

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter One

As Esmerelda punched her code into the glowing screen mounted to the thick wooden door at the top of the marble flight of stairs, she wondered how much it must have cost. The door, the security system, the stane work, all individually seemed more expensive than her entire family home. Just as she walked through the immaculate vestibule, her phone dinged, "Right on time! Thank you, dear! The boys are waiting! Buxter and Charlie are in the drawing-room while Bear and Frank are in the solarium. Call or text if you need anything!"

She'd been dog sitting for about a year now while attending community college online but had never been at home even half as fancy as Ms. Crawford's estate - it was technically considered an estate; she had looked it up after the first interview. If her dad had a house like this, she would have spent the past year at Yale instead of wasting away in zoom classes, where the hardest part of the course for her is staying awake.

But alas, he did not, and in the decade following his wife's death, he'd grown quite dependent on his eldest daughter. That became even more true when he was injured on the job last year. There's no workers comp for subcontractors, or at least not for undocumented ones. Esme knew he could tell she was lying when he told her that she didn't get into any of her dream schools, but he respected her too much to protest, and he knew her siblings needed her.

Her dad hadn't quite looked at her the same since that day, not out of resentment, though. She knew that no matter what she felt or said, he believed he had failed her. Technically, in some ways, he had, but Esme never saw it like that. Either way, her father needed her help. Dog sitting was the perfect option; especially if she could become Ms. Crawford's go-to sitter, they paid her four times her standard rate per dog! While working, she could attend class, do some basic writing for blog sites, and tutor or babysit her siblings if it was needed.

She walked through the various corridors before finding Buxter and Charlie. "So, this is a 'drawing room.' Good to know,\* she thought to herself as she pets the two massive Great Danes.

The immaculate leather couches, mini bar, and fireplace filled a room that seemed the size of her house. Every piece, from the millwork to the furniture to the various awards and artifacts on the mantle, seemed unique, luxurious, and specific - like there was a story for each piece. Solarium, she'd deduced, was the sun room she'd first met the dogs in. Her mind flashed back to that day. The beautiful, tall, elegant woman lounging cross-legged on the leather daybed petting Charlie while the other three lay at her bare feet.

"Charlie is a tad anxious compared to his brothers. They're all rescues. They were being mistreated by a monstrous kennel breeder. They were actually confiscated by the police!"

The woman held her hand to her chest in an almost cartoon fashion, "He was fined heavily and lost his license. It's a shame they couldn't do more to that swine. The brief of it is tried as we might, all four periods of sleep in our bedroom, and Charlie will whine unless he is nestled right against you. He's perfectly harmless, gentle as a flower, and I hope this won't be a problem."

"Not at all, Mrs. Crawford."

"Oh please, dear. That's my mother-in-law, call me Melanie. Also, technically I am a Miss, one of the perks of being a widow. I never liked Misses, and it felt so boring."

“Okay, Mrs. Crawford. Melanie,”; Esme replied, head staring at the ground.

“Good girl,” She purred with a wry smile, “Or, at least Miss Crawford, but with a ‘zzz’ sound not an ‘s.’ Miss with an ‘s’ sound means not yet married. I had quite a life with Tyler. Miss with a ‘zzz’ sound means no longer married, well it means not defined by marital status to some, to me, Ms. Crawford just sounds the best.” Esme liked the sound of it as well.

“Melanie,” Esmerelda caught herself saying the name aloud.

She liked the way it felt in her mouth. She didn’t think it was a crush, though if it were, she wouldn’t know, but more of a fascination. Apart from the ones of elementary school, Esme had never really had feelings for anyone. Besides the tragedies that scarred her younger years, she hadn’t the time for boys. Between honors classes, tennis, work, and home, the only downtime she had growing up was spent resting. Hell, she didn’t even have time to learn how to show off the kicking body she’d grown into. Despite her appearance, Esmeralda was quite petite.

At 4’9”, though, even a size 0 waist doesn’t fit conventional proportions. Her hips may have been the same diameter as the supermodels, but because she was much shorter, it seemed off. Plus, her double D’s meant anything that wasn’t super form-fitting made her look like she had a gut that she didn’t, as most t-shirts simply draped straight down from the end of her massive tits. Anything form-fitting made her feel like a total whore...perhaps that was the catholic upbringing.

Regardless, Esme had no money for looking cute, no time to figure it out, and certainly no time to enjoy the benefits. It wasn’t until the lockdowns started in her senior year of high school that she even started to masturbate...though, once she had tasted that forbidden fruit, though, it was all near impossible to stop. Her pleasure consumed her, the sensations, the emotions, most of all the sinfulness.

She hadn’t admitted it to herself yet, but she loved going to confession to tell her priest what she’d made herself cum with and how many times she’d done so since their last confession, almost as much as the masturbation itself. Even now, she bit her lip thinking about all the places she could flick her bean in this massive mansion or about how the jacuzzi jets in the master bath might feel against her holes.

That was another perk of the dog sitting system: privacy – something not available in the tiny, two-bedroom home she shared with her father and three brothers. It was also why she felt so nervous about sitting for Ms. Crawford. There were cameras in pretty much every room that didn’t have a toilet...except the master bathroom, which had several. She’d seen at least a dozen in the master bedroom, which was where she would be sleeping with their pack of dogs.

Ms. Crawford said it was part of their security system, which made sense, but the quantity in the bedroom seemed less relevant. Esmerelda unzipped her jacket and placed it on the barstool with her duffel bag, and headed towards the other two dogs. She rubbed the soft skin of her shoulder from under the oversized flannel. The weight of the bag had left its mark even on the dense winter coat. As she sauntered down the hall, images of the house matron’s conversation with her flashed back yet again.

“Regarding the cameras, I’m sure you’ve noticed. It’s a part of our security system – which reminds me, and I’ll need to send you an entry code. Anyways, before we leave, we’ll be sure to manually turn off all the cameras in private spaces, the bedroom, etc.”

As Melanie spoke, Esmerelda’s eyes were on the ass swaying in front of her as they walked through the estate. The woman wore a thin dress, the material draped elegantly and left nothing to the

imagination for the young woman behind her. Melanie looked back and caught Esmerelda staring. Ms. Crawford smiled but made no comment. From which point, Esme swore the woman increased the sway of her hips.

"If you prefer them on - which I recommend (it absolves all parties from any liabilities pursuant to contested damages) - there's a simple switch on the side. Cameras that are active will send us notifications anytime the dogs bark loudly. It's intended to alarm residents of break-ins, but in our case, it has proven to have unintended benefits. If I am unoccupied, we will offer some quick advice or get the dogs to calm down if they're problematic, which is a rarity, I assure you."

Esme was only half-listening, maybe a quarter listening. Her mind was occupied with feeling caught by her employer, being drawn to her figure, and the uncontrollable throbbing between her legs that had been raging since she entered the house.

"...by default, we leave them turned on everywhere but the bedroom and bath. Is that satisfactory?" Esmeralda nodded in reply. She was grateful to have tuned back in for that last sentence.

"Well, I think that's everything," Melanie said as she turned around and faced the girl, "Any questions you have for me?"

Charlie licked her ankles, pulling her from her daydream. No, not a crush. Esme was, however, drawn to Ms. Crawford. Perhaps it was that she envied her. Ms. Crawford was tall and slender. She had an athletic build that looked good in anything. With her awkwardly disproportionate body, Esme found that not to be the case. She'd grown to resent her tits. At barely 80 pounds, Esme looked amazing naked, but when it came to clothes, her tits and height meant almost every outfit made her look either chunky or like a whore.

Loose clothes draped straight down from her protruding breasts, and in skin-tight outfits, you could see every detail of them. Anything opens in the front made her look like a colonial bar wench. Typically, she was far too uncomfortable in her skin to really try the latter two outside the confines of her own home. Melanie, on the other hand, looked amazing no matter what. The cut of her top dropped well past her cleavage, yet the woman still looked elegant and refined. Her long brown hair was peppered with gray, which only seemed to heighten the attention her dark green eyes commanded.

Most women would have dyed the strands, but this woman was not most women. With each breath, she oozed sexuality and confidence and maturity and everything Esmerelda felt she lacked in this world. That woman could walk into a ballroom topless and look classier than Esme. She rolled her eyes at the imaginary dinner guests drooling over Ms. Crawford as she continued down the hall.

As expected, Esmerelda found Charlie and Buxter sprawled on the daybed. Upon seeing his new friend, Charlie exposed his belly, waiting for her affection. The sun felt intoxicating magnified through the large, windowed ceiling. If it weren't for the piles of snow outside, one could forget how far below freezing the temperature outside was. Esmeralda loved the way the sun felt on her caramel skin. After peaking around, she unbuttoned the flannel revealing the small tank top she wore underneath.

Her eyes darted at the camera in the corner of the room: on; for now, she'd settle for this quantity of exposure. Though she also noted that shorts would be the only pants she'd be wearing in that room moving forward. She checked the time, 3:15p. That left 45 minutes before it was time to feed the boys.

Esme plopped onto the daybed beside the two dogs, making sure that there was no chance the

camera could see the graphic hentai loading onto her screen. Charlie curled up against her, Buxter settled back down at the end, and she heard the other two making their way to her on the hardwood floor.

“These boys sure do seem to love me.” she thought. She had no idea just how true that would be.

With their dinner, her dinner, evening walks, and playtime is done, Esmerelda walked the house to make sure everything was locked, then brought her luggage up into the bedroom. Normally people would have her stay in a guest room or the couch, but Ms. Crawford had not only given her their master bedroom but had done it up quite nicely. When she opened the door, she found the massive bed draped in elegant fabrics, ambient lighting, a chilled bottle of champagne, and a basket of assorted snacks all waiting for her.

The dogs had followed her in. Charlie jumped onto the bed while the other three found their places in the corner of the large room. She was impressed that Charlie seemed to show no interest in the basket of treats. With each dog being probably more than twice her size, she would be helpless to stop him if he had. The photos on the dresser drew her attention. Ms. Crawford mentioned that she still talked to her husband often. A tragic but also beautiful notion.

Her father did the same. Mr. Crawford looked like the perfect match for Ms. Crawford’s elegance and sexuality. He was large and firm but had a refinement that wasn’t quite identifiable. Nothing was flashy about his appearance or his attire. In the photos, he wore sharp suits, shorts, jeans, and t-shirts, but in every photo of them, there was an intangible impression. ‘Big dick energy,’ her brother Miguel would say, interesting. Esme probably shouldn’t feel what she felt between her thighs while looking at photos of a dead man and his wife.

She turned away and sent a ‘thank you text’ to Melanie. After pressing send (somewhat embarrassed by the half paragraph of ass-kissing her text had devolved into), Esme looked up and saw that the pack seemed to all be perfectly content as they were. With that, she reached for her toiletries, and a wicked grin stretched across as she thought about the jets in the bathtub. Toothbrush and face wash weren’t the only things tucked away in the oversized satchel. This was going to be a wonderful two weeks.

She hooked her tank top straps with her thumbs and pulled her massive tits loose of the cotton as well as the bra below. Her jeans were next. After unbuttoning them, she let them cascade to the floor. In a matter of five seconds, her nubile figure suddenly lay bare before her new friends. All four dogs’ heads turned to her; Bear did an adorable head tilt that made her blush.

“What? You’ve never seen a naked girl before, Bear?” She said jokingly to his vacant stare. Just in case, she took the treats with her. Ms. Crawford should have known she was only 19, but after all, it wasn’t like she was going anywhere. Apart from a sip or two of her father’s beers, Esmerelda had never had alcohol before. She was a bit too shy for any of that in high school. Apart from boys staring and pointing at her tits, no one seemed to care to invite her to the parties, not that she would have had the time to attend anyways. She grabbed the bottle as well and headed for the bathroom.

Now was as good a time as any to start.

Once inside the warm water, she found the jets offered a wonderfully unique sensation. She lifted her legs over the rim of the jacuzzi and arched her back so as to give the propulsion direct access to her. The cool porcelain of the outer rim was a warm body in her mind. She pressed into him – or was it her? Images of Ms. Crawford’s dress falling to the floor flooded her brain.

Suddenly it was her hips pressed against Esmeralda, her hand inside her, her tongue. She watched Ms. Crawford's fingers slide up her young skin and press hard on her breasts, so hard that the tissue seeped out in between her digits. Esme moaned - the first, subdued, the second - upon the realization of her isolation, she let loose.

"Right there, Ms. Crawford! Oh God Fuck! Ahhhhhhhhh!"

The climax came quicker than anticipated as the figure she'd only seen photos of came to loom in the imaginary background of the scene. Mr. Crawford's broad shoulders approached his wife from behind and pressed her with his cock into Esme's pussy. Their eyes locked as he began to fuck her through his wife.

Esme topped up her glass of champagne and reached for her thrusting dildo, then proceeded to reposition herself so that the propulsion was aimed at her asshole. This was going to be a fun week.

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## Chapter Two

Esmeralda emerged from her shower to find the four dogs exactly as she'd left them. Charlie was lying on the bed, the other three in their spots. They seemed perplexed by the way she wore her towel on her head, or maybe just intrigued by her entrance. Though there was no justification for her to have changed in the privacy of the bathroom, she had still chosen to do so. She was wearing her favorite silk nighty; it was a light green hue. The hem fell just below her waist.

She had taken a liking to this style of sleepwear ever since her addiction to masturbation began. They kept her modest up top while also giving her uninhibited access to her nether regions under the sheets. Tonight was no exception. Despite the orgasms in the tub, more were on their way. With some effort, she managed to return the half-empty champagne bottle to its ice bucket, tossed her bag of goodies onto the bed, and proceeded forward with her standard first-night ritual: opening every door and drawer available looking for dirty secrets.

Normally she was more controlled, but the effects of alcohol mixed with the tub left her without her normal prudence. She started with the top drawer Mr. Crawford's nightstand, books, old condoms, and photos. Ms. Crawford probably had never cleaned it out; apart from the size distinction, nothing exciting. But as she reached for the second drawer, Buxter barked a terrifying warning. Charlie was not so gracious.

He pounced on Esme, knocking her back. Normally, she would be equipped to deal with this sort of behavior, but she couldn't quite think straight. A sober Esme would have noticed that all four tails were actually wagging, hair was not up on end, and teeth were not bared. This would have led her to take a deep breath and assert her dominance with a quick, commanding "NO!"

Instead, she jumped onto the bed in an effort to make a B-line for the door. Bear and Frank had cut off her escape before she even made it off the bed. The other two had their front paws resting on the duvet, waiting for her next move. She scanned her surroundings for a moment, sliding her boob back into the spaghetti-strapped cup. No way out.

Charlie yipped a playful bark at his new friend, who (while nearly in tears) proceeded to leap frantically towards her last hope: the camera on the dresser at the wall across from the bed. All four dogs followed suit. She nearly reached the camera when the force of Bear and Charlie's weight pushed her to the floor. She screamed as the four dogs jumped, nipped, and licked every inch of her body.

Buxter had gotten his head under her dress. Every attempt to stand up was thwarted by a brush of one of the dogs' massive paws or dense skulls. The teen curled into a ball and shielded her face only to have Frank hop up and pin her down. The claws of his front paws dug slightly into her exposed shoulders. As she flailed, something caught the corner of her eye, something pink protruding from between his legs. It was covered in a viscous fluid and seemed to be growing thicker and longer. It was...

"Heel," commanded a deep, powerful voice. In a flash, all four dogs jumped up off of Esme and sat at attention in a row.

"Lie down" all four followed suit. The tip of Frank's erection was still dangling away as he walked steadily to his spot.

"All you alright, Ms. Torres?" Suddenly Esmeralda realized who was speaking. It was the camera, or, well, it was Ms. Crawford speaking through the speakers. Only her voice and demeanor were completely different. She was assertive, dominant, clearly in control.

"Yes, I'm fine. They, I think they were playing. I just got startled." Esme conceded.

She looked down, embarrassed about her failings as a dog sitter, and suddenly became aware of her state of dress. By the grace of God, her breasts remained covered this time, but depending on the angle, Ms. Crawford likely could see every inch of her pink pussy lips. She frantically closed her legs and crossed her arms so as to hide. This was more of her than any person had seen that wasn't her father or brothers.

"Are you sure you can handle this assignment? Our dogs are well trained, but they are also powerful."

"No. I can do it, I promise, I just, well..." The deep voice made her weak. If she commanded her to 'sit' or 'go lie down' she'd probably listen.

"What is it? Do you need anything?"

"I., uhhhhh."

"Dear," the softness returned to Ms. Crawford's voice.

"I've never been drunk before!" Silence followed her outburst. She looked at the ground. Well, she looked at her tits. A red paw mark had appeared on the inside edge of her left breast. She blushed even more. Ms. Crawford spoke again, but Esme couldn't quite discern it. She was away from the mic, talking to someone else, maybe? Then she heard Ms. Crawford's voice return.

"Esme dear, you alright, now?" Melanie's tone was sultry and comforting now.

"Yes, I'm fine, a bit embarrassed with the first impression I've left you with, though!"

"Oh, please darling, I've seen worse. Once, a friend of ours watching the house hosted an orgy in our absence." Melanie said off-handedly. The goal was clearly to settle Esme. In fact, it only flustered her more.

"What?! How could." The young girl was cut off.

"I know! You'd think they'd at least invite us!" Melanie laughed; Esme joined uneasily. She wasn't

sure if the statement was a joke or not. She at least recognized the intent was to calm her down.

“Anyways, I’m terribly sorry about all this. It completely slipped my mind that you were, in fact, underage. I should have never put that bottle out for you. Feel free to discard it or whatever you please. I won’t count this against you and hope you do the same.” It sounded as though Melanie was doing something else while speaking to her. There was a rhythmic smacking in the background, voices filtered in and out of the audio as well.

“Thank you. I’m sorry I...” Melanie cut her sheepish tone off yet again.

“No need for that. First nights are always terse in these situations. We’ll call this a mulligan, eh?”

“Okay, Ms. Crawford sounds great. Thanks again.”

<“That’s Melanie to you dear, and oh, one more thing.”

Esmeralda had gotten up and begun to fix her hair and clothing into place. The towel on her head had been knocked loose at some point.

“If you keep that bottle, just keep in mind, Sometimes when I get tipsy, the boys and I have a little fun roughhousing. If they smell the alcohol in your system, they may associate it with that. I’m not sure if that’s what set them off, but from what I’ve seen so far, I can assure you they meant you no harm.”

Esme conceded and said her farewell to her host. Just as Ms. Crawford was hanging up, a third voice entered the soundscape. “You had done yet...” {click}

“Who was that?” she wondered.

More importantly, who was this woman she’d been hired by? She looked around. All but Charlie was now asleep. The silence made her uneasy, and her mind was racing, racing as best as it could while inebriated. Try as she may discern what they were doing and where her mind kept going back to her line about roughhousing with ‘the boys’ and Frank’s cock. She had no idea dog penises could be so large. She was familiar with the narrow little javelin from her parents’ Jack Russell terrier, but Franks?

It was barely the tip, and yet it looked like nearly four inches and plenty thick. She looked over at the sleeping companions and realized, to her shock, that her toys were strewn across the duvet. Terror flashed across her face, followed by something else. She thought of Melanie, fantasizing about what she was doing in her home with those toys. She stuck with that idea and made her way over to the satin sheets and the pleasures awaiting her beneath them.

The lubricant wasn’t necessary. The pulsing silicone cock slipped into her tight pussy like butter, and pleasure almost instantly took over what little sense Esmeralda had left. Her mind wandered to her host, her crushes, her favorite porn clips, and back to Frank for a moment before repeating the loop. The alcohol combined with her euphoria in a deadly mix that left her lost in her sensations.

She rubbed and thrust into herself for orgasm after orgasm. The covers had been pushed aside as the heat of her sex had made them unbearable, though the cool air only heightened her sensations. Esmeralda screamed her pleasure into the night air unconcerned with (or perhaps unaware of) the windows she’d cracked open before her bath.

Her bare breasts were made redder by her own hands than the paw print that still remained emblazoned upon them. Soon, her closed eyes began to drift. Fantasy and dreams, and reality all



started to blur. Without her conscience to protest, her mind gradually wandered to the four cocks that shared the space with her as she moaned, half-asleep into the night.

“Charlie!” Though it was barely a whisper, in her dream, she screamed his name as his cock ravaged her holes. She’d fallen asleep with the thrusting dildo buried between her ass cheeks.

“Charlie, no! Charlie, Oh Gawd.”

Charlie was awake. His ears perked up from his spot nestled at the foot of the bed. He turned an inquisitive look towards the new sitter. She was grinding her hips. He sniffed the night air and snorted. His nostrils were overwhelmed with the smell of sex: pheromones, cum, and sweat.

The Great Dane crawled forward, his nose to the ground to investigate the source. It seemed to be coming from her. This was also the source of the buzzing he was hearing. Both sound and smell originated from her waist. He sniffed closer, inches away from the source.

“Yes, Charlie!”

He heard her whisper his name, encouraging him forward. Esme whimpered as his cold nose pressed into her mound. A finger pinched her nipple. In her mind, it was actually Mr. Crawford’s teeth. She ground her hips forward as Charlie continued his exploration. The odor was sweet and saline, his favorite.

He cautiously licked up the fluid that encircled her opening - delicious. Esme yelped elation. Charlie didn’t need that encouragement to proceed. The taste of her pussy was everything to him. He buried his tongue deep into her loins like the peanut butter treats he’d often get. The young woman lurched forward and pressed his head deeper into herself.

“Yes! Yes! Oh my God!!!!!!” In her dream, it was now Melanie between her legs. And Melanie was quite skilled at making the young lady cum.

Charlie continued to slurp up the delicious snack, but with each gulp, it seemed more fluid came to take its place. He enjoyed the warm texture of this new crevice. Esmeralda wasn’t as moist as Ms. Crawford, but she was tighter, and the fluid was creamier. His erection began to present at the recollection of what usually followed this sort of treatment. The 185-pound beast continued his exploration as he awaited the order to mount.

Even in her dream, Esmeralda couldn’t understand how deep inside her Melanie’s tongue had ventured. Charlie’s tongue was six and a half inches long and three inches across. It formed a semicircle that parted her opening and teased her g-spot as it slurped up and down her corridor. It was a matter of minutes before she erupted into orgasm, dousing the unexpectant lover in warm cum.

Charlie bolted away with his tail between his legs. That wasn’t the only thing between his legs. About seven inches of pink flesh began to retract back its sheath. Nearly half of his cock - an unusual preemptive move for the seasoned lover. He looked on, somewhat offended by his new plaything’s behavior. A sleeping hand plopped down to replace his valiant effort.

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Esmeralda awoke to a soaking wet bed. A four-foot-wide semicircle of dampness radiated from her pelvis. Her nightie was hiked up above her navel and had been pulled down under her breasts. Despite the throbbing headache, she felt remarkably good. She tried to remember last night, but

only bits and pieces remained. As her eyes adjusted, she realized she was in an unfamiliar room.

“Whose house is this?” she thought aloud.

She turned to see a massive dog on the end of this bed, and, THREE MORE IN THE CORNER?! Suddenly it came back to her. She was dog-sitting for an eccentric wealthy widow. The tub, the champagne, the wrestling match, the orgasms, it all began to swirl back into her brain. What remained most prominent was the shame - which always followed her pleasure.

Sometimes in a good sort of way, but more often than not, in a self-hatred sort of way. The remnants of ecstasy that the pool at her feet had granted her was replaced with embarrassment at soiling the sheets of her gracious hosts. She remembered how stupid she was when the dogs were roughhousing. She remembered having to call Ms. Crawford. The swirl of emotions and dehydration nauseated her.

She had to get out. Esme cut straight for the bathroom door, barely making it to the toilet bowl before reaping the rewards of emptying a bottle of champagne by yourself.

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After dropping her silky sleep dress into the empty washing machine downstairs, Esme headed for the fridge. She poured herself a massive glass of water and took the next few minutes washing her mouth out. With the next glass of water, she attempted to recuperate some of her body's moisture. By the first couple sips of the third glass, she was starting to feel a bit better, though, at the same time, she became aware of the cold sweat she was wrapped in during shower time.

She looked out the large window across from her. She loved being able to walk around naked. It had to be one of the best parts of dog sitting - that and finding weird sex stuff in her hosts' homes. She'd left her cum on many hosts' toys in her time since starting this job, but she hadn't found anything in this one's, which surprised her. She remembered she'd only managed to open one drawer in last night's search. Perhaps it was time to resume the mission.

Once up the stairs and into the bedroom, she found all four dogs curled up where she'd left them. Charlie perked up his head and began wagging his tail. She noticed, though, that there was something on his face. She approached him cautiously. Something crusty had engulfed his mouth—a dried, viscous film. Suddenly flashes of her dreams and fantasies rushed her mind. No, it couldn't be. It....

Charlie shook himself out and stretched his long arms, sprawling across the width of the king-sized bed. Bear, Frank, and Buster followed suit. It was time for food. Esmeralda hopped over to the nightstand to grab her phone before heading down - six notifications. She scrolled past the texts from her dad and her classmates to open the one from Ms. Crawford's number, only to drop the phone to the ground before she finished reading the text.

“Hello Dear, I just wanted to remind you about the cameras throughout the house. As mentioned, we turned off the ones in the bathrooms and the bedroom. However, if you recall, you activated one last...”

Esme clasped her hands over her breasts and bolted for the lens on the dresser. “How could she have been so stupid?!” she wondered. Not only that, but she'd also just walked the entirety of the house in the nude! After turning it off, she still felt exposed. She reached for the bike shorts and hoodie she'd packed and put them on quickly before bothering to pick up the phone and continue reading. She felt heat and blood rush to her cheeks.

“If you recall, you activated the one last night. I have erased all footage from last night from our servers. Unless, of course, you intended to showcase yourself to me, I recommend you go ahead and turn off any and all cameras that would limit your lifestyle.”

The evening flashed before her eyes. Had she seen it all? No, surely, she would have turned it off herself before then. But doesn't she get notifications when there's a loud noise, though? She looked at Charlie; part of the film had crusted his lip to his cheek, resulting in an awkward side smile that he gave while panting with excitement. Esmeralda licked her fingers to wipe the crusty substance.

“It's funny,” she thought aloud, “it's almost like...” her jaw went slack; pupils dilated, heart stopped, diaphragm gasped.

A memory flashed before her eyes. The context was a blur, but the image was far too clear to be manufactured. Esmeralda recalled vividly looking down and seeing one of her hands squeezing her breast so hard that they were changing color, while the other held the back of Charlie's massive head as he buried his mouth between her legs.

“Cum” she exhaled passively.

Pangs of guilt and shame rushed through her brain like needles as the weight of her depravity fell upon her shoulders. This was a sin that even she couldn't bear to confess to Father Guzman. The needles flowed downward. Her eyes began to water as she comprehended the consequences of her actions; this went beyond horniness. She was a pervert, a criminal. The guilt led to the literal pain in her chest, this time magnified by another sensation she was even more horrified to feel.

A simultaneous warm throbbing began to pulse from her pussy. She could feel her spandex bike shorts dampen as the sensation radiated down her thighs and up her hips. The needles of guilt and warmth of arousal met at her gut resulting in a churning similar to storms created by hot and cold air colliding. As the F5 cyclone raged in her gut, she could feel her mind deciding which feelings to surrender to, her perversion or her purity.

Charlie had grown impatient. Breaking the rules, he jumped off the bed and began to lick Esme's face. Charlie's head stood less than a foot shorter than Esmeralda's. He didn't have to jump up or anything. He just lifted his giant skull a little. It was here that Esme really began to comprehend just how massive these four dogs were. If she sat on their back, her feet would be a foot off the ground. Their heads were the size of her chest. If they wanted to overpower her, there was nothing she could do. It was a good thing Melanie had trained them so well.

She could smell her sex on him. Shame seemed to override arousal, but more than anything, an obligation to her client's pets won out.

“Okay, okay, I get it, food time. Let's go!”

The four mammoths pranced downstairs to get their meals. While they ate, Esmeralda got ready for their walk and threw her soiled sheets into the washing machine. “Back to normal, you are fucking whore” she kept insisting to herself.

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### **Chapter Three**

The next three days followed a similar pattern. Wake up, food, walk, school, food, walk school, jacuzzi, orgasm, bestiality, orgasm, orgasm, orgasm. The only difference was for these nights; she'd

been sober. The first night, she returned from the tub hornier than she'd entered. That night she skipped the nightie and plopped down atop the sheets with her Hitachi vibrator wand and laid into her clit.

The sound piqued Charlie's interest, and he began to crawl forward. Esme protested, but the dog continued his gradual approach, nonetheless. Esme knew she should stop, that she should turn Charlie away, do something, but with each inch he gained, she felt her cunt ache. Maybe it was because she'd never been with someone before. Despite her constant arousal, the young girl was still a virgin. Perhaps the allure of anyone seeing, wanting her was simply intoxicating - whether they were a man or a beast. Eventually, Charlie found his way between her thighs.

She felt his short, coarse hair prick her tender flesh. His whiskers poked the edges of her groin as his cold snout pressed up against her labia. At that point, Esmeralda tossed aside the toy and pushed Charlie's head into her. His tongue began its work and didn't finish until Esme had cum half a dozen times and fallen asleep. Each morning she'd wake up with that same battle between guilt and arousal, and each night with Charlie, arousal would win.

On the third and fourth night, the couple dropped all pretense. Charlie was waiting for her when she emerged from the shower, and Esme rode his face with abandon, but on the fifth night, something changed. This time Charlie was waiting at the head of the bed. When he began to pleasure Esme, he stood and bent down to her pussy from beside her rather than laying in front of her hole.

Because of this, as Esme rounded towards her first orgasm, she, for the first time, noticed the pink protrusion surfacing from his loins. She caught herself licking her lips as all inhibition fled her mind. As if on cue, Charlie positioned himself above her, pre-cum dripping onto her curious face. The young girl reached up and began to stroke the dog's belly, each time edging closer to his erection.

As she began to make contact with the flesh around his manhood, Charlie somewhat instinctively moved down towards the young woman's head. Esme began to stroke his erection out of curiosity more than anything. It felt a similar thickness to most toys she'd come across, but as she continued, it grew far longer than anything she'd ever experienced. Charlie lowered his hips some more.

The dog's torso was much longer than the girl's, but his cock also shot at an angle forward rather than perpendicular to his frame like with humans, so as he lowered himself, his growing wet meat plopped onto Esmeralda's unsuspecting face. It was far longer than her face was. She crossed her eyes to see it, then apprehensively slipped her tongue out to lick it. The taste was indescribable.

Creamy, salty, and somehow wild. She liked it far more than she was expecting, though perhaps the depravity of it all was what she found so enticing about his flavor. Either way, the sensation was exhilarating to Charlie. He leaned back so that the tip of his cock pressed against her lips and forced the oddly shaped tip between them.

Esme was caught off guard by his aggression. She flailed a bit and tried to break free as he began to thrust himself into her. She coughed and gagged on his girth as it slipped past her uvula and down her esophagus, but there was no escape. It appeared Charlie was giving her a sink or swim type introduction to deepthroat. Her face turned red, but eventually, her body submitted to his thrusting as his cock grew and hardened more and more with each motion.

In truth, Charlie was holding back. He wasn't going as hard as he'd like to and hadn't fully entered her. It wasn't until she stopped moving that he really began to pleasure himself. Esme slipped another pillow under her shoulders which allowed her head to naturally tilt back at a better angle as Charlie began to fuck her face with his massive cock. She felt it slide down her throat as gradually,

the engorged base of his manhood approached her face.

Out of desperation, she had learned how to breathe through her nose each time his cock cleared her airway. She moaned as his tongue picked up its pace, and his balls began to slap against her head. She squeezed her breast together. Her toes curled in on themselves as the orgasm rushed through her body. Esme's eyes rolled back as Charlie fucked her from both sides.

His thrusting was increasing, his body lowering, now his coarse fur was grinding against her soft, nubile flesh. The friction reddened her cleavage, turning her breasts tender. Each fiber of his hair stimulated her body, especially the ones that rubbed her nipples raw.

Esmeralda moaned at full volume into his girth as the pace of his tongue and cock quickened. She lay limp, legs agape, surrendered to his body's handiwork. The mutual climax was approaching. Charlie began to pull out farther and press in deeper. His teeth began to rub against her clit as Esme ground against him. The sensation was intoxicating to both participants. Esme wrapped her legs around his meaty head and squeezed down, urging him deeper.

Charlie fucked all the harder as his knot began to press against her lips. Pleasure turned to panic as Esme felt the base of Charlie's attempt to penetrate her mouth. There was no way in Hell it could fit! She slapped his side to try and stop him, which only seemed to drive the beast wilder. Her eyes unrolled as she felt her jaw muscles stretch past their limit. With a final thrust, Charlie broke her open and shot his hot seed down her throat. Esme was choking on the fluid but also couldn't breathe.

She felt her face flush from the pressure build-up. But as his tongue continued its fervor, the panic mixed with the overall sensation and spiraled into an earth-shattering climax. Through sheer desperation, Esme had managed to suck some air through her nose. This relief added to the pressure buildup throughout her body. Her nipples, her cunt, her mouth, her face all demanded release, and all their demands seemed to find release in her fuck holes.

Her legs spasmed in violent contractions as heat shot through them. Her vaginal muscles released shockwaves of pleasure through her whole being as cum poured onto her lover's jowls. Charlie sat on her face; his cock fully hilted in the girl's face. The taste of his warm syrupy cum was simply mouthwatering, and it was the culmination of the flavors she'd tasted on his fleshy erection.

Her legs fell limp to the bed as she enjoyed her massive treat. She couldn't move them if she wanted to.

Esmeralda tried in vain to release herself from Charlie. His weight was far too much for her already trembling limbs. She could feel already that his knot was slowly receding, so eventually, she complied with the inconvenience. The halting of his thrusting had given the ability to take some very limited breaths, not much, but enough to keep her alive. She absentmindedly slipped a hand down to flick her bean.

The wetness formed by combining her cum with his saliva was always shocking, but this time was easily double what she'd experienced the previous nights. Now the shame and guilt only served to heighten her arousal. But as she worked herself toward a third climax, she heard the growling. It stopped her in her tracks.

Charlie hadn't moved, but she could feel him tense up. She felt the weight of another presence climb atop the bed. She failed to try and see what was going on but to no avail. The growling turned to bark, which turned to bite. Esmeralda was thrown to and fro as another entity joined the mix. It wasn't until Charlie whimpered that she managed to slip a view of a singular chocolate paw.

There was no mistaking it. This was Buxter, who was larger than Charlie but not as big as Bear or Frank. Esme was terrified of what was about to proceed. He felt his cold snout sniffing her wet hole, then Buxter scooted forward, was he? Esme winced as the warm meaty head of his unit pressed against her lips. She may be a total pervert, but she wasn't about to give up her virginity to a fucking dog!

"No, Buxter, Heel!" She screamed, or at least. She tried to scream, Charlie's cock still stretched her mouth wide. Without a tongue or hardly a windpipe, the girl was helpless to communicate.

If Buxter was half as powerful as his smaller sibling Charlie, she realized she had no say in the matter. Esme had to give him what he wanted. Just as Buxter started to part her lips, though, an idea popped into her head that would solve her dilemma. She had to act fast, and she could feel Buxter's cock unsheathing at her entrance. Esme lifted her legs up until she was practically folded at the waist.

Her thighs pressed against Buxter's dark fur. She reached back and grabbed onto the base of his length. It was already several inches longer than her fist. Buxter began humping her fist frantically as she did her best to help him find a new hole, a better hole. One that had just as much juice dripped into it from Charlie's tongue as her cunt. Esme was actually surprised by the ease with which Buxter initially penetrated her.

But as he reached full size, his cock slid deeper into her than she'd ever slid anything. The sensation was terrifying. The girth stretched her walls, and he might as well have been in her pussy the way it made her clit and G-spot feel. As the beast thrusts became more targeted, more precise, her fear turned to elation. Thick cream continued to ooze down onto Buxter's cock, turning his coarse fur slick and soft. Esme reached back and spread her cheeks for him. "Just like in the porn films." she thought, though she'd never seen one involving Great Danes.

"Oh! Fuck!" She moaned.

Charlie's knot had begun to finally recede enough for her to break free, though her shouts were indecipherable to any observer. Rather than freeing herself, though, she began to slide her tongue around his silky member. The pup continued to spasm, spurting more juices steadily down her gullet. She felt full, content, elated. With each pump from Buxter's cock, Esmeralda was flooded with electric waves of pleasure.

His erection was reaching points even Esme's most depraved expeditions hadn't dreamed of venturing to. The arousal was heightened all the more, by the way, his body ground against her entrance. The sensation was similar to a rabbit vibrator. She was edging towards both anal and clitoral orgasm, one of her favorite combos.

A large mass was pressing at her cheeks. She knew from Charlie what it was. She didn't understand how it worked or what it was for but based on how full her ass already felt, and she was pretty confident Buxter wouldn't be so lucky as to get to fully hilt her. As his bucking grew more rapid, the growling started again.

Esme was still somewhat crushed under the weight of Charlie's body. Though she'd maneuvered herself for Buxter, now that he was going, she had no say in his actions. She peaked her eyes to their edges, but she needn't see to know who had just entered the scene. There were two distinct entities on either side of her body.

All four dogs were on the bed, Buxter was defending his hole, but there was no denying the other two dogs' superiority. As the positioning shifted her body around, Esme realized something: this

time she wasn't scared - or she was, but it was the fear you feel before skydiving or surfing a massive wave, she was trembling now from terror, pleasure, and anticipation, or at least she was for now.

This squabble was far more aggressive. Charlie remained inside her but got up somewhat, rotating to face his opponent. Her stomach stung as his claws scraped her bare skin. She yelped but was still helpless. Buxter had continued his vigor, which not only pinned her, but the sensation had made her whole body weak.

She was all but a ragdoll at this point, protest as she may. She felt a force smash Charlie's back, and her neck cranked to the side as he lost his footing and brought her down with him. Then he cranked her the other way as he retaliated. The motion allowed her a glimpse of her assailant; the grey, peppery coat of Frank's torso rippled as his paw came down on Charlie. His teeth were bared, but his tail was wagging.

This was play at some level, but with 200-pound beasts, her frail 82-pound body could be snapped in half as an afterthought. Esme suddenly became aware of her awkward positioning. Fear started to overpower, or at least try to, terrified as she was. It also felt shockingly good. The sensation of Buxter's cock thrusting into her virgin asshole had yet to surrender to the circumstances.

Suddenly everything changed. It took Esme a moment to understand what exactly had occurred. In an instant, she went from on her back with Charlie's softening knot buried in her face; to on her stomach, atop the ever thrusting Buxter. Charlie had given up, in part probably because he had mostly finished with her mouth. Her stomach felt completely soaked with her fluid, and her chest, torso, and pelvis felt tender and swollen from the violence of their sex. Blood speckled two paw prints that stung horribly as Buxter's body continued to pulse.

One print was on her chest, the other on the side of her stomach. She looked at the elated jackhammer beneath her. Buxter's tongue dangled outside his mouth. She should probably be concerned with the beast that had just toppled the large dog, but the new angle gave her a completely different sensation. It sent her over the edge. She lunged down to kiss her canine lover, his tongue darted down her throat, it was appallingly slimy, yet the top felt like sandpaper.

Perhaps that was why Charlie was so effective at cunnilingus - that, and the length. She tried to reciprocate, but the dog had the intimate moment, was cut short by the entity that had flipped her over and set her free from Charlie's grasp: Bear. Bear was a full head taller than Buxter. His silky black coat oozed dominance.

In addition to his height, Bear was also thicker and more muscular than his siblings. His cock draped a full 14.5 inches and was thicker than anything Esme had ever put inside any of her holes. She watched his dark figure approach and proceeded to mount her, the dark mass starting to unsheathe at his waist.

"Ugh, already occupied, Bear." She thought. However, quickly she saw his plan in action. Bear slipped his hind legs under Esme's body and lifted her free of Buxter's frantic thrusting, then dropped her back onto his abdomen. As she recovered from the blow, she felt Bear's manhood press at her entrance.

"There's no chance, Bear. It's too big!! It's—AGHHHHH!"

With a pop, her words were cut short. The girthy member split Esmeralda's ass open and stretched her so much she thought she might burst. Her words were replaced with guttural screams and moans. Bear had no sympathy, no concern for her; as he thrust, he began to lift Esme off of Buxter's

stomach a bit. Gradually all fourteen inches began ravaging her hole. The in and out was constant and vicious. Whether she liked it or not, it made her cunt drip with elation. Which seemed to be Esme's biggest mistake.

As Esmeralda's body was lifted by Bear's cock, her throbbing entrance suddenly lined up with Buxter's still desperate erection. Pinned by Bear, the dog wiggled as best he could to slip into her. She felt him press against her outer walls and scream in protest as her eyes went wide with the understanding of the consequences of her actions.

"No, Buxter! Heel! I'm..., Argh!" His cock slipped in with understandable ease. Both sex organs were so lubed up that Buxter could probably share her cunt with Bear,."

Her arms reached down and swatted. She screamed at Buxter's elated face below her. "No! Buxter! No! I'm a virgin! STOOO..."

At this point, Frank entered the scene. She hadn't noticed him approach her, so concerned with what was happening below her. Charlie was still sitting, somewhat defeated, somewhat satisfied, and content on the edge of the bed. Frank pressed cock into her protesting mouth with a force that triggered Esme's gag reflex. She instinctively controlled her body's reaction as Frank pleased himself with her throat. She continued to flail, but Frank was even bigger than Charlie.

She mumbled, "Please, not there! No! Not my virginity!" came out as barely audible groans.

Real as her fears and concerns were, she couldn't help but acknowledge how pleasurable this spit-roasting felt. She always loved to have something in her mouth while she fucked herself, but this new experience, sitting back and letting her lovers do all the work, somehow heightened the sensation. She was able to focus exclusively on how it all felt. Frank's musky member was stretching her jaw.

She could feel it sliding down her throat. The alternating thrusts of Bear and Buxter. Though she'd tried countless times, she'd never been able to fuck herself with such fervor. The two cocks sloshed and slurped as her cum, their spunk, and the remnants of Charlie's spit greased her insides with milky goodness.

She felt tears drip down her face as her shouts turned to whimpers. The fact that she loved the feeling only made her feel even more ashamed of her circumstance. She closed her eyes and begged for forgiveness, desperate to be released for her conscience's sake. This was all her fault, her fault for letting Charlie inside her mouth, letting him lick her. Her fault for masturbating in a stranger's home, for being so addicted to masturbation.

She was disgusted with herself. Worse than all of that, though, she knew that if this continued, there was no going back. Hell, there probably already wasn't. That thought frightened her far more than anything the dogs were doing to her, far more than anything they might do: the thought that she liked it, loved it, craved it, needed it.

"Please God!" she attempted to scream, though the moans of pleasure that punctuated her cries for help probably made her pleas seem disingenuous even to her. At most, she could say that she wanted to want them to stop.

"Heel!" shouted that same commanding voice from Esme's first night. Instantly all motion stopped. Even the clear alpha of the pack Bear stopped in his tracks. Esme noticed that she had stopped as well. In fact, she'd even stopped breathing.



“Corner! NOW!” Mr. Crawford’s voice boomed through the room. It was even deeper and raspier than her last experience. The sound dripped with command.

All four dogs returned to their beds. Frank jumped off the bed, almost taking Esme’s head with him. Bear slipped out of her ass with an audible pop before Buxter spun Esmeralda off of his stomach, and the two shook themselves off before proceeding to their spot. Charlie hopped onto the opposite corner of the mattress. This was clearly his spot, as there were only three beds in the corner of the room. Esme sat up in response as though at attention in response to Ms. Crawford’s command the same way the dogs were.

“Are you alright, Ms. Torres?” She spoke, somewhat softer but with the same commanding tone. Esmeralda nodded in response. Her eyes were pointed down. They followed the grain of their oak floors. She felt like a child, clearly in a world of trouble. She stretched her forearm across her chest and slipped the other between her legs to create some element of modesty.

“The dogs will remain where they are until you have composed yourself and I release them. I assure you; this will not happen again.”

There was contained anger in his voice. Clearly, Ms. Crawford was upset with the situation. How much of that anger was directed at Esmeralda, she couldn’t quite decipher yet. Also present in the woman’s tone was concerned with Esme’s safety. The young lady came to see that this was the truest form of dominance, the kind that freed her to surrender to it. It wasn’t overbearing or insecure but simply existed as a constant truth, a matter of fact: she was in control.

There was no need to prove dominance, and there was no way her dominance could be undermined by compassion for the dominated. It was this concern for her wellbeing that made Esmeralda somewhat envious of her canine lovers. Suddenly she craved being under the same thumb. She longed to please.

In reply to her statement, Esme looked up at the screen, doing her best to lock her eyes through the screen. She was making a calculation, an educated guess, or maybe more of a gamble. The dogs seemed at least familiar with fucking, and Ms. Crawford in no way seemed phased by her debauchery. She knew exactly how to stop them and only did so when it was clear Esme felt unsafe.

Furthermore, in order to be there to intervene, she must have already been watching, so clearly, she had no problem beforehand; otherwise, she would have cut the gods off. Maybe she not only tolerated their behavior, could he facilitate it. Ms. Crawford seemed to drip sexuality; she figured the woman had a wild side. If anyone was open to this behavior, it would be her. Maybe this was something she did regularly even. Esme’s heart was aflutter as she made her move.

With her eyes locked on the lens fixed across from her, she dropped her arm, exposing her ravaged breasts, next to her other hand also relented. She leaned back on them and spread her cum-drenched legs to the camera, biting her lip as she tried her best to beckon her attention toward her pulsing holes.

“Unless, of course, you don’t want that behavior to stop.” Chimed a curious Ms. Crawford. Esme shook her head no.

“Are you no longer concerned with your virginity, dear?” She wasn’t. The moment she had a second to gather herself, and as soon as she fell prey to Ms. Crawford’s sultry command, she completely surrendered to her depravity. For the first time, she looked forward to telling Father Gusman about all of this.

"No, ma'am, I, I mean, they've already taken it, I guess." She hated how frail her voice sounded. She wanted to sound something like Ms. Crawford. Her infatuation with her was growing by the second. She was an idol, a crush, a craving, a role model. The woman she was speaking with had so much confidence. She envied Ms. Crawford's demeanor. Her interaction with the dogs was probably far more dignified, though clearly, they were used to fucking. She felt her pussy twitch as she thought about what the six of them got up to together. What dynamic might she add to their sexual adventures?

She could hear the speaking just out of earshot. Was she not alone?! Had she gotten it wrong? She wondered. Maybe she was, in fact, disgusted with her. Their delay was just out of appalment. Suddenly that ever-pressing shame began to flood her. She folded in on herself as whatever confidence led her to display herself to Mr. Crawford diminished rapidly.

"If at any point you are overwhelmed or feel unsafe or overwhelmed, shout 'Relent.' If you need them to fully stop, shout 'Release.' Odds are you won't be able to articulate very well once everything is going, so if you need less hold up two fingers to the camera if you need them to stop hold out three. These aren't commands for the dogs.

"Once they are going, it is unlikely they will listen to you, especially since it's been so long since their last mounting. It is completely unsafe to get the dogs riled up like this without me supervising. Even then, from afar, it's a bit of a gamble. We can coordinate sessions via text until I return next week. But again, do not try a thing without me present. Do you understand all of that?"

Esmeralda nodded in reply. She was taken aback by how nonchalant he was about all of it. She was in shock. The next moments felt like a dream.

"I'm gonna need more than that, Ms. Torres."

"Yes," She replied, with as sultry a tone as she could muster, though her voice still trembled the same way her legs did.

"Show some respect, Dear." Esme loved the dynamic Ms. Crawford added to the situation. Though She wasn't in the room, she felt insatiably aroused by the feeling that she was performing for her.

"Yes, mistress," She cooed in reply.

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[Thirty minutes before]

"Hun, the event starts in forty minutes! You have to get ready!" Tyler knew the award ceremony was only an elevator ride away, but his years in the trades had left him far more dedicated to punctuality than his spouse. Melanie knew he wasn't really in the room with her, but she responded all the same.

"Sorry, dear, it's just..." Melanie's eyes were fixed on her screen as she sat at her vanity mirror, not applying the makeup before her.

"I still don't think you should be watching her, Mel. She turned the camera off."

"You really want to argue the legality to an attorney, babe?"

"Okay, okay," Tyler chuckled as he tied his bowtie, "Maybe more the ethics of it."

"She's getting beaten out by our fucking dog, Tyler. All pretenses are gone." She reached for the opal hairpin and pulled her silky brown hair into shape.

"You said it yourself, dear. Things could get out of hand if the others get riled up. This is purely for her safety."

Tell that to your vibrator, dear."

Melanie looked down at the vibrating seat she was atop. The slit in her shimmery evening gown allowed her to easily mount the toy. Tyler would have been even more judgmental if he saw the 8" attachment or the diamond but plug that she had to wait for him this evening. The only thing she loved more than receiving awards was fucking her husband in a closet right before receiving them. Melanie made her best speeches with cum inside her. She continued to grind her hips. Over the years, she'd mastered the ability to apply makeup while in motion. The sounds of her dog sitter cumming were, distracting, to say the least.

"Did you say something?" A voice hollered from the other room.

"Fuck!" Melanie murmured under her breath.

She'd forgotten about Lucas. Lucas was her date for the evening. A twenty-something numbskull that Melanie was just glad she hadn't forgotten his name. She'd picked him and his buddy up at the bar the other night. Frankly, she preferred his friend, but alas, he was unavailable tonight.

"Oh, nothing, sweetie! We'll be going soon, are you ready?" she yelled into the bedroom where he was getting dressed.

"Just about, do you know how to tie these?" By that, he must have meant his bow tie. Melanie rolled her eyes and chuckled.

"Try YouTube, dear."

Tyler knew how, so Melanie never had to learn. She knew how to straighten it out a bit, that was all. God, she missed him sometimes. Tyler would always talk about how lucky he was to have found someone like her. But in truth, she was the lucky one. Sure it wasn't super common for women to be as sexually open as she was, but from her experience and the experience of her friends, it was truly difficult to come across men who could handle it as well. Most would get jealous, or at best, say they were okay with it, only to be passive-aggressive and judgmental afterward. Not Tyler. She'd never met another Tyler. Melanie sighed as she figured that she probably never would.

After some very turbulent multitasking, Melanie's face and hair were complete. She looked down to figure out why the moaning had stopped and gasped aloud as she watched the girl deepthroating all 12 inches of Charlie's cock.

"See, dear? Twenty minutes to spare." Melanie said victoriously to the figure behind her through the mirror.

She gave her husband a twirl, spinning at a rate that lifted the draping of the dress just enough for her smooth, trim leg to spring free. The shimmering dress was semi-translucent; it was designed to be worn with a slip underneath, but Melanie had no interest in that. The silhouette of her thin legs could be traced up all the way to the gap between her thighs. There was a slight darkening at her navel and at her breasts - nipples perking through the fabric just so. Upon completion of her maneuver, she smiled at her husband's complete enamored with her.

"Absolute perfection." Thirty years of marriage, and he still could make her blush. She pulled her phone out of her purse as she walked over to him to show him how the evening had progressed back at home.

"I think we may have found a winner. Look at this." Despite his reservations, Tyler obliged her request. He raised an eyebrow as his eyes caught Melanie's gaze. She was biting her lip with that wicked smile he'd never stopped loving. Through his gaze, she could tell that he'd rip her dress off then and there at the slightest provocation. It made her wetter than the screen had mustered yet. If only he could.

"Alright, Lucas, it's time to go." She said, walking out of the walk-in closet.

"Ugh, it's Lewis, ma'am. And uhhhhh, your dress is kinda see-through. I'm not sure it's appropriate." This guy seemed like he was used to being on top. He probably played quarterback and got a job at his dad's firm out of college. She didn't care if she didn't get his dick after she responded. Hell, she didn't even want it.

"Alright, Lewis, I'm going to give you some pointers before we head downstairs. First, ma'am? Not happening. Not to me, not to any woman unless you're in Bumfuck, Georgia, and even then. Second, don't you ever again, in your life, tell a woman that what she's wearing is inappropriate. You have no say, and you have no jurisdiction. And I guarantee you that she has weighed the question of the appropriateness far more thoroughly than you could ever muster. This is my fucking event. My fucking night! and you can't even tie a tie."

Melanie changed her mind about Lewis as she spoke. "You know what, get the fuck out of here." She shooed him as she spoke.

"But my, stuff."

"Are you referring to the basketball shorts and hoodie you wore in here? That shirt is more valuable. You're welcome."

"But I..." He protested as Melanie physically guided him into the open elevator. "Wait in the lobby, and I'll have someone send it down to you."

As the doors closed behind Lewis, Esme turned to her husband. He was smiling ear to ear. "I wasn't gonna say anything about him, but..."

"Fuck off! I wanted his friend for tonight." She said, laughing with a reckless laugh few people knew. "Fair, but I don't think either of them could have tied the bowtie." She smiled; he was right. As she made her way to the conference hall, Melanie was still glued to the screen. She alternated from a few of the cameras - needless to say, they were not for security. She and Tyler had quite the arsenal of 4k homemade adult films.

"Champagne, Ms. Crawford?" She looked up to the man holding a pair of flutes. He was tall, dark, and certainly handsome. He smiled as her entire demeanor changed.

"You know my name? But I can't say I know yours." She said as she took the drink from the stranger and extended her hand to him.

"Michael Sandoval, I'm on the board here." He shook her hand with just the right amount of firmness.

"Well, Mr. Sandoval, to what do I owe the pleasure?" She purred the last word of her query,

something she was sure the young man noticed.

"I'm on the board here, and I was actually one of the people who voted against your nomination. But after seeing you enter this room, I just had to admit my misjudgment." Melanie was intrigued.

"A little young for that, aren't you? I thought the board was just retired corporate suits."

"41, black don't crack!" He said, through an infectious laugh that Melanie couldn't help but catch, "but yeah, I see your point. Don't tell the rest of them, but I'm pretty sure I'm the diversity hire."

"Well, I'm glad they did. These things can be awful on your own."

After twenty minutes of flirtatious small talk, Melanie remembered to check her phone.

"Oh, Shit!" She looked up at Mr. Sandoval.

"Sorry, love! I have to step out for a moment." She said, touching his shoulder affectionately. He caught her eyebrow raise for a moment as she realized how much she'd like what was under the expensive fabric of his deep navy suit.

"Is everything alright? Can I do anything?" She appreciated his demeanor.

"Please no! I'm a virgin!" Esme whimpered on the phone. Hopefully, he couldn't hear it!

"No, no, it's my dog sitter. She's having a bit of a crisis with them, and seeing as they are each easily twice her size.

"Ah, well, I'd love to hear more about them when you're finished. If you need anything." He pulled his card out of the inside pocket of his suit.

"Thank you, dear, and very smooth."

"I try."

"Don't go trying it elsewhere." She kissed his cheek and rushed off to the nearest secluded place. After exiting the gala, she saw the service stairwell at the end of the hall. "Perfect," She thought aloud. At the bottom of a half flight of stairs leading down to nowhere, she turned on the audio.

"Heel" Her booming command echoed up the corridor.

She watched the screen, calculating with expertise how best to manage the situation. The dogs seemed compliant, which was a relief. She leaned against the railing, suddenly aware of how horny she was. If only she'd savored the imagery of the young girl mounted by her studs. It truly was a sight to behold. She watched the young woman stare sensually into her eyes through the lens. This wasn't going the way she'd expected. It was going far better. The bitch wanted more!

"Unless, of course, you don't want their behavior to stop."

As the young girl shook her head no, Melanie felt her pussy twitch. This facet of her lust had until this moment never been shared with another person. Sure, she'd fucked her sister-in-law, her mother, and enjoyed a slew of orgies, gangbangs, and other depraved romps, but bestiality was something that only entered her wheelhouse in her late 40's.

She hadn't even dared hint at it with her other lovers. She'd hoped one might catch on while house-

sitting for her, but until Esme, they'd all failed to understand. The suppressed sexual desire, the need to share these beasts with another person boiled over. She turned around and yanked on her plug. The sensation felt so wonderful she nearly dropped her phone.

As she fucked her ass with the plug, Melanie calmly laid the groundwork for Esme, something she'd heard Tyler do countless times, though never for their dogs. She was relieved that the excitement dripping out of her body didn't seem to obscure the clarity with which she communicated to Esmeralda. She thought back in Tyler. The wildness of her sexuality was something that always captivated him.

The dogs were actually a gift for her, based on some fantasies she'd mentioned, but Mel had run with it in a way that blew their wildest expectations. She didn't know then, but they were also in preparation for his eventual passing. He had been diagnosed with stage 4 pancreatic cancer.

She wished he'd told her the day he found out but knew he wanted to make sure he'd sorted things out for her first. They had three beautiful months together after he laid it out, but it wasn't enough. A tear dripped down her cheek as she felt a hand on her shoulder.

"It's okay, dear, I'm right here," She heard Tyler say as he pulled back her dress and pressed his cock into her. She knew somewhere that it was merely her own hand fucking herself, but at the moment, she didn't care. The couple watched the young girl embrace her new role.

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## **Chapter Four**

"Frank lay." Ms. Crawford commanded. In an instant, Frank climbed onto the bed. Charlie hopped off and sat on the now vacant dog bed. The large gray dog laid down on his back. His erection was somewhat receding but still longer than any she'd had before. Instinctively Esme stroked his member until it was stiff, then plopped herself atop him. It was nice to feel in control, or at least that someone was in control.

She struck a smile as she pictured the view her mistress had. Gradually Frank increased his pace; though his position offered him little leverage, the sheer size was enough to drive Esme wild. She began to throw her weight against his hilt until the prickly base 13 inches later pressed against her outer walls.

"Oh fuck, yes baby, right there, give it to me! Fuck!" Esmeralda moaned. She was somewhat taken aback by her vulgarity, but the sensation was just too good to ignore. Her whole gut felt full.

"I take it you are ready for more," cooed Ms. Crawford.

"Uh-huh," she moaned.

"What was that whore?" Ms. Crawford's tone had completely changed since the day they met.

"Sorry, Mistress! Yes, ohhh! I am, ahh!, ready for more, please, Mistress." She couldn't fault her for trying.

"Bear, up!"

In response to this command, Bear climbed onto the bed to resume his position from before. Melanie chimed in her normal voice to offer her some advice or possibly expertise.

Esme figured, "In the future, a simple 'More please' will suffice. A double-tap on the boys hips will give them permission to increase their vigor."

Esmeralda had about a million questions whirling through her head. It was apparent that Ms. Crawford had established a system for this behavior, but how did it occur? How often? What else did they get up to? How many sitters had experienced this? For now, "Yes, mistress," would have to suffice.

Even though her ass was already stretched out from their viciousness, it still made her yelp when Bear's tip pressed through her entrance. He was less sympathetic than Frank, or maybe it was simply that he had the leverage Frank lacked. Either way, the fourteen and inches as thick as her fist began to press hard, deeper, and deeper into her. Rather than pull away or cower as she thought she would, Esme rocked back and forth to meet him. Her eyes rolled back as the sensation of his member stretching her insides out.

Frank further stretching her resulted in a tightness where she could feel every single millimeter of her lovers cocks. She groaned in elation as her tits rubbed raw against Frank's fur. She licked her lips. With each thrust, Bear seeped a little deeper into her. Every time she thought she had surely reached her limit, or maybe his, but each time, he had another half-inch to press into her. She bit her lip, patiently waiting for him to fully sheath his cock in her ass.

"More please, Ms. Crawford," She purred through her guttural screams of pleasure. "Buxter, lean!" Esme watched her third partner rise and leap atop the bed. She felt a wry smile creep across her face. He was already hard. Precum dripped from the head. A week ago, she hadn't even been kissed by another person (technically, she still hadn't been), now a pair of mutts was double pounding her, with a third preparing to spit roast her.

Nonetheless, she craved the feeling of pleasuring Buxter with her mouth. It was a skill she'd only ever dreamed of having. She couldn't even make eye contact with a boy, but the thought of taking their whole length in one breath drove her mad. She fucked her own face as hard as the most aggressive she'd watch as practice. Today, it was about to pay off.

With familiar expertise, Buxter bent his hind legs so as to present his erection to Esmeralda. The young woman licked the tip sensually before sliding it into her mouth. The force of Bear's thrusts behind her launched the head into the back of her throat somewhat unexpectedly. Whimpers escaped her stuffed face, but not enough for Buxter to understand that the acceptance was not intentional. The beast took a few steps forward, pressing the head down her throat.

Buxter was thicker than Charlie. Esme was unsure that she would be able to manage to steal some breath this time around. Fortunately, Buxter was well trained, and the dog knew to always pull out almost all the way before thrusting back down when he was in the 'lean' position. As Esme began to understand this, Ms. Crawford saw her muscles un-tense. Esmeralda complied with the three beasts gyrations and lay somewhat limp atop Frank as they all worked to mutually pleasure themselves.

Melanie caught the elated look on the snot, cum, and spit-soaked, reddened face of her dog sitter and became aware that it was time to progress. She released her toy in order to speak into the phone.

"Ms. Torres, if you are ready for more, a simple thumbs-up will suffice." She said whilst still rubbing her clit.

'More,' she wondered?

How could more occur? All three of the beasts were already inside her! What else could happen? Despite ignorance as to what it could mean, her curiosity mixed with her arousal. The inexperienced teen was so incalculably horny that she would have complied with anything. Hell, she already thought she had. A nervously elated Esme raised her hand out to the camera - shaking from each either of her three lovers individual thrusts - and gave Ms. Crawford the signal.

"Pound boys!" She shouted, the speakers crackling somewhat as her vibrato peaked their capacity. She felt her pussy twitch. She wanted her there as well. She pictured two of the dogs inside her, with the other inside Ms. Crawford. She wanted her first kiss to be with her Mistress.

The three Great Dane's paused for a moment in response to Melanie's command. Esmeralda watched Frank's ears perk up towards the sound of their mutual master. She felt the dogs adjusting a bit. In that moment of reprieve, Esmeralda noticed how full she felt. She noticed her legs were completely useless. Her head was pretty much held up by Buxter's erection, which explained the awkward arch to her back. This arch was only made more severe as Buxter took two more steps forward, pressing the base of his unsheathed penis onto Esme's lips.

The fur-covered sheath felt coarse against her lips and nose. There was no room for air. Esme tapped on Buxter's hip to get him to back off. Only afterward did she remember that such a gesture was an invitation for them, not a request for release. All three dogs took up the signal, initiated by their master and now confirmed by their bitch. Esme was helpless to stop them.

Buxter began to thrust with abandon, and it was a vigor that even before Ms. Crawford joined the session had not been reached. Her eyes went cross as he smashed all twelve and a half down her esophagus. At the 'pound' rate, providing air was less important than thrusting as hard and fast as possible in order to achieve climax for Buxter, as well as whomever he was fucking. Esme realized that the reason Frank had readjusted himself wasn't to get more comfortable.

His massive haunches were now placed on Bear's thighs, which allowed him to get the leverage he previously lacked. He began to ram unapologetically into her acceptant cunt. His engorgement, she thought, might rip her in two with his ferocity. Due to the angle, each thrust bruised the walls of her cunt as he bent their two privates into compliance by sheer willpower and force.

She moaned into Buxter's girth, but her pleas were drowned out by the slurping sound of her creamy fuck holes that were loving the sensation far more than her brain would allow her to admit. Tears formed as she felt him smash her cervix further back. Was that even possible?!

While Frank and Buxter fucked fast and hard, Bear was doing something entirely different. He had taken to fully vacating her stretched asshole before smashing back in with all fourteen inches of his cock. Since today was the first time she'd been fucked by anyone other than herself, each time her entrance completely closed before his member's fresh assault. Each insertion felt like Esme was losing her virginity all over again.

The force modulated her near incessant whimpering up an octave every time he split her open. The sound was like music to her mistress ears. Tyler had now pinned his wife to the railing. His large hand gripped her now bareback as she strained her neck awkwardly to watch the show she was listening to. She fantasized about being in that room, joining Esme, sharing her beasts with her. Her hand reached down into her dripping cunt, which ached for stimulation. She wanted to taste that cream dripping out of the young woman. Lick her face clean.

The orgasm washed over the girl sandwiched between the three mammoths. In fact, it seemed to be the same orgasm that started only moments after the boys had begun their unbridled fuck fest. It



was as though wave after wave of climax had rolled over her body so much that she had lost count. A new orgasm seemed to start before the previous had finished. As the dogs increased their vigor, her back was folded more and more.

She had been lifted by Frank, launched forward by Bear, and backward/upwards by Buxter. Her whole body was completely paralyzed by the pleasure. The only thing her body could do was feel her unparalleled release. She couldn't even notice the fact that her whole being was in a constant state of full-body spasms as if electric shocks were emanating from her fuck holes. Her eyes rolled back. She was too enthralled to know that this was due to the lack of oxygen as a result of Buxter preparing to fully knot the young face.

Just as the room started to go black, Esme caught on and sucked frantically. She flailed as best she could to spring loose of his grip as though fighting for her life, but try as she may, Buxter was too deep inside her. She twisted her head, but his cock was holding it stiff from inside her throat. As the room went black, she felt his knot nearly break her jaw.

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“Buxter! Heel!”

The beast's face turned to where his master's voice was coming from, but at the moment, his master was not there. Esme pounded on Buxter's sides, which only encouraged him more. Not that he needed it, he was seconds away from knotting. Esme felt her back scrunch back more and more until she was practically forming a 'C'! The fucking continued. Melanie was furious; she yelled into the screen, but nothing could be done. If she were honest, she was surprised they'd listened to her through the monitor in the first place.

Her rapport with them was never tested remotely like this, and no other holes than her own. It was clear the boys felt Esme was beneath them in the pecking order. Maybe they were right. She watched as Buxter thrust his final bursts before fully implanting his seed into his bitch's mouth.

She looked on as the flailing arms started to go limp. Soon the only motion the splayed limbs expressed was a move forward and back to the cadence of Bear and Frank's incessant thrusting. She bit her lip, and It was still fucking hot.

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Esme came to darkness. But she wasn't frightened. She felt hot seed pour into her stomach, dripping down her throat. Buxter's base had inflamed to the size of a baseball, it seemed, and as she inhaled, she wondered if her jaw had been dislocated in order to cope. Regardless, somehow, she'd found a passageway. It was as though the expansion of his knot had formed a cavity in her throat wide enough for her to get some barely adequate breaths through her nostrils. She had to time it right though, it was between Franks thrusts, right as Bear was pulling out. That was all she got. It was all she needed; her priority was receiving the fucking a lifetime. She wondered what recovering would feel like.

Would she be sore tomorrow? Could she even walk? She hadn't tried to move since the orgasm avalanche had begun. It dawned on her that she may never be able to again. These bastards could have broken her back without even trying. Testing the theory, she pulled her arms inward to massage her swollen breasts.

They were rubbed raw to the point that the salt in her fingers stung against their flesh at certain parts. Even so, the reddened skin was so sensitive that she couldn't help but moan as she squeezed

through the pain and pinched her erect nipple. Frank's thrusting grew more voracious. Her pussy pulsed with pleasure as the girth split her wide and buried his member deeper and deeper inside her. It was overwhelming, a constant, earth-shattering pleasure complex bursting into her stomach.

The pace quickened and quickened until she felt a shotgun blast of cum burst into her womb. It felt like half a liter of cum. At the same, his knot burst through her walls and stretched her so wide she thought they might tear. It didn't help that Bear had yet to stop. Instead, with Frank stationary, Bear had taken it upon himself to replace his speed. With her cunt stretched so, she could feel every inch of Bear as he pressed against the thin wall separating her two holes.

There was another yelping sound, followed by growling and barking. Charlie wanted in again. Thoughts of literally destroying her pussy and anus should have scared her, but it only made her hornier. Her lust also should have made her ashamed, but she loved embracing her newfound depravity. It had always been there. Just for once, she was accepting it. The shamefulness now seemed to compound her arousal and make her all the more lustful.

Suddenly, the sound of Bear's balls slapping against her wet taint was overpowered by snarling. Esme felt the weight of a fourth presence approach her lower half. Bear and Frank growled back at the caramel figure approaching: Charlie. He wanted a piece.

"Charlie, down!" Nothing "Heel!" "Heel damn it! Heel!" Melanie shouted through the speakers.

But Charlie had watched his older brothers break the rules, and now it was his turn. The dog charged headfirst into Bear's side, the force knocking both of them onto their backs, just like when Bear entered the scene earlier. Esme joined Bear and Frank in the vicious 180 rotation, and suddenly Bear was beneath her, and Frank atop. She yelped as his tied knot tugged at her walls. His girth seemed wedged in her pelvic bones. Esme's face was still affixed to Buxter's cock. The force of Charlie's motion had twisted him onto his side. Esmeralda's neck was strained to the side, caught between their stakes.

With Bear on his back now, Charlie fought Frank for access to Esme's cunt. The two beasts growled and snarled, shoving and biting. Each movement made Esme yelp a muffled plea for reprieve as Frank's knot tugged and yanked her virgin pussy lips, but reprieve didn't come. She was caught in the crossfire of the two powerful creatures. Even if she wasn't penetrated by three dicks, even if she hadn't been so weak from the thorough unbridled railing she'd received, Esme knew from the first night that she was helpless to their will.

Though this terrified her, it also excited her. She was their bitch. She was their fuck holes, their cum rag, to be used to pleasure them. Charlie launched Frank forward onto Esme's chest. The weight of the impact knocked the wind out of her if it wasn't already hard enough to breathe with Buxter's cock cutting off her airways. Meanwhile, Bear had yet to cease his assault on her backside. With the new angle, she felt him against her insides. His cock bulged out on her stomach against Frank's fur, which now rested heavily against her tender flesh. The pleasurable sensation distracted her from the pain of the dogs fighting. She didn't notice the abrasions on her thighs and hips from the commotion, nor the bruises that would appear just about everywhere tomorrow.

She could feel Charlie behind Frank but couldn't see what he was trying to do, only that he was trying very hard. He was still pushing Frank forward; each nudge stimulated her stretched clit in a way that made her want desperately to rub herself into climax. Unfortunately, 200 pounds of Frank blocked her access. To satiate her craving, the young woman ground her hips around Frank's engorgement.

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Ms. Crawford continued to try and get the dogs to stop, but eventually, she caught Esme's hips moving. For better or worse, the girl seemed to be enjoying the abuse. "My work here seems to be done." Melanie reached for her bag and pulled out Michael's number. "My turn." She grinned to herself as she punched away at her keyboard.

Five minutes later, Mr. Sandoval arrived to find Melanie naked on the floor. She'd flipped a wireless headphone in to keep track of Esmeralda but could tell she wouldn't need it. Michael wasted no time obliging Ms. Crawford's request.

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Esme's eyes went wide when she learned of Charlie's goal. She felt the cold cream that coated the tip of his cock press into her taint. He was trying to find a place inside her. She felt him press into the top of her asshole against Bear's thrusting cock, but with a bark and a kick, Bear knocked Charlie off. As he fell, he took Esme's leg with him, stretching her cunt against Frank all the more.

She squealed in pain, but at the end of the sound, it turned to a moan as Frank pushed deeper into her in order to placate his new angle. The warm juices he had emitted into her filled her cavity even more than his cock already had. The pressure was immense, overwhelming, amazing.

Charlie climbed back into position and tried again. This time after applying an uncomfortable amount of pressure into Esme's cooch, his cock shot upward and pressed against the base of Frank's cock. Frank flailed a bit, and his massive paw punched Esme's ribs as he turned to snarl at the intrusion. She thought the weight might cave in her chest cavity, but to her relief, no such thing occurred.

Charlie growled back, seeming to communicate to Frank that he knew his big brother couldn't do anything to stop him while implanted in their new lover. Esme flailed as she felt him pressure the small gap at the bottom of her cunt leftover by Frank's engorgement. She screamed into Buxter's cock as Charlie pushed Frank up and out of his way. Frank's front leg now rested against Esme's collar bone, his dewclaw punched into her dermis, but not enough to break the skin.

Charlie began to apply a gradually increasing pressure at the bottom of Esmeralda's cunt. Every time Bear punched his cock into her ass below, then pulled his length back out, it tugged and compressed Charlie's minuscule opening. Frank's jizz started to trickle past his tie, lubricating Charlie's path. Slowly but surely, his tip forced his way past her labia and into her virgin fuck hole. As he found his way in, Esme's screams of protest dissipated. She was getting lightheaded again.

Another reason for her change in tone: it stopped being horrifying. As Charlie stretched her open, she realized that, maybe, she could handle it. She'd already lost her virtue to a canine. Why not to two, why not at the same time? There were no limits to her depravity, only sensation, only pleasure, something the four beasts were guaranteed to provide her with.

The young girl yelped as Charlie's cock bore down, pressing Frank's tie forward and sliding down. She swore she heard tearing sounds. Then, with a sudden slurp, Charlie's full length slipped into her. He fell forward, pushing Frank's leg down onto her neck. This caused the dewclaw to tear at her skin; nothing too deep, a red abrasion dotted his limb's ascent. The movement aggravated Buxter, whose tie was not receding as quickly as Charlie's had.

As Charlie began to rock back and forth through the tiny opening he was creating, his cock began to return to its full length and girth, splitting her open all the more. Esme bit her lip. This was out of

her hands, she had no control, she was appalled, terrified, right? She'd stopped fighting long ago. It wasn't her fault that it felt good.

Bear began to pant. His movements became more frantic. Rather than cower, Esme ground her hips with what little motion three super dicks allowed her. She clenched her cheeks, tightening his opening like a good bitch; she knew he was close. She was no longer their sitter, no longer a superior - not even an equal; she was theirs; her holes were theirs. She had no concern for her pleasure, for her safety. Her sole concern was their pleasure, and everything else was secondary. As Bear and Charlie's thrust increased, Esme reached down and stroked Bear's inner thighs and abdomen.

Suddenly, a final spasm ensued, and Esme felt the base of Bear's cock - which easily doubled his shaft in width smash into her cunt. She gasped in vain. Rather than finding more oxygen to cope with the pain, she managed to unintentionally suck Buxter deeper down her throat. Charlie also yelped as his member was pressed now on both sides. Esme thought of the childhood church camp game where you tried to stuff as many marshmallows into your mouth as possible. Rather than relent, Charlie's pace only increased. Esme felt his cock thicken, stretching her out so much she thought he'd break her pubic bone!

Terror gripped her conscience as the thought of third knotting occurred. Despite the gallons of lubricating semen and pussy juice, Charlie's thrusting burned. Esme wondered if it was torn elements inside her vaginal canal that stung so, but as she strained her head to see under her, it seemed no blood was manifesting. Relieved somewhat, Esme laid back and tried to collect herself. Even if she didn't want this to happen, there was nothing she could do about it.

Over time, to her surprise, the pain of pulling her skin faded as every single nerve ending in her vagina, every node on her clit, g-spot, asshole cervix was stimulated beyond recognition. She had never been this full. Every inch of her was stretched and rubbed. As Charlie continued his work, Esme began to grind her hips again.

At first, it stung, sending shockwaves through her nerve endings, but same as the thrusting, soon it began to heighten her pleasure. She reached down, forcing her hand under Frank's massive frame, and found her swollen clit, now protruding out as a result of the forceful intrusion practically flipping her insides out. She barely had to even touch it before waves of tingling electricity shot down to her toes.

The ensuing vaginal contractions finally sent her fourth lover over the edge, and as the girl who had never even seen a person's privates in person before this rolled into yet another orgasm, Charlie tied his knot to his host. The combination of climax and expansion caused Esmeralda to convulse wildly in a grand finale shockwave of sensual overload. She writhed as Charlie spouted shot after shot of dripping cum. In a final moment of relief, Esmeralda's limbs fell limply to her sides. The five of them sat panting away as they recovered from their orgasms.

Esme expected shame to ensue, she expected to hate herself like she always did after pleasuring herself, but as she lay there, sandwiched between her studs, all she could feel was butterflies in her stomach (that wasn't the only thing filling her stomach).

"They'll take another ten to fifteen minutes before they release you, dear. In the meantime, Tyler and I must be going. Text me once you can."

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"Did I get it all?" Melanie said to her new lover in a schoolgirlish tone as licked the cum off her

fingers. She'd shoved most of it back into her ass with her plug but made sure to lick up the remnants so as to not stain her dress. Michael smiled and handed her purse before grabbing the phone off the ground.

"They don't make them like you, Ms. Crawford. You are truly something to behold." His smile told her he meant to offend. If she wasn't so far from home, Mr. Sandoval would have likely joined her regular roster.

"Well, I'm flattered, dear. You ain't too bad yourself." She used the flirtatious voice that had made so many weak. It was the perfect balance between sultry, innocent, submissive, and assertive. She'd truly mastered it over the years. She was happy, even if this romp wasn't one of the times they got caught fucking in the open. Usually, people would watch, men and women alike, it seemed. Today, however, he couldn't have risked someone seeing the screen. If she were honest, she was curious why Michael didn't say anything about it. Had he not noticed? That didn't seem possible.

"Can we keep her, dear?" She said to the presence, helping her into her dress.

"She can't let them go wild like that; they could crush her without even knowing it!"

"So, we'll train her. She'll be easier than they were."

"They'll need some more training as well, it seems..."

"Is that a yes?"

"You always did love taking in strays. What's one more?" Tyler shrugged. Melanie knew her husband had planned on this outcome eventually. Mel had been searching for years. The moment the girl let Charlie put his tongue inside her, she knew the wait was finally over.

"You needed to be backstage ten minutes ago!"

"Is that a yes," Melanie said sternly as she crossed her arms and jutted her hip to the side.

"It's a yes, dear, now go!" He scooted his wife out the door, a smile stretching ear to ear.

After Tyler passed, it took a while for Melanie to get back into the world. For a while fucking was just to numb things, but it was hard because she got so much enjoyment out of sharing her adventures with her husband. It just wasn't the same doing it alone. She'd share with Anna or her mom. But even fucking them didn't feel as close as with Tyler around for it. Maybe this Esmeralda could be to her what Tyler used to be. Or at least some diminished version. She could only hope.

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Esmeralda inhaled the steam from her shower as she stretched her limbs outward. 2 PM wasn't usually when she would bathe, but she needed it after her morning session with the boys ran late. She was grateful that Ms. Crawford had managed to sneak one last round before she boarded her return flight home, but as she finished toweling off her caramel skin, though her entrances ached, she wanted more. The last week had been a dream. After taking a day to recover, Esme had arranged two to three sessions with Ms. Crawford a day.

They weren't ever as intense as the first night, but she was building back up to it. All the extra activities were causing her to fall behind in her classes, but Esme had to get it while she could. Alas, though, she was out of time. The young nineteen-year-old quickly got dressed and returned to her

closing duties. But as she started to clean, she got an idea. Esme slipped out of her shorts, then out of her top, making sure that all the cameras in the house were on. She slipped a vibrating plug into her ass and a wearable vibrator into her pussy, then proceeded to give a good show of her naked self-tidying up the house.

She did the dishes, folded laundry, changed over the sheets, then eventually sat down on the couch with a couple more toys and spent the next thirty minutes drenching her panties with her juices. She was a little offended that her boys hadn't come to join her, but then again, they had been quite busy with her the past few days. Once finished, Esme walked over to the camera to give a sensual striptease as she slipped her panties off and headed upstairs. She bit her lip as she placed the cum laden panties onto the recently made bed. With a satisfied sigh, Esme took in the gift she had left her employer. She really had come a long way. She sauntered back downstairs, walking right past the pile of clothes to sit at the table and get caught up on her homework.

3:30 rolled around quick. Esme was supposed to be off to a tutoring job by 4 PM. She would have worked right past that time if she hadn't heard the doorbell ring.

"Delivery for Esmeralda Torres?" The courier said into the intercom. "Esmeralda Torres? I was told you'd be here."

"Shit!" She cried aloud as she headed for the nearest speaker. "Be down in a moment." She said, hardly letting go before she slipped her shorts back on.

She threw her top on as she sped to the front door, opening it before the hem settled at her waist.

"Sorry about that," Esme said, her tone changed as she took in the stunning young man before her.

"The man was wearing a suit, had an earpiece in. He looked important. "No problem, just need your signature here."

For the first time in her life, Esme wished she hadn't slipped her clothes on before answering the door. It turned out that her new experience had made her boulder in more ways than she realized.

"You don't look like a normal delivery boy." She said, the sex in her voice made him do a double-take.

She watched him take her in, not noticing that she'd slipped her hand behind her back to pull the loose t-shirt taut against her skin.

"I uhhhhh. I'm not, and I work for Ms. Crawford. I'm her paralegal."

"Oh? well, I hope I'll see you around then."

With that, she turned around and shut the door, not before arching her back and to show off her backside. She didn't look back; she knew she'd left her mark. 'Who the hell was that just now,' she thought to herself. The old Esme wouldn't have been able to make eye contact, let alone flirt, let alone seduce? The query into what came over her with that boy could wait. She had to wrap things up.

Esme quickly gathered the boys, and took them out to pee, then fed them in their kennels in the basement. The dogs didn't mind this spot. They actually preferred it if they were being left alone for a while. After doing this, it was already a bit after four. She frantically packed up her stuff and headed for the door only to remember the envelope. Was it from Ms. Crawford? She cautiously

opened the packaging and slid a thick packet out. Attached at the front was a cover letter.

“Dear Ms. Torres, Needless to say, our dogs have loved having you around for the past couple of weeks. I also personally appreciate the quality (and quantity) of care you exhibited throughout your time. I am writing you because, quite frankly, we’d hate to see you go. It isn’t often that we come across someone who is willing to go to the lengths necessary to love my dogs the way I do. So, to keep things brief. If you would be interested, I am writing to offer you a full-time employment opportunity.

‘You will serve in two capacities, one, as you already have, as a fellow caretaker for our four Danes. Secondly, you would take care of the household duties, cooking, cleaning, etc. For this, I would offer you an annual salary that would amount to three times your current dog sitting daily rate. In addition, you would be given a place to stay on the property, a clothing allowance, and whatever time and financial support necessary for you to continue to pursue your degree.

Attached you will find a contract I have written up. If you would like to accept the offer, read it over, cross off anything you find unsatisfactory, then sign the last page and leave it on the counter. Then, once you’ve put the dogs away for the night, please head up to the bedroom and wait for me there. I’ll be home around 5:30 PM.”

“An hour?” Esme thought aloud that was hardly enough time to make this decision. She looked at the packaging. Deliver by 1:45 PM. Had they come while she was in the shower?

She was playing the video Melanie sent her of the dogs fucking her pretty loud, that and the vibrators, yeah, she probably missed it. As she weighed the information, though, there really was no question. The naive girl didn’t even read the contract, just signed on the dotted line and raced upstairs, stripping her garments as she did. Ms. Crawford wouldn’t be home for another hour, but Esme was too excited.

Upon opening the bedroom door and seeing the present she left them, she realized it would probably do better justice dangling from the front door. She pranced downstairs, elated, and opened the large door that had started her wild journey. This time she couldn’t be bothered to clothe herself. The cold air wafted the juice already trickling between her legs as she carefully looped the panties around the knob before closing the door and heading back upstairs.

Esme waited on all fours, ass facing the entrance. She could feel pussy juice dripping onto the sheets. For what felt like hours, she fantasized about all the different things she’d do with her new boss. She’d never been with a woman, never been with a man, never been with a human. There was nervousness that infused with her desire. This was the first time another person would see her naked since childhood.

She felt somehow more exposed at that moment than any moment the cameras were on her. Could she actually handle this? She began to doubt herself. But as she heard the front door open finally and the clicking of stilettos coming up, those trepidations faded. All were completely erased as that same deep voice that aroused her the first night returned.

“That’s a good little whore.”

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## **EPILOGUE**

Esme jumped awake, hitting her head against the metal grate of the top of her kennel. The basement

was dark and damp as usual, but the boys were stirring. Mistress was home. The girl smiled as she adjusted herself onto her knees. Her crate was large enough for her to lie in the fetal position or kneel or crouch on all fours. She wiped some drool off her shoulder and looked down on her naked breasts; her nipples were already getting hard. Based on how rowdy her roommates were getting, she wasn't the only one excited for Ms. Crawford to return.

It should be noted Esmeralda did not live in that kennel, though with the haste she signed up for a life on the estate, she was lucky not to. Melanie had allocated a bedroom and an office studio for her as well as a second guest room to use as she pleased. Though most nights (and evenings) she spent in the master bedroom, the office she had made her own.

There was a tv/gaming setup, a desk for homework, a small kitchenette with a mini-fridge, and a bed for Charlie. If Esme was in that room, Charlie was on that be unless, of course, he was between her legs (which made for some very distracted zoom classes). With her salary, Esme fixed up her dad's home as well as save towards her brothers' college tuition, and that's not even considering the absolute glow up Ms. Crawford oversaw.

"Heels and belts, darling, that's all it is for you." She'd say, "You don't need much, a couple of inches, and suddenly you're the envy of the town."

And she was right! Esme went from overlooked and ignored to turning heads of men and women alike. Her change spawned confidence that led to a slew of male and female lovers strung along with a semi-regular rotation (though her studs and Mistress at home take priority). In addition to teaching the girl what foundation or mascara best suited her (something Esme's mother would have taught her if she was around to do so), Melanie took her out shopping constantly.

It was in part to bond, in part to buy her cute/sexy outfits to look at her in, and in part for Esmeralda's legitimate role as a maid. There isn't some uniform (though Esme does dawn the occasional 'sexy French maid attire), just business casual from 9-5 during the week, slutty takes encouraged.

In order to make sure the power imbalance had no impact on their sex lives, there are subtle cues in her attire to communicate the sexual subtext to Melanie and her studs. They are ones Mel had developed with her husband while raising kids. Anytime Esme wears green without any gold jewelry, she is full sub. There are other indicators: a certain lipstick, pigtails, a pair of rings.

Esme's two favorites are a collar that matches the dogs and her birthday suit. If Esme isn't wearing anything to indicate she is Melanie's sub, all Melanie has to do to request some play is ask Melanie the time. If Melanie completes her sentence with 'mistress,' she is Ms. Crawford's toy. She almost always does. General sex is always on the table but never imposed on either person. This was all laid out in the contract Esmeralda signed before reading.

The arrangement had sent the teen on some unparalleled sexual experiences. Melanie regularly brings other lovers or groups of them into the mix, which has broadened, if not shattered Esme's worldview. Joining has been the pleasure of a lifetime (pun intended). Esmeralda still got wet thinking about one of those instances that went the absolute wildest. She was wearing a short khaki skirt with an emerald top one afternoon when Ms. Crawford walked in with her mother.

She was horribly horny that day, but obviously, with family here, sex was off the table. A disappointed Esme agreed to make the two women teas while they sat and talked. As Esme placed the tray on the table and brought the two women their cups, without even looking up at her, Ms. Crawford parted her legs and lifted one up on the armrest, exposing her bare pussy to Esme and her mother. Without batting an eye, Melanie continued her discussion with her parent and beckoned her



maid forward into her waiting hole.

Esme complied, rather confused, and proceeded to eat Melanie out until orgasm finally cut her dialogue short. When her head was freed from Ms. Crawford's hands and thighs, she turned to the woman's mother. She knew that her skirt had exposed her tight ass to the older woman and was prepared to face judgment. Instead, while Esme was pleasuring her daughter, the woman had removed her pantsuit and lay in a purple lingerie set awaiting her turn. She turned to Melanie and found her breasts had also been exposed.

"Well, don't be rude, dear!" She said while gesturing toward the uneaten pussy across the room.

"Yes, Mistress."

And with that, Esme crawled over to the surprisingly fit half-naked older woman and explored her nether regions face first. Melanie returned the favor, and the three fucked each other straight on into the evening.

As for the dogs, they required a more regular routine. Every day at 5, when Ms. Crawford got back from the office, Melanie and Esme invited the dogs onto their bed, and the six of them pleased themselves until dinnertime for the boys.

When they were finished, Melanie would hop in the shower. Esme would either join her or get dinner started and swap with Mel when she'd finished. And this was why at 5:07, Esmeralda found herself crammed in her kennel. Melanie added a fifth to the basement layout for the times when Esmeralda wanted to let the dogs go full out on her.

There was a hierarchy. During the day, Ms. Crawford sat at the top, followed by Esmeralda, then Bear, Frank, Buxter, then Charlie. In the afternoons, or anytime Ms. Crawford indicated, it went Melanie, Bear, Frank, then Buxter, Esmeralda, and Charlie were equals. But when Ms. Crawford found her maid in her kennel, Esme was everyone's bitch, everyone's complete fuck doll, their cumrag. Her holes were theirs to do with as they pleased.

Tonight was one of those nights, which was why the boys were chomping at the bit so, anticipating their Mistress's arrival. Esme rubbed herself in anticipation, remembering the plug she'd slipped into her ass before locking herself up. Melanie's daughters had been in town for the week, and while they were the only relatives Melanie didn't share the bedroom with, Esme had been hot for the two since she first laid eyes on them. And one of them flirted back! The girls weren't off-limits, but with them gone, she was desperate to fuck herself into oblivion.

Esme felt her pussy throb as the sound of the door unlocking confirmed what the dogs already knew. With each click of Ms. Crawford's heels, oblivion drew nearer. The light blinded her as Ms. Crawford opened the door to their dungeon. She didn't even notice that three of her fingers had buried themselves inside her to the sound of the stairs creaking. The girl was desperate to be used by her boys.

"Looks like someone's been a bad girl, haven't they?"

"Yes, Mistress," Esme practically moaned.

"No food on the table. The pups haven't been walked. Why do I even pay you?!"

"I'm sorry, mistress."

“Don’t apologize to me. Apologize to your studs.”

Esme turned to the dogs, now jumping and nipping as Melanie slowly meandered down.

“No, you slut, they can’t understand you.”

“Yes, mistress.”

“You’ll have to show them you’re sorry. Do you think you can do that?”

“Yes, mistress.”

When she arrived at the kennel, Melanie had already stripped naked, save this stiletto. She held a leather leash and a whip in the other.

“That’s a good girl.” She purred as she opened the gate and attached the leash to Esme’s collar.

Esme followed Melanie out on all fours to a chair, where she sat down and had the young girl eat her out for a moment. As Ms. Crawford tugged Esme’s plug loose, the dogs barked and rattled their cages, erections already forming. The sight of them missing out was really riling them up. This was shaping up to make the first night look like amateur hour. Without a word, Melanie stood up, took the chair with her, and left Esme in the Center of the 8×10 mat. She opened the four kennel doors in order and walked back up the stairs.

When she reached the top, her voice boomed down, “Boys, pound.”

Esme smiled as the light faded. Just then, Buxter roughly mounted her, only for both of them to be tackled by Charlie, then Buxter, the Bear joined the pile. Esme wasn’t sure who was fucking what, only that she was cumming.

*The End*