chastised. "I won't have him displaying his obscene dog cock anytime he feels frisky! For god's sake, he tried to hump my friend Tiffany the other day - he got his dick slime all over her new outfit! And when he's not trying to hump my leg, he's got his nose in my crotch!"

"Aw, honey, he's just being friendly," Doug teased, trying to appease his wife. He scratched Duke's head and then noticed Duke's aroused condition.

"I won't stand for it Doug. Not one minute more! Either get him laid, cut off his balls, or keep him outside in a cage!" Darlene said, her voice rising even higher.

"Aww, you know I can't cage an animal! Duke's part of the family! He can't help himself. And I have two bitches lined up for Duke, but they haven't come in heat yet."

"Doug, if you don't do something right now, I'll cut off his balls myself!" Darlene screamed.

"Cut off whose balls?" Claire asked, walking into the room.

"Duke's!" her mother exclaimed. "He's trying to hump everything in sight!"

"Oh," Claire said. She knew Duke had been trying to hump a lot of things around the house since she began teasing him. She once let him hump on her leg a few times, just to laugh at him, until Duke slimed all over her leg, grossing her out.

"Well. I think it's funny!" Claire giggled. So what if Duke was a little randy? She was randy too. Claire knew his recent behavior was because of her. She had been teasing him all week, using her juicy teenage pussy to lead him about the house until the both of them were very, very aroused. Then, she would let Duke lick her to orgasm, slurping at her pussy until she came. She liked to look at his hard doggy-dick, knowing her sweet pussy had made him hard and so excited. She wished the boys at school would get worked up over her pussy like Duke.

"Has he tried to hump you too?" her mother asked.

"Well..., a little..., once or twice..., but like I said, he's just being a big goofy..." Claire began.

"Doug, he's trying to hump your own daughter!!" Darlene seethed. "That settles it! I'm not going to stand for it any longer! I'm calling the vet right now!" Claire's mother picked up her phone.

"Darlene, I paid a lot of money for Duke!" Doug argued.

"Mom! You can't hurt Duke!" Claire said. Besides, if her mother followed through with her threat, Duke probably wouldn't want to play with her anymore, or lick her pussy, or get boners, or...,

"OK, OK, I'll see about getting some training for Duke, and I'll call the other owners again." Doug said, realizing his dog was going to be costing him even more money.

"When do you have any time for training?" Darlene asked her husband. "You work all day, and most of the weekend. Why not give him away to somebody or just have him castrated?"

"Well...", Doug said.

Seeing her father begin to waver, Claire spoke up quickly. "We can't give away Duke!" she protested. "And we can't cut off his balls! That would be cruel!" She ran to Duke and held him tight.

"Claire, it doesn't hurt him..., for long anyway. He'll be asleep for the whole operation," her mother said. "And when he wakes up, he won't be so..., aggressive, and it will get rid of that thing..., " Darlene pointed her finger and twirled it in small circles towards Duke's under-belly.

Claire looked where her mother was pointing. Duke's dick had slid out of his sheath ever further. It was red and growing larger. Claire stood up quickly, knowing Duke was probably smelling her pussy or expecting her to play their new, sexy game. Oh no! What had she done? She had trained Duke to get aroused by human pussy instead of dog pussy!

"I'll train him!" Claire said quickly. After all, she had taught him his bad habits, she should be able to un-teach him. "Please mom? Please dad?"

"Well..., " her mother began.

"Great!" her father said quickly. "I'll call that kennel just outside of town, they offer obedience classes. I hear they are pretty good, too."

Claire and Duke had their first training class that Saturday. The class was taught by the owner, Mrs. Hill, a stocky older woman with greying hair. She first lectured the group on general dog training concepts and then taught them how to control their dogs on a leash, making them walk around the yard. Mrs. Hill then taught the class a few basic commands, like 'sit,' 'lay down,' and 'stay.' Claire was proud of Duke, he did very well.

After class, Claire waited until the other dog owners had left. She wanted to ask Mrs. Hill about Duke's problem.

"Uh, Mrs. Hill?" Claire began, and then delicately explained her situation, why she and Duke were there, and her mother's threats. She found a sympathetic listener.

"So, your father never bred dogs before?" Mrs. Hill asked.

"No. Never." Claire said.

"Amateurs," Mrs. Hill scoffed under her breath. "First of all, if you don't get them fixed, male dogs are going to get aroused. It is a fact of life. Your mother needs to understand this or your father needs to get out of the breeding business."

"But," Claire said. "Can I train him to not get..., erections..., all the time?" Claire turned red from embarrassment.

"You can teach him not to hump your mother's leg and how to behave around people, but he's still going to get erections. The only way to minimize his erections and keep him from being a pest is to..., " she stopped abruptly. "How old are you anyway, honey?" Mrs. Hill asked.

"Sixteen," Claire said, straightening her body and pushing out her breasts, trying to look older and more mature.

"Hmm, you look a lot younger, but guess you're old enough, especially if your father is serious about dog breeding," Mrs. Hill decided. "Listen honey, dogs are like men. They have certain needs, and besides being more obvious, a man's needs are often more urgent than a woman's. You know what



I'm saying?"

"I think so. You mean sex, right?" Claire replied.

"Exactly. So, if you want your dog to, let's say..., be a little calmer? An experience dog breeder knows you have to relieve his pressure once in a while. Understand?"

"You mean...,"

"Yes. That's what I mean. It's part of the job. Ever watch the Westminster dog show? Those show dogs aren't castrated because the winners have white-gold in their balls. So, the owners have to keep them happy. So, sometimes they have to take matters into their own hands, understand?"

"Can you..., maybe..., show me?" Claire asked. This would solve all of her problems! She could still play with Duke and her mom wouldn't be upset any longer!

"Honey..., " Mrs. Hill began. "What's your name again?" Mrs. Hill asked.

"Claire," Claire said.

"Claire, there's no way I'm going to teach a sixteen year-old girl how to jack off a dog. You can search the internet or find a book, but I'm not risking my business for you. Now, if you want a part-time job this summer, come fill out an application, OK? You might learn something."

"OK!" Claire loved dogs. This would be the perfect summer job!

"I think you have a real affinity for dog training. I've watched you, and I've seen how your dog responds to you. He likes you. He really likes you..., but, you have to learn to control him and definitely keep his nose out of your crotch, at least in front of people, sweetheart."

Claire turned red from her head to her toes. 'OMG! She saw Duke sniffing my pussy! I didn't think anyone saw it! OMG! OMG! Does she know? I bet she does! OMG! I bet she knows I let Duke lick my pussy too!' Claire was ready to turn and run away.

"You don't have to say anything Claire, and you don't have to be embarrassed. I've been in this business a long time and I've seen a lot of things." Mrs. Hill continued. "People love their dogs..., I love dogs too." Her expression was blank, not giving anything away.

She continued, "You have to encourage good behavior and correct bad behavior - teach him there's a time and place for everything. And, you can train your dog to do other things besides the normal commands we went over today, you can also teach your dog..., what's his name again?" Mrs. Hill asked.

"Duke," Claire said.

"You can also teach Duke some 'special' commands," she said, reaching down to scratch Duke behind the ears. "Just pick some obscure trigger-word you wouldn't typically say in normal conversations, like 'Beetlejuice' or 'Rin-Tin-Tin.' Then, it's like teaching any other command; praise him when he does well, and correct him when he doesn't."

"Gee, thanks, Mrs. Hill." Claire said.

"You're welcome, Claire," Mrs. Hill said. "I have to get back to work, I'll see you next week. I expect you to practice with Duke every day, until then."

"Oh, I will!" Claire said.

"I have no doubt," Mrs. Hill replied.

Claire quickly returned home and proudly showed her mother and father how much Duke had learned during his first training session. She made him sit, lay down, and heel, all to her parent's amazement. Then, she proceeded to share some of what Mrs. Hill had told her about Duke's erections.

"Well, he is a boy dog," Claire's mother said when Claire was finished. "I guess I can live with his little doggy-dick sticking out once in a while as long as he stops sniffing and humping everything in sight."

"I'll teach him real good, mom!" Claire said. She quickly explained to her mother how to properly correct his bad behavior and then took him outside for more training. "Come on, boy, let's go outside!"

Duke heard Claire coming home from school Monday afternoon. He was waiting for her by the door, his penis already sliding out of his sheath. He knew when Claire came home from school it was time to sniff and lick her sweet-smelling pussy. Even though his bitch didn't let him mate with her, he still loved Claire's feminine taste and odors. He knew someday soon, he would breed her and fill her with his seed.

Claire walked in the house and greeted Duke. Duke tried to greet Claire by putting his nose up her skirt. But, oddly, his master scolded him. Puzzled, he tried again, only to again be chastised. Duke was confused. Whenever Claire came home at this time, day after day, five-days a week and sometimes on weekends when her parents were out, Claire let him smell and lick her sex.

"No, Duke," Claire said, quickly stopping his naughty behavior once again. She let him outside and watched him mark his territory. Duke hiked his leg over a flower bush and glanced back at Claire. Claire inspected his fur-covered penis, contemplating her next actions.

After letting him back in, she took Duke into her room. "OK, boy," Claire said, let's teach you how to behave." Claire took off her panties. Duke became excited. But every time he tried to get his snout into her crotch, Claire corrected him. When Duke tried to climb onto her, Claire scolded him and made him sit down.

She waited.

Duke waited.

"Good boy!" she praised.

It was time to teach him the proper time and place to play with her pussy, like Mrs. Hill said. Then, when he was ready, she would try to 'relieve his pressure.' Claire had spent the entire weekend searching the internet. She had learned how to properly 'extract' dog semen. She also learned a few very naughty things girls sometimes did with their dogs.

She had thought quite a lot about his 'special' commands over the weekend. At first, she was going to use the word 'pussy,' as in 'Lick-My-Pussy,' since he was already used to hearing it, but decided it was probably better to start fresh. She knew what her special commands would be.

"Duke." Claire said, getting Duke's attention.

Duke cocked his head and looked at her.

"Do you want to play our special game, Duke? Do you want to play 'Sniff-the-Bitch' boy?" Claire knew a female dog was called a bitch, and since Duke thought she was a female dog, it made perfect sense. She put her cunt in front of his face. "Sniff-the-Bitch! Duke!"

Duke did want to play the Sniff-the-Bitch game. He sniffed Claire's pussy and tried to put his nose up into her sweet teenage cunt.

"Good boy!" Claire praised. "Sniff it, Duke! Sniff-the-Bitch!" she repeated, letting Duke put his nose deeply into her crotch. She let him around the house, encouraging him, but every time he tried to lick her pussy, she stopped him. "No! I said Sniff-the-Bitch, not Lick-the-Bitch!" Claire loved leading Duke around the house, teasing him with her feminine odor. She also loved getting her snatch licked, and wanted him to know the difference between the two.

Claire finally led him into her bedroom and began to teach him his second command. She pulled up her skirt and put her wet cunt in front of him. "Good boy, now Lick-the-Bitch, Duke!" Claire let Duke lap at her steaming cunt. "Ohhh! Mmmm-mmmm! Good boy Duke! Lick it, Lick-the-Bitch!"

Duke licked at Claire's sweet, young, pussy like he was starving. Feeling her knees weaken, Claire climbed onto her bed and called for Duke, patting the space next to her. "Up Duke. Up boy!"

Duke jumped on the bed. He was excited. This was different! Usually Claire made him lick her pussy from the floor.

Claire looked at Duke's engorged dick. He was ready. She swallowed hard.

"Lay down, Duke." Duke complied and then licked his exposed cock. Claire decided she wanted to inspect his doggy-dick before attempting to jack him off.

"Hold still, Duke," Claire said, noticing Duke's excitement. She petted his head with one hand while the other rubbed his belly. Claire slowly inched her hand towards his cock. She ran her fingers along his hairy sheath. Duke flinched.

"Stay!" Claire commanded. "Let me play with your dick, Duke," she said and then realized he didn't understand her. "Hmmm," Claire thought, she needed another simple command. Since she was teaching him to Sniff-the-Bitch, and Lick-the-Bitch, maybe she could teach him more 'bitch' words?

"Your bitch wants to play with your dick and give you a hand-job, Duke," Claire said softly. She touched his sheath again. "Maybe a 'Bitch-Hand-Job?' Would you like that?" she prompted, while gently rubbing his sheath some more. He liked it.

"Mmmm, you like Bitch-Hand-Jobs, don't you boy?" Duke panted. Claire's fingers touched Duke's hairy ball sack as she repeated the words over and over. Claire tugged his sheath up and down, massaging Duke's cock. "Your bitch likes giving you a hand-job, too." Claire realized by practicing sex with her horny dog she was gaining experience for when she had sex with a horny boy. She wanted to get really, really good at it.

Claire stroked Duke's cock softly. Duke whined. His cock grew longer and fatter until it was fully hard. Claire slid her hand up and down his shaft, mesmerized by his obscene cock. It was so hard, purple, and pointed. Duke's huge knot was fully exposed now and his sheath was pulled back behind it. Intrigued, Claire came closer, wanting to get a better look. Duke's knot was at least two or three inches in diameter. Her internet studies taught her what the knot was for. She tried to imagine what

it would be like to get tied to a dog with, his knot locked up tightly inside of her small pussy. She was getting hornier. So was Duke. Then, a thin stream of pre-cum squirted from the head of his cock. It splashed onto Claire's face.

"Ewww! Duke!" Claire exclaimed. She knew about doggy-pre-cum, having seen it often while relentlessly teasing him. She had a towel with her, but it still caught Claire by surprise. When she sat up, some of the slippery stuff dripped down her cheek and onto her opened lips. She licked it automatically. "Oh, gross, Duke!" Claire said, "I got your dog stuff in my mouth!"

Duke thought he was being punished and put his head down. Claire noticed it and petted Duke affectionately. "It's not your fault you squirted your doggy-stuff on me Duke, it's OK." Claire said, still tasting the slimy discharge on her tongue.

Claire stripped off the rest of her clothes, realizing things were soon going to get messy. She spread out the towel on her bed and sat on the far end of it. "Bitch-Hand-Job," Claire said again while playing with his still hard cock. She continued to play with Duke's cock and balls. Duke stood up on all four legs as she began to stroke his big doggy-dick rhythmically. The pre-cum shot from his cock and onto the towel, with some of it landing on Claire's naked body. She caught the next squirt in her hand and used it to get Duke's dick even more slippery.

"This is a called a hand-job, Duke. Understand?" Claire said. Duke didn't understand, but still loved his master's hand on his dick. "Bitch-Hand-Job, Duke," she said, then repeated it as she stroked him.

Duke began to make humping motions, sliding his hard cock back and forth in her hands. His motions brought him closer to Claire until his face was resting on her shoulders. Claire then used both of her hands to jack-off her dog, feeling his hard cock sliding between her fingers and palms. Duke was squirting a lot now, his warm pre-cum splashed onto her body, her hands, and the towel. Duke whined and began to hump faster. "You like your Bitch-Hand-Job, don't you boy?" She liked it too. She felt very sexy, jacking off her dog. Duke loved it. He had waited far too long. He whined again. He licked her neck affectionately. He humped faster, his body curling and his tail held still.

"Do it, Duke!" Claire encouraged, "Shoot your doggy-juice! You love Claire's Bitch-Hand-Job, don't you boy!"

Duke gave out a loud whine. Claire felt his cock expanding in her hands. Duke came, ejecting his pent-up, potent dog sperm forcefully. Claire felt the hot, wet liquid splash against her body. "Ooooh, Duke! You're doing it! You're shooting your stuff! It's so hot! I made you shoot your stuff!"

Claire was so turned on! She spread her legs on either side of Duke as his cock continued to erupt. Her stomach was soon drenched with his dog sperm. She aimed his spurting cock onto her breasts, first one and then the other. Then, feeling very wicked, she aimed his cock at her cunt. She felt the hot goo land on her pussy lips, crotch and thighs.

"Oh, Duke! You have so much cum!" Claire couldn't believe how much ejaculate was exploding from Duke's penis. Squirt after squirt covered her body until she was soaked! She felt Duke get restless and noticed his cum-spruts slowing and then stop. She felt his rigid cock in her hands. She ran her hands over his swollen knot, amazed at how large it had grown.

Claire was so turned on! She fell back onto her bed and began to rub his sperm all over her breasts, stomach and cunt. She plunged her sperm covered fingers into her snatch over and over.

Duke stopped licking his spent cock and walked over to Claire. He smelled his cum and began to clean his master. He licked at her body with his big, wet tongue. He licked her stomach, then her

breasts and finally, he licked her face. Claire kissed him back. She was so hot, she had to cum – now!

“Lick-the-Bitch, Duke!” she cried. “Oh, lick your fucking bitch, you wonderful dog!” Claire writhed on the bed, humping her fingers into her cunt. Duke either understood his master, or was ready to lick Claire’s pussy again anyway. He positioned himself between her legs and began to slide his fat tongue up and down Claire’s cunt, tasting his own cum along with her juices.

Claire bent her knees and spread her legs wide, giving Duke full access to her juicy slit. He drove his tongue deep inside of her as she groped herself in wild, sexual abandon. She ran her hands over her body, spreading Duke’s cum and painting her body with his sperm. Remembering the taste of his pre-cum on her lips, she impulsively plunged her slimy fingers into her mouth, sucking the dog sperm and her own pussy juice from them. She felt so dirty and depraved; jacking off a dog and eating his cum! She did it again and again, wiping up his sperm with her fingers and sucking it into her mouth. It was all too much for her. She came.

“Oh Duke! Yes! Lick-your-Bitch, lover!” Claire cried as her body exploded in orgasm. “Nnnnnngggghh!” she grunted as she came. “Lick your fucking bitch!” she screamed as another glorious wave washed over her. Then another! “Oh, I’m cumming Duke! You’re making me cum! Ahhhhhhhhhh!”

Duke continued to slurp her slit, massage her clit, and work his tongue deeply into her pussy. Claire pinched her cum covered nipples and felt a few final orgasmic tingles wash over her, leaving her drained.

Duke kept lapping at her pussy until Claire had to clamp her legs together. Duke then licked her cum soaked body, first starting at her thighs and then working his way up her torso and tender breasts. He finally smelled his own sperm upon his master’s lips. Claire felt his prodding tongue and opened her mouth. She ran her tongue over Duke’s, French-kissing her lover.

Claire gave Duke a hug and laid down next to him a while. Duke curled up to Claire as she caught her breath. She petted him lovingly for a long time, and then forced herself out of bed to clean her room and shower before her parents came home.

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### **Part Three**

“Mom!” Claire Davis shouted, hearing her mother coming home from work Wednesday evening. Claire ran to greet her mother. “Guess what? That boy I told you about?”

“The one with the jealous girlfriend?” her mother asked smiling. Her daughter Claire had been boy-crazy the past year and had told her about her latest crush.

“Yeah, him! Well, not him!” Claire said, her pretty eyes twinkling. “I mean his best friend! Tony! He asked me out! On a date! A real date!” Claire was jumping up and down with excitement.

Her mother suddenly frowned. She did not share her daughter’s excitement.

“Hmmm. I’m not sure about you going out on a date, Claire.” Darlene Davis didn’t feel comfortable enough to let her only daughter date boys. Darlene recalled some of her own early dates when she was young and horny.

“Mom! What do you mean? We talked about this before, and..., and..., he’s really, really, cute!”

Claire whined.

"Oh, Claire, my precious little Claire," Darlene said. "It seemed like only yesterday you were having a birthday party with pink streamers and wishing for dolls and a pony..." She looked at Claire wistfully. Her daughter was almost as tall as she was. She was a pretty young woman with curves to match. 'When did her breasts get so large?' Darlene wondered.

"All right. Never mind what I said before, Claire," Darlene said. "You're old enough. You get good grades. You never cause your father and me any trouble. You do your chores. And, heaven knows you've done wonders with that horny dog. Duke. It's OK. You can go. But, we'll have to have a mother-daughter chat before I let you out of my sight with a hormone-crazed boy!"

"Thanks, mom!" Claire said. "Oh! Can we go shopping before Saturday? I need some new pretty clothes!" She hugged her mother tightly.

Darlene felt her daughter's firm breasts pressing against her. Breasts some horny boy would soon be groping or worse. She sighed.

Saturday evening soon arrived, but not soon enough for Claire. She had been dreaming about her date for the past three days. Even Duke seemed excited for her. At the dog-training class he tried to sniff her pussy twice! Claire had to scold Duke, but she immediately felt bad, knowing she had been neglecting him. She promised she would make it up to him soon, hopefully before Duke tried to hump her mother's leg again.

Back home, Claire was getting ready for her date. "Sorry boy!" Claire said, scratching Duke's ears. "I don't have time to play any sexy games with you right now! I have a date!" she said proudly. She loved talking to Duke. He was the only one she could share all of her naughty secrets with. 'Poor Duke,' she thought. 'Now that I have a boyfriend, I'll be playing all kinds of sexy games with him instead of Duke.'

Tony picked her up at eight o'clock. Claire was a little disappointed he didn't bother to dress up nice for her (She was wearing a new pretty blouse, skirt and fresh make-up). She knew her mother was a little disappointed too, both with Tony's slovenly look and his typical arrogant teenage attitude. But Claire was sure it would all turn out just fine, once everyone got to know each other better.

Claire had another disappointment when Tony bought one ticket for the movies, making Claire pay her own way. It was a good thing her mom had given her some emergency 'mad money' just in case. She paid for her drink and popcorn in silence.

During the movie, Tony was making her uncomfortable by putting his arm around her shoulder like he owned her. Then, he even tried to feel her breast right in the movie theatre! She didn't mind it so much when his hand brushed against her boob, assuming it was an accident, but then he actually tried to grab it! And, when he rested his hand on her naked thigh, it wasn't too alarming, but when he tried to slide his hand up her tender flesh and touch her panties, she had to slap his hand away.

After the movie, Claire assumed Tony would take her home and then probably try to kiss her. She thought that was perfectly fine and was actually looking forward to it. And, she fully expected to have sex with Tony someday, but it wasn't going to be on their first date! To her surprise, Tony drove to the city park, also known as 'make-out-meadows.' He turned off the car.

Claire looked around the parking lot. There were a few other cars nearby and most of them had fogged up windows so you couldn't see what was happening inside. She did recognize Tony's friend's car. She had no doubt he was making out with that bitch who had stopped Claire from flirting with

him.

Tony reached down between his legs and eased the seat back. "Come here, sit a little closer."

"No funny business, like at the movies?" Claire warned.

"Cross my heart," Tony replied with a smile.

"Well, OK," Claire said. "But, I have to be home soon."

"It won't take long," Tony said. Claire scooted over to him. He immediately put his arm around her and then tried to kiss her.

"Hey, no funny business!" Claire said, pushing him away.

"What? It's just a little kiss, baby!" Tony said, feigning shock. "Come on, I took you out on a date, the least you could do is give me a little kiss."

"Well, OK." Claire had assumed she would get her first kiss tonight. It might as well be now.

Tony smiled and pressed his lips against Claire's. He was a good kisser, Claire thought. She closed her eyes and tried to enjoy it – her first real kiss from a boy! He pressed his lips more firmly against her. She kissed him back. She felt his tongue probing her and she opened her mouth slightly. Tony kissed her passionately and held her tight against him. He began running his hands up and down her body. After a few moments, Claire was getting turned on. She felt her pussy getting wet.

"Oh," she moaned. Tony seized the opportunity and brushed his hand against her breast. Then he did it again. Feeling no resistance, he cupped her firm tit. First with one hand and then he began groping her breasts with both. Claire was about to stop him when he said, "Your tits are amazing!"

Claire was proud of her breasts and decided to let Tony feel them – for just a little while. It felt good having her titties played with. Tony put his hand down her blouse and slipped his fingers underneath her bra, feeling her bare, tender flesh. Claire started to ask him to stop but Tony kissed her harder, groped her fat breast and played with her nipple.

"Oh, Tony!" she murmured. Her nipple felt so good! "Oh, no, please!" But he continued. He put his hand under her skirt and quickly fingered her panties. "Mmmm..., ah., mmm, no..., stop..." Tony pushed his hand deeper into her blouse and squeezed her tits. He slipped his hand underneath her panties and fingered her wet pussy.

"You're a horny little bitch, aren't you?" Tony said, feeling her wetness. He slipped his finger up and down her moist slit and pushed a finger inside of her. He became more aggressive and molested her titties so forcefully, a button popped off.

"Oh no! My new blouse! Tony, stop it right now!" Claire yelled.

"What's the matter, baby? We can't stop now!" Tony said.

"Take me home, please," Claire said.

"No, wait!" Tony pleaded. "You can't leave me like this!" He pulled Claire's hand to his crotch and made her feel his hard cock. "You did this to me, you have to take care of it!"

Claire's hand lingered on his groin. She was so horny she wasn't thinking straight. Her finger's felt

the outline of his cock.

"That's it, baby," Tony said. "Let me take it out for you."

In a daze, Claire heard his zipper being pulled down. She quickly looked out the window to make sure no one was looking. The windows were fogged up. It was getting very hot in the car. Her pussy was very, very wet.

"See what you did to me, baby?" Tony said, his cock on display.

"My name's Claire," she replied, but stared at his hard cock.

"Yeah, sorry, Claire," he said. "Whatever." He put her hand back onto his dick.

Claire thought his cock felt very warm. She wrapped her fingers around it.

"Oh, yeah, baby!" Tony smirked. "Do me."

Claire was very excited. Her first date, her first kiss, and now first real cock, besides Duke's. She stroked it up and down like she did for her dog. She smiled, realizing how much bigger Duke's cock felt than Tony's

"Let's get in the back seat," Tony said.

"Why?" Claire asked.

"So we have more room to fuck."

"I'm not going to fuck you, Tony!"

"Well, suck me off then!"

"No! You're lucky to get a hand-job on our first date!"

"Fine!" Tony spat. "But let me see your tits." He began to fumble with Claire's buttons.

"No, I'll do it," Claire told him. All she needed was for him to further ruin her new clothes. She opened her blouse and slipped off her bra.

"Oh yeah, baby!" Tony said. "Look at those tits!"

As callous as Tony was, his admiration for her breasts made her soften. Boys were just silly that way, right? She began to stroke Tony up and down, smearing his pre-cum over his cock-head. She was grateful for the experience Duke had given her. At least it wasn't obvious to Tony it was her first time.

Tony began to grope her breasts again. He pulled her closer and began to suck on her nipples as she jacked his cock.

"Hmmm, that feels good, Tony," she said.

"How does this feel?" Tony asked and put his hand up her skirt. He pulled aside her panties and began to play with her slick teenage pussy once again.



Claire couldn't help herself and moaned out loud, her body betrayed her. "Ohhhhh! Mmmmm-mm!"

"Suck my cock, baby. Please?" Tony asked again. "Wrap those pretty lips around it and suck me off!"

"No, Tony, no...", Claire said, but she was wavering. She squeezed his cock and wondered how it would feel in her mouth. Tony moaned and she jacked him a little faster.

"Just lick it a little, then. Please?" Tony begged. He knew once he got her mouth close to his cock, he could push it into her mouth, hold her down, and fuck her face - if she wouldn't do it on her own. His cock lurched. It was going to feel so good in her mouth.

"Oh, just the thought of your sweet lips and tongue dancing over my fat cock..., your hot sucking mouth..., Oh, shit! Fuck! Unnnghhh! Unnnghhh!"

Claire looked at Tony's face, illuminated by the dashboard lights. It was twisted up like he was in pain. Was she being too rough? Then, she felt the first splatter of cum land on her hand. She looked down and saw his cock erupting. Spurt after spurt flew from his cock, landing on her hand, the steering wheel, and her new clothes! She jacked him until he finished shooting his load, knowing it was how Duke preferred his hand-jobs.

"That was great!" Tony declared. "But, I still want those lips wrapped around my dick and I want to fuck that hot pussy of yours! Let's get in the back now. I can go again."

"No. Take me home, Tony. Now." If she didn't get out of here soon, she would end up the back seat sucking his cock and fucking him. She was much too horny and Tony was too insistent. A girl could get a bad reputation by sucking and fucking on the first date. Besides, he didn't seem at all interested in getting her off right now, with his fingers or his tongue. Duke would never do that to her.

"Fine. But I don't why you are being so frigid all of a sudden. Everyone at school knows you're a slut, jeesh!" Tony said, starting the car, putting it in gear and then spinning the tires.

"I'm a what?" Claire said, not believing what she had heard. "I'm not a..."

Tony interrupted her. "Oh, come on, Claire! You're always flirting with all the guys, wearing slutty clothes and showing off your tits and ass to everybody! It's kind of obvious, don't you think?"

"Just because I wear pretty clothes and have a nice body doesn't mean...",

He cut her off again. "Whatever. But, you sure know your way around a cock." Then, under his breath, "Fucking bitch..."

They drove home in silence. Claire was fuming with rage. When they got to her house, Claire opened the door to leave.

"Hey, do you want to hang out again, baby? I'll give you another chance. Besides, you really made me feel good. I can't wait to feel those lips..."

"No! Not ever! And my name is 'Claire,' asshole!" She slammed the door.

Claire's mom was waiting for her. "So, how was the date?" she asked. She had heard the car door slam.

"Fine," Claire said. "I don't want to talk about it right now." She went to her room. Duke followed her. Claire called him up on her bed where she hugged him tight and cried softly into his fur, so her mother couldn't hear her sobbing.

Claire avoided her mom all the next day. Her mother knew she would come to her when she was ready to talk. It didn't take long. Claire came to her sobbing Sunday afternoon.

"What's wrong, Claire?" Darlene asked.

"Tony!" Claire sobbed. "Our date last night!"

"He didn't do anything to you, did he?" her mother asked sharply.

"No! Yes!" Claire said. "Oh, mom! Tiffany just texted me! Tony's telling everyone we had sex!"

"Hmmm, I see. Did you?" Darlene asked delicately.

"No!" Claire said, but then added. "Well, yes. A little. He was trying to feel me up at the movie theater, but I wouldn't let him. Then, he took me to 'make-out-meadows' but all we did was kiss and stuff."

Darlene had a good idea what kind of 'stuff' Claire and Tony did at make-out-meadows. Her dates used to take her there too.

"So, you did some stuff. Did you have intercourse?"

"No. He wanted to, but I told him I wouldn't."

"Oral sex?"

"No."

"First base?"

"...Yes..."

"Second base?"

Claire pouted. "Yes," she admitted, remembering his hand and lips on her breasts.

"Third base?"

"Yes." His fingers really felt good in her pussy.

"So, no home run, no intercourse?"

"No."

"Then...what happened?"

"He put his hand in my panties, and he put my hand on his thing and made me, you know..."

"Jack him off?"

"Yes! I'm so sorry mom!" Claire sobbed. "He was so cute and such a good kisser! I tried to stop him

but he wanted to have sex with me so bad, I just thought I could, you know..., use my hand and..."

"Yes, I know," Darlene said softly. "The lessor of many evils."

"Exactly!" Darlene said. "But Tony is telling everyone I did all kinds of stuff with him! He even called me a 'slut!' Everyone at school is going hear about it!"

"Hmm," her mother thought. "Did you say the word 'no?'"

"Yes, more than once!" Claire said. "But, he kept trying. And it was too far to walk home. But, he didn't hurt me or anything. We were just kissing and... things got out of hand."

"And were those stains on your blouse, his ahh..., semen?"

Claire's mouth opened in surprise.

"I found it in the dirty laundry basket and sewed your button back on," her mother said softly.

"Yes..., it was."

"Ok. Here's how I see it. He raped you. You said 'no.' Forcing himself on you, making you do things you didn't want to do, and putting his fingers where they don't belong; that's considered rape, especially after you told him not to. So, option one, we put him in jail."

"Oh, mom! I don't know about that!" Claire said. She envisioned herself in a courtroom and being harassment and shamed at school. It might be the right thing to do, but...

"OK, option two. But if you chose it, you have to be strong, Claire! When I was in school, here's how we handled this kind of thing. You just tell everyone he's mad at you and telling lies because you laughed when you saw his little dick and then he couldn't get it hard."

"Mom!"

"Tell everyone who asks. Text all of your friends. And tell that asshole if he tries that shit with you or any other girl, he's going to jail for a long time where he can be raped by men a lot bigger than he is. And tell your friend Tiffany what happened - how he tried force you into having sex and how you said 'no,' Got it? Tell him you told your mother and your friends what he tried to do to you, and your mother wants to press charges for rape if he doesn't take it all back."

"Wow, mom. You're pretty devious. That's a really good idea!" Claire was excited. "I'll do it, but I hope it works!"

"It will, trust me," Darlene said. "If it doesn't, we still have the first option."

Claire came home from school Monday humming to herself happily. She had done what her mother said and it worked out much better than she expected. First, her friends started teasing Tony in school, calling him 'PD' for pencil-dick and sizing him up with their finger and thumb mere inches apart. And, when Tony confronted her in the cafeteria and called her a 'fucking slut,' Claire loudly replied, so everyone could hear, that he was just mad at her because she laughed at his little dick. When he threatened her, a handsome senior grabbed him by his shirt and pushed Tony against the wall. The boy then told her 'If this little-dicked piece of shit bothers you again, you just let me know!' After the boy left, Claire whispered into Tony's ear and told him if he didn't tell everyone he lied she would have him charged with rape and have the cute senior boy kick his ass too! Tony grew

even paler and promised he'd take it all back.

"Oh, Duke!" Claire said when Duke came to greet her. She squatted down and hugged him tightly. With her school problems solved, Claire turned to the only boyfriend she ever had, Duke.

"Thanks for listening to my silly old boy problems and making me feel so much better over the weekend, Duke."

Duke licked her face and Claire kissed him back.

"And, I'm sorry I neglected you," Claire said, while rubbing his belly. "I thought I needed a boy to make me happy, when all I need is you!" Claire ran her fingers down to Duke's hairy sheath and felt his dick already growing. "Oh, poor boy!" she said. "You're as horny as I am, aren't you boy?"

Duke barked.

"Hmm," Claire said. "Do you want to play our game again?"

Duke cocked his head and looked at her. He remembered the words 'play' and 'game.' It was usually followed by...

"Want to play Sniff-the-Bitch?"

"Bark! Bark!"

Claire peeled off her panties where she stood and positioned her pussy in front of Duke's long, handsome, snout. "Sniff-the-Bitch, boy! Sniff-your-Bitch!" Claire felt Duke's cold, wet, nose pressing against her warm gash. She liked the cold feeling against her hot, little, pussy. And she knew his cold nose would soon be replaced with his warm tongue!

"Oh, Duke," Claire sighed. "You would never tell anyone our secrets, would you boy?" Claire said, leading Duke to her bedroom, but taking the long way, through the living room, around the entryway, through the kitchen and down the long hallway to her room. Duke sniffed her warming cunt whenever Claire would pause long enough to let him. He was aching to taste her essence once again, but knew he had to wait until she allowed him to.

In her room, Claire stripped off her clothes and danced around her room, with Duke playfully following her while being encouraged to 'Sniff-the-Bitch.' Claire finally decided she had teased Duke long enough; they were both aroused now. She put her steaming cunt in front of Duke.

"Lick-the-Bitch, Duke!" she said. "Lick-your-Fucking-Bitch!"

Duke lapped at her cunt eagerly and Claire moaned, "Ahhhhh! So fucking good!" Her clit tingled when Duke ran his tongue over it, searching for the entrance to her sweet honey-hole.

Claire considered how she had been so silly for falling for a stupid boy who could never lick her cunt as well as Duke. And, he was always there for her and never told anyone what a horny, nasty, slut she was! She suddenly realized she didn't need a boyfriend as long as she had him.

"Oh Duke! Oh, my sweet doggy lover!" Claire said, stepping away from him before he could make her cum. She was ready to cum. She had been horny for five days now without relief. And so had Duke.

"You always please me and never leave me hanging like that asshole, Tony! And to think I was

almost ready to suck his dick!" Claire ran her fingers up and down her slit. Her knees were getting weak. She needed to lay down and spread her legs for Duke. She needed to cum!

Claire quickly stripped off her clothes and climbed onto her bed. "Up boy!" she said.

Duke jumped on the bed and immediately rolled over, his hard cock exposed to his master. He was ready for what he thought was coming next.

"You little devil! I never said the magic words! I never said 'Bitch-Hand-Job!'"

Duke sat up and barked, recognizing those special words. His cock was poking out of his sheath, getting longer, and fatter.

"Oops! Did I say it again, Duke?" Claire teased. "Did I say Bitch-Hand-Job? Did I boy?"

"Bark! Bark!" Duke said and lapped at Claire's face.

"OK, yes it's time for your Bitch-Hand-Job, Duke. I can wait a while. Now lay down and let me play with your cock!"

Duke laid down again and twisted back and forth on his back, his hard cock swaying obscenely for her. He knew his bitch liked to tease him before pleasing him.

"Oh, what a pretty cock you have, Duke. It's much nicer than Tony's. And, a lot bigger too!" She giggled. Claire ran her hand over his sheath, coaxing his cock out even further. She gently stroked him, and soon his cock was hard and throbbing. It was thick, purple, and wet. His veins pulsed. His balls clenched. His knot swelled.

Claire cooed at Duke and began to stroke him as she had done so many times before.

It had all started with her need to save Duke from castration; to make him cum and keep him playing their naughty, sexy, sniffing and licking game. And, she did it to stop him from trying to fuck everything in sight. But now, she learned to love his handsome face, his heavy, hairy balls, his cute pink dick (when it first pokes out from his sheath), and his hard, swollen cock, filled with desire and waiting for her attentions. She loved playing with his cock and feeling him spray his pre-cum and never-ending ejaculate all over her naked body, and she loved how he licked her pussy afterwards.

She stroked his wet cock with her fingers, tickling his knot. She knew he liked that. The first squirt of pre-cum caught her by surprise. He must really be horny today! She suddenly realized neither one of them had cum for almost a week! Oh, this was going to be so good! She was so hot and ready for a good pussy-licking!

Claire reached for the towel she used to keep Duke's sperm and pre-cum from soiling her blankets but it wasn't there. In her excitement, she had forgotten to take one from the linen closet.

Claire hated to spoil the moment by getting out of bed. She loved to rub his hot doggy cum all over her sexy, teenage, body and then massage his sperm onto her breasts, ass, thighs, and pussy. Then, she would taste it while Duke tasted her. The only problem was it was so messy. Her mother even asked why she was washing so many towels recently.

Then, Claire had an idea. A very naughty idea. A very nasty, naughty, idea. She knew how she could keep Duke's cum from getting all over her bed. Jacking off his cock was very messy, with sperm flying everywhere... but a blow-job...?

Yes, blowing Duke would be much neater and less messy. That's a good thing, right? She wouldn't have to dirty a towel, and her mom would be happy, and she knew Duke would be happy. And what about her? Well, she was sure it would be very..., ah..., interesting? It would certainly be a new experience for both of them. And maybe a little arousing? No, Claire found the idea of sucking her dog's cock very arousing.

Claire was trying her best to convince herself that putting Duke's hard cock into her mouth and sucking him until he came was the most logical thing she could do. After all, she rationalized, she was almost ready to suck Tony's cock last Saturday night, why not Duke's? A dick's a dick, right?

Besides, Duke deserved a blow-job more than that asshole Tony. And, she loved the taste of his doggy-sperm anyway. So, sucking his doggy-dick until Duke came in her mouth would relieve his horniness, keep the bed clean, not dirty a towel, he deserved it, and it would be naughty, fun, and tasty too! Brilliant! She was convinced.

"Oh, Duke!" Claire sang happily. "I have a surprise for you, my precious, precious boy." Claire ran her fingers along Duke's cock softly.

"Oh, Duke, you know how much I love you and would do anything for you! I love how you wait for me to come home from school. I love how you wag your tail so hard when you see me and it always gets me wet, knowing the fun we are going to have. I love how you show Mrs. Hill what an obedient boy you are at doggy-school, and I love how you lick my pussy until I cum."

"I'm going to suck your cock for you, Duke. I'm going to relieve you with my mouth instead of my hand. I may not be too good at first, but I know I'll get better." Claire began to rub her pussy.

"Oh, Duke! I want to taste you. I want to lick your cock and suck your balls. I want to feel your hot cum shooting into my mouth. Would you like that, boy? Would you like my sweet lips wrapped around your big, fat, doggy-cock, Duke? I wouldn't do this for any of the boys at school, but I'll do it for you, my handsome, furry lover!"

Duke, of course, did not know what Claire was saying. But that was OK.

"This will be better than a Bitch-Hand-Job, Duke," she said. "How about a...", Claire thought what to name her new command. Got it!

"Bitch-Blow-Job?" she said teasingly. Duke's ear's perked up.

"Duke? How about a...Bitch-Blow-Job?" Claire said again.

Duke look at her quizzically. He didn't know these words.

"Bitch-Blow-Job?" Claire teased again. "Do you boy? Do you want it? Bitch-Blow-Job?"

Duke realized this was something new. He didn't know what a 'Bitch-Blow-Job' was, but he knew he wanted it! His master always made him happy after using the 'Bitch' words!

"Duke?" Claire teased again. "Do you want your sexy, little, bitch to give you a blow-job? A Bitch-Blow-Job?"

"Bark! Bark! Bark!"

Now that Claire had his attention, she made him lay down on her bed again, closer to her face this

time. She stroked his cock softly and teasingly. It was still hard. He seemed extra hard today, she thought, and then remembered her neglect. She was about to make it up to him.

Claire moved her head towards his hard, red, dog dick. First, she inspected his big knot up close. Running a single finger down to the base of his cock and over his knot. It looked like two purple plums growing on each side of his cock. From there, his cock was thinner, but soon got wider and wider, until it became very fat and very thick. She ran her finger up the length of his dick to his flared, tapered tip. She liked the pointed little nub and looked forward to flicking it with tongue. She hoped he would like that.

"What a pretty cock you have, Duke." Claire whispered to her dog.

Claire got closer to her prize and sniffed deeply. It smelled so familiar. She sniffed again. "Aaaahhhh!" It smelled delicious to her horny, teenage mind. It smelled like sex.

She drew closer and gripped his cock gently. Claire stuck out her tongue and licked it slowly from the base to the tip. His cock tasted similar to the pre-cum and sperm she liked to rub on her body, but maybe with a more urgent, metallic flavor.

Duke became excited when Claire's wet, warm tongue touched his throbbing dick.

"Stay boy!" Claire commanded. He should know better than to try to get up while she was playing with his cock.

"Did you like that Duke? It's going to feel a lot better. So lie still and let Claire suck your cock, Duke!" Claire licked his cock once again and said, "Mmmm, Bitch-Blow-Job."

Claire licked his cock again, savoring the taste before again repeating his new command. Then, knowing Duke was getting impatient, she took it into her mouth.

"Mmmm-mmmm!" she moaned, "Fuck this is so cool!" Claire held it in her mouth while running her tongue all over Duke's slimy, pointed, cock. She sucked it very gently and heard him whimper with pleasure. She took his cock deeper and slid her warm, wet lips up and down his turgid doggy-dick. A hot spray of pre-cum suddenly splattered into her mouth. "Mmmm-mmm!" she moaned again, tasting his essence before swallowing it.

"Oh, Duke! I love your hard cock in my mouth!" Claire said. She began to pleasure Duke's cock as best she could. She bobbed her head up and down while lapping at his cock and swallowing all of his slippery discharge.

Duke began to get more excited and began to struggle a bit. Claire reluctantly let go of his cock. She allowed him to get up on all fours because she knew Duke liked to cum while standing. She got herself ready by propping her pillow behind her shoulders to position her face right under his belly. Duke stood over her and Claire wiggled to get comfortable. She leaned back onto her soft pillows and began to suck and lick at his cock again. Ah, perfect. His cock was right in front of her mouth.

Duke felt the warm, wet, mouth engulfing his cock. This was much better than Claire's hands. He felt her tongue licking on his cock and her mouth sucking him gently. Both of her hands were stroking the parts of him that were not in her mouth. Then, Claire cupped his heavy ball-sack and softly fingered his cum-filled nuts. She moaned as she thought of all the sweet cum stored in them. All for her. She just had to coax it out of him.

Claire slurped on Duke's cock. She sucked it and bobbed her pretty head. She licked his tip and

prodded his piss-hole with her tongue. Then, she worked on his balls, licking them and sucking each one gently before latching her lips on his cock once again.

Claire felt the pre-cum squirting into her mouth faster now. Duke began to make small humping motions, a sure sign he was close to cumming. She pulled her mouth off his cock for a moment to say, "Do it baby, cum in momma's mouth!" Duke sprayed her face before she could lock her lips back onto it. Pre-cum dripped down her face and sprayed into the back of her throat again and again.

Duke began to hump faster, his back curling. Claire allowed him fuck her face, turning slightly so his hard cock could drive deeper into her mouth. His cock plunged into her, again and again, deeper and deeper into her throat. Her tongue flickered and danced along his shaft. She sucked her lover and swallowed him. Then, she felt Duke stiffen. He was going to cum!

Hot dog sperm erupted from his heavy, swinging balls. Claire felt the first blast flowing past her tonsils. The next squirt landed on her tongue. "Mmmm-mmmm!" she moaned. This was so hot! There was so much cum! Her dog, her lover, was emptying himself into her mouth. She had caused this to happen. She had made him cum, using her mouth instead of her hands! She was so proud of herself and so proud of Duke. Their first ever blow-job!

Claire did her best to swallow all he was pumping into her. She gulped and gulped, but even then some leaked from her mouth and dribbled onto her naked breasts. Claire let Duke empty himself, loving how his cock seemed to grow even harder and thicker in her mouth. And his knot, mere inches from her face, seemed to grow even bigger as well.

After an eternity of sucking, swallowing, and Claire moaning with passion, Duke finally finished.

"Wow, Duke, that was great!" Claire said, wiping her lips and sucking her fingers before lapping at his dripping penis again. "Did you like it, Duke? Did you like your Bitch-Blow-Job?"

Duke did like it. He lapped at Claire's face, tasting his own jism. Claire opened her lips wide and let him taste inside her mouth, then decided she wanted his fat, warm tongue tasting the inside of her cunt instead.

"OK boy, now it's my turn, Duke. Now, Lick-the-Bitch, Lick-your-Fucking-Bitch!" Claire laid back, shoved a pillow under her ass and spread her legs.

Duke knew exactly what was expected of him. He began to lap at Claire's dripping pussy, digging deep to taste all of her creamy juices. "Ah, yes Duke!" Claire cried with satisfaction. She opened her pussy lips to give him more access to her cunt. Duke always treated her so nice. Not like Tony, who never gave a thought about her pleasure.

"Mmmm, mmmm, Duke. You lick me so good!" Claire said. "And, you won't ever tell our dirty little secrets, will you? How you sniff my pussy and play our sexy game. And how you lick my juicy cunt until I cum or how I suck your cock and let you cum in my mouth, will you boy?"

Duke began to lick at Claire's clit, pussy-lips, thighs and ass-crack.

"Ohhhh, yeeeeessss!" Claire sighed, feeling Duke's tongue washing all of the sensitive parts around her tender groin. "Mmmmm, lover..., you make me feel so good!" Claire stretched her lithe body, cupping her breasts and grinding her cunt into Duke's face.

Claire decided she would never want human boyfriend as long as she had Duke. Boys were stupid. They call you a slut just because you flirt with them and show them a little flesh. Then, when you



don't even have sex with them, they lie and say you did! She was finished with them. Besides, none of them could lick her pussy like Duke.

At that moment, Duke was snaking his long, wet tongue deep inside of her. Then, he began to probe just below her cunt, searching for her sweet smelling ass. "Oh, do you want to lick my butt too?" Claire asked. It sounded nasty and very, very, arousing. She lifted her buttocks from the pillow and pulled her knees to her chest. Her ass and cunt were exposed to him.

"There you are, Duke. "Lick my ass! Lick your bitch's ass!"

Duke immediately sniffed Claire's delicious smelling ass-hole. He shoved his nose into it and deeply snorted her funk. Then he lapped at it, quickly finding her hole. He obviously liked the flavor and excitedly began to poke and prod it with his tongue, trying to drive it deeper into her bowels. When that failed, because her small hole was too tight, he lapped repeatedly up and down her crack, licking her cunt and her taint before trying to wiggle his tongue up her ass-hole again.

"Oh, yeah, lick it, Duke! Lick my ass! Lick-Your-Bitch's Ass!" Claire couldn't believe how good Duke's tongue felt. Every nerve in her sphincter was tingling. She wanted to cum while he was licking her ass!

She got on her hands and knees like a slutty dog-bitch waiting for some hard dog-cock. She pushed her ass in the air and spread her cheeks with both hands. "Lick it boy! Lick-your-Bitch's-Ass!"

Being well trained, Duke did exactly that. He lapped at her ass with long, wet, strokes, starting from her pussy to her ass-hole and all the way up her crack.

Claire pressed her face into her bed, pulled an ass-cheek out of the way with one hand, and began to diddle her clit and finger her cunt with the other. With her sphincter totally exposed, Duke devoured it. Having more room now, with her cheek pulled aside and her ass-hole stretched open, Duke turned his head sideways to probe at her shit-hole with his persistent, driving tongue.

"Aaahhhh! Ahhhhhh!" Claire moaned. She cried out her lover's name, "Duke! Oh, Duke!" Her ass-hole was tingling. Her pussy was tingling.

Claire drove her fingers into her juicy cunt while Duke attacked her ass-hole with his wet, wriggling, pink, flesh. Claire felt the familiar electrical sparks starting somewhere in her nether regions. It grew and expanded as she rubbed her clit faster and faster. She felt it growing from her wet, loose, ass-hole to her firm, swollen, clitoris. Duke never stopped. First her ass and then her pussy. With two tasty treats presented to him, he couldn't say focused on either of them for long. Finally, Duke managed to wiggle the tip of his tongue into her ass.

Claire came.

"Nnnnnnnngggghhhh!" She came with her asshole tingling, her pussy gushing, and her body trembling. She shoved two fingers deep inside of her while smashing her clit with her palm. "Oooooohhhh! Fuuuuuukkkk!" she cried as she orgasmed. Her soft teenage thighs began to quiver as wave after wave of orgasmic bliss crashed over her. She fucked herself furiously. She rubbed her clit harder, circling her engorged nub with her thumb. Her belly began to heave. She pushed out her ass and cunt, begging Duke for more of his fabulous tongue.

Duke ate her cunt like a starving mongrel as she gushed sweet, teenage juices into his waiting mouth. "Ohhh. Lick-the-Bitch, Duke, Lick-Your-Fucking-Bitch!" Claire cried out as she came again. The feeling was so intense, she closed her eyes tightly until she saw stars.

Claire brought her thighs together and clamped her hand over her still spasming cunt. She was finished. "Oooooooooohhhhhh," she sighed. "Aaaaaaaaahhhh! That was so good, boy!"

Claire basked in the afterglow of her orgasm. Besides her deep, satisfied breathing, the only sound was Duke's incessant lapping and probing of her ass-hole with his tongue. Her sphincter was not as sensitive as her pussy right now, so she let Duke continue to work his tongue into her rose-bud. She protected her spent pussy with her hand until Duke somehow sensed his owner was done and pulled away.

With a sigh, Claire touched her ass-hole with her fingers. It was wet, soft and slightly gaping. She pushed in her finger, noticing how easily it went in. "Wow, Duke, you really like licking ass! I liked it too. A lot!" Claire poked at her hole, wondering why she had never played with it before.

But, with her ass still in the air, Duke instinctively knew what to do next. He had sniffed his bitch, licked his bitch, and now it was time to fuck his bitch. Duke sniffed her sex long and deep. Then he gave Claire a few licks across her fingers and stepped back.

Claire assumed Duke was finished and took her protective hand away from her pussy.

Duke jumped on her exposed, raised, ass.

"Duke? Claire giggled. "What are you doing? Get off of me, you big goof!"

Duke climbed higher and wrapped his paws around Claire's waist. Duke humped his hard cock against her, trying to find the warm, wet hole he knew was there. His dick poked her ass cheek, then slid below her soaking wet cunt, his cock spreading her pussy lips. He felt her wetness and her heat. He was so close! Just once more and he would finally be able to slam his cock into his little bitch!

Claire's eyes widened with surprise. She felt Duke's cock sliding against her pussy. She knew what he was going to do next.

"DUKE!"

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## **Part Four**

Claire Davis arrived home from school and opened the front door. Like every other day, Duke, the family dog, was waiting for her. He wagged his tail so hard it made loud thumping noises when it hit the floor. He smiled at Claire, showing his white teeth and long pink tongue. He looked up at her happily. He was always very excited to see her.

"Oh no, you don't Duke. You can't look at me with those big puppy-dog eyes and act like nothing happened yesterday. You were a very naughty boy, Duke!" She shook her finger at Duke. He had tried to mount her yesterday while playing one of their sexy, naughty, games.

"You might have missed my kitty and shoved your big dick up my butt-hole!" Claire admonished. She recalled her wet, gaping, sphincter after the incessant probing of Duke's warm, wet, tongue. If she hadn't dropped to the bed immediately after she felt his wet dick poking her ass and sliding along her pussy lips, who knows what might have happened? Well, she had a pretty good idea what might have happened since she had been thinking about it about it all day at school and most of last night. Even in her dreams she relived it.

Claire was about to chastise Duke some more but remembered Mrs. Hill's obedience training. She couldn't scold Duke for something he did yesterday or even an hour ago. He would only assume his master was being mean to him for no reason at all.

"You big goofy dog," Claire said. She immediately forgave him and scratched him behind his ears. She would just have to train him better; to know what was acceptable, and what was not.

Then, she remembered overhearing her father and mother this morning and shared the good news with Duke.

"Oh! Daddy says you're getting laid this weekend! One of the doggy-bitches came in heat, so you're going to have a real doggy-date!" Claire squatted down to pet her dog. Claire looked Duke in the eyes and then rubbed noses with him. She had to wipe Duke's affectionate slobber from her cheek and lips.

"A real date! Are you excited, Duke? You'll finally get to fuck some doggy-bitch and shoot your sweet doggy-stuff inside of her. I bet you will make some pretty little puppies!" Claire teased. She took the opportunity to feel Duke's cock through his sheath as she petted him, pleased to know he was already slightly aroused just from seeing her again.

"Maybe if you start fucking some doggy-bitches, you'll stop trying to fuck me, you horny dog!"

As Claire said the words, she felt an odd twinge of jealousy. After all, she considered Duke her lover and the only boyfriend she ever had. In the back of her mind, she wasn't sure she wanted to share him; even with a female dog. "Oh, well," she was just being silly. Claire shook her head, trying to fling those crazy thoughts from her mind.

She led Duke outside, watched him pee, and let him back in. Duke followed her to her bedroom.

Claire sighed as she removed her clothes. Last night, after everyone had gone to sleep, she laid in bed thinking about what almost happened. What if Duke had plunged his hard dog dick inside of her? She was sure it would hurt, in either her pussy or her ass - especially her ass - he was so big!

Making love to Duke was something she had never contemplated. Actually fucking her dog, even after everything else they had done together, had never entered her mind. Of course, she never thought she would be jacking off a dog every day or sucking doggy-dick and slurping doggy-cum either. And now, some strange dog-bitch would soon be taking his virginity. It's not like she was ever going to fuck her dog anyway. She had nothing to be jealous of, she told herself.

Of course, Claire liked putting things into her hungry pussy. She liked the feeling and enjoyed watching her pussy swallow things, like pencils, her fingers and her hairbrush handle, but definitely not Duke's dick! She realized lately she had been neglecting the insides of her teenage pussy. The more Claire thought of having something stretching and filling her tight twat, the more she wanted it. She recalled how good it felt to open her pussy lips with her hairbrush handle, push it into her wet hole, and fuck herself while she diddled her little clitty. She hadn't used her hairbrush since she discovered Duke's, warm, wet tongue. It seemed like ages ago. That was about to change, she decided, but it would have to wait. Duke's training came first.

Claire stripped off all of her clothes as Duke watched. He salivated in a typical Pavlov's response and licked his lips when Claire pulled down her panties. She had second thoughts and decided to keep her panties on for a while. Her virgin pussy was safer covered, to protect it from her lecherous dog.

"Duke, you have to learn you can't fuck your momma." Claire began, "Even if she's on all fours with

her ass in the air like a bitch in heat. You can fuck your doggy bitches, but you can't fuck me, understand?"

Claire got on the floor in the same position as last night. Her breasts hung down and swayed slightly. Her panty covered ass was raised high. She knew this training was necessary. How else could she enjoy Duke's tongue lapping at her pussy and ass without worrying about him trying to mount her? Just like she had trained him not to hump her and her mother's legs, she was going to train him to not try to fuck her pussy.

Claire looked behind her. Duke was waiting patiently, sitting on his haunches, his little, red, dick poking out.

Claire wiggled her ass. Duke whined slightly, but waited for a command.

"Good dog, Duke," Claire said. "OK, now, Sniff-the-Bitch, Duke." Claire was rewarding him and testing him at the same time.

Duke jumped up and began to sniff Claire's ass and pussy, tickling her thighs with his hairy snout. Claire giggled for a moment and then made him stop. Then she did it again. On the third try, Duke started to mount her. Claire immediately corrected him. She repeated the cycle a few more times. Duke was slowly learning not to climb on his bitch and mate with her, no matter how badly he wanted it.

Claire thought Duke needed to be extra horny before she could trust his new training and freely expose her unprotected sex to him again. She stood up and took off her panties. She let him sniff them before tossing the damp cloth into the hamper.

Claire walked out of her room with Duke following closely. She strutted through the house while tempting Duke with her naked body. Claire stopped and fondled her breasts and rubbed her pussy while moaning. She knew Duke likes to hear her soft, sexual moans. Duke sniffed her female odor from a foot away. Claire bent over in front of Duke and spread her ass-cheeks. Duke waited. Claire fingered her pussy. Duke whined. His cock grew longer and thicker.

"OK, boy! Sniff-the-Bitch!" Claire said, and allowed Duke to sniff and snort her wet cunt and delicious smelling ass-hole. Then, she made him stop. She knew she was driving him wild with her sweet smelling pussy but he had to learn an important lesson. She would make it up to him later.

"Now, Lick-the-Bitch, Duke!" Claire said, and immediately felt Duke's warm, wet tongue lapping at her pussy and ass. Claire enjoyed his eagerness, his fierce lapping, and his determined probing of both her holes. Then, she felt him start to mount her again, his weight suddenly landing on her ass. His hairy paws wrapped around waist. She paused for only a moment to briefly wonder what it would be like to give up her body to him. But, the size of his fat cock compared to her small pussy gave her pause. She scolded Duke before he could fully climb on her and pushed away his heavy body.

"Duke, bad boy!" Claire said. She punished Duke the best way she knew how - by taking away her pussy.

Her pussy was a better training treat than even a piece of raw meat. If he was good, he received a sniff or a lick. If he was very good, she would even stroke his cock while telling him what a good boy he was. Claire had taught him to sit, stay, lay down, roll over, shake hands and fetch using her teenage cunt as an incentive.

Claire sat on the couch and spread her legs wide to torment Duke. She rubbed her pussy and fingered her cunt as she moaned. Her warming sent of arousal wafted over to him. Duke salivated and whined. He sat on his haunches with his long, red, dick partially exposed. Claire showed him her wet, slimy, fingers before she sucked the juices from them.

"Ready to try again, Duke?" Claire asked. "Are you going to be a good boy?" She got on the floor and raised her ass like before. She commanded Duke to sniff her, lick her and then she made him stop. She waited. Nothing. She wiggled her ass to entice him. Still nothing.

Claire stayed on the floor. She put her arms on the carpet, rested her head against them, and lifted her ass even higher, giving Duke a very tempting target. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. In that position, she imagined how it would feel to allow Duke to mount her. To experience his paws wrapping around her. To feel his cock filling her and stretching her cunt. Having him drive his hard cock into her, again and again. Pounding her pussy so hard and making her his bitch. Claire suddenly dismissed the crazy thoughts. WTF? Why was she even thinking about this?

But, she felt the urgent need to have her pussy filled and stretched again. "Mmm, Duke," Claire said, getting up from the floor. "I'm fucking horny, how about you?"

"Bark!"

"You were a good boy, Duke," Claire said. "You can Sniff-the-Bitch while I get ready to fuck myself."

With Duke's nose up her twat the whole time, Claire walked into her bathroom to retrieve her hairbrush; the same hairbrush she had used to break her cherry last summer. It had a nice handle but it wasn't as big as Duke's fat doggy-dick. Looking at it once again, she didn't remember it being so short and thin.

"Hmmm."

Claire walked into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator door. She bent over to search the vegetable bin. She pushed out her ass and allowed Duke to Lick-the-Bitch while she searched for the perfect phallus-shaped cucumber. Her mother always kept long, fresh, cucumbers on hand for some reason. Claire found one that was not too fat and not too thin. It was a smaller on one side than the other. Not as thick as Duke's fat doggy-dick, but wider than Tony's. She wrapped her fingers around it and stroked it up and down, comparing it to the only two cocks she had ever touched.

"Perfect!" She knew her cunt could take it, even both sides, if she went nice and slow.

Claire went back to her room and laid on her bed. Duke waited patiently on the floor.

Claire laid back and fingered her slick pussy. She first took the hairbrush and pushed it into her hole.

"Mmmm!" It felt good having something long and stiff inside of her again. She wondered why she had stopped masturbating with it. Oh, yeah, she had Duke now!

But, the hairbrush was too small to satisfy her. It went in much too easily. She wanted to be filled and feel her pussy stretching - to experience slight discomfort as her tight twat accommodated a large invader.

Claire reached for the cucumber. She slid it up and down her juicy slit. She positioned the thinner end at the entrance to her hole. She pushed it in slowly.

"Ahhhh," Claire moaned. She loved the way it made her feel. She looked down and watched it slowly going inside. Her pussy engulfed it. Deeper and deeper. It was filling her tight pussy and stretching her hole. She pushed it in, only pausing twice, until it was deep inside of her. She looked at the fat, green thing sticking out from her cunt. She felt perfectly stuffed!

"Ahhhh!" she sighed. "Oh, my pussy is to full!" Claire moaned. "Hmmm, yesssss! I like this." Claire began to slide the cucumber in and out of her tight, teenage, pussy.

"Ohhh!" she moaned. "Mmmm, unnngh!" Claire writhed on the bed and imagined a thick cock fucking her tight pussy. But, who was on the other end of that cock? She began to fantasize...

"Fuck me, Mr. Robinson, fuck me right here on your desk! Oh, I hope nobody catches us!"

(Nah, this didn't do it for her. Mr. Robinson, her teacher, was too old, and his breath smelled like coffee).

How about...?

"Hmmm, it feels so good, Tony! Suck my titties while you fuck me in the backseat!"

(No. No way. Tony's dick was too small and besides, he's an ass-hole).

What about..., him...?

Oh no! It was too depraved to even contemplate. But, it would be so hot and nasty to just pretend. Only to pretend...? To act slutty, filthy, and cock hungry always gave her the best orgasms. But, to fantasize about making love to Duke?

"OMG!" Why was she even thinking about fucking her dog? But, she knew why. It was because he tried to mount her last night. Since then, the thought of Duke making love to her had never entirely left her mind.

"But a dog? Even one as handsome as Duke?" But, why not think of Duke? It was only a filthy fantasy, right? She would never do such a terrible, horrible, depraved thing in real life. Her pussy twitch. She would do it.

Claire pulled the cucumber from her pussy and turned it around. Even the fatter end was smaller than Duke's cock, but it would have to do. She got up on her hands and knees and placed the fat, green, dildo against her cunt.

Softly, she moaned into her blankets, "Fuck me Duke!" Her pussy twitched again. "Mmmm, make me your bitch." She slowly pushed the fat thing into her cunt. "Ohhhh!" she moaned. It was so big!

Claire spoke softly, as if she didn't want Duke to hear her fantasies as she fucked herself as deep as she could, "Oh, I need your fat cock, Duke! Make me your bitch!" Claire wanted to feel Duke's hot tongue on her ass and pussy while she fucked herself. She called to her obedient dog.

"Up, Duke, Lick-the-Bitch!"

Duke needed no further encouragement and leaped upon the bed. He began attacking her sensitive ass and pussy.

"Slurp, slurp, slurp, slurp!"

Claire pushed the fat end of the cucumber deeper into her pussy. "Ohhh, so full!" she moaned. She loved the feeling of her tight pussy stretching even more than before, it was so exquisitely uncomfortable – almost painful, – as the phallus burrowed deeper and deeper inside of her. Oh, she wanted to fuck! She wanted a long, fat, cock filling her and fucking her relentlessly. She wanted to submit herself fully to a strong, firm, shaft. To be taken and used like a total slut.

Claire slid the vegetable in and out of her pussy, imagining her dog fucking her. "Unnnnggghhh!" It was so hot! "Nggggghhh!" she grunted. "Ohhhh, do it, Duke!" She fucked herself long and deep as Duke tongued her ass.

With Duke licking her and her pussy filled to capacity, Claire should feel fantastic, but she wasn't. This should be a perfect fantasy followed by a fabulous orgasm, but something was missing.

Claire immediately knew what it was – the cucumber was hard and cold – Duke's cock was hard and hot. She knew how hot it was, after all, she had held it in her hands and felt it in her mouth.

Was his cock what she needed right now? It would stretch her little cunt even more – she knew it would feel so, so, good... But, should she dare even think of such a depraved thing? Would she really allow her a dog take her virginity?

"Oohhhhh!" Claire moaned, imagining.

To be fucked by a real cock right now? To feel a hot, slab of flesh in her warm, wet, hole? To have a firm, warm, cock driving into her cunt. To have filthy, nasty, dog-sex with no worries of getting pregnant?

Just thinking about Duke's big, hairy, paws wrapping around her waist made her shiver and tingle with excitement. She imagined him pulling her small body against him. Finding her hole with his hot doggy-dick, and then fucking her. She wanted to feel him controlling her and dominating her and then fucking her so damn hard! Harder and harder, faster and faster, until they both came! And then feeling his hot cum erupting inside of her... Mmmmm, mmm.

"Yes, oh yes!" Claire moaned.

She was so horny. She was going to do it! Who better to take her virginity than her special furry lover? And, who better to take Duke's virginity than her, the only lover Duke has ever known? Not some strange dog-bitch! She tossed the cold phallus to the floor. She needed Duke's hot cock and he needed her warm, tight, pussy!

"Up boy!" Claire said quickly to Duke, patting her butt and wiggling her exposed ass and soaking wet cunt. He had to do it soon before she changed her mind.

Duke was puzzled. He was already up on the bed.

Claire smacked her ass harder. "Up Duke!" Duke looked at her sweet-smelling pussy and upturned ass. But, he knew better than to climb on his master again.

"Duke, get up here and fuck me!" She smacked her ass even harder.

Nothing. Duke whined.

Claire had to try a different tactic. Maybe she could encourage him, one step at a time.

"Sniff-the-Bitch, Duke!" Claire said, spreading her ass with her fingers. His cold nose felt so good against her overly heated slit.

"Aaaahhh."

"Now, lick it! Lick-the-Bitch, Duke. Lick it!" Claire felt his warm tongue probing her cunt. She could come from this, she knew, but she wanted more.

"Ohhh, yes!"

Claire let him lap at her cunt and ass, knowing it was making her dog very horny.

"Now, fuck me! Fuck me and make me your bitch!"

Yes, that's it! His new command!

"'Fuck-the-Bitch,' Duke! 'Fuck-the-Bitch!'" Claire slapped her ass again. "Up! Get up here and Fuck-your-Bitch before I change my mind! Come on, Duke! Fuck me! 'Fuck-the-Bitch,' boy!"

Duke was slowing realizing his master wanted..., something...

He knew what he wanted, but she had scolded him every time he had tried to mount her. Yet, she was saying the 'Bitch' words; not the Sniff one, or the Lick one. What did she want him to do?

His cock was hard. He wanted his Bitch-Hand-Job, or the one she did yesterday, 'Bitch-Blow' something..., that was real nice, having his hard cock in her warm, food place. But what was she wanting now? He was confused. Not knowing what else to do, he asked her.

"Bark!"

"Come on, Duke!" Claire cried in frustration. "Fuck-the-Bitch!" This wasn't working. It was clear he didn't know what to do, or she had trained him too well. Claire realized she had to show him.

Claire lowered her ass and pushed herself between Duke's front legs, forcing him to dance until a leg was on either side of her, and her ass was under his chest.

Clair's desire to feel his fat cock inside of her was overwhelming. Now that she decided to fuck the family dog, she couldn't wait any longer. She had to have his cock!

She had been subconsciously thinking about it since yesterday. Claire had stroked his cock, sucked his cock, and now, she had to have his hard, hot, dick inside of her horny, teenage, twat. It was time to fully give herself to him.

Claire pulled a big hairy paw around her thin waist and then the other one. Duke instinctively wrapped his arms around her. She felt Duke's weight laying upon her hips. She backed up until Duke was all the way on top of her. She could feel his hot breath against her neck. Finally, she felt his slimy, pointed, dick probing her. It was poking around both her holes. His cock slipped between her ass-checks. "Just a little lower, Duke!" She move her ass upwards, trying to line up his cock to her hungry little pussy. "Fuck-the-Bitch, Duke!"

Duke was getting excited and hopped around her, but she held his forearms against her waist.

Claire commanded him to 'stay.' Duke held still and Claire was finally able to maneuver his pointed cock against her pussy. She pushed back against Duke. The tip of his cock slipped into her pussy!



"Fuck-the-Bitch, Duke!" Claire cried again, pushing back against him and feeling his cock starting to penetrate her. "Fuck-your-..." She said nothing more. Duke slammed his cock home.

"Oooofff! Nnnnnngggghhh!"

Once Duke felt her warm wetness surround his cock, his instincts took over. He drove his cock into her, yearning to spill his seed and impregnate his bitch. Finally, he was experiencing the thing that gave life meaning; exhilarating sex and the chance to impregnate a female and extend his blood-line. It was rooted in his DNA, and there was no stopping him now.

Duke's fat cock speared Claire's pussy and impaled her on his long, fat shaft. He had driven his entire cock deep inside of her with one mighty thrust. It took her breath away and pain shot through her pussy as her tight cunt was spread to the limit. Claire immediately regretted her choice but didn't have long to ponder it. Duke began to jack-hammer her cunt with his hard, thick, doggy-dick.

"Aaaaaahhhh-aaaaahhhh!" Claire cried. It hurt! His cock was too big! Her pussy was too tight! At least his cock was warm and not as hard as the cucumber. She bore down on his dick, squeezing it with her pussy, and was able to make the pain lessen.

Duke whined, scrabbled his feet against the bed, and thoroughly fucked his bitch. His swinging balls smacked against Claire's cunt. His cock slid in and out of the tight cavern, making his nerves tingle. For Duke, this was the only way to have sex. Feeling his master stroke his cock or suck his cock was fine. But fucking his bitch and impregnating her was the best!

Claire was still in shock. The sweet-pain in her cunt was receding and pure pleasure began to wash over her. OMG! She was getting the fucking of her life! Duke was fucking her harder and faster than any boy ever could. His cock was driving relentlessly in and out of her pussy. It was going in so deep! His cock felt like it was banging against her cervix; bottoming out until it couldn't go in any further. His balls were slapping loudly against her. Claire felt his heavy, hairy, body against her. His breath was hot on her neck. Her clitoris was exposed as her pussy lips spread wide by his thick, driving shaft. His knot was spreading her pussy wider and wider with each furious thrust.

"Oh, no!" She forgot about his knot! She couldn't protect her no-longer-virgin pussy now, it was far too late. She could feel the angry ball pushing against her hole, forcing it's way in and out, growing thicker and thicker with each thrust. It was spreading her pussy-lips and expanding her hole, cramming her cunt full of Duke's fat dog-cock.

Claire couldn't take much more of Duke's incessant pounding. He was slamming his cock into her, fucking her furiously, and using his legs to push against her, trying to keep his cock deep inside of her. He was driving her small body forward, thrust by thrust, until her head started to bang against the headboard. She put her face down into her pillows and reached out a hand to examine her poor pussy. Using her fingers, she felt Duke's cock hammering in and out. She felt the knot. It was so big! It slid through her fingers over and over. She moved her hand until she was rubbing her clit. The intense sensual pleasure of being fucked so hard and fast overwhelmed her.

She started to cum - not because she wanted to. Not because she was trying to. But because there was no way she could control her body's response to being fucked so completely and thoroughly. Claire's teenage pussy was used, taken, and controlled. She felt so degraded and humiliated. It was such a turn on!

"Fuck me Duke!" she cried. "Fuck your dirty little bitch!" Claire's orgasm started deep inside of her pussy - not from her sensitive clitty this time. This was a feeling she had never felt before. The orgasm was starting deep within her, somewhere in her belly, maybe her cervix or uterus. It

radiated outwards to her vagina, clit, and vulva. Her body was on fire! Her legs were trembling and her thighs were shaking uncontrollably.

“AAAHHHHHHHH! FUCK MEEEEEE DUUU-UUU-UUU-KE!”

Duke slammed her again and again as she came. He then pushed once more and held her close. He yelped and made short thrusts and held her tight. His knot swelled even more. Claire felt it growing inside of her like a balloon. She felt Duke’s hot cum spraying in her as he continued to push and fuck his bitch. Claire’s pussy began to spasm as he filled her womb with dog-sperm. It was so warm! There was so much of it!

“Oh Duke! Give me your cum, boy! Nnnnnngggg! Ahhhhh! Fuck me, Duke! Fuck-the-Bitch! Fuck-your-Bitch! Oh, I’m your fucking bitch, lover! I’m your fucking bitch forever, Duke!”

“Aaaaaaahhhhh!” Claire rode wave after intense wave of orgasms. Duke’s cock was locked inside of her now. He pushed up with his legs and actually lifted Claire’s ass off of the bed. His cock fully impaled her as he spurted potent dog sperm deep inside of her. His cum was trapped. They were locked. Claire came one last time and saw stars exploding behind her clenched eyes before she passed out.

As Claire slowly became aware, she realized she was still skewered on Duke’s long, fat, shaft. His large knot was keeping them joined firmly. He was still on top of her, panting heavily and drooling on her neck. Claire felt a burning sensation on her sides. She turned her head and discovered the multiple scratches on both sides of her hips and waist from Duke’s toe-nails. She touched her bloated, distended pussy. She could feel the knot inside of her. Her pussy was stretched and full. It also felt like she had a gallon of warm cum sloshing around inside of her. She felt good. She was satisfied, and knowing she had made Duke happy, caused her to feel even better.

Claire turned and looked at the clock nervously. How long will they be tied together, she wondered. What if her mom and dad came home and found her tied to Duke? She smiled, imagining their faces. Their sweet, innocent, daughter, a slut for dog cock. She giggled.

Claire was still horny. How could she not, with her pussy stuffed full? Her fingers played upon her cunt. She felt the knot inside of her pussy. She felt the large lump beneath her flesh. She rubbed her clit and humped against Duke until she came again, moaning out his name.

After an eternity, Claire felt Duke’s knot shrinking. She reached for the towel, pulling Duke along with her and feeling the knot stretching her. Duke tried to pull away and Claire clamped her pussy until she could hold the towel underneath her. With one, sharp, painful, tug, Duke’s still swollen knot popped out, followed by his long, fat, cock. A torrent of pre-cum and sperm gushed out of her pussy. Claire felt so empty now. She preferred the feeling of being full.

With only moments to spare until her parents came home, Claire praised Duke and told him what a good boy he was as he cleaned her pussy with his tongue and then cleaned his cock. Claire discarded the sopping wet towel in her hamper, promising herself to start a load of laundry soon. She wobbled on unsteady legs to the bathroom.

All week long, Claire and Duke played their sexy naughty games after school; Sniff-the-Bitch, Lick-the-Bitch, Bitch-Hand-Job, Bitch-Blow-Job, and their new favorite, Fuck-the-Bitch. All day at school, she dreamed of his handsome face, long tongue, and fat cock.

To protect herself from scratches, she used an old denim dress that was still loose, but way too short to wear in public – it was perfect to play all their naughty games and keep Duke’s nails from tearing

her up.

Saturday arrived, and Duke's doggy-date arrived in the early afternoon.

"Can I watch?" asked Claire. Her mother started to object, but her father spoke up.

"Sure, if you want to. Nothing a pretty young girl should want to see, but you're old enough," he said. Her mother remained silent.

The bitch's owner brought her dog into the back yard. "Time to get fucked, Princess!" she said.

Claire's father released Duke. He ran to his date. They sniffed each other. Duke sniffed the air, smelling her heat. The bitch presented herself to Duke. Duke sat down and waited.

"Go get her, Duke!" Doug Davis said.

"Maybe your dog is too immature to mate," Princess's owner smirk.

"Maybe you're right," Doug said. "He's never gotten laid before."

Claire smiled.

"Here, let me help, Dad. He's just a little nervous," Claire said. She knew what was wrong. She walked over to Duke and bent down to whisper in his ear, so no one could hear her.

"Sniff-the-Bitch, Duke!" Claire pointed to the dog, directing Duke's attention towards his intended target.

Duke got up and put his nose into the bitch's cunt. He sniffed her estrus, the arousing hormonal odor made his cock slip out.

"Lick-the-Bitch!" Claire whispered.

Duke began to lap at the bitch's cunt, tasting her and getting even more aroused.

"Now, Fuck-the-Bitch, Duke!"

Duke didn't need any further instructions. He knew how to do this trick! He immediately mounted Princess, found his target, and fucked her fast and furiously. In no time, they were locked together. Claire was very proud of him, but a little jealous.

"You sure have a way with dogs, Claire," Darlene Davis said. She was standing on the back desk watching.

"Yeah, you're like the mother fucking dog-whisperer," Princess's crass owner said.

Claire blushed. "It was easy," she said. "I've trained him not to try to hump things. He just had to know it was OK this time!"

"Well, the bond you and Duke have is very special," Darlene said. "Why, I even told my friends what a great job you've done with Duke, and they want you to train their dogs too."

"Hell, honey, if you can train a male show-dog not to hump everything he sees, you'll have plenty of customers," the owner said.

"Hmmm," Claire thought. Duke was fucking other bitches so she should be able to play with other dogs too. It was only fair, right?

"Claire, the dog trainer...," Claire said. "I like the sound of that!"

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## **Part Five**

"Mom!" Claire Davis yelled, her hand on the front doorknob. "I'm leaving now!"

"OK, honey, have fun!" Darlene said, walking into the room.

"I don't know how much fun it will be," Claire said. "Mrs. Norris's dog is terrible on a leash! If he can pull her around, I can imagine what he will do to me. Probably drag me along behind him."

"Well, that's why she's paying you to train him. And hopefully, you can teach him to stop shoving that big nose of his into everyone's crotch! Sultan is even worse than Duke used to be."

Darlene smiled at her daughter. "You'll do fine, Claire. You have a real special bond with dogs," she said. "You know how proud I am of you. I keep telling all my friends how well you trained Duke and soon, you'll have more dogs than you can handle!"

"Thanks, mom," Claire said, walking out the door while faking a smile. She did not share her mother's confidence.

Claire had a lot on her mind as she walked to Mrs. Norris's house. She wasn't sure how well she could train Sultan without using her secret weapon - her sweet-smelling, pussy.

She couldn't just walk up to Mrs. Norris and say, "Excuse me Mrs. Norris, I'll just take off my panties now and teach Sultan that only well behaved dogs get to sniff and lick my pussy. Then, I'll come back every day after school to jack him off to keep him from humping your leg, unless you don't mind if I give him a blow-job instead. Would that be OK, Mrs. Norris? You wouldn't mind if I suck your dog's cock, would you?"

Claire took a deep breath and sighed before knocking on Mrs. Norris's door. She immediately heard loud, deep-throated, barking. Mrs. Norris opened the door while trying to keep her body between Claire and her huge Great Dane, Sultan.

"Hi, Claire," she said. "Come on in!" Mrs. Norris struggled to hold Sultan back who seemed desperate to investigate the new, sweet-smelling human.

"Get down, Sultan!" Mrs. Norris said, still struggling to hold onto her dog's collar. Claire walked up to Sultan and let him sniff her hand. He immediately began licking it with his long, pink, tongue.

"He seems friendly," Claire said, petting the big, black, Great Dane. Sultan suddenly shoved his nose under Claire's skirt, deep into Claire's crotch, and began to sniff her pussy. The force of his snout hitting her cunt almost took her breath away.

"OMG! Sultan, stop that!" Mrs. Norris said. "I'm so sorry, Claire," she said tugging and pulling Sultan away. "It's like I told you on the phone, he's friendly all right, but all too friendly around us girls! Your mom said you trained your dog Duke not to do that, do you think you can handle Sultan?"

Sultan raised up on his hind legs, tugging against his collar, wanting to return to Claire, Claire

glanced at his large cock sheath and didn't know if her tight pussy could handle him at all.

"Um, I don't know, Mrs. Norris" Claire said. "He's pretty big." She pulled her eyes away from his cock and low-hanging balls. "I mean, he's a lot bigger than Duke, and he probably weighs more than I do."

"Yes, he's a handful alright," Tori said, taking Claire's hand and leading her to the couch. "Let's sit down so Sultan can get to know you without knocking you down. Just keep your legs closed, OK?" she smiled. "And, please call me Tori, Claire."

The two sat on the couch. Claire petted and played with Sultan but kept her legs clamped tightly together. Sultan was very unruly, jumping on the couch, sniffing her and licking her face. Sultan would need a lot of training, Claire realized, and she said so. "He's very rambunctious," Claire said. "He's going to need a lot of training. Much more than Duke. And, I got to spend a lot of time with Duke after school and we had obedience training every Saturday."

Tori continued. "All I can ask is that you do your best. If you can get him to walk on a leash without pulling me up and down the sidewalk that would be a big improvement."

"OK, Mrs. Norris. I mean, Tori," Claire said. The two discussed Claire's pay (a lot more than Claire expected), and decided that Claire would walk Sultan every day after school, and Tori would even pay for Claire's time to take Sultan to Mrs. Hill's obedience classes starting next Saturday, since Duke's graduation was this weekend.

"It won't be a problem for you to be alone with Sultan after school will it? I don't get home till almost 6:00 PM. You're out of school, at what time? Three?"

"Well, by the time I get home, change my clothes and let Duke out, I could be here around four," Claire calculated. That would give her almost two hours alone with Sultan and time enough to give Duke a quick hand-job or a blow-job.

"Uh, what about your husband?" Claire asked.

"Oh, your mother didn't tell you that I'm divorced?" Tori said. "I bought Sultan for protection and to keep me company since my husband left. I think I've had enough of men for a while."

"I know what you mean," Claire said. "Some guys are just ass-holes, pardon my language. That's why I love dogs so much more than boys." She quickly added, "I mean, dogs are so nice and they don't break your heart, you know?"

Claire then thought to herself, 'And, they don't tell everyone what a dirty, little, slut you are.'

"Exactly!" Tori said.

With everything settled, Claire quickly instructed Mrs. Norris how to correct Sultan whenever he tried to sniff her crotch. Claire stood up and called Sultan over. When he shoved his nose firmly into her pussy (which was already getting damp, just thinking about being able to play with Sultan and his big cock), Claire corrected him by blocking his access with a raised knee, told him "No!" and pulled his head away, denying him of a close-up snort of her female essence. Then, she tried to make him sit.

"The best thing to do when company comes over is to make him sit and stay, so he won't get a chance to act rude in front of your guests."

"Oh, Claire! You know so much about dogs! And you're so young, too!" Tori said. "But, what can we do about..., that?" Tori pointed to Sultan. He was still sitting down with Claire's help, but the tip of his long, pink, dick was sticking out.

"Uh, well..., he is a male dog, and it's going to happen," Claire said. "You can put him away when company comes, or..., you can have him fixed...", Claire added softly.

"Oh, no! I can't do that! The dog-breeder told me Sultan wouldn't be as good a protector for me if I did that! Besides, I could never hurt my poor, big, baby!" she said, hugging Sultan tightly.

"I know how you feel," Claire said. "I'll see what I can do with his..., ah..., problem," she added. "I learned a couple of tricks from Mrs. Hill at her obedience school. She owns the kennel just outside of town."

"That's where I got Sultan from!" Tori squealed. "She was so nice to me."

"Yes, she's very nice," Claire said. "She really loves dogs too," she added.

"Yes, I could tell," Tori said.

"Well, I better get started," Claire said. "If you show me where you keep his leash, I'll take him in the backyard first, to make sure he can't get away from me. Then, I'll try to take him for a walk."

"Sounds great!" Tori showed Claire where Sultan's leash was kept, his food, water, and his dog crate. Tori was so happy to know Sultan would be let out of his cage earlier every day and getting some exercise too. Finally, she handed Claire a spare house key.

Claire took Sultan in the back yard and tried to walk him around on his leash like Mrs. Hill taught her, making him stay at her side, and then starting, stopping, and making him sit.

"I can see you're going to need a lot of work, Sultan!" Claire said to him as he kept trying to pull away from her. Finally, after Sultan began to behave, Claire gripped the leash tightly, wrapped it around her wrist for extra support, and walked Sultan through the gate. She was determined to get him under her control.

Claire walked him down the sidewalk, having to correct him constantly. Whenever he pulled ahead of her, she admired his big, black, balls swaying ponderously back and forth. She wondered how much cum was stored in them, but only let her mind wander for a moment before making him heel once again. After a half-hour of his bad behavior, she took him to the park, led him into the woods. Claire took him to a little used path she was very familiar with. She had walked Duke down this secluded path on quite a few occasions, mostly on weekends, when her mom and dad were home.

Claire led Sultan into a small clearing where a single park bench stood and made Sultan sit down in front of her.

"Listen, Sultan," Claire began. "Here's how it is going to be. If you are a good boy, you get a sniff of my pussy, and maybe even more. If you are bad, no pussy for you! Understand?"

Of course, Sultan did not understand a word Claire said. However, when Claire took off her panties, he began to get excited. His sensitive nose could smell her sweet, musky, odor even better now!

Claire held her damp panties in front of Sultan's nose, letting him have a good, long, sniff. "If you want this, you have to do what I tell you, Sultan." She took her panties away.

"Sit!" With some effort, and with Claire's guidance, Sultan sat down.

"Good boy!" Claire said, and as a reward, let him sniff her panties again. After a few repetitions, Sultan was sitting quickly at her command. He was rarely given the opportunity to smell a female's odor – for long anyway – so he had learned to quickly shove his nose right into a woman's crotch to satisfy his canine curiosity.

"OK, let's try something else," Claire said. She then began to walk with him, taking him in a wide circle within the clearing, correcting him when he misbehaved, and praising him and letting him sniff her panties when he was good.

Claire was getting horny, and so was Sultan. His cock was exposed and the color was changing from light pink to a soft red. Claire had watched it grow with every sniff of her panties.

"What a big cock you have, Sultan," Claire said. She decided to play with it, even though she would be taking a calculated risk doing so in public. But, she had a job to do, and she was going to do it!

"Sultan, sit!" Claire said. "Good boy, here you go!"

"Sniff!"

"Sultan, I'm going to jack you off so you won't try to hump your mother for a while. And if you're a good boy, I can do this all the time. Got it?"

Sultan didn't understand, but when Claire slid her hand under his belly and rubbed his sheath, he grew excited. He liked this new human!

"Bitch-Hand-Job," Claire whispered into his ear, while she glanced up and down the path nervously.

Claire felt his cock growing in her hand. "Bitch-hand-job," she repeated. Soon, Sultan's cock was engorged with blood. She was amazed at how thick it felt in her small hands.

"Poor baby, I bet you have cum for ages!" Claire said. She began to stroke him up and down, felling her pussy get wetter and wetter as she jacked-off Sultan's huge cock. "Bitch-Hand-Jobs are for good boys, Sultan," she told him. "Are you going to be a good boy for Claire?"

Sultan licked her face, whined, and then stood up on all four legs. He lapped at Claire's face with gratitude.

Claire paused a moment to take a good, long, look at Sultan's cock. It was much longer and fatter than Duke's cock. The tip was wider and not as pointed. Sultan's cock was almost the same thickness the whole length of his shaft, except for the tip and the tapered base, just before his growing knot. She didn't know if she could take such a big thing into her little pussy. But, it look so tasty and pretty, all red, purple and pulsing with desire. She knew it would stretch her pussy out almost painfully. She couldn't wait to fuck him.

Sultan began to squirt his pre-cum and Claire quickly caught some in her palm using one hand while she stroked him with the other. She brought the hand to her mouth and gave it a quick slurp. "Mmmm," she moaned, before catching more pre-cum and stroking Sultan's fat doggy-dick once again.

Claire admired Sultan's smooth coat, long legs, and handsome face. And, he was so big! 'Big as a small horse,' she thought. 'No, a cow!' Claire giggled. With Sultan's large size and her stroking

actions, she felt like she was milking a cow. All she needed was a stool and a bucket!

Claire captured more of Sultan's slippery discharge and began jacking him off with both hands. With one hand sliding above the other, she moved them in unison from his base to his pointed, squirting, cock-head, and then back down to his swollen knot, pausing a moment to massage it. And what a knot it was! It felt like a baseball in her small hands. Claire then teased it with one hand while she stroked him with the other.

Sultan began to hump his body and curl his tail, so Claire stroked him faster. She really wanted to get on her knees and take his fat cock into her mouth but knew she would then have to explain to Tori how her skirt got dirty and how she ended up with dog-sperm splattered all over her blouse.

Sultan began to get restless. He was squirting pre-cum faster now. Claire felt his cock pulsing and twitching in her hands and whispered for a final time, "Bitch-Hand-Jobs are for good boys, Sultan!"

Claire felt Sultan's cock swelling in her hands. Then, he came. Claire felt his cock pulse and from the corner of her eye, watched Sultan first squirt of doggy-cum land at least three feet in front of him, splattering onto the ground.

"Do it, Sultan! Squirt your sweet-stuff, boy!" Oh, how she wished he was unloading into her mouth or cunt. Squirt after squirt erupted from his cock as he whined with pleasure. Claire watched breathlessly as the thin, potent, ejaculate pumped from his cock and landed on the ground. 'Such a waste of cum,' she thought.

Claire let him finish, stroking him softly until he was done.

Sultan sat down to clean his cock while Claire licked his sperm from her hands. "Mmm, Sultan," she said. "You taste good! I hope you liked your Bitch-Hand-Job!" Claire gave Sultan a kiss and Sultan licked her face with his wide, wet tongue.

After resting a few moments, Claire wiped her leaking pussy with her panties and led Sultan back home, praising him when he behaved and then letting him sniff her wet, sweet-smelling, panties, held tightly in her fist. When he misbehaved, she corrected him, holding her panties away from him and saying, "No!" Sultan was soon walking next to Claire and not tugging on his leash at all. He did not want to displease the sexy-smelling, young, human who had been so nice to him.

Smiling triumphantly, Claire let him back to Mrs. Norris's house.

Darlene Davis paced the living room. "No, I can't go shopping with you right now, Candice," she said, speaking on the phone with her best friend. "I have to wait for Claire to get home."

"Oh, Claire is meeting with Tori today. Remember I told you how good Claire is with dogs, and how she trained Duke? Well, Tori hired her to train that big monster Sultan."

"Teaching him to walk on a leash for starters, and maybe train him not to try to fuck every woman that comes over – you know how he's always shoving his nose up your twat or trying to hump your leg?"

"What did you say? Oh, you're so bad, Candy! Tori would never do that! She would never have sex with her dog!" Darlene paused. "Would she? Hee Hee!"

"What? He does it to everyone because he's so used to having his nose up Tori's nasty cunt?" Darlene said. "Just because you caught Sultan's nose up her skirt that one time doesn't mean



anything. Duke does that all the time! Well, until Claire trained him, that is.”

“But, Tori said she got a big dog for protection. I’m sure it’s not because he has a big cock, Candice, you are talking crazy! No woman would ever have sex with her dog!”

“Well on the internet, but they get paid for that kind of stuff! I mean, I’ve seen the videos. Well, I don’t mean I watched them, not for long anyway. I thought it was a little gross. A dog and all.

Well, sure, it looked like they enjoyed it, and I’ll admit it was hot, but a dog? Really? Not in real-life.”

“No! I would never let a dog lick my pussy! Of course not! OMG! Why would you even ask..., Wait, did you?”

“Why don’t you answer me, Candy?”

“No, I never had a dog growing up, mom was allergic. What are you implying?”

“OMG! You did! You let your little dog lick your kitty! How gross! And to think I’ve been licking the same pussy as a dog! I don’t know you any longer, Candice! What else did you do with your dog?”

“I’m not sure I believe you now, knowing what a perverted dog slut you are! We’re going out for drinks this weekend, then I’m going to eat your pussy until you tell me everything!”

Darlene began to get horny sat down in the large chair. She smoothly slid her hand into her panties to play with herself as she often did when she gossiped with Candice.

“Well, yeah, everyone knows Tori’s a tramp, but having sex with her dog? Could you just imagine that bitch getting it on with her dog?”

Duke’s ears perked up. He was half asleep but he was positive he heard the ‘Bitch’ word. The word Claire uses when they did nice things together. He listened closely. He had never played with the taller, nice-smelling, human before. She never let him.

Darlene began to image Sultan licking Tori’s pussy. She thought of her cute friend Tori lying on her back, her legs spread wide, and Sultan’s big head between her thighs, lapping at her cunt with his big, long, tongue. It made Darlene shiver. For some reason, she found herself getting even more aroused. It was so perverted, so deprived, and so fucking hot!

“Can you just imagine that big fucking dog going down on Tori’s pussy and licking that bitch’s twat?”

Duke heard Darlene say the ‘bitch’ word again. Usually, the other female, human just spoke nonsense into the little black thing, for hours it seemed. But she never said anything important like, “Duke! Time to eat! Or Bitch-Blow-Job.” But he definitely just heard her say something that sounded very much like ‘Lick-the-Bitch.’ He got up from the floor to investigate.

As he got closer, he could smell the human’s sexual arousal. He wondered if she wanted to play with him like he did with Claire. He sat in front of Darlene and waited. He panted in anticipation, letting his long, wet, pink, tongue hang out of his handsome, hairy mouth.

Darlene looked at him quizzically for a moment and then went back to her conversation.

“You think she begs for his cock? I’m sure she does! Tori the dog-slut! Ha-ha-ha-ha!” Darlene was getting even more turned on. She stood up and peeled her panties off with one hand, keeping the

phone pressed to her ear with the other one. She spread her legs so she could get better access to her hot, wet, pussy. She noticed Duke salivating in front of her. Darlene glanced at his tongue. In her horny state of arousal, she could almost imagine it lapping at her pussy and licking her clit, like the women in those nasty movies.

"Ohhh," she sighed, dipping her fingers into her pussy.

"No, I didn't say anything," Darlene said. "I was just thinking out loud. Can you picture Sultan's long, fat tongue licking that bitch?" Darlene stared at Duke's tongue, and wished it was in her hot cunt right now.

Duke definitely heard "Lick-the-Bitch" this time. It was close enough, he decided. The taller human female was definitely asking for his tongue inside her juicy slit. He stood up, stepped forward, and shoved his nose into Darlene's exposed pussy and began to lap at it enthusiastically. It tasted different than Claire's, but still delicious.

Darlene inhaled sharply as Duke's probing tongue took her by surprise. She had somehow been granted her wish. WTF? Her eyes widened in pleasure before she could scold Duke. She had never been prudish when it came to sex, and since Candy admitted to doing it with her dog, why not have a little fun with Duke? At least for a little while- just to know what it was like.

'Oh my, it felt good!' She opened her legs a little more and let Duke lick her steaming cunt. This was much better than fingering herself, and besides, she was sure Candy was jilling-off too. She laid back and relaxed, realizing she would be able to cum from Duke's slurping tongue. She looked forward to a nice, long, pussy licking.

"Slurp, slurp, slurp."

"Do you hear something, Candy?" Darlene asked nervously. She was afraid her friend could hear Duke eating her out.

"Oh, nothing. I thought I heard something. It must be our connection," Darlene said. "Now, where were we? Oh yeah, Tori the dog slut! Well, it makes sense she would fuck her dog. She hasn't had any cock since her husband left her, as far as I know. And it's no wonder he left! I caught her flirting with Doug at that party - the one when she got caught sucking off that guy in the bathroom? She's a tramp! I told her if I caught her flirting with my husband again, she was going to get it, I said, 'Listen bitch, you try that again and I'll kick your ass.'"

Duke stopped. He was confused. He heard the 'bitch' word again, something that sounded like 'lick' and the word 'ass.' Did she want him to lick her other hole, like he did for Claire?

"What? Hell yes, I'd kick the bitch's ass!"

Duke barked. He couldn't Lick-the-Bitch's-Ass while she was sitting on it.

"Duke wants something, hang on!" Darlene pressed the mute button. "What's the matter Duke, why did you stop licking my cunt?" It was really starting to feel good. She decided to get on the floor and plant her pussy right in front of Duke. She got on her knees and pushed her ass into Duke's hairy face. Duke immediately began to lick her pussy and then her ass-hole.

"Oh, Duke!" Darlene moaned, feeling Duke's tongue sliding deeper into her pussy and then lapping at her ass-hole. "OMG!" Darlene wished she had played with Duke like this a long time ago! She took herself off of mute, determined to cum in secret while talking to her slutty friend.

"I'm back, sorry!" Darlene said. "Duke was barking at a cat, I think he wants to eat some pussy, like Sultan does for Tori! Hee-hee!"

Duke did want to eat some pussy. He licked Darlene's pussy and then he lapped at her ass-hole. He licked her pussy and tasted more delicious juices. He shoved his tongue deep into Darlene's cunt.

"Uhhhhhgggggghhh! Ohhh!" Darlene said. What a tongue he had! The mother-fucker was trying to lick her uterus!

"Oh, nothing! Leg cramp! Ow it hurts!" She put the phone back on mute. "Oh, Duke! Lick that pussy! Lick that ass!" Her husband didn't like to eat her ass and wasn't very good at licking pussy either. She always had to go to Candy to get a good rim-job or a nice, long pussy-licking. Duke's tongue snaked into her hole and then prodded her ass.

"Uh! Oh!" Darlene said, "I mean, Oh, yeah! I'd kick the bitch's ass, wouldn't you?" Encouraged by her repeated pronunciation of "Lick-the-Bitch's Ass!" Duke lapped harder and faster. His cock began sliding out of his sheath.

"Of course I would! If she went after Doug again, I'd fuck that bitch up! Are you kidding me? Hell yes, I'd fuck that bitch up! She wouldn't know what hit her!"

Duke heard the magic words 'Up' and 'Fuck-the-Bitch.' He jumped on Darlene's back and began to probe for her pussy with his long, slimy, dog-dick.

"Unnngh!" Darlene grunted, feeling Duke's weight on her back. She turned her head to see Duke's happy face against her shoulder as he searched for her warm, wet, hole.

"Nothing! I got to go!" Darlene dropped the phone. "Duke, what the fuck are you doing?" She started to get up, lowering her ass a little. "You nasty dog, get off of me!"

With Darlene's ass now in position, Duke's cock found her slick pussy. He slammed his cock home.

"Uhhhhhghhh!" Darlene grunted, feeling the dog's long, fat cock fully penetrating her pussy. Before she could think, Duke began to fuck her fast, driving his big cock in and out, again and again.

"No! Duke!" she cried, arching her back and raising her head in alarm. She was about to try to throw him off of her, when she felt his cock growing inside of her. He was much bigger than her husband. It was starting to feel good. She hadn't had a long, fat, cock inside of her since college. She felt her pussy stretching. Duke's cock was making her feel very good!

"Mmmm,mmm!" Darlene. She might as well enjoy it, she decided. She wiggled her ass back and forth for Duke, like she would for any other lover.

"Oh yeah, fuck me Duke!" Darlene moaned. "I never knew it could be this good! Oh Duke! You lovely, lovely dog! What a cock you have!"

Duke's fat dick grew to full hardness. His knot began to swell as it drove into Darlene's wet pussy again and again.

"Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me, Duke!" Darlene yelled, not needing to be quiet, knowing she was all alone in the house. It was feeling so good! It was so dirty! Now she knew why those nasty sluts on the internet fucked dogs. They didn't need money to do it. Hell, she was loving it and doing it for free!

Duke's cock fucked her like she had never been fucked before. Darlene slid a hand to her cunt and felt the fat cock fucking her wet cunt again and again. Duke's balls slapped her clit. Darlene rubbed her pussy and then she started to come all over Duke's fat doggy-dick. She felt something warm filling her pussy as the orgasmic tingles started emanating from her pussy.

'Oh, gawd! He's cumming inside of me!' she thought. It sent her over the edge. It was so warm and there was so much of it! But, Duke wasn't coming yet. He was only spraying his pre-cum. He would cum when he was fully locked with his new bitch; to keep his cum inside of her and ensure she was properly bred.

"Oh, oh, oh!" Darlene cried each time the knot drove inside of her. She creamed on his cock. Duke was driving his long shaft into places she had never felt before. He was so thick! She was so full of fat doggy-dick!

"Oh, fuck me Duke!" Darlene cried! "You're making me cum! A fucking dog is making me his bitch! Do it! Make me your bitch, Duke! Make me cum, you nasty dog!"

The tingles spread to her thighs and she felt them deep inside her abdomen. Her orgasm exploded inside of her with an intensity she had never experienced before. This was even better than that threesome back in college! Her body shook as she came. "Fuuuuuckkkk meeeee, Duuuke!"

Duke drove his knot into Darlene one final time. She grunted as it spread her pussy-lips and settled snugly in her hole. Duke held her tight, spraying her full of dog-jizz and gripping her tight. His knot swelled, tying them together.

"What the fuck is that, Duke?" Darlene cried, feeling something growing inside of her cunt. It stretched her pussy and filled her up even more. She came again, babbling. "Fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!"

"I'm cumming again Duke! Fuck me and make me cum again! FUUCK MEEEEEE! I-eeeeeee!" Darlene had never felt her cunt stuffed so full before! She came over and over, now with her face on the floor and rubbing her clit with her fingers, intent on coaxing out every last remnant of her fantastic orgasm. Wave after wave washed over her, getting smaller and smaller until at last she was finished.

"Ahhhhh," she sighed. "That felt so damn good!"

Both Duke and Darlene panted on the floor together. "Whew! Duke!" she said. "We're going to do this again!"

Darlene started to get up and realized Duke's cock was somehow stuck inside of her. She tried to pull away.

"Owwww!" It wouldn't budge. Whatever was inside of her was too big to come out. OMG! She was tied to him - just like Duke was tied to the female dog last weekend! There was no way to separate herself without ripping her pussy open, and she already had one episiotomy scar. What was she going to do now? She was stuck to a dog in her own living room!

Darlene remembered something her daddy said. What did he call it? 'Knotted?' Yes, that was it, like a knot on a piece of rope! But, the rope was a huge dog cock, and the knot was stuck inside of her cunt. She was knotted to a fucking dog! She would have to wait until his knot got smaller, like a guy's cock wilts after they cum. It shouldn't take long, she hoped. Her husband Doug usually shriveled-up in a matter of minutes. She wished she had stayed around after Duke was knotted with Princess last weekend. Then, she would have some idea how long she would be stuck like this.

Darlene sighed and accepted her fate.

"A real gentleman tries to keep his weight off his woman, Duke," she said to the dog resting on her back. She put her forearms the floor and tried to make the best of the situation. Duke drooled on her neck. She wished she could reach one of the pillows on the couch, but it was too far away.

Suddenly, she heard keys jiggling in the front door lock! She tried to get away and hide, but Duke was trying to pull her in the opposite direction towards the door. She had to crawl along with him to keep her pussy from getting ruined. Then, the door opened! Was it Doug or Claire? She looked up, knowing she was caught. How humiliating! How embarrassing! Her life was over!

"Oh, Claire!" she cried. Her own daughter was now a witness to her depravity. She began to sob, drawing in huge gulps of air.

"Oh, honey!" she began. "Duke, he raped me!" Darlene said. "He was trying to sniff my pussy, and I pushed him away, but when I stood up, I fell, and he.., he..., raped me! It was horrible! Help me Claire!"

Claire walked into the room. She smiled at the sight before her. Duke tried to get closer to Claire, but he was weighed down with some extra baggage.

"You old, pussy-hound, Duke," Claire giggled. She walked up to the pair and scratched Duke behind his ears and giggled some more.

"Don't laugh, Claire," her mother said. "Your stupid dog! Oh, get him off of me! It was horrible!"

"Mom," Claire said. "I was outside the door for a long time. I heard you begging for Duke's cock. Besides, he wouldn't have done it if you didn't ask him too; he's too well trained."

"Ask him? No, I never!" Well, she had wished for his tongue in her pussy, but she never asked Duke to lick it or fuck her.

"It felt really good, didn't it, mom? It sounded like you came more than once."

"What? No? I...", she began to sob again.

"You are going to be tied for a good 15 to 20 minutes, unless you're a lot looser than I am. And, it's going to be messy when he pulls out. I'll go get a towel. Wait right here." Claire giggled again. "Well, I guess you're not going anywhere, are you?" She laughed and then left the room.

"What?" Darlene yelled at her after daughter.

"Looser than you?"

"You mean my pussy?"

"Get a towel?"

"Are you...? Oh my god, you are! You're fucking Duke too!"

"That's where my towels have been going!"

Realization set in. Her daughter fucked the family dog. Her best friend probably fuck dogs. Tori was probably fucking her dog right now. And she just had the fucking of her life from a damn dog!

"Yup," Claire said, returning to the room. "Duke's my lover. After Tony, I'm finished with boys." There was no sense in hiding it, Claire knew. Besides, now that she had Sultan and soon other dogs to play with, Duke was going to need another pussy to keep him satisfied.

She handed her mother the towel. "Here, hold this under your pussy and be ready when he pulls out. He really cums a lot!"

"I know," her mother sniffed. It was strange, but she felt an odd sexual bond with her daughter now. "I can feel his cum inside of me," Darlene said. The warm liquid sloshed around in her as she positioned the cloth under her.

With her mother still on the floor tied with Duke, Claire explained how it all began. From teasing Duke, then jacking him off, and finally, training him to lick her pussy, and finally, to fucking on command, all innocently started to keep Duke sexually satisfied and safe from her mother's threat of cutting off his balls.

"So," Claire said. "All of this is kind of your fault, but don't worry, I won't tell dad," Claire said. She felt a little bit superior to her mother at this moment. After all, she had freedom to move around, but her mother was tied to a dog in their own living room. She was feeling generous.

"I'm sorry, Claire," her mother began. "And, thank you for what you did for Duke, and for our family. I wish I had known sooner. Damn, I didn't know it would feel so good!"

Then, Darlene grimaced. "Uh, oh, he's pulling out!"

Duke pulled away from Darlene and suddenly hopped off her back. His knot popped out with a grunt from Darlene and a flood of dog-sperm gushing out of her cunt.

"I'm going to have to buy more towels," Darlene said thoughtfully, staring at Duke's enormous cock and purple knot, as she held the towel against her leaking cunt. She sat down with the towel held tight. Then, she asked, "What other tricks have you taught Duke?"

"Duke!" Claire said, commanding his attention.

Duke stopped licking his cock and looked at his master. Claire lifted her skirt to show Duke and her mother her naked pussy.

"Duke, Sniff-the-Bitch!" Duke came over and put his nose into Claire's pussy. "I like to tease him until we both get really horny," Claire said.

Then, Claire then showed her mother all of the other tricks she had taught Duke.

"Oh, that's why he did it! I was talking to Candice on the phone and kept calling Tori a bitch! He must have thought...."

"Yeah, you have to be careful using the bitch words around Duke," Claire said.

"And, um, you have to 'relieve' Duke every day or so, so he won't try to hump everyone or expose his big disgusting cock to my guests?" Darlene asked her daughter.

"Yup," Claire said. "Sometimes twice a day. I like to fuck him after school, and I usually suck him off in my room at night before I go to bed. And, I think his big doggy-dick is cute!" Claire added.

"Well, I do too," her mother said, then added. "Now I do anyway."

The two were now sitting on the floor inspecting Duke's cock. Duke liked the extra attention.

"You know, I can help with Duke, if you want. I mean, it is my fault. And that knot of his, OMG does that feel good!" Darlene ran her finger tips over Duke's swollen knot.

"Yeah, I love the knot too." Claire said. "I like the way it stretches my puss. And now that I have to train Sultan after school every day, I would be great if you could help me take care of Duke. You know what I mean?" Claire asked, stroking Duke's cock.

"Yes. I do," Darlene said, blushing. "Yes. Thanks. I'd like that."

"I don't mind sharing Duke with you," Claire said. "Then, I won't feel like I'm cheating on him when I'm training Sultan." They both stared at Duke's growing dick as Claire absent mindedly stroked it.

"OMG mom," Claire said. "That reminds me! You should see how big Sultan's cock is! It's huge!"

"I'd like to..., uh..., see it sometime. Maybe after you get him trained?"

"Yeah, that would be cool!" Claire said. She would love to see her mother get fucked by Sultan.

"And, um..., Claire?" her mother asked. "Would you mind if I borrowed Duke once in a while? I mean, off course, I'll help you take care of Duke every day..., like we talked about..., but would it be alright if borrowed him for a night or two? I'd like to bring him over to visit my good friend Candice's sometime. Maybe this weekend?"

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## **Part Six**

It was graduation day at Mrs. Hill's obedience class. Claire Davis waited nervously with her handsome German Shepard, Duke. She watched the other owners walking their dogs while Mrs. Hill shouted out instructions: "Heel! Stop! Sit! Stay! Lay-down!"

Claire's turn was next. She reached down and scratched Duke behind the ears. He looked up at his master and panted, his big pink tongue hanging out of mouth. His white teeth glistened as he smiled happily at her and wagged his tail. Then, at Claire's command, Duke quickly got up and waited at her side. Claire led Duke around the ring, repeating Mrs. Hill's instructions. After a few agonizing moments, it was over, and Claire took a long, shaking, breath. "Whew!"

"You did great, Duke! Good boy!" Claire said, praising Duke.

To Claire's surprise, Mrs. Hill awarded Duke the first-placed ribbon. Claire was so proud! The other owners congratulated her, agreeing with Mrs. Hill's decision. They deserved it.

"You and Duke have really done well, Congratulations!" Mrs. Hill said to Claire, after the other owners had left. "You really have a way with animals." She patted Claire's shoulder awkwardly and then petted Duke. She seemed more comfortable with animals than humans. "Come back to the office, I have something for you."

Claire and Duke followed Mrs. Hill to her office. "First place ribbons sometimes come with an award. Just for special dogs and their owners, like you and Duke." She presented Claire with a nail-grinder for Duke's toenails. "I usually try to give a small prize to someone I feel has really excelled in my class. This makes a dog's nails much smoother so they won't scratch you so badly," Mrs. Hill said,

smiling.

"Thanks! Duke really scratched me up the first time we..., " Claire started to say. "I mean..."

Mrs. Hill smiled knowingly, and didn't let Claire finish her sentence. "Well, now he won't scratch you so badly," she said. She then showed Claire how to use the device. Duke's toe-nails were soon smooth and perfectly rounded.

"Duke did very well out there," Mrs. Hill said. "How is the 'other' training going? Duke's little problem we talked about? He seems so well behaved now," she teased, watching Claire face bloom a little bit pink from embarrassment.

"Duke never puts his nose where it doesn't belong now," Claire said proudly. "Unless you ask him to."

"Oh, I see," Mrs. Hill said. She slyly winked at Claire and said, "I'd like see what other tricks you have taught him sometime." She smiled at their private joke.

"Duke!" Claire said, determined to show her teacher how well Duke had learned his lessons. She pushed out her crotch and said, "Duke! Sniff-the-Bitch!"

Duke immediately shoved his nose under Claire's short skirt and sniffed repeatedly at her sex.

"Oh, my," Mrs. Hill said. "I didn't mean for you to.... Oh, never mind," Mrs. Hill decided. She knew her and Claire were kindred spirits when it came to canine love. "What else does he know?" Mrs. Hill was very curious now, wondering what other tricks Claire had taught him.

"He knows lots of tricks!" Clair said proudly. "He can Lick-the-Bitch and Fuck-the-Bitch, and..."

"Bark!" Duke interrupted. He had become excited, hearing his special commands.

"No, Duke, not now, boy!" Claire said. "We can play later. I promise. Sit!"

Duke sat, his long, pink, penis now poking out from his sheath.

Claire continued. She whispered into Mrs. Hill's ear while keeping an eye on Duke, "He knows Bitch-Hand-Job and Bitch-Blow-Job, too!"

"Uh, that's very nice, Claire," Mrs. Hill said. "You two have been busy!" Now Mrs. Hill was blushing.

"Yeah, like I said, he don't try to sniff anyone's pussy unless I tell him to. And he doesn't try to hump everybody's legs since I've been jacking him off and stuff, like you said."

"Well, I only explained how professional dog breeders..., Oh forget it." Mrs. Hill dropped all pretenses. Since they shared a special love for the furry, loving, animals, she didn't need to pretend any longer.

"And your mother?" Mrs. Hill asked. "No more threats about having him castrated?"

"Oh no!" Claire said. "Mom loves Duke now!" She giggled. She was so excited to be able to talk to someone about dogs, dog training, and dog-sex!

"I caught them tied together the other day - it was so funny! And, gosh! Mom was so embarrassed! But, I could tell she really liked it, you know? Especially after I had heard her begging for Duke's big



dick! Ha! Ha! Ha!

"Anyway, I showed mom all of his other tricks. Now, she takes care of him after school when I'm training Sultan. She can't wait to meet Sultan when he's trained. She asks me about him almost every day!" Claire made her voice sound higher, mocking her mother. "'How's Sultan's training coming along?' 'When are you bringing him over to see me?' She's acting really, really, slutty lately."

Then, Claire remembered something. "Hey, maybe you can help me with Sultan?"

"Well, I don't know..." Mrs. Hill began. This young girl was talking as if training dogs for sex was the most natural thing in the world! Did she really want get involved with such a girl?

And, it seemed Claire had no filter between her brain and her mouth when it came to 'puppy-love,' as Mrs. Hill liked to call it.

"So, like I'm having trouble with Sultan. I go to Tori's house every day after school, I mean Mrs. Norris's house, and..."

"That Sultan? The Great-Dane? Mrs. Norris purchased him from me. Yes, he's very unruly and very difficult to train. I was happy to find him a good home."

"Well, Tori is paying me to train him. But he's worse than Duke ever was! Shoving his nose up every girl's twat and humping things." Claire added, her mind jumping from one thought to another, "Oh, we're attending your obedience school class next week! It will be fun!" She then got around to Sultan's training. She continued, "But, I don't know if he's stupid, or not able to remember his lessons, or what's wrong with him? He seems to do very well when I'm with him, but the next time, it's like he's forgotten everything I've taught him!"

"Oh? How so?"

"Well, I taught him all the basic commands, sit, stay and stuff, and then Sniff-the-Bitch, and Lick-the-Bitch, you know? Oh, he really loves Bitch-Hand-Job!" Claire said enthusiastically, making long jerking-off motions with her hand. "But then the next day, he's shoving his nose in my twat again! Without permission! He knows better than that! Why is he forgetting everything so soon?"

"Well, he's always been difficulty to train. He is very, ah, how shall I say it?"

"Horny?" Claire asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Hill said. "And he's still immature, remember. But, he always was very, very, eager, if you know what I mean."

"Yeah, he's eager for the beaver all right. His big ol' doggy-dick is always wanting attention! And, it's huge!" Claire held out her hands to show Mrs. Hill how big Sultan's cock was.

Mrs. Hill nervously cleared her throat, recalling Sultan's swollen dick from the brief time he had spent at her kennels. Her mind wondered for a bit. She smiled. Then, thinking about Claire's problem, she mentally ran down the list of reasons why Sultan might be having problems learning. She considered one possibility and pondered on it. 'No. Maybe? No. Well, probably. Yes. That must be it,' she decided.

Mrs. Hill said, "Did you ever consider he was relearning his bad habits from someone else?"

"From someone else?" Claire repeated. "But from who? Oh, you mean Tori!" Claire exclaimed.

"Well, I'm not accusing her of anything, of course," Mrs. Hill said nervously, "But sometimes an owner can mistakenly undo years of..,"

"Oh!" Claire exclaimed, interrupting. "So, you mean while I'm teaching him not to sniff and lick pussy until I tell him to, Tori is letting him, or making him, lick her pussy?"

Mrs. Hill only raised her eyebrow and studied Claire countenance. She could see the young girl's mind whirling in thought.

Mrs. Hill quickly changed the subject. "Hey, do you still want to work with me this summer, Claire?" With Claire's already formidable knowledge, she would be a great addition to her business operations.

"Oh, I don't know, I really want to! But, I have Sultan to train, and mom is telling everyone how good I am at training randy dogs - I'm already getting asked to take on more dogs, but I don't know how, or when...,"

"Listen, I can help with that. I'll make you a deal. You can rent the little out building on my property and do your training there. I only use it for storage, now and it will be perfect for you." Mrs. Hill noticed Claire had become concerned when she mentioned charging her for the room

She took Claire's hand. "Legally, I have to charge you something, Claire. It won't be much, I promise,"

Claire brightened immediately and gave Mrs. Hill a hug.

"I'm sure you would appreciate a little privacy for your, uh, special training." Mrs. Hill smiled, squeezing Claire and then letting her go. "And, I need help with the dog grooming as well as some extra help in the kennels. It would be a great learning experience for you, since you love dogs as much as I do."

"Wow! That sounds great!" Claire said. She would have her own place to train her dogs, and she knew she would learn all kinds of things from Mrs. Hill. She couldn't wait for school to be let out for the summer!

The two briefly discussed Claire's pay and the rent, and then Mrs. Hill showed Claire and Duke around the place. When Mrs. Hill showed Claire the kennels, and she saw all the pretty doggies in their large cages, mostly large breeds, she giggled in happiness. She looked them over and noticed how happy they were to see her too. Some of their pink doggy dicks were already poking out with excitement.

"Wow, I think I'm going to love working here!"

Claire jingled her keys at the front door of Mrs. Norris's house Monday afternoon. She could hear Sultan's deep throated barking coming from the backroom before she even opened the door.

Claire "Hey boy! You ready to get out of there?"

Opening the cage, Claire petted Sultan as he jumped, twirled and happily tried to lick her face. He was so very happy to see her again! He tried to sniff Claire's pussy, but Claire was ready and stopped him before he could get his nose into her crotch. She led him out and watched him race

around the yard. Such a handsome, healthy, animal!

While Sultan was out. Claire removed her skirt and panties. She rubbed herself while she waited for Sultan, getting her pussy nice and wet. She let Sultan in, grabbed his collar, and led him to the living room.

"Sit!"

Sultan sat.

Claire positioned herself on the edge of the couch and spread her legs.

"Stay!"

Sultan whined. He could smell her sweet, wet, pussy.

Claire began to finger herself, making the whole room smell of hot, wet, cunt. She waved her slick fingers and hand, making sure Sultan received a good sniff of her sex. Sultan sniffed the air, got up and walked to Claire. He was going to feast on her sweet pussy!

"Sultan! No!"

Claire clamped her legs together. She got up from the couch and pulled Sultan back to his place.

"Sit! Stay!"

She returned to the couch and tried again. Sultan lasted a little longer this time, but his hardening penis led him towards Claire's pussy again.

"Oh, what am I going to do with you, Sultan?" She tried three more times and gave up in frustration.

"Hmmm," she thought, "Maybe he was too excited from being in his cage all day?" Claire put her skirt back on, wiped her pussy with her panties, and took Sultan on a nice, long walk. He did very well while practicing his leash training. He got a sniff of Claire's wet panties when he was good and didn't get to sniff her sweet odor when he was bad. He so wanted to be good!

Claire finally led him home after a long, long walk. She was tired, and hoped Sultan would be better behaved now.

Claire put Sultan in his place.

"Sit! Stay!"

She sat on the edge of the couch. She opened her legs. She fingered her pussy. Sultan's cock grew hard but he waited. Claire was just about to let him sniff and lick her cunt when he got up and stalked over to once more.

"Sultan! No! Bad dog! No pussy for you today! No Lick-the-Bitch or Bitch-Hand-Job either!" She sadly led Sultan back in his cage. She regretted it nearly as much as he did. She had been looking forward a nice, long, pussy licking and also the thrill of seeing Sultan's big, doggy-dick squirting his sweet, doggy-cum! But, Sultan had to learn his lesson!

Claire quietly turned the doorknob after sliding in her key and unlocking Mrs. Norris's front door. She had purposefully left behind her book bag from school to give herself an excuse to return to

Tori's home. Claire had to find out why Sultan had done so well last week but had forgotten everything over the weekend.

Claire sneaked into the entryway and listened for something besides her pounding heart.

"If Mrs. Norris has been messing up all my hard work training Sultan," Claire thought, "I'll..., I'll..., " Well, she didn't know what she would do, but she would be very angry!

She grabbed her book bag and tip-toed into the hallway. Listening carefully, she could hear Mrs. Norris talking to someone. Then, she heard Sultan whining. Claire walked down the hallway to Mrs. Norris's bedroom.

"Come on Sultan! Eat mommy's pussy boy! What's wrong with you? You used to love to make your mommy cum!"

Tori was too occupied to notice Claire peering around the edge of the half-opened door. Sultan was sitting before Tori. His cock was hard. Claire could tell Sultan was clearly agitated and conflicted. He whined again. Tori was naked on the bed. Her legs spread wide. She was fingering her wet pussy, trying to entice Sultan to lick it. She fondled her large breasts in frustration.

Poor Sultan didn't know what to do. The nice young girl had taught him not to sniff or lick until she said the special words. And, his master was teasing him with her sweet-tasting fuck-hole. He knew he might be punished if he disobeyed. The nice young girl might take away her pussy for a long, long time, like she did earlier today. He whined again.

"Oh, Sultan, you've been acting funny all weekend. Why? Why don't you want to lick mommy's pussy anymore?"

"Bang!" The bedroom door flew open. "Because I've been training him not to, like you're paying me to do Tori!" Claire said loudly.

Tori jumped! She squealed! She tried to cover herself! She looked at Claire with surprise, fear and slow realization followed by absolute, utter, shame!

"How dare you torture this poor animal!" Claire said. She was very angry at Tori. All of her hard work was nearly ruined. And the suffering Tori was causing to her dog! Claire reached down to Sultan. "Hello Sultan," she said softly, bending over and petting him. She squatted down and gave him a hug. "You're a good boy!" She scratched his ears. "Yes you are!" Sultan smiled at her and thumped his tail.

"Look at what you're doing to him!" Claire continued. "I spend my whole afternoon teaching him not to shove his nose in everyone's twat, and here you are, undoing all my hard work, and teasing the poor dog with your nasty-ass pussy!"

Claire had learned her lesson when it came to teasing dogs. She deeply regretted what she had done to poor Duke, week after week, teasing him and always denying him release. Her actions has almost caused Duke's castration! She couldn't tolerated anyone teasing a dog now.

"I'm..., I'm..., sorry, Claire!" Tori sobbed. How humiliating! Claire knew know why Sultan shoved his nose into every female's cunt; it was because of her! She had made him do it!

"Have you ever pleased him?" Claire asked softly. "Have you jacked him off or sucked his cock or maybe fucked him?"

"No!" Tori said. "I would never do such a thing! He's just a d..."

Claire didn't let her finish. "But it's OK for you? You hypocrite! Isn't it no fucking wonder Sultan tries to hump every warm-body he meets? You make him lick your pussy until he's so horny, it hurts! You're giving your dog a massive case of blue-balls! Can you blame him for sniffing and humping all the time?"

"I..., I..., I never... Oh, my poor baby!" Tori said, suddenly realizing how badly she had been treating her precious, dog. "But, I'm so lonely!" she cried.

"And Sultan has been here for you. Every day, right? Licking your pussy until you cum!"

And then! Then! You just leave him, all crazy and horny!"

"I guess I... Yes..." Tori wiped her tears and sobbed.

"No more!" Claire said, "If you're going to treat a dog like that, you're going to learn to be nicer to him. It's not like he can jack himself off!"

"Whaaa?" Tori began.

"Spread your legs!" Claire demanded. "Now!"

"I can't... Are you serious?" Tori began. "No... Claire?" Tori was worried. While she loved to be dominated by a man with a big, thick cock, she wasn't used to being ordered around by a cute school girl!

"I said spread-em!" Claire said once more. She was about ready to open Mrs. Norris's legs for the poor dog herself.

"OK! But why are you...", Tori began. She slowly opened her legs. Her bald pussy glistened on the edge of the bed.

"Sultan!" Claire said. "Sniff-the-Bitch!" She pointed to Tori's odiferous, wet, cunt.

That was all the encouragement Sultan needed. He jumped up and put his nose into his master's wet pussy!

"Sultan? Claire?" Tori exclaimed. She felt Sultan's large nose snorting and sniffing against her pussy. "Oh!"

"Now, Sultan! Lick-the-Bitch!"

Sultan obediently began slurping and lapping at his master's pussy. "Oh my god!" Tori exclaimed.

"Get it, Sultan! Lick-the-Bitch!" Claire encouraged. "Good boy! Lick it! Lick that fucking bitch!"

Sultan slurped his tongue deep inside of Tori's pussy. She felt it wiggling inside of her. "Oh, god, yes, baby!" Tori said, spreading her legs wider and grabbing her dog's head, pulling him closer. "Yes! Lick your mommy! I've been missing this so much! Yes, do it, Oh, I've been a bitch to you, Sultan. Lick-your-Bitch, boy!" She had nearly forgotten about Claire as she closed her eyes and humped her tingling twat into her wonderful dog's face.

Claire watched Sultan devouring Tori's pussy. She knew exactly how Tori felt. Sultan was a very

eager cunt-lapper.

"Nnnnnngghhh!" Tori moaned. "Aaaaaaahhhhh!" she cried.

Tori fell back upon the bed and groped her large, fat, breasts. "Sultan! Oh, Sultan!" she moaned. His tongue was slurping up and down her slit. He attacked her clitoris. He pushed his tongue inside of his master, trying to get every drop of her essence. Knowing Claire was watching her slutty behavior made it all the more nasty and depraved. Tori loved to exhibit herself, and this was her most wanton, uninhibited, sexual experience yet! How arousing! She felt the familiar tingles emanating from her cunt.

"Oh! God! You're making mommy..., Oh! Oh! Yes! Yes! YES!"

Tori felt her orgasm engulf her. Her thighs quivered and turned to jelly as she came. Her abdomen shook as a huge, orgasmic, wave crashed over her. Another wave, and her pussy spasmed and her toes curled. Another wave, and her head rocked back and forth on the bed as Sultan continued his attack on her sopping wet cunt. "So goood!"

Finally, it was over.

"Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!" Tori sighed heavily, before turning on her side and clamping her legs together.

"Slurp, slurp, slurp!" was the only sound in the room. Sultan continued to lick his master, trying to get back into her pussy. He licked her ass, her thighs, her legs and her toes.

"Sultan! Sit!" Claire said. "Stay!" she turned her attention to Mrs. Norris once more.

"Tori, I'm going to show you how you can make it up to Sultan," Claire said. "Sultan! Up!" Claire patted the bed.

"But, he's not allowed on the...", Tori took one look at Claire's stern face and immediately shut-up. She was intimidated by this young girl, but strangely turned on by her as well. She was so demanding! Tori demurely covered her fat breast with her crossed arms and hands. She looked at Claire and absentmindedly played with her nipples, making them hard.

Sultan jumped on the bed and waited. He knew what happened to good boys after they'd Licked-the-Bitch. He was certain he had been a very good boy!

"Listen, Tori," Claire said. "If you are going to have Sultan pleasure you, you have to pleasure him back; unless you want him humping all your guests and walking around with his fat cock hanging out. If you take care of him, he won't need to misbehave in front of everyone. Besides, it's only fair. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Claire," she said. "I understand."

"I taught him a few more tricks. But, make sure he doesn't try anything until you say the commands. Got it?"

"Yes, Claire."

Claire reached into her book-bag. "I wrote everything down for you, in case you forget," Claire pulled out a sheet of paper with written instructions and Sultan's commands on it. She set it on

Tori's dresser.

"OK. It's Sultan's turn now. Sultan! Bitch-Hand-Job!"

"Bark!" Sultan laid down and rolled onto his back, exposing his large cock, big, black, balls, and hairy sheath.

"Oh, my!" Tori exclaimed. She was surprised at his obedience and the closeness of his big, wet, cock.

"You jack him off like this," Claire said. She stroked Sultan's sheath, coaxing out his, long, pink cock even further. "Make sure he's nice and wet - use the pre-cum he squirts, and stroke him, but be gentle!" Claire demonstrated to Tori how to jack-off her dog.

"Now, you try it."

"Uh, like this?" Tori said, as she hesitantly stroked her dog. Sultan's long, wet tongue hung out as he panted happily.

"Yes, you're doing fine," Claire said. "You should always have a towel ready. He really comes a lot."

"Oh, he's getting harder!" Tori said, seemingly delighted. Sultan's cock was swelling up. It was getting a deep-red and purple color. His knot was growing.

"OK, let's try something else. You don't always need a towel, Tori," Claire smiled. "Sultan, Bitch-Blow-Job!"

Sultan stood up on his long legs. He maneuvered his sleek body and his thick cock closer to his master's face. He banged his hips into her shoulders, prodding her to take his cock into her mouth.

"What?" Tori began. "Oh, Claire, I don't know about this."

"Haven't you ever sucked cock before, Tori?"

"Um, yes. A lot of times." Tori really liked to suck cock. She thought she was very good at it too. "But, he's a dog!"

"Who deserves it more? A stranger you just met at a bar? Some guy at a party - blowing him in the bathroom? Or the one who loves you the most, your dog?"

Tori was shocked by Claire's words. She thought most people didn't know why her husband left her; because she was a cock-slut. She had sucked off guys she had just met in their cars, fucked young college boys two at a time, and was actually caught sucking some guy's dick at a party. Thinking back, it was at Darlene Davis's party; Claire's mother. Oh no! Claire must know she's nothing but a whore for cock! She couldn't deny it. And, it was true - Sultan had treated her better than any man she had ever met. He protected her, loved her, and pleased her. Besides, he was the best pussy-licker ever! She knew what she had to do. She realized she would do anything to keep her precious dog happy.

"Sultan, deserves it more," Tori admitted. She thought about the men in her life; her divorced husband, her ungrateful hook-ups, and her many long, walks-of-shame, when her dick-of-the-night wouldn't even offer to drive her home or call her a ride. She made a decision. She added, "Men are ass-holes."

"Yep!" Claire replied.

Tori positioned herself under Sultan's slim waist and looked at his throbbing cock. It was bigger than every dick she had ever sucked. It was hanging below Sultan's belly, glistening with pre-cum, and so very hard. It was waiting for her. It was waiting for her experienced mouth, lips, and tongue. She could pleasure him and make her dog feel as good as he made her feel. After all she had done to him, he deserved it.

"Hold still, Sultan. Mommy's going to suck your cock now," Tori said, before leaning over and taking her dog's huge dick into her mouth.

"Mmmmm-mmm!" Tori groaned. Sultan's cock was so long and thick; just how she liked it. He tasted different than a man, but she knew he was clean and free from disease. Oh, god! She realized she could play with Sultan's huge cock anytime she wanted to. She didn't have to go out to bars any longer to get her needs met. She could stay home and play with her loving pet all day if she wanted to. Plus, Sultan would keep all of her slutty secrets.

Claire watched Mrs. Norris sucking on Sultan's cock. She was pleased with herself. Now, she wouldn't have to be the only outlet for Sultan's immense sexual needs. It was obvious Tori loved her dog and would keep him satisfied from now on.

"There's one more trick we've been working on," Claire said. "Tori, get on your hands and knees."

Tori hesitated.

"Now!"

Tori pulled Sultan's long, thick, cock from her sucking, loving, lips. She knew what Claire going to make her do. OMG! Sultan was so big, but after all, she liked them big. She let go of her dog's cock. She looked at Sultan and then at Claire. She obediently got on her hands and knees and presented her ass for her dog and his trainer. Her pussy was wet and needed to be filled. She hadn't been fucked since her husband left. She shuddered thinking of Sultan's huge shaft penetrating her. She moaned with desire and anticipation.

"So, are you sure you never made love to Sultan before?" Claire asked, noticing her eagerness.

"No!" Tori said, seemingly offended, but then softened. "Well..., once when I was really drunk..., but he was too excited and just jumped around."

"Well, today's your lucky day!" Claire said, smacking Tori's round ass. "Sultan's not fully trained though. His cock is too big for me. But, I'm sure a whore like you won't have any trouble."

Claire smirked, then she smiled. She looked down at Mrs. Norris obediently on all fours. Tori's ass wiggled back and forth as she repeatedly turned her head around to look at Claire and Sultan.

Tori couldn't believe she was actually waiting for her dog to fuck her slutty cunt! She wanted to feel his huge, red, shaft penetrate her. She wiggled her ass on purpose this time, impatient for her dog's dick. She ran her fingers through her slick cunt, opening herself for him. She was ready to be fucked.

"Are you ready, Sultan?" Claire said. "Are you ready to Fuck-the-Bitch?"

"Bark!" Sultan was ready too.

Tori shuddered. Then, she closed her eyes and moaned.



Claire was happy for Sultan. He would finally be able to fuck a bitch like he was meant to. Up to now, all Claire could do with Sultan and his humongous cock was to use him as a doggy-dildo, lying on her side and letting him enter her tight, teenage, pussy only a few inches at a time. She had always held Sultan's cock firmly above the knot when she practiced this trick, knowing her little pussy could not take all of his huge doggy-dick, let alone his immense, hard, knot. It was all she could to hold on to his slippery shaft while she trained him. She never got on her hands and knees, knowing he was too strong for her. She wasn't ready for his big dick; not yet, anyway. But now, Sultan would get to experience the act of breeding for the first time. And, who better to lose his virginity to than his selfish owner?

"Sultan! Up! Fuck-the-Bitch!" Claire said. She smacked Tori's ass again, producing a quick yelp from Tori.

Sultan's ear's perked up. He was hard and ready to thrust his cock into a warm, wet, cunt. The nice, young, girl always treated him well, but she never let him copulate with her fully. He longed to fuck a bitch and pump his potent seed deep inside of her. The room smelled of warm, wet, pussy. He looked at his master. She was waiting for him, offering her sex to him. He knew he would not be denied this time. No more sliding his engorged shaft against her rough, denim encased leg or her friends while he strained for relief, only to be denied again and again. He was finally going to fuck his bitch.

"Fuck-the-Bitch!" Claire slapped Tori's naked ass again, maybe harder than she should. "Up, Sultan, Fuck-the-Bitch!"

"Oh, Claire, I don't know...", Tori looked back, recalling the huge size of her dog's cock.

Too late. Sultan jumped on his master's ass and began prodding her ass with his pointed cock, searching for her warm, wet, hole.

Claire saw that Sultan was too eager and inexperienced. She reached in and wrapped her hand around his long, thick, cock. Sultan paused, as he had been trained. Claire guided him towards his master's warm wetness. She slid his cock up and down Tori's juicy slit. Claire positioned Sultan's thick, swollen, cock against Mrs. Norris's entrance. She let him enter her an inch at a time. She held onto Sultan's cock for only a moment longer, stopping him from fully penetrating her, but letting him feel his master's heat engulfing the pointed tip of his cock. Then, she whispered into Sultan's ear;

"Fuck-the-Bitch!"

Claire released Sultan's cock, feeling his knot slip past her fingers. He slammed into his master's warm, wet, cunt. He whined as he scrabbled on the bed, trying to drive his cock deeper and deeper into his newly found bitch. He drove his shaft repeatedly into her, harder and harder. He fucked his bitch, trying to tie with her and keep his potent sperm locked inside of her. He kept driving into her. His knot kept banging against the entrance to his master's loose, sloppy, cunt.

Claire knew Sultan's knot was not fully engorged yet. Nature seemed to somehow make sure bitches were fully tied during breeding. She watched Sultan slamming his cock into his mistress, knowing it wouldn't be long until the two of them were locked together indefinitely.

Tori was surprised at the ferociousness of Sultan's pounding. Her poor pussy was being bruised by his knot slamming against her.

"Nnnnnhhh!"

"Oh, Claire! Oh, Sultan! Oh, no!"

"Ahhh! Ouch!"

"Mmmm-mmm! Oh?"

"Wow!"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"I'll see you tomorrow, Tori," Claire said. She paused to watch a moment and then walked out of the bedroom. She giggled, knowing that Tori would soon be knotted, and then she would be sexually and emotionally bonded with her handsome dog. It was a special moment for them and she knew the two of them should be left alone. Claire closed the door, feeling a little smug with herself. She knew another dog would be regularly rewarded by his bitch for his good-boy deeds. All because of her and her special training. She waited outside of the door a while longer, to listen to Tori's frenzied sexual cries.

Tori felt her pussy entrance loosing up from the relentless pounding. She felt Sultan's knot spread her tender pussy-lips, pushing deeper and deeper, with each thrust.

"Oh god! He's trying to get that fat thing inside of me!"

Sultan pushed against her, feeling her pussy giving way. His attack was relentless. He did it again and again. Further and further inside of her each time. His knot was almost half-way in!

Tori tried to get away. "Oh, Sultan! No! No!" Tori felt her entrance spreading wider. Any further resistance was futile. She tried to relax. "Oh god!" It was going to happen!

Sultan's knot slammed home.

"Aiiieeeeeee!" Tori cried out as the huge ball finally spread apart her opening, pushing aside her once firm flesh.

Sultan howled. He held his bitch tighter, swelling his knot with blood, and making it grow and grow until it could no longer be removed. He was sure she would be impregnated now. Then, he began pumping into her furiously, driving his knot deeper and deeper, trying to get release and spray his potent seed inside of his plugged-up bitch.

"Oh god! Oh god! Oh god! Oh Sultan. Oh baby! Oh yes! Oh yes! Fuck your mommy! Fuck her! Fuck-the-Bitch! Fuck-the-Bitch!" Tori was babbling now. Her cunt was being hammered. Her entire body was being dominated, used and abused. She loved it! She knew she would be fucking her beautiful, big-dicked lover every day!

Hearing Tori's frenzied exclamations and knowing exactly how she felt at that moment, Claire laughed, giggled, and then snorted loudly. She swung her book bag over her shoulder as she walked down the hallway to the front door. Claire laughed out loud, imagining Mrs. Norris's panicked face when she discovered how fully tied she would be with Sultan, and then wondering how long they would be connected together.

Claire could still hear Tori encouraging Sultan and moaning in ecstasy as she opened the front door. She could tell Tori was now orgasming on her dog's fat dick.

Claire nodded a greeting to a curious couple walking their dog, who were all looking at the source of the odd, primal sounds emanating from the house.

Claire heard Sultan whine with pleasure. It was that special, satisfied, sound she loved to hear. He was now filling his master with heavy spurts of his seed, filling up her womb. Claire closed the front door, locking it behind her and hummed a happy tune as walked home.

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## **Part Seven**

Darlene Davis opened the front door of her friend Candice's house. "Candy, I'm here!" she yelled, as she put her keys back into her purse and closed the door behind her. Her tight yoga pants and sports halter hugged her body, showing off her generous curves.

Candice met her friend in the living room. She was braless, wearing a loose top and shorts. The two hugged and exchanged a sensual kiss, wrapping their arms around each other. Darlene's slid her hands down to her friend's ass and gripped each cheek firmly.

"How's my horny little slut today?" Darlene asked, squeezing Candice's ass and pulling her close.

Candice began grinding her crotch into Darlene's. "I'm feeling very horny and very slutty right now," Candice said, and pushed her tongue into Darlene's mouth again.

"Mmmm, mmm," Darlene hummed as she kissed her friend. She pulled away, sucking saliva back into her mouth. "You are a bit randy today, aren't you Candy?" she asked, as she wiped her wet lips with the back of her hand.

"My pussy has been soaked all afternoon waiting for your little surprise." Candice said. "I've not had a cum since the day before yesterday, like you told me." She peered behind Darlene, looking for a bag, or a box, or a present of some kind. "You've been teasing me long enough. So where is it?"

"My, you're impatient." Darlene said with a sly smile. "First things first. Let's go to the bedroom." Darlene led her friend down the hall to the master bedroom.

"Strip," Darlene said, to her submissive friend once they arrived. "And no more talking."

Candice complied, wondering what her friend had in store for her. She knew she could count on at least two fabulous orgasms today. Candice quivered a little as her panties fell to the floor, wondering if she might be on the receiving end of a spanking or two (or twenty), or maybe a little hot wax dripped on her nipples and breasts, or at the very least, a good, long, tongue lashing.

"Get on the bed, slut." Darlene ordered. "Doggy-style."

Naked and exposed, Candice shivered and obediently climbed onto the bed. As she positioned herself, she tried not to smile. This was very exciting! She felt her pussy getting wetter. Candice faced the headboard, on all fours, with her ass in the air. The suspense was torturous!

Candice heard Darlene open the closet door and retrieve their box of sex toys; the ones she kept hidden, or tried to, from her husband. However, she no longer cared if he found her toys or not. He was away on business trips so often, he had no right to complain about what she did to amuse herself while he was gone.

Candice stared straight ahead, determined not to peek, waiting for her surprise. 'Would it be the big dildo and the strap-on harness? Or maybe the wooden paddle? She loved having her naughty ass spanked.

She jumped when she felt Darlene's hands on her face, as her friend placed a blindfold over her eyes. Then, she felt the familiar wrist and leg restraints tying her to the four posted bed - the bed she insisted her husband buy for her (just for these special occasions). Candice wiggled her ass in anticipation. Then, she felt something wrapping around her thigh, just above her knee. Then the other knee. Her pussy started to leak.

"Oh, the leg- spreaders! We haven't used those in a long time! Since that time we...,"

SMACK!

Candice felt the sharp sting from a quick slap on her bare ass.

"Shut it, slut. Or do I have to use the ball-gag again?" Darlene asked.

"No, Darl..., " Candice quickly caught herself. "No Mistress." Candice knew that once they started playing this sexy, naughty, game, she had to follow the rules or be punished. And Darlene could be a little harsh sometimes (not that she minded too much).

Darlene checked each restraint and then adjusted the leg-spreader one more notch. Satisfied, she stepped back and admired her work.

Candice tested her bonds. She had some freedom to move, but her ass would be raised and available to anyone.

She heard Darlene walking away, leaving her blindfolded and exposed. It was just like that time..., 'No, she wouldn't!' Candice thought. The last time Darlene left her blindfolded and tied up helplessly, she had been fucked and fucked hard! Fuck by some anonymous man. It was so hot! She never did find out who it was and Darlene refused to tell her, even to this day. It made her crazy! Every time she met one of Darlene's male friends or co-workers, she would wonder if he was the one who fucked her and heard her moaning and orgasming like an insatiable slut. Candice even thought it might have been Doug, Darlene's husband, but he didn't know the two of them were lovers. Or did he? Her mind raced. Darlene had been gone a long time. Was that the front door opening and closing again?

She heard Darlene coming back. Someone was with her! She could hear their soft steps on the carpet. Maybe two men! 'Oh god, oh god, oh god! Who was staring at her exposed pussy and asshole right now? And, which hole would they take first?'

"Candy," Darlene said, "Do you remember when I was eating your pussy the other day, and I made you tell me all your nasty little secrets before I let you cum? How when you were a teenager in school, you let your little dog Baron lick your pussy?"

"Ohhhhh!" Candice moaned. "You promised you wouldn't tell!" How embarrassing this was! Whoever was with Darlene knew what a depraved slut she was!

Smack! "I said 'shut it.'" Darlene cautioned.

"And remember how you told me you would play with his little dick until it was hard, and how you sometimes put it in your pussy and let him fuck you? How you giggled at him humping away at your

little pussy? And, you wished he had a bigger cock, so he could fuck you properly?"

"Darlene! How dare..!" Candice started. "...Mistress, please...?" She began to sob. The men in her bedroom could one day meet her on the street; while she was shopping, or at a party, or at her work! When they smiled at her, she would wonder if they were the ones! The ones who knew she fucked her dog! "How could you?" she sniffed.

"I think you called me a prude, remember?" Darlene said. "Just because I didn't grow up fucking dogs like you did." Darlene slapped Candice's ass with a loud smack. "But, I forgive you. You were right about me. I was a prude when it came to dog-sex..., but not anymore. And, since you wanted a big doggy-dick fucking your slutty, little, twat; that is my present to you! Surprise bitch!"

"Whaaa?" Candice started to say.

"Duke! Sniff-the-Bitch!"

Duke leapt onto the bed in a single bound. He had been smelling the fresh scent of a new bitch since Darlene had led him into the house. He immediately bent his head and pressed his cold nose into Candice's warm, wet, gash. He sniffed repeatedly, sending the delicious, sexual odors throughout every synapsis in his brain. 'Aaah! This pussy was different, and very interesting!'

"Darlene!" Candice cried, wiggling her ass and trying to get her pussy away from the cold, wet, nose. "Is that Duke? You're letting Duke...? Ohhh! Ohhh! Eeeek!"

Darlene smiled evilly as her close friend and long-time lover gyrated on the bed. She knew she couldn't get away; she had made sure the restraints were tight, but not too tight. She wanted Candy to enjoy this, after all. She watched her helpless friend wiggle and moan on the bed a while.

"Duke!" Darlene commanded.

Duke stopped his sniffing and snorting of Candice's pussy and ass-hole.

'Oh, it was finally over!' Candice thought. 'What a relief!'

"Lick-the-Bitch!"

"Lick? Oh! Nooooo!" Candice squealed. She pulled against the restraints, but there was no getting away.

Duke began to lap at Candice's dripping, wet, snatch. He put his long tongue against the base of her pussy and licked upward, pooling all the sweet, slimy, love-juices on his curled tongue. He swallowed greedily and began to attack her cunt, driving his long tongue deeper, to get more of the delicious female essence from inside her hole. He knew more he licked, prodded and poked, the more sweet tasting juice she would produce.

This was something Candice had never experienced. Playing with her little dog, so many years ago, felt nothing like this! Duke's tongue was so wide, he was lapping her entire pussy with just one swipe of his tongue!

"OMG! OMG! OMG!" Candice squealed. "Nnnnnngggghhh! Ahhhhhhh! Ohhhhh!" Duke's wriggling, pink, appendage was making her tingle all over. It was pressing against her clit, plunging into her vaginal opening and lapping at her cunt. Wanting more, she pushed back against him, opening her pussy and letting him have his way with her.

Duke slurped at her juices, and when her slit was licked clean for the moment, he began to feast on her ass, tasting her with his warm, prodding tongue, and driving it deeper when she relaxed her sphincter. Candice loved her ass played with, so her hole was much looser than Claire's or Darlene's. Duke poked his tongue at her bung-hole repeatedly, loosening it up, and allowing him to go deeper and then deeper still.

"Oh god, Darlene! Where did you find this lovely animal?" Candice shivered in delight. The million nerve endings in her ass-hole were tingling all at once.

With Candice's ass clean, Duke returned to her pussy. He banged his tongue against her clit, slipped his tongue inside of her, and spread her smooth, wet, pussy walls with his thick, pink, wiggling, snake. His whiskers tickled her thighs as he pushed his snout against her cunt, trying to find more of her rich tasting cream.

"Nnnngh! Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit!" Candice moaned. "He's licking my fucking uterus!" She felt the orgasm building up inside of her. She arched her back and pushed out her ass, letting Duke attack her hole and slide his wonderful tongue over her engorged clitoris over and over again.

"Cuuu-mmmm-iiiiii-nnnng!" Candice cried. She had no way to hide from Duke's relentless attack. She loved her lack of control and it made her orgasm much more intense. Her body shook and convulsed. Her knees trembled against the restraints. Her pussy gushed, and Duke's assault quickened as he lapped it up.

Candice came like never before. While her friend Darlene knew just how to lick her pussy, Duke, oh Duke, licked her like a savage animal! His tongue was so thick and warm! It went so deep! He could lick her clit and her entire cunt with one stroke. Her whole body trembled and shook. She whimpered and made high-pitched nasal sounds as her body was wracked internally by the electric pulsations overwhelming her. Her nerves fired uncontrollably, bringing her to the brink of a cliff, pushing her over, and then she came crashing down.

Finally, it was over. The only thing keeping her upright was the leg-spreader and the cuffs on all four of her extremities. She panted, with her ass in the air, and her face pressed down against the bed.

"Duke, sit!" Darlene said.

Duke reluctantly pulled away and sat on the bed. His cock was extended from his sheath; long, red, and purple.

"Did you like that, my little slut?" Darlene asked.

"Oh, Mistress, you always give me the best orgasms!" Candice said, trying to catch her breath. "Thank you!"

"Oh, there's more to come," Darlene said. She removed the blindfold from Candice's eyes so she could see her handsome, furry, lover. Darlene then positioned a chair close to the bed. She pulled off her yoga pants and her sopping, wet, panties. She sat on the chair and spread her legs wide, running a finger up and down her wet, pussy, toying with her engorged clit. The bedroom smelled of sex, and she knew the show was just getting started.

"Duke!"

Duke shook with excitement. He knew what was next!

"Fuck-the-Bitch, Duke!" Darlene said. "Fuck-the-Slutty-Little-Bitch!"

"Darlene, no!" Candice said. She wasn't ready for this!

Duke climbed on top of Candice, who valiantly struggled to get away.

"Duke! Get off of me!" she cried, trying to throw him off. Her waist was scratched as she swayed back and forth. She felt him gripping her tighter. Then, she stopped and relaxed, accepting her fate. With a long, slow, deep breath, she realized she wanted this. She wanted to be taken and owned by this animal. She was so turned on! She wanted to experience a big, fat, doggy-dick pistoning in and out of her pussy. She smiled, thinking of her little dog Baron and the good times they had, playing their naughty, nighttime, bedroom games.

Candice felt the heavy weight of the large animal on her back and the soft fur rubbing against her body. She felt Duke's warm, hard, cock poking her, leaving wet spots on her butt-cheeks, thighs and ass crack.

Darlene watched with amusement as the two lovers attempted to join together. She noticed Candice helping Duke find his mark by moving her body slightly with each missed thrust. She grinned as Duke finally felt Candice's warm, wet, entrance with the tip of his dick. He immediately pushed forward and slammed his cock home. Darlene rubbed her pussy harder, anticipating what was going to happen next.

"Aaaaaa-aaahhhhh!" Candice cried, half in fright, half in pleasure. Duke's massive cock penetrated her deeply and filled her pussy completely. She felt his low-hanging balls slap against her cunt. Duke began to fuck his latest conquest. He grinned happily as he wrapped his front legs around her, hunched his back, and drove his thickening cock into her. He quickly found his rhythm and fucked her fast and furiously, the only way he knew how.

"Oh shit! Oh shit! Oh shit!" Candice exclaimed, as Duke's doggy-cock spread her pussy and slammed into her, again and again. His hairy balls were now slapping against her bald lips so loudly she could hear each smack. She looked over her shoulder so see Duke's contented face; mouth slightly open, his white teeth showing, and a vague, distant, look in his eyes as he bred with his bitch. Candice saw drool forming at the corner of his mouth before it dripped down, swinging wildly with each thrust, before it plopped onto her naked shoulder.

"Nnnnnnnhhhhhh-yaaaaaahhhhh!" Candice moaned as Duke's cock fucked her faster and harder than she had ever experienced before. "Sooooo-oooo-oooo goo-ooooo-oooo!" she stuttered as the warm, tingling, sexual feelings rippled through her entire body. She wanted to play with her heavy, swinging, breasts; to grope them and pinch them hard, but she was tied up and immobilized, and could only accept what she was given.

"I knew you'd like it, slut," Darlene said from her vantage point in the chair, as she rubbed her pussy and played with her breasts. "Just wait until you feel his knot."

"His what?" Candice gasped. "His knot?" She recalled her little dog's lump. It was at least twice as thick as his cock. If Duke had such a thing on him! Oh! She focused her attention on Duke's driving cock. She could feel it! She could feel the ball at the very base of his thick dog cock as it penetrated her. It was getting bigger!

"Oh, no, Darlene!" Candice valiantly protested, but she wanted that thick, slab of dog-meat stretching her cunt and filling her completely.

Darlene breathed heavily as she diddled her fingers on her pussy and watched. She could glimpse Duke's knot as it plowed into her friend, though it was almost a blur; it was getting thicker, and thicker, and thicker, with each thrust. 'Oh, this was going to be so good!'

"Mmmmmm," Darlene moaned. "Fuck-the-Bitch, boy!" she whispered. "Fuck her good!"

Duke heard Darlene's encouragement and responded. He humped his cock into his bitch harder and faster. He dug his feet into the bed and pushed deeper, trying to get his cock as far into her cunt as possible, to make sure his sperm would reach her womb. Duke's paws landed on the metal leg-spreader and he immediately used it as leverage to shove his shaft further into Candice's tight, warm, canal. His toenails scratched and dinged on the hollow metal bar, making loud ringing noises that echoed throughout the room.

Candice felt Duke's pointed dog-cock reaching places inside of her she never knew existed. Her pussy was stretched and stuffed with thick, hot, dog-dick. Her clit was being slapped by heavy, sperm-filled, dog-balls. And her pussy-lips were being spread repeatedly by a dog's swelling knot. It felt so good! Her body responded uncontrollably. She began to cum again.

"Ohhhhhh!" she cried in surprise as the feelings suddenly washed over her. "Ahhhhhh!" she moaned in delight. Then, she cried out as her body caught on fire once again, "Yes! Yes! Oh god, yes!"

The massive orgasm rolled over her body. Her clit exploded with every slap of Duke's swinging balls; it radiated electrical shocks throughout her body, from her pussy, to her fingers and toes. She was helpless and at his mercy.

"Eeee! Eeeee! Eeeee!" she squeaked, her voice getting higher with each whine. Her pussy exploded and gushed. Her voice rose even higher. "Eeeee! Aaah!" Then, much lower as the sound emanated from her from her diaphragm gutturally as she exhaled, "Fuuuu-uuuu-uuck!"

Duke drove into his bitch once last time. His knot again entered her, spreading her pussy lips even more. Then, he began to tie with her. His knot engorged, locking them together. Duke orgasmed and pumped his potent sperm into his bitch. He howled strangely, then whined.

Darlene giggled from her vantage point, seeing her friend's eyes widen and her mouth open slightly as she gasped in surprise. Then, she watched as Candice's eyes and mouth snapped open to their widest as she realized she was being bred and made into a dog's bitch. Darlene smiled as she worked at her clit faster. She remembered her similar experience with Duke fondly.

Candice felt the knot swelling inside of her, just as her orgasm started to diminish. Then, she felt a warm, wetness deep inside of her. "Oh shit! He's coming inside of me!" she yelled. The knot drove into her, though it could no longer come out. She felt the warmth of the hot dog-sperm growing and spreading in her gut. She came again, with the knowledge that she was totally, and sexually owned by a dog! She was a dog's bitch, now and forever! And, she loved it!

Candice came again for the third time, her voice again rising uncontrollably. "Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!" She heard Duke whining in her ear as he spurted his seed inside of her. She could hear Darlene orgasming next to her, moaning loudly, her fingers flying over her clit and driving deeply into her pussy.

Candice's orgasm wracked her body again and again. She couldn't take it anymore! It was too much! Then finally, Duke stopped his thrusts and she was able to fall limp. Only the restraints and the thick dog-cock impaling her kept her from falling over.



It seemed an eternity passed. Candice was panting just as fast as Duke, trying to get her breath back. Darlene sighed, long and heavy. Finally, all three lovers recovered.

"Thank you, Darlene," Candice sighed. "That was the hottest and most depraved sex I've ever had."

"I knew you'd enjoy it, Candy," Darlene said.

Candice pulled away from Duke slightly, testing their bond. She knew there was no escape. "How long are we going to be stuck together like this? Attached...? Mated?"

"Tied," Darlene corrected.

"Tied then," Candice said, looking at Darlene and rolling her eyes like she had just been corrected by her teacher. "So, how long are we going to be tied?" she asked.

"Depends on how loose and sloppy your cunt is," Darlene replied. "Maybe ten, twenty minutes? No..., with your slutty pussy probably much less."

"Fuck you," Candice said, replying in kind to her friend's teasing. "But how did you...? I mean how did Duke...?"

Darlene stood up and began to remove the leather cuffs from Candice's arms, legs, and knees. "Oh, I know a dog trainer. A very special dog trainer. And, you haven't seen all of Duke's tricks yet."

"A dog trainer? You mean Claire? Your daughter? Claire taught him this?"

Darlene nodded and smiled. "But, you better not tell anyone!"

"Oh, no!" Candice said. "I won't Mistress!" The last time she gossiped about Darlene, her friend paddled her so hard it hurt to sit down for three days!

"Hey, Dar?" Candice said, wiggling her ass and feeling Duke's thick cock inside of her and his warm, furry body pressing against her naked flesh, "Do you think she could train a dog for me too?"

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## **Part Eight**

Claire Davis waved good-bye to Mrs. Norris. Tori waved back, and Claire watched her get into her car and drive away. She closed the front door and turned around. Immediately, Sultan, Tori's huge Great Dane walked up to Claire and pushed his nose forcibly into the sexy teenager's crotch.

"Sultan!" Claire scolded, extracting herself. "What has your slutty mommy been teaching you?" She bent over and rubbed both sides of his furry face, his sleek body, and then stroked his huge, hairy, sheath. She couldn't be mad at Sultan for his actions, after all, it was Tori who was teaching him such bad manners.

"Momma will be back tomorrow night, Sultan, but Claire is going to take real good care of you." She continued to stroke him until the tip of his large, pink, dog cock became exposed. "And, maybe teach you some manners!" she added, as she stood up and walked into the kitchen. Sultan happily followed her, his pink dick swaying and his long pink tongue hanging out of his handsome mouth.

Claire found the dog-treats and looked down at Sultan. "Sit!" she said. Sultan immediately sat down. Claire glanced at his semi-aroused condition and his heavy, black, balls. She gave him a treat. "Good

boy!" she praised and petted him. "Now, Sniff-the-Bitch!" she commanded, pushing out her crotch. Sultan shoved his nose into her again and sniffed and snorted, smelling her sweet, teenage essence. "Good boy!" Claire said, and gave him another dog-treat. "At least you haven't forgot everything I taught you! She let him outside for a while and then called her mother.

"Hi, mom! Tori just left. Are you still coming over this afternoon?"

"Huh? You want to bring Candice? Yeah, no problem. I'm sure Tori won't mind. Hey, can you bring Duke too?"

"Well, I'm thinking we'll be three girls but we only have the one dog...."

"Of course that's what I mean! There won't be enough doggy-dick to go around, no matter how big his cock is."

"Oh, mom, puu-leeze! Don't lecture me on my language; we both know we're just a couple of dog-sluts. Three, if you count Candice. Well, Tori makes four, and she's a dog-slut for sure! Anyway, listen, I have Sultan's obedience training with Mrs. Hill in a little while. I'll see you later."

Claire let Sultan in and then plopped down on the living room carpet to pet and play with the big dog. Sultan walked over to her and licked her face leaving a trail of dog slobber from her neck, across her cheek, and then over both lips.

"Eww, Sultan!" Claire teased, wiping her face and then pushing the big dog away. Sultan jumped playfully, crouched low, and rushed back towards Claire. He banged against her shoulder with his broad chest, knocking her over. The two began to wrestle on the floor. Sultan had the advantage since he weighed more than Claire. As she pushed him away a second time, she noticed his cock thickening. He was becoming aroused by their play. Claire impishly grabbed for his hairy sheath and stroked it quickly a few times before letting it go. She did this again a little while later, and then a couple more times. As Sultan's cock became harder, his demeanor changed from playful to overtly sexual. After knocking Claire over once again, he stalked her as she rolled over and got on her knees. Seeing her ass presented to him, he tried to climb onto Claire's back.

"Oh, what a naughty dog you are, Sultan," Claire said. She felt his immense weight on her back and could feel his hardening cock poking her ass. "I never said you could do that!" She felt safe with her skirt and panties on, so she teased him some more. "That's for your slutty momma and her nasty-ass pussy, not for Claire and her tight, little, twat." Claire rolled over onto her back and disentangled herself from the big dog. Sultan stood over her and lapped at her face. Claire kissed him back, rubbed his sleek body, and gently tugged on his cock once again.

"Who's a good boy, Sultan? You are!" Claire said, praising him. "You're a naughty boy sometimes, but that's because of your slutty mommy Tori, isn't that right?" Claire stroked his cock as she spoke to him. "Your slutty mommy loves your big, fat doggy-dick, doesn't she?" Claire giggled, remembering how Tori creamed all over Sultan's huge cock last week and then begged for more.

"Hmm," Claire said, "I'm feeling a little slutty myself right now." Her pussy was damp from playing with Sultan. She could feel her cunt juicing up even more as she stroked Sultan's cock.

As she softly played with his dick, she softly whispered 'Bitch-hand-Job.' Claire had only teased him because she was eventually going to please him. She vividly remembered his embarrassing sexual behavior during last week's dog training session. Two cute teenage girls were attending the same class with their little, yapping, designer-dogs. Sultan pulled on his leash, wanting to introduce himself to the girls by sniffing their sweet pussies! It was either their fresh, new, scent, or one of the

other dogs was coming into heat, but whatever the cause, Sultan finished the class with raging boner! His huge cock was on display for everyone to see! Claire was so embarrassed!

Thankfully, after their initial shocked expressions, most of her older classmates pretended not to notice Sultan's huge cock (though some of the ladies were definitely having dirty thoughts as they glanced at it). However, the two teenage girls stared openly at Sultan's gigantic cock every chance they had, giggling at Sultan's condition and making wide-eyed and open-mouthed expressions at poor Claire. She wouldn't let that happen again!

Claire stood up and took off her blouse, bra and skirt, leaving her panties on 'just in case.' She knew the thin fabric might protect her young pussy from Sultan's hard, pointed, dick until she could get away. Well, she hoped it would, anyway.

"Come on Sultan, let's get you taken care of before class," Claire said. She knew she didn't have enough time for a shower, though she loved jacking-off Sultan onto her face and naked titties.

"Bitch-Blow-Job, Sultan?" she teased.

"Bark!"

Claire got into position by sitting on the floor while leaning back against the couch. "Come on, Sultan, get your big dick up here so I can suck that pretty doggy-dick of yours."

Sultan walked over to her, panting and smiling.

"Bitch-Blow-Job!" Claire repeated, as Sultan climbed over her, slapping her face with his big, wet, dick. At Claire's urging, he jumped up to place his front paws on the couch next to her head. Claire then scooted under him, leaned back, and stared at the hard dog-cock mere inches from her face. She had been practicing this new trick with Sultan; it allowed her to get into a comfortable position while sucking his dick. He was too tall for her otherwise.

"Good boy, Sultan!" Claire said, running her hands along his sleek body and licking her lips. Sultan wagged his tail at being praised, making his long, pink cock sway back in forth in front of the horny teenager.

Claire felt along the length of his shaft and gently cupped Sultan's huge balls. She wasted no time and opened her mouth. She took him deep on her first head-bob, sucking gently. "Mmmm, mmmm!" she moaned, pulling her face off of his cock with loud slurp. "I think Claire loves Bitch-Blow-Jobs as much as you do, Sultan!"

The pretty teenager slid her head on the thick dog cock until she felt the horny animal begin to spray his thin pre-cum into her mouth. She smiled and swallowed as she sucked and stroked.

Claire slipped her right hand into her panties and slid a finger up and down her wet slit, opening herself up. Her other hand continued to pleasure Sultan and keep his cock firmly lodged in her mouth.

"Oh, Sultan, what a nice cock you have," Claire said. She watched it as it left her mouth, hard, thick, and wet. Sultan's cock was now colored deep-red with pulsing purple veins. She loved the way it slid down her throat. Claire watched his knot swelling; growing thicker and thicker before her eyes.

Sultan was growing impatient with Claire's gentle blow-joy. He preferred to fuck his bitches fast and hard. He curled his back and began to hump her face, sending his huge cock down Claire's gullet.

Claire quickly grabbed Sultan's knot to keep him from driving his fat cock down her throat again.

Claire pulled her mouth off his huge shaft with a long, wet, slurp. "Sultan, what did I tell you about face-fucking Claire?" she said.

"Only when I tell you to, remember?" Sultan squirted on her cheek. Claire wrapped her lips around Sultan's cock once again, gave it a quick suck, gripped his knot firmly and said, "OK, sweetheart, you can 'Face-Fuck-the-Bitch.'"

Sultan whined with joy. He began to hump again, hesitantly at first. Claire tilted her head and allowed his long, fat, cock to push down her throat until his huge, purple knot was pressed against her lips. Claire pulled her head back, feeling the thick, slimy, dog-dick being extracted from her throat. There was something primal about letting a dog hump her face, and Claire loved it.

"Face-Fuck-the-Bitch-Slow!" Claire commanded, not wanting Sultan to ravage her throat. "Slow Sultan!" she warned. Claire put her mouth on his cock again and controlled Sultan's humping motions with a firm grip on his knot. Sultan's cock slid in and out of her mouth and throat with ease, while Claire relaxed with her back against the couch.

"Mmmm, mmmm!" Claire moaned, enjoying the gentle love-making from the big, dominant dog. She put a hand back into her panties and used two fingers to massage her clit, moving them in small, tight, circles. Occasionally, she would plunge those same fingers deep inside of her pussy, fucking herself a few time, then returning to her clitoris.

Sultan loved Claire's mouth, it was warm and wet, and he liked the tickling tongue probing his piss-slit and the way his bitch sucked his cock into her food-hole. But, he wanted more.

Claire knew Sultan was anxious to cum and have his way with her. She could tell by the way his cock squirted more pre-cum into her mouth and the way Sultan began to danced and wiggle. He was getting impatient and struggled to restrain himself.

Claire was pleased with Sultan's behavior. He was showing a lot of control for such a horny, lust-filled, animal. Claire decided he had been good long enough. She removed his cock from her throat just long enough to say, "Do it Sultan! Face-Fuck-the-Bitch-Fast! Fuck-her-Fast, Sultan!"

That was what Sultan was waiting for! He began to drive his cock into Claire's face, using her mouth like a pussy. With his front paws on the couch and his rear paws on the ground, it was almost the same position he used to fuck his bitches, though he missed wrapping his paws around her and holding her tight.

Claire allowed herself be used like a doggy-cum-dump. She encouraged him with her mews, moans and whimpers. She released her grip on his knot, pulling her head back just far enough to keep it from slamming into her teeth. Claire loved the feeling of his shaft driving into her mouth and impaling her throat. She timed her breathing with his actions and reveled in the knowledge she was giving him such animalistic pleasure. Her fingers danced on her clit and she used her other free hand to grope her breasts.

Sultan yowled and Claire felt his cock swell in her mouth His thick bulbous shaft was stretching her throat and making it bulge with each stroke. She soon felt it spasming and twitching and his potent sperm began emptying into her stomach. When he pulled back to drive into her once again, she pulled her head back to tongue his piss-slit. She was rewarded with his ejaculate splashing into her mouth. She was only able to savor it for a moment, just before his thick shaft plowed into her once again.

Claire came, with spittle and sperm dripping from her mouth and onto her perky, teenage, breasts. She grunted and moaned and gasped for air as Sultan continued his relentless attack.

After filling her belly, Sultan panted with his tongue hanging out of his mouth. Claire rubbed his sides, then slowly pulled her face away from thick cock lodged firmly in her throat. Taking a long, deep breath, she rubbed the dripping sperm and saliva from her lips and massaged her breasts. Sultan finally jumped down and walked away to clean his cock.

"Good boy, Sultan!" Claire praised, while licking her fingers.

At obedience class, the two cute teenagers from last week came up to Claire and apologized for their previous behavior.

"Hi, I'm Brenda, and this is Stephanie," the dark-haired girl said.

"We didn't mean to laugh at you last week," Stephanie, the blonde said.

"It's just we've never seen...", Brenda started to say, and then whispered, "Such a big cock before!"

"OMG, it's huge!" Stephanie gushed.

"Yeah, Sultan does have a big 'ol doggy-dick," Claire said.

"I wish my mom and dad had let me get a big dog," Brenda said wistfully.

"I know! Me too! Big dogs are so cool!" Stephanie said. "Like, they are so strong, you know? And so forceful and dominant!"

"My little dog is such a wimp," Stephanie said, as her little dog cowered behind her ankles

"Sultan belongs to a friend of mine, but I have a German Shepard at home," Claire said. "If you really like big dogs, you guys can come over and play with him, if you want."

"Thanks!" Brenda said. "Does your other dog have a big dick too?"

"Brenda!" Stephanie, chastised her friend. "She'll think we're a couple of perverts!"

"It's OK," Claire said. "Duke does have a pretty big doggy-dick. You guys are welcome to play with it anytime..., I mean play with him anytime." Claire blushed.

"Maybe we'll do both!" Brenda said with a wink.

"Brenda!" Stephanie squealed. She grabbed her hand and pulled her away.

"I see you made some new friends," Mrs. Hill commented to Claire. The teenager had stayed after class to talk to the owner of the kennels about her summer job.

"They seem nice," Claire said. "They want to come over and play with Duke sometime."

"I bet they'd like to play with Sultan too," Mrs. Hill said. "The dark-haired girl came in with her parents some time ago to pick out a dog. She really wanted to get a big male dog, but her parents wouldn't let her. She was checking out the junk on my stud Rottweiler. You guys should get along nicely." She smiled at Claire.

Claire beamed.

"So, how is Sultan behaving?" Mrs. Hill asked. She began to pet Sultan and then reached down and nonchalantly began to stroke his cock as she petted him.

"He does OK when I'm around," Claire said. "And I'm teaching him and Duke some new tricks, but Tori is letting Sultan get away with doing a lot of bad things."

"Yep, you can train the dogs, but not the owners," Mrs. Hill said.

Claire watched Mrs. Hill admiring Sultan's thick cock. The older woman held it in her hand as if she was weighing it.

"Um," Claire began. "I can leave you alone with Sultan, if you-"

"No, that's not necessary," Mrs. Hill said blushing. "I was just reminiscing a little, that's all."

Claire remembered Mrs. Hill was attempting to train Sultan before she gave him to Tori. It made her wonder if Mrs. Hill trained dogs the same way she did.

"You must be a pretty good dog-trainer, if you can get this monster to behave," Mrs. Hill said, letting Sultan give her a sloppy, wet, kiss before straightening up again. "Maybe I'll ask you to help train a couple of my new dogs."

"Sure!" Claire said. "Oh, that reminds me! Mom's friend Candice wants a dog and asked me to train it! Can we come by sometime to pick one out?"

"Does she know what kind of dog she wants?" Mrs. Hill asked.

"She don't care. Mom said Candice just wants a big dog with a big dick," Claire replied.

"Oh! Uh? Uh-huh... I think I can help her," Mrs. Hill said. "I try to breed some of my pets for their, uh, shall we say 'special attributes?'"

"Cool!" Claire said. "Hey, schools almost finished for the summer. I just have a couple exams next week, then I'm done. When can I start working for you?"

"Anytime you're free. I really could really use your help with the dog grooming. We can figure out your schedule before you leave today. Oh, and take the key to old the storage building..., I mean your new dog training center. It's hanging on the wall over there." Mrs. Hill smiled. "I had the building painted for you, and I even brought in a few extra pet cages."

"Wow! Thanks, Mrs. Hill!"

Claire knew her mother and Candice were at the door when she heard Sultan barking. She set down the book she was reading and walked out of the guest room to let them in.

After opening the door, Claire responded to Candice's hug and then held the door open for her mother and Duke, with her dog Duke leading the way. Duke and Sultan sniffed each other happily, being old friends from the long walks Claire took them on; she had used Duke to try and teach Sultan how to behave. When the dogs first met, they had sniffed each other cautiously but then happily discovered they were already familiar with each other's scent, due to Claire's sexual trainings. Duke and Sultan knew they were part of the same dog/human pack, the pack Darlene and Candice were now joining.

"So, do you want me to leave you guys alone awhile, or what?" Claire asked. She hoped they let her stay, though it might get awkward with her mother being there.

"Of course you can stay!" Candice said. She began to take off her clothes, shimmying out of her tight jeans, pulling off her top, unhooking her bra and stepping out of her panties. She set her clothes carefully on the back of a chair. She felt Sultan's cold nose sniff her ass.

"Oh! Well, aren't you the eager one!" Candice said, turning around and kissing Sultan on the lips.

"I'd say you were the eager one, Candy," Darlene sneered. "We haven't been here five minutes, and you're already naked."

"Well, why else are we here?" Candice said. "Besides, I have to get home and shower before my husband comes home. The last time we go together, I had the worst case of dog-dick breath and my pussy smelled even worse!"

Darlene smiled. She looked at her once innocent daughter and shrugged her shoulders. She realized Candice was right, they all knew why they were here. No sense denying it or wasting any time.

Darlene unbuttoned her blouse while sheepishly glancing at her Claire. Ever since the day her daughter caught her naked and compromised with Duke, they had never discussed their shared love of dog-sex, besides Claire's unfiltered teasing. Darlene wondered, as she unclasped her bra, if her relationship with her daughter would ever be the same after today.

"Well, what are you guys waiting for?" Candice asked. She was now sitting on the floor, surrounded by two handsome, furry lovers. She giggled as they danced around her.

Darlene kicked off her shoes and wiggled out of her tight skirt. Claire noticed the wet spot on her mother's panties as Darlene peeled them off and pushed them down to the floor. Claire admired her mother's thick ass, large breasts, and trimmed pussy.

Claire had never been with a woman, but was now openly admiring the two sexy MILFs in front of her. Claire knew she didn't like boys sexually, but since meeting the two girls at obedience school, she had begun to wonder about the possibilities. She too removed her clothes.

"Damn, Claire!" Candice said. "You are looking fine!"

Claire blushed shyly for a moment, then felt a surge of confidence and lifted her head and posed.

"Damn, what I wouldn't do to be sixteen again!" Candice said, admiring Claire's firm, young, breasts and tight body.

"Hmmph," Darlene snorted. "There's not much you wouldn't do at sixteen or had already done, Candy."

"When you're right, you're right!" Candice said, smiling up at her friend. Then, she returned to stroking Sultan's cock. It was poking out of his hairy sheath, long, wet, and pink.

"Gawd, look at this thing!" Candice said. She tugged it a few more times before leaning in to take Sultan's growing shaft into her mouth. "Mmmm-mmm!" Candice hummed.

"Watching you act like such a slut is such a turn-on, Candy!" Darlene said. She joined her friend on the floor. She petted Sultan, fondled his heavy balls, and stroked her friend's long hair before

placing her hand on the back of Candice's head and forcing Sultan's cock deeper into her friend's throat. She knew Candice liked her sex fast and rough.

"Come here, Duke," Claire called to her dog, while positioning herself with a perfect view of Sultan, her mother, and Candice. She was feeling horny and figured her mother and Candice wanted to enjoy Sultan's first taste of Sultan's fat doggy-dick without being molested by Duke. Her dog sat obediently in front of her while Claire demurely slipped out of her clothes. She sat down, spread her legs and whispered to her pet, "Lick-the-Bitch, Duke."

Claire took a long, deep breath, laid back, and relaxed, watching the scene in front of her. She anticipated at least one or two exquisite orgasms this afternoon.

"Shit, look at this fat slab of dog-meat!" Candice said, hefting Sultan's now swollen member in her hand.

"Oh, Claire, you were right!" Darlene said. "It's huge! I thought you were exaggerating!" On her knees, she turned to her daughter to find her in the chair with Duke enthusiastically lapping at her pussy. Claire met her eyes and Darlene's embarrassment quickly evaporated as she realized her daughter had been watching her playing with Sultan's cock and balls while she fed his fat shaft into Candice's mouth. Even now, Claire's mother was still fingering her wet pussy and groping her breasts as her daughter looked on. She was feeling so slutty and wanton right now! She wanted to have her daughter watch her get fucked. Fucked by a huge dog-cock!

"He's ready," Candice said. "Who's first?" She gave Sultan's cock a few more licks.

"My daughter trained him, so I get to go first, naturally," Darlene said. She got on all fours and wiggled her ass in front of Sultan. "Sultan! Fuck-the-Bitch!" She arched her back, raised her ass and lowered her head, bracing herself as she anticipated the heavy dog climbing on top of her.

"Oooofffh!" Darlene's breath left her body as Sultan landed on her back, her arms nearly buckling. She looked up to see his head extended past her shoulders. She felt so small compared to the big, heavy, canine that was about to breed.

Sultan made a guttural sound and humped his pointed dick repeatedly into Darlene's ass, trying to find his mark.

"Oh! Help him Candy!" Darlene said. "Hurry up!"

Candice quickly scooted around to grab Sultan's wet, fat shaft. She guided it to her friend's hole, sliding it up and down her dripping wet slit. Candice had an evil grin on her face, seeing how large his cock was compared to Darlene's tight pussy. She led Sultan's cock to Darlene's entrance, watch the tip slide in, and then let go.

"Fuck the Bitch!" Candice said loudly. She laughed as the thick dog cock slam home. 'That'll teach the selfish witch to hog all the dog-cock!' she thought.

"Eeeeeeeiii!" Darlene squealed. "Oh fuck!" Her pussy was stretched to the limit! Sultan's cock was so long and thick! She and Candice had shared some pretty big toys, but this was the largest cock she had ever taken! She was grateful her pussy was so wet and his cock so slippery. Still, it was exquisitely painful!

"Owwww-wow!" Darlene exclaimed as Sultan pulled back and slammed his cock home again.



"Sultan!" Claire yelled. "Stop!"

Sultan paused and looked at Claire. He was deciding whether to obey her or not. He whined.

Candice stared at Claire. Her mother took a deep breath, grateful for the reprieve. Even Duke stopped lapping at his master's sweet tasting pussy.

"Sultan, Slow!" Claire commanded. "Fuck-the-Bitch slow!" Sultan and Claire met each other's eyes. Sultan turned away and whined again. Dejected, he slowly humped forward, then backwards, then again.

"Slow..., slow..., " Claire said. "Good boy..., slow..."

Candice's mouth fell open in surprise as she watched Sultan and Darlene. It was so unnatural to see the large animal making gentle love to her best friend and long-time lover.

"Ohhhh! Yeeeeessss!" hissed Darlene as the long, thick cock slipped in and out of her tight cunt. She breathed regularly, almost panting, as her pussy quickly accommodated the hot dog-dick.

Sultan fucked his bitch long and slow, almost enjoying his denial as the tight pussy squeezed and engulfed him.

"How did you teach him to fuck like that?" Candice asked.

"Practice," Claire stated. Seeing Duke becoming distracted she added, "Duke, Lick-the-Bitch!"

"That's my girl!" Darlene exclaimed ecstatically. "Oh, fuck me Sultan! Fuck me! Fuck-the-Bitch-Slow!" She jammed her fingers to her crotch and began to play with her clitty. She was so full of dog-dick! "Oh, yeah!"

Sultan did his best to obey but he was not trained as well as Duke. His other master let him do anything he wanted, without reprimand. Sultan grew impatient and began to hump his bitch a little faster, he glanced at Claire then looked away, pretending she wasn't there.

"Sultan, SLOW! Fuck-the-Bitch-SLOW!" Claire commanded.

Sultan ignored her and started moving faster.

"Hang on, mom!" Claire warned. "He's not listening to me. Tori's ruined him."

Candice watched in awe as Sultan picked up the pace. 'He doesn't look ruined...'

Sultan gripped his bitch tighter and began to move his hips faster. His tongue hung out of his mouth and his eyes were glazed.

"Do it Sultan! Fuck me!" Darlene cried. She was ready now. "Fuck-the-Bitch, Sultan!"

"Fuck-the-Bitch-Fast!" Claire yelled. She rubbed her clitty as Duke lapped at her pussy. "Fuck her faster! FASTER!"

Sultan drove his fat cock in and out, faster and faster. Darlene's body was rocked back and forth. She felt his knot sliding into her pussy; it was growing larger with every stroke.

"Unnhhh!" Darlene gasped as the fat dog cock impaled her and stretched her vaginal walls. She felt

Sultan's huge knot hardening. It slide into her, spreading her pussy wide. "Unnhhh! Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck! It's too big! It's too fucking big!"

"Fuck-the-Bitch, Sultan!" Candice cried out, as she rubbed her pussy. "Fuck her!"

With a final thrust, Sultan howled and pressed his body against Darlene's. He held her tight as his knot expanded inside of her. With another wild yelp, he began to pump his sperm, filling her with load after load of his hot ejaculate.

"Oh, shit!" Darlene cried. "He's cumming! Oh, shit!" Darlene grunted as the pressure of Sultan's knot pressed against her insides. "I'm cumming! Nuuuhhh! Nuuuhh! Nuuuh!" Darlene felt each spurt of Sultan's cum shooting forcibly inside of her and each blast triggered another orgasmic shudder throughout her body. Never had she been stuffed so full of cock and never had she felt so much warm, wet, semen erupting so deeply inside of her!

"Oh, gawd! He's filling up my womb!" Darlene cried. She came again, rolling her eyes back into her head and gasping for air with her open mouth. In the distance, she heard Candice and her daughter mewling and groaning as they too orgasmed while watching the depraved scene.

Sultan finished and panted loudly. He was sexually satisfied and knew he had filled yet another bitch with his warm puppy-batter.

Darlene opened her eyes and looked around, as if waking from dream. She was still stuffed with thick dog cock. She heard Sultan's heavy pants above her and could hear Candice and Claire breathing softly and rhythmically.

"Whew!" Darlene exhaled. Her orgasm had worn her out. She had felt like a puppet being used by Sultan. The magnificent animal had dominated her completely. She gave out a long, heavy sigh of satisfaction.

Candice crawled over to Darlene and kissed her passionately, then she kissed Sultan. "Can Sultan go again, Claire?" Darlene asked.

"Yeah, but it will take a while," Claire said. She got off of the couch and walked over to her mother. Seeing her on all fours tied to a dog, reminded Claire of the only other time she witnessed her mother tied. But this time, she got to watch the whole perverted act.

"Duke can fuck you while you wait, Candy," Claire said. "And, he listens to me. Not like this stupid dog," Claire teased, scratching Sultan's ears. He grinned happily.

"Get right in front of me, Candy," Darlene said, patting the carpet, "So I can watch."

Candice positioned herself in front of her lover and wiggled her ass wantonly.

"Fuck-the-Bitch, Duke," Claire said, giving Candice's ass a gentle, but loud slap.

Duke climbed onto Candice and probed for her pussy with his slick, pointed cock.

"Duke, stop!" Darlene ordered. Duke stood still. "Here, I'll help," she said. Darlene reached out a single hand and gripped Duke's shaft.

"Get a little lower, Candy," Darlene instructed.

"Like this?" Candice asked, lowering her body slightly.

"More," Darlene said. "There. Now hold still." Darlene slid Duke's slippery cock up and down Candice's crack. She let Duke push forward and slide his cock upward between her ass-cheeks.

"You're a little too high!" Candice warned, feeling the slippery discharge along the length of her ass-crevasse.

"Hold it, I think I got it!" Darlene pressed the tip of Duke's cock against Candice's experienced asshole. "Got it!" she squealed. "Now, Fuck-the-Bitch, Duke!"

"Dar-" Candice's voice rose to a high pitched squeal. Then, her eyes widened and she caught her breath as Duke slid his thick dog-cock deeply into her tight ass. It was now Darlene's turn to laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha! Candy," Darlene giggled. "How do you like it? Now Duke has taken both of your slutty holes!" She snorted and then giggled again.

"Fuck her fast, Duke!" Darlene said. "Fuck-the-Slutty-Bitch-Fast!"

"Oh, Dar!" Candice whined, bracing herself for the onslaught. She almost yelled for Duke to slow down, but decided to enjoy it. She knew she was going to get her ass fucked harder and faster than humanly possible. Her ass-hole stretched to accommodate Duke's thick shaft. She was almost grateful it wasn't Sultan breeding her bowels.

Duke happily rocked his hips back and forth, driving his cock in and out of Candice's body.

"Oh, fuck!" Candice moaned. "My ass is on fire! What a dog, what a cock!" Candice began to rub her soaking wet pussy as Duke continued to pound away at her tingling ass. As she plunged two fingers inside of her hole, she could feel Duke's knot sliding in and out of her ass through the thin membrane separating her two holes. She knew it wouldn't be long before they were joined; her tight sphincter wouldn't allow his fat knot escape for very long. She could feel it swelling as it drove inside of her and she could feel her tight ass-hole loosening.

Duke began to whine and fucked his bitch faster and harder. He knew this was different than usual, but he liked it. This bitch's new hole was very tight and squeezed his cock repeatedly. With quick yelp, he drove his hardening lump into her and held her tight, swelling his knot, tying with his bitch, and ejected his potent sperm.

"Oh, GAWD!" Candice yelled, as Duke wrapped his paws around her even tighter. She felt his fat dog knot filling her up, like a balloon expanding inside of her ass. She fucked her pussy faster with her fingers and attacked her clit. She came while Duke hammered her ass and her fingers danced upon her pussy. "Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh!" Candice panted as the bliss of her orgasm and exquisite pain emanating from her stretched out ass made her light-headed. Her body was wracked with convulsions as she came over and over again. She had never had her ass taken like this before, but she knew it wouldn't be the last.

The room grew quiet after Duke finished emptying his sperm into his bitch; the sound of his swinging balls slapping her smooth ass had finally stopped. Candice was quiet, breathing heavily through her nose, contemplating the extreme pleasure she had just experienced and when, and how often, she could do it again.

After a long moment, Candice looked up at Claire. "Aww, Claire didn't have a turn yet, Darlene. We need another dog!"

"I'm OK," Claire said. "I get to play with the dogs all the time. Besides, Duke gave me a good tongue

licking already.”

“Have you ever had your pussy licked before,” Candice asked. “I mean, besides a dog, of course.”

“No.”

“Well, get your pretty pussy down here and I’ll show you what it’s like. A dog’s tongue is wonderful, but a woman’s touch..., well, they know just where, when, and how to rock your world.” Candice wiggled her ass, feeling the thick shaft locked inside of her. She wasn’t going anywhere soon. And, recalling the size of Sultan’s knot, she realized Darlene wasn’t going anywhere soon either.

Claire looked at her mother and bit her lip. She really wanted to try something different for a change, especially if her new friends from obedience school ended up liking the same things she did.

“Don’t look at me for permission, Claire,” her mother said. “You’re a big girl now. You can make your own decisions.”

“You sure you don’t mind, Candice?” Claire asked.

“Mind? Heck no!” Candice said. “I wouldn’t miss the chance to taste some sweet, teenage pussy! Why, I haven’t tasted teenage pussy since..., well..., since Darlene and I were teenagers!”

Claire sat down and scooted her naked pussy in front of Candice. Candice licked her lips. Claire smiled.

“Oh, Mrs. Hill said we can pick out your new dog whenever you want, Candice.”

“How about tomorrow?” Candice said.

“OK!”

“We’ll talk about it later. Right now, I have my ass filled with dog cock, and now I want my face filled with your sweet pussy!”

Her mother watched Candice and her daughter. She slid her hand towards her still wet slit, feeling for Sultan’s knot. It was still swollen and tight. She heard Claire moan and smiled as Candice worked her magic. Darlene began to finger her pussy. It was going to be a long, glorious, afternoon.

Claire woke up suddenly in Tori’s spare bedroom. It was still dark outside, though the grey light coming from the window told her the sun was just rising. She felt next to her for Sultan’s warm, furry body, but his place was empty.

Hearing a noise, Claire climbed out of bed and slipped on her robe. She wasn’t afraid. If there were strangers in the house, Sultan would be barking like a rabid dog. Claire had a good idea who it was, especially after she heard Sultan’s happy whine. She padded softly to the living room and found Tori playing with Sultan. Her suitcase was on the floor, and so were most of her clothes.

“Did you miss your mommy, Sultan?” Tori asked her dog Sultan as she unclasped her bra and dropped her panties on the carpet. She got on her knees and allowed Sultan to sniff and lick her as she petted him and fondled his genitals.

“Oh! Hi, Claire!” Tori said, acknowledging Claire, but focusing all of her attention on her dog. She got on her hands and knees to let Sultan inspect her. He lapped at her pussy. Tori giggled. “Are you horny for your mommy? Mommy’s pussy sure missed you last night! Yes she did, my big, beautiful

boy!"

"I thought you weren't coming home until this afternoon," Claire asked, shaking her head at Tori's wanton behavior. Sultan's owner wasn't even trying to make him obey.

"I missed my big baby and his big, fat, dick!" Tori said. "Yes I did, Sultan! I missed my pretty boy and his pretty doggy-dick! Did you miss mommy's pussy? Did you? Do you want to fuck?"

"Damn it Tori," Claire said. "You have to take control over your dog. I found the training notes I left you still on your dresser, covered with dust!"

"Oh, Claire," Tori sighed. "You don't understand. After all the mean things I've done to my poor Sultan; keeping him in a cage for hours upon hours and torturing him night after night by letting him lick my pussy until he was hard and aroused, and I never gave a single thought about his discomfort or satisfaction. That is, until you showed me how wrong I was, Claire. How mean I was treating him. And, I realized since I never stroked him off, or sucked his pretty doggy-cock, or let him fuck me, I have to make it up to him. Why, I never even bothered to find a bitch for him to mate with once in a while! I was a cruel mother to my precious boy!"

"I decided I have to live my life for Sultan now. He'll get best of foods and I'll never ever cage him again. And, of course, I'll make myself available to him whenever he wants. That means I won't wear clothes when I'm home, and he can sleep in my bed from now on.

"I'm sorry, Claire, but Sultan needs me right now, don't you sweetheart?" Tori said, letting her dog sloppily lick her face. "You can stay if you want." Sultan then walked behind Tori, licked her ass and pussy a few times and then climbed on top of her.

Claire gathered her things from the spare room, walked back down the hall, and paused to watch Tori and Sultan rutting on the living room carpet. Sultan looked up at her and smiled while Tori grunted and groaned underneath him. Claire reached down to pat Sultan's head and scratch his ears.

"You are one lucky dog," Claire said, and closed the door behind her.

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## **Part Nine**

Claire Davis gave a final look at Jack-Jack, the little terrier she had just finished grooming. The pretty, young, teenage placed a red bandana around his neck and admired her work. The small dog was standing on the grooming table, neatly washed, dried, and trimmed.

"Looking good, Jack-Jack!" Claire said. "And, you were such a good boy for Claire today. Good boys get very special treats, don't they, Jack?" Claire then whispered in his ear. "Are you ready for your Bitch-Treat?"

"Rrrr-Ruff! Bark-bark!" The little dog wagged his tail violently; shaking his whole body with excitement.

Claire began to pet the dog with one hand while slowly letting her other hand drift closer and closer to his hairy, little, sheath. "Mmmm-mmmm," Claire hummed, rubbing his cock-sleeve. "How about a 'Bitch-Hand-Job' for little Jack-Jack?" Claire asked, while stroking him. His thin, pink, lipstick sized dog-cock began protruding from its furry hiding place.

"Oh? Does that feel good?" Claire asked, smiling at the little dog's enthusiasm. His cock grew hard and he began to hump Claire's hand. "All good boys deserve a special 'Bitch-Treat' after they're groomed, don't they Jack-Jack?"

Jack agreed with Claire and arched his back as he fucked Claire's closed fist furiously. It didn't take him long, since poor little Jack-Jack hadn't cum since the last time he was groomed by Claire. Soon, with a sharp sounding 'yelp' he squirted his sperm into Claire's hand and all over the grooming table. Claire giggled as the little dog spermed, his tongue hanging out and his body quivering, thoroughly pleased. When he was finished, she picked him up and gave him a kiss. She scrunched up her face as the little dog licked her in appreciation. Claire placed him back in his cage and the door and watched him lapping at his hard, little, dick.

As Claire was wiping up the sperm splatters, Mrs. Hill, the owner of the establishment, came into the room. She watched Claire toss away the tissue and then lick her fingers.

"You don't have to do that, you know," Mrs. Hill said.

"Oh, I don't mind," Claire responded, shrugging her shoulders. Claire was aware Mrs. Hill knew what she was cleaning up. "It teaches them to be still for me, and besides, I like doing it. People can Jack-n-Jill off whenever they want, but dogs can't."

"Yes, but some people pay for that type of service," Mrs. Hill reminded her.

Claire sighed. "I know..."

"We can talk about this later. Now, you can get Jack-Jack back out of his cage. Mrs. Kramer is here to pick him up."

Claire retrieved Jack-Jack from his cage and brought him out to the front desk. She handed the happy little dog to his owner.

"How handsome you look!" Mrs. Kramer said, lovingly taking her dog from Claire's arms.

"Oh, Claire! My little Jackie-Jack is always so excited to see you! All I have to say is, 'Want to go see Claire and get a bath?' and he starts running around the house like crazy. He can't wait to get in the car. Why, he gets so excited his..., he..." Mrs. Kramer looked around, leaned towards Claire and whispered, "...he gets so excited his little wiener sticks out!" She giggled and her face turned bright red. Feeling something wet on her arm, she noticed Jack-Jack's wiener was poking out a little bit right now. "He's never liked being groomed before! Even the word made him hide behind the couch!" Mrs. Kramer kissed her dog and rubbed noses with him. "How do you do it, Claire?"

"Oh, dogs just like me, I guess," Claire said, reaching out to pet Jack-Jack who licked her hand frantically in gratitude. She quickly processed Mrs. Kramer's credit card and smiled at the older woman when she saw the huge tip added on top of the grooming charges. 'Thank you,' she mouthed silently.

"So long Jack-Jack! See you next week!" Claire yelled, as they walked out the door.

Claire looked at the clock. It was almost quitting time. She was tired and a bit horny. She had put in a full day's work this week; grooming dogs, cleaning kennels, and learning to work with all the handsome dogs Mrs. Hill had in her facilities; the breeding kennels, the doggy-daycare/boarding kennels, and pet-spa (as they called the grooming area). Of course, she had also admired the various sized doggy-dicks and wondered what each of them would feel like in her mouth, hands, or pussy.

She was looking forward to a nice, long, fuck from Duke tonight. She had already asked her mother, and her mother's best friend Candice, not to wear him out before she got home.

Claire returned to the grooming station to clean up for the day. Just as she was finishing, the bell over the front door jingled. 'Odd,' she thought, 'all of the dogs have been picked up for the day.'

"Hi, Claire!" a pretty girl called from the opened door. She had long black hair, bright green eyes, and very large breasts. She was carrying a small white and tan dog with her.

Claire was surprised to see her new friend Brenda, from Mrs. Hill's obedience class.

"Oh! Hi Brenda!" Claire said. "What are you doing here? And, I remember this handsome boy! What's his name?"

As Claire reached out to pet the energetic little dog, a shiatzu, Brenda spoke. "Oh, this is Baron. Say hello to Claire, Baron."

The little dog lapped at Clare's hand and when she leaned in to rub noses, Baron began licking her face.

"Great! He likes you!" Brenda said. "Since you work here now, I thought I'd let you groom him!"

"Ah..., but..., we are closing now," Claire said. She apologized to Brenda with a shrug of her shoulders and a sad, pouty, face.

"Oh, I know that!" Brenda said. She quickly began to prattle on until she was nearly out of breath. "I mean, I'd like you to start grooming him..., from now on. We go to that other place..., well, we used to, but I know how much you love dogs, and Baron loves you already, so I thought I'd come over and see if you guys get along, and you do! So, what do you think?"

Claire giggle at Brenda's contagious enthusiasm.

"Well, sure. I can start grooming Baron," Claire said. "And, I'll take real good care of him too!"

"Great!" Brenda said.

"Just a second," Claire said and walked into the back room. She soon returned with small bow and placed in on Baron's head, to keep the long hair out of his eyes. "There!" she said.

"Oh, he looks so cute!" Brenda said. "Thank you!" Then she added suddenly. "Hey, you wanna come over for a while?"

"To your house?"

"Yeah! You know, to get to know each other better. Since you are going to be grooming my dog and stuff. And I think you are pretty cool."

Claire thought of Duke's big doggy-dick waiting for her at home. But, she didn't want to miss the opportunity to hang out with her new friend.

"Well, I guess so," Claire said. "I think you are really cool too. I guess can come over for a little while, but I do have plans for tonight."

"Oh, a date?" Brenda asked.

"Ah, no. Well, kinda." Claire blushed. "Just hanging out with my dog Duke. I've been neglecting him lately, first with final exams, and now working all the time."

"Oh! I understand," Brenda smiled. "We won't keep your date waiting long!" She smiled. Claire shyly smiled back.

Claire decided she really liked Brenda. She was a bit of a ditz, but was a lot of fun. Plus, she was really, cute, flirty and sexy. Claire felt happy just being around her. Her enthusiasm, unbridled joy, and her subtle, sexual, demeanor was contagious.

Brenda waited while Claire said goodbye to Mrs. Hill. Then, the two walked out, with Claire pausing to flip over the open/closed sign and locked the door behind her.

"Hey!" Brenda said, noticing the ring of keys in Claire's hand. "Would it be OK to give me and Stephanie a tour of the place sometime? We want to see the kennels and maybe check out the dogs for sale. I almost have my mom and dad convinced to let me have another one, you know, for poor Baron to play with while I'm at school!" She gave Claire a sly wink.

"Sure!" Claire said. "I'll ask first, but I'm sure Mrs. Hill won't mind."

Brenda whispered, as if she was telling Claire a secret or didn't want little Baron to hear. "Mom and dad don't know it yet, but I'm getting a big dog this time. A real big one!"

Claire smiled. She liked big dogs too, but probably not for the same reasons as Brenda.

Claire followed Brenda to her home. It was located in an upscale neighborhood not very far from where Claire lived. The house had plush carpets, expensive furniture, and high-end decorations. Brenda put her dog Baron outside, gave Claire a quick tour, and then led Claire to her bedroom.

"Wow," Claire said, stepping into Brenda's room. "That's a lot pink!"

Brenda's room had pink curtains, bedding and soft, pink paint on the walls. Even the carpet was a shade of pink. At least the furniture was a different color, Claire thought, glancing at the white desk, bed and dresser.

"I like pink," Brenda said. "A lot."

"I can tell," Claire replied, before focusing on Brenda's wall decorations. Besides a few boy-band posters, there were many pictures of dogs scattered about. They all seemed to be male dogs, Claire noticed. Very curious, she thought.

"You like dogs, too, I see," Claire prompted.

"No, I love dogs!" Brenda said. "Hey, you know, I'm really sorry Stephanie and I embarrassed you when we laughed at your dog Sultan. It was just because we had never seen such a huge dog-cock before. You have to admit, it was a little funny, the way he walked around with that big, purple dick sticking out."

"Yeah," Claire. "It's OK. I would have laughed too."

"What made him get so horny?" Brenda asked. She seemed very serious all of a sudden.

"Oh, who knows?" Claire demurred. "Maybe a dog in heat somewhere close, or maybe he was just horny. Dogs get that way. Guys too, I've heard."



"I saw him sniffing your pus..., I mean sniffing at your crotch," Brenda said.

Claire tuned red. "Well, they do that sometimes. They like to smell butts and pussies and smelly things. I'm trying to train him not to do stuff like that though."

"Yeah, my dog is always wanting to sniff my pussy. Sometimes he gets a boner." Brenda giggled.

"Yeah, mine too," Claire said. "Not that I let him or anything," she quickly added. "But boys will be boys, and male dogs are just like boys too. Sometimes they get boners for no reason at all."

They looked at each other for a long moment. Claire was trying to stay reserved. She knew Brenda loved dogs, and she had joked about Sultan and his big dick before, like she was interested in dog-dicks, but Claire had to be careful and not admit anything. That could get her a horrible reputation at school. 'Claire the dog-fucker,' or worse, would be her new nick-name. And, she was sure to find 'Claire Davis sucks dog cock' written on the walls in all the school's bathrooms.

"Hey, speaking of dog boners, check this out," Brenda said. She walked Claire over to her desk. A large corkboard was on the wall above it, covered with notes and trinkets and pictures of her friends and even more pictures of dogs. Brenda reached over and with a quick flick of a practiced finger, moved a dog picture it out of the way. Behind it was another one, a picture of a German Shepard. 'It looks just like Duke,' Claire thought. It was sitting on its haunches with its large, fully erect, purple and red cock jutting out from the top of two, big, hairy, balls.

She giggled, excited to have shocked Claire. "Look at the size of his dick!" Brenda whispered. She then looked at Claire expectantly, waiting for her reaction.

"It's a real nice one," Claire said truthfully. "I mean, yes, it's a big one." She blushed, and quickly tried to change the subject, but caught Brenda smiling at her. "He reminds me of my dog Duke. He's a Shepard too."

"Does he have a big dick like that one?" Brenda asked in a hushed tone. Claire noticed Brenda casually rubbing her pussy through her pants, as if she had a sudden itch.

It was Claire's turn to smile. "Oh, yeah," she said. "Duke used to drive my mom crazy when he'd walk around the house with his big ol' doggy-dick sticking out, all fat and hard and swollen up like that." Claire confirmed Brenda's question once again, almost as if she was proud. "Yeah, Duke's got a pretty big dick."

"Oooooohhh!" Brenda breathed. "How lucky!"

Claire paused. She wasn't sure if Brenda meant lucky for Duke, or lucky for her. She looked at Brenda quizzically.

Brenda just smiled. "Hey, wanna see some more?"

"Uh," Claire was stunned. "Ahhhh...", she stalled, wondering where this situation was heading. Then, looking at her sexy friend, and with her curiosity piqued, she replied, "Sure. Why not? You got more?"

"Lots!" Brenda said. She turned on her computer and followed a path to a well-hidden file. She opened it up and an image appeared. It was of another dog with boner. She began to clicking on the pictures while making a comment on each one. They were all of lager sized dogs sporting huge erections.

"This one is nice," Brenda said, pointing at a dog's engorged penis. "Look how long and thick it is!" There was no hiding her enthusiasm.

"Check out the knot on this guy," Brenda said. "Can you imagine?"

'Imagine what?' Claire wondered. 'No, it couldn't be. Brenda wasn't... Was she?'

"And look! You can see this one's squirting a little bit," Brenda said. "Let me zoom in on it. See? It's not cum. It's just pre-cum. Dogs squirt theirs, but guys just ooze it out... So I've heard, anyway," she added.

"Recognize this one?" Brenda asked, pausing on a close-up image of a huge cock. It was a sharp picture of the dog's erection, but the legs were slightly blurry, as if the dog was moving.

"That's Sultan!" Claire exclaimed, recognizing his cock.

"Hope you don't mind. I just had to have it for my collection. I took it that day when..., you know..., I hope you don't mind."

"Uh, no, not at all," Claire said. She recalled the obedience training session when Sultan embarrassed her by having a huge erection in front of everyone. Since that day, she made sure to relieve him before class (if Tory, his once master, now his slutty-dog-bitch, hadn't drained his balls already at least once that day).

"Most of these are from the internet, but I have some of Baron too," Brenda admitted. "And a dog I met at the park, and my cousin's..." She suddenly looked at Claire, realizing she may have shared her private, and very kinky, personal information.

"Do you think it's weird?" Brenda asked. She was wringing her hands and she hung her head down. "It's OK if you think it's weird..., I mean..., I knew you love dogs too..., and I thought..., I mean I know it's really weird to be look at all of these dog dicks..., I..., It's just that guys are so stupid, and dogs are so nice, and their cocks are kinda interesting, right? The way they are pointed and they get all hard and wet, and how their knot..., Oh shit..., You must think I'm a pervert for liking dog-dick - I mean looking at pictures of dog-dick. Oh, god! Just please don't tell—"

Claire placed a single finger on Brenda's lips to stop from talking and to ease her embarrassment. Claire leaned in to Brenda's ear. She could smell the fresh scent of her hair and perfume. She could also smell her arousal; the sweet odor of wet, teenage pussy.

"It's OK. I like dog-dick, too." Claire whispered. Her cheek brushed against Brenda's. She stayed motionless, their bodies close and barely touching. Claire could feel Brenda's hair against her face.

Brenda quickly turned her head and kissed Claire passionately on the lips. After her initial shock, Claire kissed her back with matching enthusiasm. Brenda began running her hands up and down Claire's body, squeezing her tight and gripping both ass-cheeks. She suddenly pulled away.

"I knew it!" Brenda said triumphantly! "Stephanie didn't believe me, but I saw the way you looked at Sultan!"

"So..., you and Stephanie...." Claire began.

"Yeah, we look at dog stuff on the internet and then make out. We've been doing it for ages! Sometimes, we let Baron play with us," Brenda said. "Well..., we always let him play with us," she

added, deciding not to lie to her new friend. "It started out as joke, for laughs, you know?"

"That's hot," Claire said, imaging her two sexy young friends playing with Brenda's little dog. "You and Stephanie and Baron. Wow."

Brenda kissed her again. The sexual tension in the room had been rising, and now it reached a feverish height. They both knew they had found a soul-mate; a horny, kinky, slutty soul-mate. There was nothing left to hide. Now, they could freely enjoy their shared, undeniable, animalistic urges.

Claire watched Brenda kick off her shoes, and she did the same. Then Brenda began to remove Claire's shirt and Claire raised her arms so Brenda could pull the shirt over her head. As Claire removed her bra, Brenda began removing her clothes. Claire looked over to see Brenda shimmying out of her tight jeans. She paused to admire Brenda's large, yet firm, teenage breasts swaying before her.

The two girls were soon naked and stood for a moment looking each other over. They were both young, gorgeous, and horny. Brenda rubbed her pussy and squeezed her breast. The soft flesh of her large bosom overflowed her small hand. She licked her lips and moved towards Claire, first embracing her, then kissing her, and finally pushing her back towards the bed. Claire felt the mattress against her thighs and fell softly backwards, with Brenda quickly following.

Brenda seemed to notice Claire's inexperience and took the initiative. As the two kissed, Brenda positioned herself between Claire's legs and gently played with her taut nipples.

"Tell me about it," Brenda breathed heavily. "Tell me everything. Do you play with your dog's dick?"

"Uh-huh," Claire moaned in the affirmative, her reply muffled by Brenda's soft, aggressive lips.

"Is it big?" Brenda asked. "You said it was big." She began to suck Claire's nipples. Her hand drifted towards Claire's pussy.

"Yeah," Claire confirmed. "It's big." She closed her eyes and took a long, deep breath. Her pussy gushed. "And fat," she added. "It's so big and fat."

"Oh, fuck..." Brenda said. "Tell me more about your dog. Don't leave anything out. Tell me what you guys do together."

"Mmmm," Claire moaned, as Brenda scratched her sparse pussy hairs and then ran her finger up and down her slit.

"Uhhhghh," Claire moan, as Brenda found her honey-hole and spread her slippery juices over Claire's pussy lips. "Duke likes to sniff my pussy. I'll get naked and walk around the house for a while, until we're both turned on, and his dick gets hard - oh, he gets so hard - and then I let him lick my pussy."

"I bet his tongue feels good," Brenda said. She sucked and gently nibbled on Claire's nipple.

"Oh, yes-ssss," Claire said, sucking in some air when Brenda found her special spot. "His tongue feels so good. So warm and wet." Claire felt Brenda sliding her body downwards. Brenda kissed Claire's belly, tickling her with her lips before she traveled lower. Brenda then pressed her face into Claire's pussy, inhaling her intoxicating scent.

Claire knew Brenda wanted to hear more. She felt Brenda's tongue flicking around her clit.



"You gotta do me now!" Brenda said. "I just have to feel a hard dog-dick inside of me. Here use this!" She reached into her bedside table and pulled out a dildo. It was shaped like a dog-cock, pointed and thick, with a large knot at the end.

"Where did you—"

"Internet."

"Duke's a little bigger than that," Claire said. She reached for the fake phallus, wrapping her fingers around it. "Well, he's a lot bigger, actually."

"Ohhhh! I want to meet him!" Brenda said.

Claire slyly smiled at Brenda. "Do you want the real thing instead of this?" Claire asked, tossing the doggy-dildo on the bed. "Right now?"

"Now? Duke? Your dog? I can fuck him? Right now?" Brenda's eyes widened. Her dreams of getting fucked and stuffed by a huge dog cock was about to come true! And, Claire said Duke was bigger than her dildo!"

Claire was feeling sexually satisfied and generous. Though she had been looking forward to some alone time with Duke, she wanted Brenda to know what a great lover Duke was. Besides, she could have Duke anytime, and she would have many other opportunities now that she was working at the kennels full-time.

"Yeah, right now. You'll love Duke's dick."

"OMG! I LOVE YOU!" Brenda leapt off the bed and hugged Claire tightly before smothering her face with tiny kisses.

Then, Brenda cocked her head. She heard a distant bark and a high pitched whine. "Oh, shit! I forgot Baron! I left him outside!"

Brenda ran from the room naked, her breasts bouncing and her shapely ass wiggling. Claire smiled and began to dress.

Her friend soon returned holding her tiny dog in her arms. Baron was enthusiastically licking her face. Brenda set him on the bed and picked up her bra, intending to put it on.

"Looks like Baron's has a little problem," Claire giggled.

Brenda looked at her dog and saw his small, fully engorged cock.

"He smells my pussy," Brenda said. "Our pussy, that is. It always makes him horny. And I usually..., Well, I usually 'take care' of him when I get home, if you know what I mean" Brenda had used two fingers on each hand to make air quotes for emphasis.

"I know what you mean," Claire said. "I know exactly what you mean. I 'take care' of my dog too. You go ahead and 'take care' of him, if you need to."

"You don't mind?" Brenda asked. "It won't take but a minute." Brenda climbed back on the bed and laid on her back, positioning her shoulders against two large, fluffy, pillows. She bent her knees and spread her legs. "Come on, boy!" Brenda said. She patted her juicy twat and slapped her thigh. "Come get some pussy, Baron!"

Baron ran up to Brenda's cunt and gave it a quick sniff and a few staccato licks. "No time for that, Baron," Brenda said. "Mamma needs some big doggy-dick for a change!" She reached down and helped Baron get positioned between her legs. He immediately began humping, trying to find his master's pleasure-center. Brenda moved his body a bit and wiggled her ass until Baron found his mark. He quickly began to fuck her with well-practiced staccato motions.

Claire couldn't help but laugh out loud at the scene before her. Brenda smiled up at her and laughed too.

It's quite a sight, isn't he?" Brenda asked, as the dog frantically fucked his master's pussy. She let the dog wrap his front legs around her arm for additional support as Baron did his best to breed with her.

"He such a sweet-heart, and he loves to lick my puss for me it's the least I could do for him.

"You go little guy!" Claire encouraged.

Baron humped and fucked and plunged his little dick into Brenda's pussy until his knot swelled and he began to spew his jizz into Brenda's cunt. When he was finished. Brenda petted him softly and picked him up to place him on the bed. His swollen red dick and knot hung below him. Baron immediately laid down, lifted a leg, and began licking himself.

Brenda wiped her pussy with her panties and tossed them in the hamper. Then, she put on a fresh pair and finished getting dressed.

"Let's go!" she said. She grabbed Claire by the hand, tugging her out of the room.

"Brenda, this is Duke," Claire said proudly, closing the front of her home and introducing her lovers. "And Duke, this is Brenda. She's my new best friend."

Duke panted happily. He was so glad his master was home. She had been gone so long! And, he hadn't been able to breed with and of his bitches since yesterday morning. Duke's sensitive nose caught a whiff of sex. Its odor was fresh and still strong and warm in his nostrils. He sat down and whined a little. His cock began to poke out.

"Oh! He's so handsome and well behaved!" Brenda said. "And so big!" She squatted down and petted Duke before giving him a hug. Brenda stood up. "So, can we do it now?" she asked. She was still very horny and so very eager to feel a hot slab of dog-cock sliding in and out of her tight, teenage, pussy.

"Let Duke get to know you first," Claire teased. "Hold still." She waited until Brenda stood up straight and locked her arms to her side.

"Duke," Claire said softly. She pointed at Brenda crotch. "Sniff-the-Bitch!"

"What?" Brenda exclaimed. Duke immediately got up and shoved his nose into Brenda's groin, sniffing deeply of her essence. "Oh!" she gasped. Duke paused and sniffed again. Then gave a snort. He could smell her sweet, young, pussy but he could also smell the unmistakable odor of dog-sperm. His master had brought him another bitch for him to play with! She was obviously in heat, and he needed to breed her quickly before the other dog's sperm could impregnate her.

"He likes you!" Claire said, knowing Duke likes every pussy he's ever had the pleasure of sniffing. "Come on," she said, and led Brenda into her bedroom. The two quickly stripped with Duke

watching. His cock was growing. Its pink tip slipped a few inches out of its protective sheath.

"So, do I get on all fours, or what?" Brenda asked.

"No, not yet Just relax, OK? We have to tease Duke a bit. He'll fuck you lots better that way."

"Oh! Sure!" Brenda said. "But let's not wait too long!" She rubbed her pussy impatiently.

Claire turned on some music. "Follow me," she said, and danced naked out of the room with Brenda dancing after her.

"Do this," Claire said. She bent over and exposed her ass and pussy. Her dog watched. "Duke, Sniff-the-Bitch!" Duke sniffed her sweet cunt until Claire danced away.

Then, it was Brenda's turn. She bent over and repeated the same command. Duke didn't care who said it, he just wanted some pussy. He shoved his cold nose deeply into Brenda's wet hole.

"Eek!" Brenda gasped and wiggled. She wondered why Duke didn't lap at her dripping pussy.

"Now, start walking around and do it some more, Brenda," Claire said. Brenda walked and shook her body to the music. Occasionally, she would pause, bend over, push out her ass like a wanton slut and say, "Sniff-the-Bitch!"

"Oh, this is fun!" Brenda said, as she jiggled her large breasts at Claire.

"Now, do it again," Claire said. And, before Brenda could command him, Claire cried out, "Lick-the-Bitch, Duke!"

"Oh, fuck!" Brenda exclaimed as Duke began to lap at her exposed ass-crack, plunging his nose deeply under her cute butt to lap at her steaming, hot, pussy. She bent over lower, giving him more access, and when her knees felt weak, she stood up again and walked away. Duke kept trying to get at her sweet, teenage, twat, whenever he could reach it. She finally paused and turned around, putting her juicy twat right in front of his snout. "Lick me Duke!" she said. "Lick-the-Bitch!"

Duke began to lap at Brenda's pussy. She squatted down a little and spread her lips with her fingers. "Oh gawd!" she cried, as his tongue snaked into her and slapped against her hooded clit. "His fucking tongue is huge, and he's trying to shove it up my snatch!"

"Look at his dick," Claire said, and smiled as Brenda glanced down and saw it. It was hard, purple and angry. She wanted it.

"Can I fuck him now?" Brenda begged.

"Sure, let's go to my room," Claire said, with Brenda following her, and Duke following even closer behind Brenda, sniffing and trying to lick her pussy the entire time.

"Up Duke!" Claire commanded, and Duke jumped on the bed. Claire and Brenda sat next to him.

"Do you want to touch it first? Claire asked.

"Fuck yeah!" Brenda said.

"Duke, Bitch-Hand-Job!" Duke immediately laid on his side, almost on his back. His swollen cock and cum filled balls were fully on display.

"How did you teach him to do that?" Brenda asked.

"Lots of practice," Claire winked. She took Brenda's hand and led it to Duke's cock. "Just be gentle with it," Claire cautioned. "Like this. He's very sensitive."

Claire showed her friend how to pleasure Duke with her hands. Brenda was beaming with joy as she stroked Duke's massive cock.

"Do you want to taste it?" Claire said.

Brenda nodded fervently, her head bouncing up and down like a bobble-head doll.

"Duke, Bitch-Blow-Job!" Claire held the base of Duke's cock and pointed his wet, hard, shaft towards Brenda.

Her friend moaned and bent down, mumbling "What other tricks does he know?" She opened her mouth and gave Duke's cock a long, slow lick. She tasted his slime thoughtfully, then smiled and bent her head again, taking his cock-head into her mouth. "Mmmmm-mmmm!" Brenda hummed. She was only a little surprised when Duke began to squirt pre-cum into her mouth. It was so much more than she was used to, but just as flavorful.

The two teenagers took turns pleasuring Duke, with Claire giving tips on how best to suck-off a dog. "Sometimes, I just get on the ground and let him fuck my face," Claire admitted. "He likes that."

Brenda leaned over and kissed Claire. The two exchanged dog-flavored kisses. "Thank you, Claire. This is wonderful," Brenda said, still stroking Duke's cock.

"Oh, you can thank me later," Claire said, grinning evilly. "Duke! Time to Fuck-the-Bitch!"

Duke jumped up, pulling his swollen member from Brenda's hand. He danced on the bed.

"Bark!"

"Now, you can get on all fours, Brenda," Claire said.

Brenda complied. She was shaking, both with fear and excitement. "Hold me, Claire!" she pleaded.

Claire held Brenda's face close her bosoms. She patted Brenda's ass and repeated her command. Duke jumped up on Brenda's back and began searching for her warm hole with his hard, pointed, dick.

"Shouldn't we help him?" Brenda asked, feeling his cock poking her repeatedly.

"No, He'll find it," Claire said confidently. She heard Brenda's sharp intake of breath and knew Duke had finally entered her.

Brenda's eyes opened wide as the fat shaft filled her small hole. "Oh, yes!" she hissed. "Finally!"

Duke hunched his hips forward and impaled the young girl. Brenda's eyes flew open and she sucked in a sharply, quick, breath. 'Unnggghhh!" Duke's cock stretched her tight pussy and drove in deep. Deeper than she had ever felt in her entire, young, life.

Claire saw Duke wrapping his forearms around her friend. He was ready to furiously pound her tight fuck-hole. Before he could begin, Claire called out, "Duke, Fuck-the-Bitch-Slow!" He looked at his



master. "Slow Duke!"

Duke did his best to obey, though his instincts told him to quickly tie with this bitch, before other dogs might show up and try to interfere. But, he had learned that Claire wouldn't let that happen. He trusted her completely and she always let him fill his bitches with his warm, potent seed. He could wait a little while. He enjoyed the tight pussy squeezing his shaft and trying coax the cum up from his balls.

"Oh, god, what a wonderful dog!" Brenda moaned.

"Yeah, I hear that a lot," Claire said.

Brenda almost asked, 'From who?' but she was too preoccupied to think straight. The thick dog cock was plunging in and out of her tight love-canal, pushing and stretching her opening and vaginal walls. She swore Duke's cock was getting bigger, and fatter. Yes. It was larger than before.

Then, Brenda she felt it. His knot. It was swelling with blood and primal lust. Duke was aching to tie with his new bitch. He looked at his master, as if he was pleading with her.

Claire said nothing for a long moment.

"I can feel his knot!" Brenda cried. "It's getting bigger. Oh, fuck. It's huge! It's going to make me cum!"

Brenda felt her body rising to a sexual frenzy. It was so nasty, so hot, and so fucking good! Her pussy began to spasm around Duke's fat, driving, dog-dick.

"Duke, Fuck-the-Bitch-Fast, now!" Claire said. "Fuck her Duke! Fuck-the-Bitch! Faster! Faster Duke!"

Duke appeared to be grinning as he picked up speed and thoroughly fucked his bitch, curling his hips, pulling her close, and driving his long, fat, cock and his quickly swelling knot into her.

"Nnnnaaaaahhhh!" Brenda cried. "Oooooohhhh god, oh god, oooooohhhh god! Heeeee's fuuuuu-ck-ck-fucking meee-eeee-eeee soooo goooooood-d-d!" she squealed.

Duke drove his knot into her one final time, stretching her once-tight hole and tied with his new bitch. He began to squirt his thick, potent dog sperm into her, filling her womb with his warm, thick, puppy-batter.

Brenda came over and over. She felt faint and her body lost all control as Duke continued his onslaught, pushing his cock deeper, blasting his dog-cream inside of her, and pumping more blood into his knot, locking Brenda's pussy tightly, and keeping his sperm from escaping, to ensure his lineage.

"Oh god!" Brenda moaned as she came once again. "He's still shooting! He's filling me up! It's so warm! There's so much! I can't take much more of his fucking knot!"

Claire tilted Brenda's chin up and kissed her shaking body, holding her tight. She cupped Brenda's swaying breasts and pinched her fat nipples.

"Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!" Brenda cried as her body was wracked with a few final, electric discharges. Her cunt was stuffed-full, her breath was haggard, and her body was exhausted.

Both Brenda and Duke panted heavily. Claire looked down at Brenda and smiled. Brenda took a deep shaky breath and let it out slowly. Then filled with emotions, she turned her head to kiss Duke, who was head was hanging on her shoulder. He licked her with tenderness and appreciation.

"Stephanie will never believe this!" Brenda said. "Oh, wow. This was better than I ever dreamed of. Wait till she tries it!" She looked at Claire with a slightly worried expression. "She can, right? You let her, I mean. With Duke..."

"Of course, we will. Won't we Duke? You're such a good boy, aren't you?" Claire petted Duke who basked in her attention. Claire kissed him and Duke licked her face. Brenda turned her head, and all three loves shared a warm, wet, sloppy kiss.

"You're going to be stuck like that for a while," Claire said. "Wanna lick my pussy again? I'm pretty horny from watching you guys."

"Yeah!" Brenda agreed. "I even think I could cum again with Duke's fat cock stuffed inside of me. I've never felt so full. Maybe I can diddle myself while I lick you."

"I have a better idea," Claire said. She crawled under Brenda until her face was under her friend's pussy and Duke's balls were resting on her forehead. She tilted her head back and licked Duke's heavy sack before licking Brenda's twat up and down, pressing her tongue into her hole and tasting Duke's shaft. As she began licking Brenda's swollen and abused pussy, she felt Brenda's tongue on her own pussy.

'This is so nice,' Claire thought as she licked her Brenda's pussy. She had found a new friend and lover who shared her 'special' love for canines and, she would soon be introducing Brenda's friend Stephanie to dog-love. She was s sure Brenda would want her help choosing and training her new dog. And even better, she could look forward to another fun day at the kennels.

Claire sighed. She was content. Although looking up at Brenda and Duke, she could see the edges of Duke's engorged knot pulling against Brenda's loosened hole. The knot was holding back a flood of female and dog secretions. She wished she had remembered to bring a towel.

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## **Part Ten**

Claire Davis watched the dog's huge, heavy balls swaying in front of her. It was almost hypnotic, the way they swung back and forth. The teenager wondered how much cum was backed-up in those big, bouncing beauties.

"Come on, Earl, you big, goofy dog," Claire said playfully. "More walking and less sniffin' and pissin', OK?"

Hearing his name, Earl, a large, handsome Siberian husky, turned to glance at Claire. He paused, sniffed, and immediately hiked his leg against yet another tree. His large cock was on display for the horny young teen once again. Claire paused to admire it for a moment. It was swollen in its sheath and the tip of his pink, pointed dick stuck out slightly. He was horny alright.

Claire sighed. "What is it with these amateur breeders, Earl?" she said aloud. "Raising pretty dogs only to let them mate once or twice a year - if they're lucky." She was considering when and where Earl might be getting lucky today. She felt sorry for the poor animals and had vowed to do whatever she could to help them. Her guilt over teasing her dog Duke had made her realized the sexual agony

male dogs were going through – not being able to jack themselves off, like human males.

Earl was owned by an acquaintance of her father who was also an amateur breeder. Word had gotten out about young Claire and her fantastic training results – not only training dogs to walk on a leash, but also training them to be more ‘relaxed’ at home, and not constantly humping anything and everything all the time. Her phone has been buzzing with so many new clients, she didn’t know how she could accommodate all of them.

“Come on, Earl,” Claire said. “Let’s get to the park.” She was in a hurry. Earl was the second dog she had walked this morning, and she still had to get to Mrs. Hill’s kennels to start her shift.

‘I need to find a way to do a lot of dogs at once,’ she said to herself. ‘But, if I’m not careful, it might turn into a doggy-orgy!’ The thought made her teenage pussy twitch. All those wet dog tongues licking her and so many doggy-dicks to play with! ‘Mmmm, mmm!’

Claire arrived at the park and walked past the shelter-house. It was still early morning and not many people were out yet, but Claire knew there was much more privacy in the woods than behind the small building. She remembered her last experience there; she had almost gotten caught jacking-off a huge St. Bernard. He started whining when he began to cum and someone heard him and came over to investigate. Clare had just finished licking her hand clean when a man walked around the corner.

“Is everything OK?” the man had asked. “I heard your dog crying.” He looked concerned.

Embarrassed at almost being caught stroking off a dog-cock. Claire assured him everything was alright. “I think he stepped on something,” Claire lied. She pretended to look at the dog’s paw, while hoping the man didn’t notice Earl’s still dripping cock. The dog turned, and there was no way he could miss the massive, wet, exposed, hunk of dog-cock hanging obscenely beneath the beast’s belly. A string of cum was oozing from its tip.

“Uh...,” Claire began. “There must be a female in heat somewhere.”

“Yeah, that must be it,” the man replied. He looked at Claire and then at the dog’s oozing shaft before meeting Claire’s eye once again. He grinned.

“Take good care of your dog now, little girl,” he said with a chuckle and then left.

Not wanting a repeat of that embarrassment, Claire returned to the secluded spot in the woods she had recently discovered, even though it was a much further walk. It gave a good view of the path in both directions. There was a small building there – nothing more than a roof and three walls, with open windows, a concrete floor and a picnic table. It offered hikers a place to take a break on a long walk, or a place to get out of the rain.

Claire sat on the bench, looked both left and right down the path, and called the dog over to her.

“You need to shoot your stuff really bad, don’t you boy?” Claire said. “I can tell.” She began to pet Earl, scratching his ears a little before running her hands down his sides and finally towards his belly. She spoke softly, not wanting to scare him. Her hands came closer and closer to his swollen sheath, until she was ‘accidentally’ rubbing it with the back of her hand. Earl like that. He liked it a lot.

“Oh, my poor, horny boy,” Claire said. “No one’s ever touched you there, have they?”

Earl's cock began to expand. Claire rubbed his hairy sheath a little bit more, becoming more aggressive with her touch, now rubbing his entire shaft. When she felt wetness on the back of her hand, she changed her tactics and ran her fingers up both sides of his cock. She felt him harden even more.

"Mmmmm," Claire moaned, "Bitch-Hand-Job".

Claire always used her special "Bitch" words with all the dogs she took care of. She hoped they might eventually learn her unique commands, even though she didn't have the time or the place to train them properly.

"You like that baby?" she asked. "Do you like Claire's Bitch-Hand-Job?"

Earl did like what she was doing to him, no matter what sounds were coming out of her food-hole, and told her so. He licked Claire's face and Claire sloppily kissed him back.

Claire glanced around once again to make sure no one was coming, then bent down to get a better look. Just as she suspected. Earl's cock was a beauty. Really thick with a perfectly shaped head. She spat into her hand and gently stroked his exposed shaft.

Earl's tail began to wag back and forth as he thoroughly enjoyed Claire's expert manipulations. Pre-cum soon began to shoot from the tip of his aroused organ. Claire cupped her hand in front of it to get more lubricant and then stroked him a bit faster.

"Oh, Earl!" Claire exclaimed. "Such a pretty doggy-dick you have!" She licked her lips. "You are going to make some bitch really happy with that fat cock."

Claire knew it was risky, but she had to have a taste. "Are you going to let mommy have a taste of that sweet-doggy-dick, Earl? Pretty please? Bitch-Blow-Job, Earl? Wanna Bitch-Blow-Job?"

Without waiting for an answer, Claire sat down next to Earl and smoothly leaned in to give his cock a long, slow lick. She rolled the sweet, salty metallic flavor around in her mouth "Oh, yeah, Earl," Claire praised. "You have a delicious doggy-dick."

Claire couldn't resist his hard dog-cock. She licked it a few more times and then leaned in to engulf his cock-head with her warm mouth. She licked around his spongy, pointed tip and coaxed out more pre-cum. He was soon spraying it with every pump of his prostate. Claire swallowed it gratefully. Her pussy was wet and gushed with desire.

"Oh, fuck, Earl," Claire moaned. "I have to feel that hot tongue way up in my snatch.' Just for minute, she promised herself.

Claire stood up and reached under her short skirt to pull her panties off. She held them in front of Earl. "Want a sniff, Earl? Wanna Sniff-the-Bitch?"

Earl loved the smell of Claire's wet panties and Claire soon gave him the real thing to sniff. She leaned against the window opening and wiggled her ass in front of the horny dog.

Poor Earl didn't know any of those strange words, but he knew this little bitch liked his cock and he was horny. Instinct took over, as Claire knew it would. Earl stuck his nose deeply inside Claire's wet cunt and lapped her juices. Her scent drove him mad with lust, and he could tell by the taste of her pussy cream she would soon be eager to mate.

"Oh, yeah, lover," Claire moaned, pushing out her ass even further. "Lick-the-Bitch, Lick your bitch good!" The horny young girl arched her back and spread her legs, giving the big dog better access to her steaming cunt. Earl turned his head sideways and pushed his snout deep into Claire's delicious pussy. He lapped up her juices faster than her body could secrete them.

"Lick that pussy, boy!" she encouraged. "Lick-that-Bitch!" Claire had been horny all morning and now embraced the wonderful feelings washing over her. She reached behind, and using two fingers, opened her slit wide for him. She was rewarded with Earl driving his tongue deeply into her tight snatch.

As pure pleasure washed over her, she decided she couldn't wait any longer. She wanted it. No, she needed it. No, she had to have it. Claire's animalistic urges, like the beast between her legs, could no longer be denied.

"Mmmm! Oh, yeah," Claire moaned. "You're driving me crazy with that fucking tongue."

She made a decision. The needs of her teenage twat could not be denied any longer.

"Oh, fuck, Earl. I just have to have your fat, doggy-cock in my hungry, little pussy."

Claire's body urgently longed for the exquisite feeling of being filled, fucked and knotted once again. She knew Earl's cock was a lot thicker than her dog, Duke, but she had taken Duke's knot many times. Besides, she was young and horny and couldn't pass up a chance to have some fresh dog-meat pounding away at her snatch.

"I need to get fucked, Earl. Hurry up and give me that pretty dick boy, before I change my mind or somebody comes! Hurry lover! Fuck-the-Bitch, Earl." Claire wiggled her ass in a provocative, tawdry invitation. She knew she was taking a huge risk by having sex with a dog in a public park, but that only made it more exciting. She imagined someone finding her and Earl in the throes of passion, her entire body exposed, fucking a dog, naked and knotted. Her pussy creamed. She was nearly shaking, brought on by the debauched wickedness of what she was about to do.

Claire leaned against the window opening and flipped her skirt up, exposing her hot, naked ass to the cool, damp air. "Come on, Earl! Fuck-the-Bitch!" She slapped her ass, showing him exactly where she wanted him.

Earl did nothing. He stopped licking her.

"Don't you know how to fuck, Earl?" Claire whined. "If you were my dog, I'd teach you how to Fuck-the-Bitch properly, but I'm only training you to walk on a leash and empty those big ol' balls for you; for now anyway. "Do ya' wanna, Earl? Do you wanna fuck me? Come on already! Don't cha wanna fill me up with your hot doggy-sperms? I can't wait anymore!"

Claire slapped her ass again in growing frustration. "Aren't you ready to Fuck-the-Bitch, Earl? Come on boy, up! Up boy! Fuck-the-Bitch!"

Claire pushed her ass into the dog's face. "Come on, Earl! Fuck me, damn-it!" Her pussy was wet, warm and empty! She was craving a hot, fast, fuck, but the stupid dog wasn't co-operating. She wiggled again, sliding her hot, wanton pussy back and forth against the animal's long, cold snout.

At first, Earl was confused. What was this bitch trying to tell him? She acted like she in heat, needing to be bred. But, there were no other humans around. Wait, is that it? She was in heat, needing to be bred, and there were no humans to mate with. Did she wanted to breed with him? The

hot bitch was showing all the signs of wanting him to impregnate her and bear his litter. Earl paused, deep in thought.

Earl remembered he usually got punished for trying to mate with humans. However, this one smelled ready to mate, and she had allowed him to sniff and taste her pussy. Why else, but to let him confirm her arousal. And now, she was presenting her sex to him and not trying to get away.

Earl slowly decided the nice human wanted to mate with him and he would not be punished for it.

He sniffed her again. Her urgent need filled his olfactory senses.

The bitch was ready.

The bitch was waiting for him.

The bitch wanted his seed.

Earl smiled. This was going to be fun!

He gave Claire's pussy a final lick, confirming her fertility. The sweet, salty, complex flavors, loaded with sexual secretions, made his cock harden. His dick bounced with every pump of his prostate, squirting his ready-made lubrication in preparation for mating.

He stepped back, calculated his trajectory, and hopped on Claire's back.

"Ooof!" Claire grunted, as the big, hairy dog landed on top of her. His warm body felt good against her body, driving away the goosebumps caused by the chill of the morning air and the cooling wetness dripping down her thigh.

Earl gripped Claire around her slim waist and pulled her towards him.

Claire felt Earl's slimy, pointed dick poking incessantly all about her ass. He whined in her ear. Claire reached back to help him, knowing the handsome dog was not experienced with human lovers.

Between Earl's frantic, staccato humping, Claire managed to grip his cock long enough to guide it to her hole. She marveled at his hardness and the thickness of his shaft. Claire exhaled a long, grateful sigh and slowly let go of his slippery dick. She braced herself for the coming onslaught; once a dog realized his cock was surrounded by a tight, warm pussy, there was nothing to stop him from slamming his shaft home and giving his bitch all of the long, hard shaft all she could take, and then, give her even more.

"Unngggghh!" Claire grunted as Earl's fat shaft drove into her hot cunt. His cock spread her juicy pussy lips and impaled her completely. It took only a single thrust before Earl grabbed her even tighter and began to plow his cock into her, pounding her like a jack-hammer.

"Oooohhhh, fuuu-uuuck, Earl!" Claire grunted, her body jiggling with each thrust of his hard cock. "Do it, boy! Fuck me! Fuck-the-Bitch! Fuck me good!"

Claire's cunt gushed as the doggy-dick began to swell even more inside of her. She loved the feeling of a dog cock expand inside of her, starting out long and thin and quickly swelling to thick and hard. She would soon be feeling his knot, small at first, then growing until she could feel her pussy stretching with each jab. She knew she should stop him from tying with her. She should reach down

and grip his cock above the knot to keep him from sliding the every growing lump of hard flesh inside of her. Filling her until they were locked together. She reached down between her legs. Someone might come along the path any minute now. How humiliating to be caught tied with a dog out in public. Her pussy twitched.

She should really stop this. She should stop his growing knot from swelling inside of her. Before it was too late. No matter how good it felt when the fat knot spread her pussy lips and grew inside of her baby canal. She really must stop it from happening. She knew she should. "Just a moment more," she promised herself, and she would grab his cock, just in front of his fabulous, tasty, thrusting, hard knot, and keep it from entering her before it was too late.

Claire looked up and down the path. She felt Earl's hot breath on her neck. Her pussy felt so good! Oh god! She wanted it. She wanted it so bad! She wanted the fat, swollen knot filling her up. Filling her tight pussy so much it almost hurt. Damn the consequences! She had fully copulate with him, it was, after all, the only way to mate with dog. It was how nature intended. She could not deny millions of years of evolution and the incessant needs of her pussy crying out to tie with him. To have him make her his bitch. To feel the hot sperm filling her up and not able to escape. To let him know her pregnancy was definitely ensured.

Claire withdrew her hand and braced herself against the wall. She pushed back as Earl fucked her. She felt his knot growing. She closed her eyes and luxuriated in the feeling of her lips spreading wider and wider with each thrust of his long, hot, poker-like cock and the growing lump of hard dog-flesh at its base.

The dog's cock was now an angry purple and deep red color. His piss-hole squirted so much pre-cum, it dripped out of her snatch. His cock was thick. His knot grew thicker. Claire felt its hardness repeatedly entering her, until she knew it was time and clamped down upon it. She held it in place. Her tight pussy captured him completely.

Earl yelped with surprise. His toes scrabbled on the hard concreted as he strove to drive his puppy-maker deeper and deeper into his bitch. His balls began to tingle each time they slapped Claire's ass. He whined with joy as his cock throbbed, his knot expanded, and he knew he was now fully tied with his bitch. He began to shoot into Claire, his body quivering. He pumped his potent sperm into her, pushing Claire against the wall.

She felt his hot cream and imagined it filling up her uterus. She pulled down her blouse and let her soft, pale breast bounce in the cool air. She pinched her nipples until they hurt. She began to shake as her orgasm washed over her body. Her pussy spasmed, squeezing the fat doggy-dick tighter and tighter.

"Oh! Earl! What a cock! Do it, baby! Do it. Fill me up with your hot cum! Get it all out, lover! Fuck me! Fuck me! Ah-eeeeee-iiiiii!"

Claire came over and over again. Her pussy was stuffed full of thick dog cock. She was filled to the brim with warm, thick, dog sperm. Earl's huge knot kept all of their sexual fluids locked inside of her. She could feel her bloated pussy expanding as Earl emptied a year's worth of sperm inside of her. There was so much, she felt it slosh inside of her.

She came down from her orgasmic high, feeling Earl hot breath on her as he panted in her ear.

"Mmmm-mmm, Earl," Claire sighed. "I wish you were my dog, we could fuck like this every day. Duke wouldn't mind. He gets enough pussy."

Earl smiled happily. He drooled on Claire's shoulder.

"Did you like that boy? Did you like fucking Claire's tight, little pussy? I bet you feel better now, don't you? Now that your big 'ol doggy-balls are emptied. Huh boy?"

Claire knew she was going to be late for work today. But, it was worth it. She breathed out a long sigh of contentment and began to hum a happy little tune as she waited for Earl's knot to shrink.

Before long, Earl began to get restless. His hind legs were tired from standing up for so long. "Just wait a minute, Earl," Claire said, noticing his agitation. "You just keep resting on me a little while longer."

But, Earl didn't want to wait. With a lurch, he hopped off of Claire's back.

"Earl! Unnghh!" Claire grunted as his huge knot tugged against her tight hole. He almost pulled her to the floor. With a quick hop, he turned around, bending his still-swollen dick backwards until he was tied with Claire butt to butt. He started to walk away, but Claire squeezed him with her pussy, hard. "You stay, Earl! Stay right there!"

Claire felt his hard knot tugging against her hole. They weren't getting untied anytime soon. 'Oh, why do I let my pussy do all the thinking,' Claire asked herself. In a less than a second, she answered her own question. 'Because it feels so good!'

Just then, she hear voices coming down the path. Startled, she trembled as she tucked away her breasts. She stared at the sounds.

'Oh god, oh god, oh god!'

The sounds got closer.

'Please keep walking, please keep walking, please keep walking!'

To her horror, Claire saw a family of four walking down the trail. Her trail! They were coming towards her. Would they see the shelter it was occupied, and take the path to the right, or take the path to the left, to the wide open rear of the shelter? If so, there would be no hiding.

Claire noticed a little boy taking a step on the trail to her hiding place.

"Oh Shit!"

Claire tugged against Earl's huge knot, willing to get smaller.

"Unnnnhhhh!" Claire grunted, as softly as she could. She slowly pulled away from Earl.

"Ow, ow, ow!" The pain was too much. It brought a tear to her eye. It was not coming out. No way in hell. Not unless she ripped her poor pussy wide open.

'What to do, what to do, what to do?'

"Mom, Dad! Let's go play in that fort over there!"

"Hi!" Claire said loudly. She waved her hand in greeting.

"Oh, somebody's in it right now, Tommy," his mother said.



"Yeah, I kind'a want to be alone right now," Claire said. "If you don't mind."

Hearing the voices, Earl wanted to see what was going on. He tugged, pulling Claire away from the wall.

"Unngh!" Claire exclaimed, as the knot suddenly tugged against her pussy, threatening to rip her little cunny open.

"Are you OK?" the woman asked.

"Uh, mmm, I'm fine," Claire stuttered.

"Bark! Bark!"

"Hey, she's got a dog! Can I pet your dog, lady?" The boy headed straight towards her, running swiftly.

Her mind whirled.

"Not right now, please!" Claire tried to compose herself. She reached behind and felt her cold, naked ass and Earl's hairy tail. She quickly dropped her skirt over their attached genitals, hoping it was enough, but knowing it wasn't.

The little boy ran into the shelter. "Wow, that's a pretty dog!" he said, petting Earl.

Mortified, Claire turned around to look at the boy, hoping he was too young to know what was happening.

"Come on, Tommy," his mother shouted. "Leave the lady alone."

"I'm sorry, Miss," the father said. "I'll come get him."

"No!" Claire said. "I mean, it's OK."

"No problem at all," the man said, "Come on, Tommy." The man walked around the corner to the entrance of the shelter. He looked at Claire. He looked at Earl.

"Now, run to your mother, Tommy," he said. Then in a low voice. "Right now."

"Awwww! I wanted to play with the nice doggy!" The boy turned and left.

"Are you OK, Miss?" the man whispered. 'Was this a wild dog? Was she raped by this animal or...'

Claire felt humiliated. Being caught tied to a dog!

Earl tried to greet the man. He tried to pull away from Claire, more determined this time. Claire was forced to move with him, or risk having her pussy torn. She hopped backwards. The tugging on her pussy intensified.

"Oh my," the man said. This dog was friendly. This was no accident.

Claire couldn't help it. She felt herself getting aroused.

'OH GAWD!'

Her pussy began to quiver. Earl tugged again. Exquisite pain shook her pussy and her lips spread wider. Her clitoris swelled. The knot tickled it as she became more and more stretched out. She could cum right now, she realized. No, she was going to cum. Right now!

Unable to control herself, Claire plunged her fingers into her snatch and began rubbing furiously. Her fingers danced over her clit. She bit her lip. "Hnnnnggghh! Hnnngh!" she cried. She felt the dog's fat knot against her probing fingers. She was feeling so raunchy! So depraved! It was exhilarating!

The man watched, astounded. With an unnoticed glance towards his wife, he squatted down to better take in the sights and sounds before him.

Earl thought his actions were an invitation. He began wagging his tale. Each wiggle sent tremors through Claire's body.

"Oh, fuck!" Claire hissed. She felt the first wave of orgasm roll over her. "Unnnnggghhh!"

She worked her tired pussy faster and harder!

Squish, squish. Slap! Slap! The man hoped his family could not hear.

"Unnnnhhhh," Claire moaned. "Ahhhh, ahhh, ahhh!"

The knot tugged against her, putting even more pressure on her tight entrance. Earl's knot was shrinking. 'Oh no! It was coming out! Please no!' Her pussy felt stretched to the limit. It caused another massive wave to crash over her. She clamped her pussy around the softening lump of dog-flesh.

"Nnnnggghh!"

Claire looked up, hoping beyond hope that the man was somehow not staring at her debase herself - not watching her cream all over a fat, doggy-dick. She met the man's wide eyes with her own. She looked away, ashamed.

"Unnnnggghhh!"

It was no use. With a final tug, Earl pulled his huge knot out of Claire's pussy. Another orgasmic tremble enthralled her as her cunt stretched to its max and then released. The intense feeling made her weak in the knees and she fell against the opening for support. What felt like a gallon of dog cum gushed out of her poor, suddenly empty, gaping and abused pussy.

Earl's cock swayed back and forth. It was still red and swollen and now it was dripping obscenely. The man stared at the huge dog cock with its fat knot and wondered how it had ever fit inside of the young girl.

"Oh god! I'm so sorry," Claire mumbled, hiding her bright-red face as the last orgasmic tremors faded. She was still slowly twiddling her clit, knowing her red, dripping pussy was now totally.

"No, I'm sorry to interrupt," the man said. He stood up, petted Earl, winked at Claire.

"Michael? Aren't you coming?" a shrill voice shouted.

The man smiled at Claire and Earl. "Thank you, that was amazing. I wish I could stay, but..." He turned and walked away.

"What took so long?" his wife asked.

"I was just petting her dog," the man said. "He's very friendly."

"Dad, why were they touching butts?"

"What is he talking about?" the mother asked.

The dad just shrugged. "I have no idea," he replied. "Just a girl and her dog," He then added. "Hey honey, do you like dogs?"

"I love dogs, why?" she asked.

"Oh nothing," the man said. "I was just thinking how nice it would be to have a dog in the house. You know, for the kids. And since you love dogs..."

...

"Sorry I'm late, Mrs. Hill," Claire said, closing the door behind her. "I really got tied up this morning."

Claire hoped her pussy would stop leaking long enough to wash herself clean in the bathroom. Her panties were soaked! She was sure she reeked of dog cum and pussy juice and thought she felt some dripping down her leg again. She squeezed her legs together.

"No problem, Claire," Mrs. Hill replied. "Oh, you only have four dogs to groom today. Mrs. Smith called to cancel."

"Oh, OK," Claire said, keeping her distance so her odor wouldn't waft over to her boss.

"Are you still walking dogs every morning? Is that why you're late?" Mrs. Hill asked.

"Yeah. Walking them and jacking them off and stuff, so they don't hump their owner's legs all the time," Claire said. "Earl caused me some trouble at the park. He was a real pain in the twat today." She giggled.

Mrs. Hill raised an eyebrow. "I see," she said.

Claire quickly continued. "I'm getting too many dogs, I think Mrs. Hill. I do some in the mornings and some in the afternoons, and I'm getting calls to take on more. But, I don't know if I can. What, with working here and trying to train Candice's new dog all at the same time."

"And, where do you do this 'stuff' that you do?" Mrs. Hill asked.

"At the park, usually," Claire said. "I almost got caught once." It was the truth. She almost was caught once, and was definitely caught this morning, but she wasn't going to admit it. "And, I take them to my house after work, if no one's home."

"And if someone is home?"

"Well, the park, if I can find a quiet place. Or the alley behind the drug store..."

"Oh, Claire," Mrs. Hill said. "You're doing too much, and you're going to get caught sooner or later," Mrs. Hill said. "Can I ask how much you charge for this special dog service?"

Claire told her.

"Oh, honey, that isn't near enough for all you do. Not to mention the risk to your reputation!"

Claire added, "But it's not all about the money, it's about helping the poor dogs too."

"Sure, I get it. I felt the same way when I was your age." Mrs. Hill looked very thoughtful for a while. The room grew quiet. Claire squeezed her legs tighter. Mrs. Hill thought she smelled something vaguely familiar.

Claire was about to excuse herself to run to the restroom when Mrs. Hill stopped her. "OK, I have it all figured out, Claire. Here's what you are going to do;

"One, no more dog-sex in public."

"But..."

"Two, tell your clients they have to pay for formal dog training here at my shop, because you're getting too many clients to manage. They can like it or lump it. Oh, and you can keep all the money, just do it on your own time.

"But..."

"Three, use the building you rent for your 'special services,' from now on. There's no telling what might happen to you out in public. Why, you could get raped, or blackmailed or..."

"But..."

"Four, you can use my old van to haul your dogs. You'll have to get your own insurance, of course. I had it outfitted as a portable grooming station, but that idea never took off. You can try to make a go of it, if you want. I'll even sell it to you if you decide you like. It runs good, it just needs a little of cleaning and maybe a tune up. What do you think?"

"Oh, Mrs. Hill!" Claire said. "I love you!" Claire ran over and hugged her benefactor.

Mrs. Hill hugged the young girl awkwardly, and immediately recognized the odd smell she had noticed earlier.

"We can go take a look at the van after you freshen up a little, OK?"

Saturday was bright and beautiful. It was mid-day, and Mrs. Hill was at her desk finishing some paperwork when Claire walked in.

"I finished with the kennels, Mrs. Hill. If it's OK, I'm going to pick up my dogs and bring them back for their weekly leash training, and stuff."

"OK, Claire. I'll be leaving soon myself."

"Oh, and remember you said it would be OK if I showed my friends around today?"

"Of course I remember. That's the reason I'm leaving early. You guys have fun doing 'stuff,' and take good care of my dogs."

"Oh, we will!" Claire said, before thanking Mrs. Hill once again.

Claire quickly made her way out the door and walked to the large van, admiring the newly washed vehicle. The tattered logos on the sides of the van would have to be replaced, Claire decided. "Mrs. Hill's Mobile Pet Grooming" was a bit dowdy. She would have to think of something much better. Something trendy and hip.

After picking up her four-legged clients, she took them back to her building and began leash training them - using a pair of her old, damp, smelly panties as motivation. When they all had a turn, she put the dogs in some of the many cages she had in her building. Knowing she still had some time to wait, she decided to check on one of her pet projects.

"Hello, King, you naughty boy, you." Claire said loudly, trying to be heard over all the other dogs barking as they competed for her attention. Claire she walked up to King's cage and let him sniff her pussy-scented fingers through the fence. "You like that, don't ya, boy?" Claire said. She opened the gate and stepped inside.

"Sit!" Claire demanded. King immediately sat on his haunches.

"Good boy!" Claire praised, and give him a dog-treat. "It's nice to see you haven't forgotten how to behave."

Claire had been working with King for a couple of weeks now. He was one of Mrs. Hill's breeding stock, but he had been showing signs of aggression. Claire had taken it upon herself to tame him, using all of her special techniques. It had been very hard at first, but he was finally coming around.

Claire had King perform some basic tricks for her, praising him and giving him a treat, or letting him sniff her sex when he obeyed, and correcting him when he disobeyed. She glanced down at his penis and as expected, he was becoming aroused.

"You've been a good boy, King. You know good boys get Bitch-Treats, don't you?"

"Ruff!" King replied. "Ruff, ruff!" His tongue lolled out happily and he licked Claire's hands and fingers.

"How 'bout a Bitch-Hand-Job, King?" Claire asked, as she plopped down upon the cold floor. King became very excited and danced around her, sniffing and licking her face. He knew good things happen when this nice smelling girl sits next to him.

Claire giggled and wrestled with him a moment before reaching for his pink, pointed, cock. She rubbed his hairy sheath, feeling his shaft grow thicker. King stood still, allowing the girl to stroke him. Claire spoke softly to him as she held his sex in her hands.

"Are you a horny boy, King? Do you need Claire to help you empty those big 'ol balls?" She continued to stroke him until he was fully hard.

King's cock was very thick and not overly long. 'Perfect for a good fucking,' Claire thought, as she felt the first splashes of pre-cum land on her bare knees. She admired his cock for a moment. It was growing darker, changing from a pretty pink to an angry red and purple color. His dark veins were prominent and his pointed cock-head was flared and thick before his shaft thinned and then grew bulbous and fat in the middle, all the way down his cock until it thinned once again just before his ever growing knot. King's ball were dark, hairy and heavy.

Claire couldn't resist and leaned in to take his cock into her mouth. "Bitch-Blow-Job" she muttered, "Mmmm, mmmm," she moaned. "You have a tasty cock, King."

Claire decided to get him off using her mouth. She bobbed her head and stroked him gently, swallowing all the juices he was spraying into the back of her mouth.

Just then, over the whining of the other jealous dogs, Claire heard a horn honking. "Oh, fuck! I forgot about Brenda and Stephanie!" She stood up, wiped her mouth and smoothed her dress. "I'm sorry, King!" she said. It hurt her to leave the poor animal like this. "I'll come back as soon as I can, OK boy?"

It was not OK with King. He was confused and stared at her shapely ass as she locked the gate behind her.

"Hi Claire!" Brenda said excitedly, jumping out of her car. "You remember my friend Stephanie, right?"

"Of course! Hey Stephanie!" Claire gave Stephanie a hug.

"Brenda told me all about your dog, Duke." Stephanie said. "I hope I get to meet him sometime."

"Of course you will!" Claire said.

Claire turned to hug Brenda and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek, but Brenda held her tight and gave Claire an open mouthed kiss. The two kissed for a long moment. They separated with a slurp.

"Hey! You have doggy-dick breath!" Brenda exclaimed. "You started without us! No fair!"

"She works in a kennel, for heaven's sake, Brenda," Stephanie laughed. "You'd be sucking and fucking dogs all day long, if you worked here. You are such a slut."

"Yep, you're right!" Brenda said. "On both counts."

Brenda turned to Claire. "So, you going to show us around, or what?"

"Follow me," Claire said. She led her friends to the front door and unlocked it. The girls stepped inside.

"Here's my grooming station," Claire said. She showed them the sink, table and the cages, where the dogs waited for their owners to pick them up. "Down the hall are some offices and storage areas. Oh, and Mrs. Hill has a whole bunch of books on dogs, and their care and breeding them and stuff, come on and I'll-

"Hey, I don't want to be rude," Brenda said.

"Yes you do," quipped Stephanie.

"But, we really came to see the dogs," Brenda said. "I told my mom I might pick one out today."

Claire laughed. "Of course! I should have known you were here to see the dogs! How silly of me!" She turned and said, "Follow me, bitches!"

Brenda barked. Stephanie joined in.

Opening the kennel doors, they were greeted with an excited cacophony of dog's barking. Claire led them around the kennels while they oohed and aahed over all the pretty dogs. Claire noticed both of her friends checking out the dog's junk when they stopped at each cage.

"Look at the set of balls on this one!" Brenda exclaimed.

"That one's getting a boner!" Stephanie squealed. "Do you want to play with me, doggy?" she asked.

"If you want to see them get boners," Claire advised, "Take off your panties and let them sniff 'em. Or let them sniff your pussy, if you want."

"Oh! I want!" Brenda said. "Anything to give them a boner. Besides, how would I know what dog I want if I don't check out his dick first?"

Stephanie and Claire stripped off their panties, while Brenda had to shimmy out of her blue jeans before she could remove hers. She walked to the nearest cage, naked from the waist down.

"Do you like pussy?" Brenda asked, shoving her cunt into the fence. The dog began to lap at her pussy, snaking out his tongue through the opening. Brenda enjoyed it a moment before she had an idea. "Hey, can we let them out of their cages and play with their cocks and stuff?"

"Yep," Claire replied with a sly smile. "But not here. And 'surprise!' I have some dogs ready for us."

"All right!" Brenda exclaimed.

"You're the best, Claire!" Stephanie gushed.

Claire led her two friends out the back door, but first stopped to put a leash on King to take him out of his cage. "He's the reason I had doggy-dick breath," Claire explained. "We didn't get to finish."

"Aww, poor guy," Brenda said sadly. She didn't even bother to put her pants or panties back on before making the short walk to the small building Claire rents from Mrs. Hill.

"Wow," Stephanie said when she walked into the overly large room. "Pretty cool, you have all this and you're still in high school!"

"Well, I only rent this place from Mrs. Hill." Claire blushed.

"Are these the dogs?" Brenda asked. She ran over the cages holding three gorgeous canines.

"They are so handsome!" Stephanie said.

"These are my clients," Claire explained, putting King into an empty cage. "I'm teaching them how to walk on a leash and not hump their masters and their guests."

"How do you do that?" Brenda asked. "Stop them from humping, I mean."

"Training mostly," Claire said. "And it helps a lot if they get to blow their loads once or twice a week." She smiled. "That's where you guys come in."

"What?" Stephanie said. "Us?" She could not believe what she heard.

"We get to help?" Brenda asked excitedly.

"If you don't mind," Claire said with straight face, knowing she was making their slutty doggy-dreams come true.

"Fuck no! We don't mind!"

"Then take of your clothes," Claire said. "Things are going to get messy."

Stephanie and Brenda squealed and jumped up and down, their firm young breasts bouncing. All three teens quickly stripped, their nipples hardening in the cool air. Claire strutted over to a cage and opened the door.

"Do you remember this handsome guy?" Claire asked.

"OMG!" Brenda said. "It's the dog you had during the training! The dog with great big cock!"

"I thought you might want to see it up close," Claire said. "I borrowed him from his slutty mother. She owed me one."

"Brenda, Stephanie, this big boy is Sultan." Claire made Sultan sit, putting his large cock and heavy balls on display.

"Hi Sultan!"

"Can we pet him?"

"Of course," Claire said. "Pet him. Stoke his cock. Suck his dick. Whatever you want."

"Yippie!"

Stephanie began to pet Sultan, who promptly put his huge nose into her crotch. He began to lick.

"Oh, GAWD!" Stephanie exclaimed. "What a big fucking tongue!"

Brenda sat down next to Sultan and began to pet him. She quickly started rubbing his cock through its furry covering. She was delighted when his pink dog-dick began to extrude.

"He's getting a boner!" Brenda exclaimed.

"I wanna see!" said Stephanie. She sat down on the other side of Sultan. Stephanie and Brenda shared a giddy glance, with Sultan's cock growing between them.

"Let me know if you need my help with anything," Claire said. Sultan's head was between her legs lapping at her cunt, sending delicious tingling feelings throughout her pussy. He was driving his tongue keep, trying to get the stale dog cum and pussy-juice from Claire's tight cunt.

Brenda and Stephanie didn't answer. They were focused on Sultan's cock. Both of them had a lot of experience with doggy-dick, but their little dog's cocks were nothing like this.

"Damn, look at it!" Brenda said. Sultan's cock has grown in her hands until it was dark-red, thick, and wet.

"This is so hot," Stephanie said. She was fingering Sultan's knot, watching it grow thick, red and round as an apple. She watched her friend open her mouth and put the wet dog-cock into her mouth.

"Mmmm,mmmm" Brenda moaned. She licked and slurped on Sultan's shaft. His pre-cum began to squirt into her mouth. "It's so fucking big!" she murmured. "Tastes..., (slurp)..., so good!"

After waiting a long moment, Stephanie whined, "Come on Brenda, let me suck it too!" With a long, wet, slobbery slurp, Brenda pulled her mouth off her prize, and offered it to Stephanie, who winced



as a thin stream squirted her in the eye. Stephanie opened her mouth, and paused before taking the large shaft into her small mouth.

"Suck it, slut," Brenda breathed. "Suck his big dog-cock." Brenda grabbed the back of Stephanie's head and forced Sultan's long, fat cock into her throat.

"Mmmmpfh!" Stephanie grunted in feigned protest, and was soon taking Sultan's cock deeper and deeper, all on her own.

The two took turns sucking Sultan's cock. It wiggled and swayed between them, spraying the floor, their hands, arms and faces. While one sucked his cock, the other used a hand to caress his shaft and balls, while the other hand was kept free to finger their slick pussy.

"Aw, fuck," Brenda said. "Watching you suck that fat thing is so hot!"

"Mmmm-mmmm," Stephanie agreed. The two girls slurped, gulped and gagged on Sultan's massive dog-cock. They moaned out loud and sighed in happiness as they waited for their turn.

With the scent of hot, wet twat in his face, two warm mouths sucking his cock, and two slick hands caressing his shaft, Sultan finally gave out a shrill whine and began to hump his cock forwards and backwards. Then, his balls twitched and he began to shoot his cum. The first blast erupted in Brenda's mouth, spattering against the back of throat. In surprise, she tried to swallow it before announcing, "He's coming!" and offered his spurting cock to her friend, who received a face-full of dog-sperm. It oozed and dripped onto her body before she could get her mouth around the massive, swaying shaft.

Stephanie let the animal use her mouth, licking and sucking the thrusting rod when she could. She received two mouthfuls of sweet cum before offering it back to Brenda. Brenda opened her mouth in front of Sultan's cock and directed the erupting discharge onto her tongue, then her face and breasts, before pointing it at Stephanie, and drenching her as well, until the firehose began to trickle and Sultan was spent.

The two took turns gratefully cleaning Sultan's cock clean before abandoning his softening shaft to turn their attention to each other. They ran their hands up and down their bodies, smearing dog cum all over themselves while kissing and licking each other's faces.

Claire took Sultan away and placed him in his cage to rest. "Ready for more?" she asked.

Without waiting for an answer, she removed Earl from his cage. "This is Earl," she announced. "He doesn't have a lot of experience, but he has a nice, thick cock."

"I'll take him!" Stephanie said quickly. Brenda gave her an evil, jealous look. Claire let him loose as Stephanie called him over. He began to sniff her body before licking her face. Stephanie got on all fours and wiggled her ass in invitation. She was ready to get fucked. Earl began lapping at her soaking wet cunt.

"This is Prince," Claire said. "I'm training him for a friend of mine. He's got a really big cock, though not as big as Sultan's. He's a very eager-beaver pussy-pounder, aren't you Prince?"

"Oooohhhh!" Brenda exclaimed. "He's all mine! In your face, bitch!" she teased Stephanie. "I got a beaver-pounding, uh..., eager..., pussy-hound?"

Claire let Earl loose, and Brenda excitedly called him over. Claire then took King out of his cage.

"Come on boy, I owe you one," Claire said. "Can you give Claire a good, hard fucking?" She petted King who promptly shoved his nose into Claire's pussy. "Mmm, mmmm. Good boy, King. Lick-the-Bitch."

She looked over at her new friends. Earl was trying to mount Stephanie, and Prince was feasting on Brenda's sweet pussy.

Stephanie grew impatient. She flipped her long blonde hair backwards and pleaded to her friends. "Ohhh, he can't find my hole!" she wined. "Somebody help him!"

"Coming!" Claire said.

"No, I got it, Claire," Brenda said. She got up off the floor and walked to Stephanie. Prince followed her, lapping at her tasty pussy and ass-crack from behind. She bent over her friend and her friend's newest lover, helping them, while giving Prince better access to her pussy at the same time.

"Oooh," Brenda moaned as Prince intensified his licking. She ran her hands below Earl and found his thrusting shaft. She guided it into her Stephanie's wet cunt.

Earl slammed his shaft into the tight, young teenager.

"Unngggghhh!" Stephanie cried as the thick hunk of dog flesh filled her little pussy. "Oh fuck! It's huge! Oh, Brenda! Oh Claire! Do it Earl! Fuck me!"

Earl curled his back, drove his cock deeper, and began to hump the pretty girl as fast as he could.

"Oh-hh-o-ohh-oh! He-eee's fuu-uuu-uuck-k-king meeee-eee-eeee!" Stephanie stuttered as the dog slammed his cock into her again and again. Her warm, wet pussy surrounded his hot flesh, her titties bounced and her body was on fire. "Soo-o-o gu-gu-gu-goo-oo-ood-d!"

Brenda couldn't wait to experience Prince's cock inside of her. She fell on her hands and knees nearly facing her friend Stephanie. "Come on boy! Fuck me! Fuck me right now!" Brenda just had to have his long, thick shaft inside of her.

"Fuck-the-Bitch, Prince!" Claire yelled to Prince.

"Yeeesss!" Brenda hissed. "Fuck-the-Bitch! Fuck-me, Prince. FUCK ME!" Brenda nearly screamed. She wanted it so bad.

Prince was young, but he knew that command. Her jumped onto the black-haired beauty and jabbed his hard, pointed dick at her repeatedly. He knew he was close when his cock felt her wetness. Then, he found her hole.

"Ahhhh! Ahhh! He's in me!" Brenda exclaimed. "HIS BIG, FUCKING, DOG-COCK IS INSIDE OF ME!" She squealed loudly, both in surprise at her little pussy suddenly, and almost painfully stretching, and in also in pure sexual happiness. His cock filled her up and touched her in places she never had touched before.

Brenda glanced at Stephanie, and found Stephanie looking back at her. Her friend's head was being rocked back and forth and she was panting along with the large dog on top of her.

"Ooh, ooh, oh!" Stefanie panted as the thick dog-cock pounded her pussy.

Brenda gave out one long groan of pleasure. It started deep in her abdomen and continued until she

was out of breath and had to suck in more air. "Oooooohhhh-aaaaahhhhhhhh-mmmmm-nngggghhh!"

Filled with lust, Stephanie's cunt gushed when she heard her friend's guttural cry of ecstasy. She watched her friend Brenda being taken by the dominant animal. It was just how they had imagined it. Brenda's large breasts were swaying heavily in time with Prince's long, deep thrusts. Her eyes were vacant as she let her young body be used by this powerful dog, and his huge, fat cock.

Feeling left out, Claire walked over to her friends. "Mind if we join you," she asked. Hearing no reply and assuming their heads were bobbing at least partially in approval, she too joined them on the floor. She slapped her ass to encourage King to mount her. Being used to breeding dog bitches, and having fucked Claire more than once, he quickly understood. He climbed onto his bitch, gripped her tight, and soon found her fuck-hole.

All three teenagers moaned and grunted with arousal and sexual gratitude. Their pussies felt alive and the thick, driving shafts in their tight pussies sent tingles throughout their bodies. Hairy dog balls, filled with cum, slapped their cunts and clitorises. They felt shockwaves emanating from their genital with each and every pounding.

They met each other's eyes, sharing an intimate moment, knowing how special it was that they found each other. Each smiled in turn, nodding, licking their lips and sighing with pleasure.

"Oh fuck! His knot! I feel his knot!" Stephanie suddenly exclaimed. She had forgotten about it. She paused to wallow in the wonderful feelings it gave her as the lump slid in, and out. "It's getting bigger!" she cried. Each thrust drove her crazy with desire. "Oh shit! It's too big! It's fucking huge!" She felt the ball of hard flesh enter her over and over, growing larger and larger. "Uhh! I don't think I can... wait..., maybe..." With a final thrust, and a satisfied grunt from the young teen, the growing lump went in and would not come out. "Yeeeeessss!" Stephanie grunted triumphantly. The fist-sized knob of flesh made the inside of her pussy expand with each growing surge of blood and with each pump of his powerful dog-sized prostate. Earl scrabbled his nails on the floor, trying to drive his cock deeper into his human-bitch.

"Nnnngggghhh!" Stephanie cried. Then, she felt the hot, potent dog sperm erupt inside of her. The strange feeling of the warm liquid splashing around in her insides made her cum. "Com-mmm-mmm-innng," she moaned, as her body shook with pleasure. "Oooooohhhh, yeeeeessss!"

Brenda and Claire watched Stephanie with jealous, but loving desire, knowing their friend was experiencing her first orgasm caused by fucking a big, strong, animal. The two met each other's eyes and smiled briefly before closing them again, knowing their own orgasms weren't far behind.

Brenda felt Prince's knot swelling. It was getting bigger. It grew large. She braced herself for what she knew was coming, and pushed back against her furry lover to help him tie with her. She wanted it. She wanted to experience the thrilling joy, once again, of tying with her furry-lover. She pushed. He thrust. His knot entered her. Prince tightened his grip and she felt his knot quickly swelling, locking them together. Then, she too felt warm, potent ejaculate filling her pussy.

"He's cumming!" Brenda howled. "I'm cumming! Unngh, unngh, unngh! Yes, yes, yes! YES! HE'S FILLING ME UP! CUM INSIDE OF ME! MAKE ME YOUR FUCKING BITCH! BREED ME! BREED ME, MOTHER-FUCKER! I WANT YOUR BABIES! GIVE ME YOUR DOGGY-SPERM! GIVE IT TO ME!"

Brenda continued to babble like a drunken whore. Her orgasm wracked her body. It felt so good! The dog continued to pound against her, slamming his heavy, bloated balls against her cunt again and again.

Prince wrapped his legs tighter around Brenda, holding her tighter as he emptied his balls and bred his bitch, sending his puppy-batter deep into her womb. Her body tremble with orgasmic waves. They consumed her wet, gushing pussy. She felt the electric sparks inside of her cunt. Her clitty throbbed and triggered jolts up and down her thighs and into her guts. Then, she fell limp, still impaled by the hard, thick, slab of hot dog-cock.

Claire felt the tingling from her ravaged cunt slowly expand, enlarge, and then quickly explode, sending one blissful wave after another throughout her body. She bit her lip as she came, watching as her friends tied and forever bonded with their lovers. She felt King's knot swelling inside of her and came with soft, repeated grunts and moans, trying to be discrete, but also strangely craving attention.

"Mmmm,mmm! Ahhhh, ahhh! Mfffhh! Yes! Oh yes!" Her young pussy gushed, joining the doggy-cream already inside of her. Her body shivered and her thighs quaked. She came loudly, no longer caring if her friends thought of her as a nothing more than a dog-slut, a two-legged-bitch or a canine-cum-receptacle. The degrading thoughts excited her and she came again. Finally, the last waves crashed over her and softly floated away, leaving her spent and breathless.

Claire opened her eyes to see both Brenda and Stephanie looking at her with knowing smiles and thankful adoration. Their exhausted dogs were resting upon their backs with long pink tongues hanging from their panting, happy expressions.

All was quiet, except for the soft sexually satiated sighs and the heaving breathing of both dogs and teens.

Brenda broke the silence. She giggled. She looked at her friends. It was all so surreal. Each of them tied and stuffed with dog-dick, with their spent lovers lying on top of them.

Stephanie snorted.

"That was fucking intense," Brenda said.

"I never knew it would be this good," Stephanie said.

"What did I tell you," Brenda replied.

"It was much better, being with you guys," Claire admitted.

"Thank you, Claire," Brenda said.

"Oh, yes!" Stephanie cried. "Thank you, thank you! Oh, thank you!"

"Anytime," Claire said.

"Anytime?" Brenda asked. Her face getting serious. "Well..., I want to be fucked like this every day. No, twice a day!"

"Me too!" Stephanie cried. "Can I? I mean, can we?"

"We'll do anything," Brenda promise.

"Yes, we will," Stephanie agreed. "Anything. Pleeeee-ease?"

"Well..., " Claire began, wondering how often they could actually get together like this. She looked

around her big room and realized she could probably use some help relieving the dogs, especially if she decided to take on more clients. Once a day, for sure, but...

Brenda watched Claire close. Her friend was deep in thought, obviously contemplating their outrageous request. She finally blurted, "I was just teasing, Claire!" Brenda laughed. "But since we're going to be stuck like this awhile, let's talk about what kind of dog I should get."

"I want a dog too" Stephanie cried. "And I don't know about you, Brenda. But I was not teasing!"

*The End*