

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



It was something I'd noticed once, just in passing. At a party at Scarlet's house. A pair of sturdy-looking poles in one of the guest rooms. Normally, the door was closed, but not that one time. They were about three feet high and placed about 3 or 4 feet apart, rising from the floor in front of a large mirror on the wall. I couldn't have seen them if I had just walked by, but, curious, I'd gone in for a minute or two. I hadn't thought too much about them at first. But once in a while, the image reasserted itself, and I began to create a scenario around it. One that, as time went by, got more and more elaborate and detailed.

Of course, that's all it was. A fantasy. Something to tease me with when I was feeling particularly dirty. When I was pretending to be Livvy, the dog slut, instead of Olivia. And it would have stayed that way, except.

"I promised Scarlet I'd stop by and check on Loki - her dog. She's gone all day and asked if I'd mind."

"Weren't you and Mitch having an evening in?" I asked, checking the time a little after one pm.

"Yes, but if I leave now, I can spend a little time there. He's got a door to get out into the backyard, but he gets lonely if he's by himself too long."

"I could do it," I said, not even stopping to think. At that moment, it was all about helping out my best friend so that she could have a relaxing night with her boyfriend. It was after we'd hung up that it became something else. Something much less altruistic.

"Would you mind, O?"

"Not at all," I told her truthfully, my thoughts immediately focusing on the mysterious guest room.

"I owe you." She told me where I could find the spare house key and how to turn off the alarm. "I'll be home around nine, so could you spend a couple of hours with him? He's very friendly and well-behaved. He's usually pretty quiet in the afternoons and likes peanut butter if you want to give him treats. There's a jar in the cupboard. Love you."

"Love you too, Em," I told her, and that was that.

Or it would have been. Only I chose that moment to remember the poles and, without meaning to, I began to form a plan that had nothing to do with what Emily had asked of me.

Loki, a very handsome German Shepard, met me at the door, eager for company. As Em had said, he was well-behaved and friendly. While I did my best to act casual, my heart was pounding in my chest so hard that I could feel it against my ribs, and I was a little breathless and a bit dizzy as I closed and locked the door behind me.

Setting down my backpack, I played with him a bit, petting him, scratching behind his ears, calling him a 'good boy,' and all that. He looked like he needed a bit more, so we ended up going back where I could throw a tennis ball for him. Apparently, he loved playing fetch, so we did that until he decided it was time to stop. Kissing him on the nose (which re-ignited my heart once more), I topped off his food bowl, changed his water, and then left him to do whatever he did while his owner was away.

It was time for me to put my plan into action, knowing that it was risky and might not turn out as I'd envisioned but that it was worth the risk. Fetching my backpack, I made my way to the room I remembered. As usual, the door was closed securely. None of the other doors in the house were, only this one. I took a moment to wonder about that and then put it out of my mind, opening it up and entering.

While the mirror was still there, exactly as I remembered it, the poles weren't. A stab of disappointment went through me as I walked over to stand before the tall reflective device and made a face at myself. So much for that. And then, I noticed the small patches in the carpet where there wasn't any carpet. Kneeling, I looked closer. It looked like there were holes hidden in the weave. I used the flashlight on my phone and saw that they were threaded so I could screw something into the floor.

Now I was on a quest. I should mention that the mirror wasn't the only thing in the room. On the wall behind it hung a good-sized flat screen tv. A small desk was against the wall to the right, facing a window to the back yard, so that it was the first thing most people saw when entering the room, and against the opposite wall were a pair of plush-looking chairs to either side of sliding doors - presumably, a closet.

If they were in here, they'd be in there. First, I closed the blinds, ensuring no one could see in. The slats created enough ambient light, so I didn't need to turn the lights on, so I simply left them off. And then, I went to the closet. Fingers crossed that what I was looking for would be inside.

And they were. Pretty obvious, too. Not only that, but there was more than one pair, giving me a choice, something I didn't expect. Now that I knew I could carry out my plan, I set it into motion, knowing that if I thought about it too much, I'd chicken out. Step one. Undress.

I'd come over in shorts, a tee, and a hoodie. Having already left my sneakers by the back door, it didn't take long to shed everything, including my bra and panties (which were embarrassingly damp at this point - in fact, I was leaking pretty heavily in anticipation). I folded them all, taking my time, edging myself, in a way, with the anticipation of what I hoped would happen.

I paused, savoring the feeling of being naked in someone's house I hardly knew. Glancing at the clock, I noticed it was close to 3. Scarlet would be home around 9, Mistress had said. Plenty of time. Going back to the closet, I examined the poles. There were, in all, three sets, all about four feet tall. Curious, I took a closer look. One set had a slot running up each pole, with a pair of metal rings set into it. I discovered it worked like a track. You could move the rings up and down the entire length of the pole. Interesting.

The second had a fixed ring at the bottom of the pole and one on top. That was the one I remembered seeing that night. My hand trembled as I ran it up and down the smooth metal. It was cool to the touch and polished, so I could see my blurry reflection in it, my tits rising and falling lewdly with each quickening breath. God, I wanted to touch myself, maybe even make myself come, but I resisted. There's plenty of time for that later, I told myself.

The third was much the same, only it had a third set of rings at about the midpoint. I toyed with the idea of using the one with the mobile attachments, but, in the end, I chose the last one.

As I suspected, it had a screw set into the base so it could easily be set into the floor. It took me two tries to get it right - the first time, when it was all the way in, the rings were facing outwards, so I simply unscrewed it and then adjusted it so that they were facing inward before setting the other in as well.

And then I couldn't help myself. I stood close to the pole, legs spread wide as I observed my reflection in the mirror, and began to rub myself up and down on it, smearing the metal with my juices, letting out a little moan as I started to get out of control as I tried to concentrate on the lewd image in the looking glass. Fuck, I felt so sexy. Suddenly, I couldn't take it. I needed to get started with the real adventure. I'd packed a few things for this based on what I remembered seeing that night.

I took my back over to the desk, set it down on the floor, tossed the cushion to one side, and took a seat on the wood surface. Closing my eyes, I did my best to calm myself, but it was nearly impossible, so I gave up. God, I was leaking all over the seat already. That would have been hard to explain if I'd left the cushion.

I glanced at the clock again. Plenty of time, but now I was too eager to get started not to hurry along. I started with the cuffs, placing them on the desk's surface neat and orderly. A pair for my wrists and one for my ankles. They were leather. A pair of silver buckles would secure them. A single metal ring was on the opposite side to secure a rope or a chain.

A collar. Not my usual one, the one I always wore in Mistress's presence, but a thick leather one with a single buckle and a ring to attach, presumably, a leash. It was an actual dog collar purchased at a pet store. I'd also picked out a tag for it and used one of those machines they have to etch my name or the one I use when I'm having these fantasies - Livvy. And, on the other side, I'd etched something else. Dog Slut.

I wanted to put it on right now. I was afraid that if I didn't, I'd talk myself out of this. It would start the transformation. My fingers were a little shaky as I buckled them around my throat. I stood a moment, went over to the mirror, and adjusted it a little. God, my nipples were hard, and I could see the shine of my pussy juices on the insides of my thighs. Once again, I decided to leave them there and not touch myself. It was hard. Almost impossible, but I simply sat down at the desk again and continued unpacking.

Next came four short lengths of chain and four padlocks, the keys still in them. I was getting close to the end when I would put everything on. I felt a little sick for a moment, so I took a moment to simply close my eyes and try to slow my breathing. I could feel heat spreading all over my body, heat and arousal - it was almost enough to eclipse the fear and the shame that burned within me as well, knowing that I was sure I was going to follow through with my plan.

A dress came next. I guess you could call it a cocktail dress. It was black and made of sheer material. Had I worn it in public, I'd be arrested. It was also incredibly short. Standing up would cover my puss and most of my ass. Just barely, though. Thin straps would keep it from sliding down. I would accent my wanton nature rather than diminish it.

Last thing. A jar of peanut butter. That was the most important item, despite it being the least obvious. Taking a deep breath, I began. With one foot on the desk, I wrapped a cuff around my right ankle, buckled it securely, and then did the same with my left. Then the same with my wrist cuffs. After that, I slipped my dress on and, once again, admired myself in front of the mirror. I looked like what I was. A slut.

"A dog slut," I whispered, licking my lips with anticipation for what I hoped would happen.

I went back to the desk and grabbed the peanut butter, unscrewing the top, then stood before my reflection again, watching as the girl sank a pair of fingers into the jar and smeared it on her body - on my body. On the insides of my thighs, ass cheeks, mound, and then, more daringly, on my pussy

lips, between my cheeks, my asshole, my clit, and as much as I could push into my dripping wet cunt.

Replacing the cap, I moved between the poles, trance-like. It did feel like I was hypnotized, like I was watching myself do this, unable to stop it. First, I put the keys to my ankle cuffs and the cuff on my left wrist on a keyring, which I attached to my collar.

I took one length of chain and fed it through the ring at the base of the pole before securing both ends on the ring of my cuff, following suit on the other side, forcing my legs to spread a couple of feet apart. It would be uncomfortable but doable. Then I did the same with the cuff on my left wrist, attaching it to the ring at the top of the pole.

The right wrist would be tricky, but I needed to do it right to escape when the time came. It wouldn't be easy, but I'd give myself plenty of time and set the alarm on my phone for six. Ilse had said J would be home at nine. Even if she was a little earlier, I would be long gone by the time she got home, with no idea what had transpired here.

Carefully, I slipped the chain through the ring on the cuff and then through the one on the pole, the lock already hooked through the end link on one end. It took a frustrating time, and I almost dropped it a couple of times, but eventually, I was able to secure the end links together, the key still inside the padlock. It would take effort, but I was confident I'd left enough wiggle room to free myself when the timer went off.

I looked in the mirror. It was impossible not to since the poles forced me to face it. God, I looked slutty.

"Like a dog slut," I repeated. "I am a nasty little slut who wants to fuck dogs," blushing furiously at that admission, even though there was no one to hear my almost silent whisper.

After that, there was nothing to do but wait, anticipation and frustration making me anxious, so much so that I considered freeing myself and just going home, unsure if I wanted to see this through. A glance at my phone revealed that a little over a half hour had passed since I'd chained myself to the poles.

"Fifteen more minutes. And then—"

I felt a stab of disappointment after half of that had gone by, followed by a jolt of panic as a soft jingle caught my attention, followed by the soft chuff of Loki as he strode slowly into the room to investigate. From where I stood, I couldn't see him, but I knew that if he came all the way in, I'd be able to see his reflection.

"Here, boy," I called softly, coaxing him further until he stood directly behind me, looking inquisitive. "Livvy has a treat for you."

I felt my stomach clench, followed by my pussy, and felt the trickle resume, making its way down the inside of my right thigh. And then I felt his hot breath on the back of my thigh. I heard him sniffing softly, apparently liking what he smelled. His tongue slipped out of his mouth, and licking the peanut butter I'd smeared on my flesh once more than twice, his tongue wet and rough as it sent shivers of frenzied sexual desire up and down my spine and deep into my core.

"Fuck," I whimpered and began to moan as he went after his treat in earnest.

Peanut butter was the right choice. He seemed to like it, or maybe it was the taste and smell of my

overheating cunt, or maybe he was just into bitches – not girls, bitches – cause that is all I am right now. I went from being a dog slut to Loki's bitch the second his tongue slid up the inside of my thigh.

God, it was happening. I was going through with it. If I had been able to think calmly, I might have been freaked out. As it was, all I could do was think about him licking me, about how his tongue would feel in my cunt or my asshole. About how hard I would cum and how often. About what would happen if he tried to mount me. I wasn't sure if he could while I was chained like this, but maybe he would if I could unchain myself. I wanted to feel his cock sinking into my cunt as he claimed me, feel him fucking me like a jackhammer, his knot swelling inside my hole, locking us together just before he floods me with his doggy cum.

I wanted to feel it leaking slowly out of me as he stood there, his forelegs wrapped possessively around my waist, his furry haunches pressed into my thighs and ass, panting as he pushed and pulled inside me, his slobbering dripping on my exposed back and neck.

I glanced up, remembering the mirror, focusing on the image of the girl chained between two metal poles while being licked by a German Shepard. And then, I feel his tongue on my ass cheek, finding more of the yummy treat, and I start to shake even harder, knowing that I could not stop this, that I didn't want to stop this.

"That's it, Loki. Get it all. There's more, lots more, just keep looking," I managed, mostly babbling whatever came to mind, some of it incoherently, adding the occasional 'good boy' as encouragement, not that he needed any.

I cried out when he found my asshole, and he paused as if wondering if that meant he should stop. I almost broke down sobbing until he decided that the peanut butter was just too yummy not to finish it. I'd been watching myself all this time, too, although it had taken me a while to register that I was watching myself, not some nasty dog porn video.

"Fuck," I gasped, feeling his tongue brush against my cunt lips and then again.

I stared at my image, my legs spread, my arms spread, drool running down my chin and dripping into my tits, my aching nipples swollen, my tits bouncing, his snout between my legs, his tongue extending.

"Fuck."

This time I almost shouted, startling him as I suddenly went over the edge, an orgasm wracking through my body. I caught sight of myself briefly, bent over as much as I could, his tongue slurping up and down my pussy, between my puffy lips, parting them. When I could see straight again, the image had shifted. This time Loki was before me, his snout pushing into my pussy. All I could do was watch, encouraging him with more 'good boys' and 'make your bitch come' and whatever else came to mind.

It was nastier than any of the zoo videos I'd watched in secret, embarrassed to admit to anyone how much I wanted to be the star. Mostly because it was me, and it was happening. And because, instead of being disgusted, I was turned on beyond description.

"Oh, god, yes, fuck your bitch with your tongue. Make me come, good doggie, deeper, Loki, deeper."

I watched myself, unable to tear my eyes away from the mirror, as I came again, his tongue brushing roughly over my clit, moaning and sobbing and begging him to keep going. I was so intent on

watching that it took me several long moments during which I thought my heart would burst. To notice that Ilse's friend, Scarlet, whose house I was in, whose dog was busy pushing his tongue deep into my cunt, was standing to my left, watching me with an enigmatic smile on her face.

Panicking at being found out and caught in the act, I fought against the chains that held me in place, unable to think straight, the result being that the key I'd left in the padlock was shaken free, falling to the floor where there was no way I could get to it.

"So nasty," Loki's owner said, shaking her head. "Letting my dog at your dirty little cunt. What a nasty little whore."

I shook my head, trying to explain myself but unable to get more than a few words out before another orgasm hit me. I managed to grab at the poles so I wouldn't collapse, barely registering her words as she came closer.

"Ilse let me know you'd be dropping by. We both had our suspicions. So I activated the camera and watched for a while until I was sure of what you were up to. And once I was, I decided to cut my evening short."

"God, I'm sorry, please. I'll never do anything like this again."

She laughed. It was a nice laugh that sent shivers up and down my spine. Rich and sensual and cruel.

"Don't make promises you can't keep."

She was older than me by about ten years, but she didn't look at it. She was slender and fit and wore her hair loose, with brunette waves spilling over her shoulders, and she had killer legs. At present, she was dressed casually in a skirt and a blouse.

"Loki. Sit," she commanded briskly, and just like that, he sat, leaving me trembling, a string of drool leaking from my mouth and down my chin until it hung, suspended for several heartbeats, and then fell to the floor.

"Good boy."

She was behind me now, petting the Shepard between the ears fondly, her eyes on him, not on me.

"He's very well trained," she said with a soft chuckle, lifting her eyes so that she could catch mine in the wall-length mirror. Not knowing how to respond, I said nothing, staring at her reflection, my face flushed red with embarrassment.

"He knows all sorts of commands."

I gasped as I felt her fingers brushing against the cheek of my ass, then trailing along my hip bone and my flank as she moved in front of me, slightly bending so that she could examine the tag on my collar.

"Livvy. Is that what you want to be called?"

"Yes. Please." I whispered, my voice shaking as she turned it over, shaking her head as she read the description on the other side.

"Dog slut."

I found myself blushing even harder, if that was possible, as she let go of it and held her phone out so I could see the screen. On it, I watched the recorded video of me preparing myself. Of me stripping, putting on the cuffs, and smearing peanut butter on myself. Of me chaining myself to the poles.

"It's still recording, 'Livvy,' although it will be easy enough to edit if I decide to do so."

"What are you going to do?" I asked uncertainly, unable to meet her gaze.

"I'm going to watch as this plays out, although I think I'll make some changes before I let Loki enjoy himself more."

I noticed Loki was looking back and forth, his gaze following whoever was talking at the moment, his tail thumping happily on the carpeting.

"Stay. Good boy," Scarlet told him, scratching between his ears before retrieving the pair of poles with only two rings.

"You missed these," she told me, setting them, one at a time, before me and screwing them into the floor like I'd done with the others so that they were several feet in front of me, even with the ones I'd chained myself to.

"You ever sucked a dog's cock before, Livvy?"

"What? No, never," I admitted, feeling lust that had been somewhat quelled at Scarlet's interruption rising again deep within.

"Ever been fucked?"

This time, I just shook my head and, very softly, confessed. "Until now, I'd never done anything with a dog. It was a fantasy, but I had to know."

"Oh," she said, sounding surprised. Then, there it was again. That rich, sensual, cruel laugh.

"Then this will be a special treat."

She found the keys to the padlocks and unlocked my wrists. "Kneel for me, Livvy." I did my best to comply with her help.

"Right hand first, please."

I held my right hand up so she could pull it towards the other pole, locking my cuff directly to it.

"Now, the left."

And just like that, I was on my knees, bent over, my arms out in front of me.

"Almost there. Be patient." I thought, at first, that she was talking to me, but when I glanced in the mirror, I realized that she was addressing her dog.

"Fuck," I breathed, too quiet for her to hear, my eyes going wide as my imagination went into full gear. In this position, she could make me either. Suck his cock or let him fuck me, and I wouldn't be able to stop her. And it wouldn't be me. It wouldn't be my fault. It was out of my control.



"One more thing, Livvy." She'd found a belt in the closet. I hadn't explored it earlier, my eyes only on the prize.

"More for looks than anything else."

She buckled it around my waist, looping the discarded chains from earlier through rings attached to it, then through the middle rings on the poles I'd chosen, and then snapping them shut.

"You be a good girl and stay right there for me. It'll give you time to think about what's to come. Come, Loki. I'm going to change and get myself something to eat. Don't worry. I'll be back shortly."

She left me like that, chained to the poles bent over, my cunt dripping fluids onto the carpeting, unable to look at myself in the mirror, which was now only a few feet in front of me. I stared at the tag dangling from my collar, repeating her words softly.

"Livvy. Dog slut. Have you ever sucked a dog's cock before, Livvy? Have you ever been fucked by a dog?"

I found myself crying, tears welling up in my eyes. What had I done? What had my insatiable need gotten me into? It was just a fantasy. I never meant for it to happen, yet it had felt so good. Loki licking me while I was chained in front of the mirror. His rough tongue traveled over my thighs, my ass, pushing between my cheeks, and then, that electrifying moment when he'd discovered my cunt, how it had felt that first time. I felt so dirty. It was the most taboos of taboos, and yet, if she was here right now with him, I'd be begging for her to let him lick me some more, desperate to come again with his tongue pushed between my swollen lips, his cool nose pressing into my clit, his slobber coating my thighs.

"Dog slut," I told my reflection accusingly. "You want it, don't you? You don't want to admit it but want more, don't you?"

Licking my lips, I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, letting it out slowly, before answering. My voice was too quiet for even me to hear, but the answer was as clear as daylight.

"Yes. Yes, I want more."

I'm not sure how long she left me like that. It seemed like forever, but it was probably more like fifteen or twenty minutes at most. Loki was at her side when she returned, his ears perking up when he saw me. Scarlet had changed into a comfortable-looking robe. Not a fuzzy pink one like you might wear before going to bed. It was blue, shiny, and wrapped tightly around her, the tie tight about her waist. The bottom fell almost to mid-thigh. She was holding a glass of wine in one hand. The other was free.

"As promised, Livvy."

She giggled a little as she walked Loki around me. Had I not been so nervous, I might have too. Instead, I did my best not to pant or moan or make any other sound that would embarrass me further, especially when she stopped before me. Loki turned to the side between us, my eyes drawn down between his haunches at the reddish tip protruding from his hairy sheath. His cock. I'd seen pictures, of course, but never up close and personal.

"Tell Loki he's a good boy, Livvy. Tell him how much you liked him licking your wet little pussy. Tell him how nice he made you come."

I swallowed, lifting my gaze from his cock to Scarlet's face, then back again, and finally, to Loki's mouth. He looked happy, his red hanging haphazardly over his black lips. It almost looked like he was grinning at me. It made me wonder if he knew what was coming and was looking forward to it.

"You're a good boy," I managed, stumbling over the words a little. "And thank you for." I couldn't, not in front of her, but I did anyway. "Thank you for using your tongue on my pussy and making me cum."

"That wasn't so hard, was it now," Scarlet said with a smirk. She kneeled in front of me so that our faces were about even. "You're not the first girl Loki has service, Livvy, although it's been a while since the last one. I'm going to go get comfortable and watch the show. As I said, he knows all sorts of commands."

She took me by surprise and kissed me, not just a little peck on the lips, but a porn star kiss, tongue, and all. When she was done, I was left breathless while she went over to one of the chairs, flanking the closet, pulling it out so she'd have a good view of me—of us. I watched her lift her glass to her lips and take a small sip before setting it down on one thigh, fingers cupping the bowl, her expression eager.

"Loki. Kiss."

I let out a startled gasp, surprised as Loki stepped forward and started licking my face. He wasn't gentle, either, as he lapped away, his tongue wet with saliva. I even giggled as little at his apparent delight in 'kissing' me. It was kind of gross and kind of fun, and I found myself unexpectedly aroused by it.

"Stick your tongue out, Livvy. Kiss him back."

I opened my mouth to object, which he took as an invitation to put his tongue inside of it. Again, he wasn't gentle, but he wasn't hurting me. His breath didn't stink, thankfully, like I thought it might. If fact, I could detect peanut butter and pussy as he kissed me.

"Kiss. Him. Back, slut," Scarlet repeated, making it sound like an order. I obeyed hesitantly at first, simply sticking my tongue out and letting him lick it, doing my best not to pull my head back when he got his tongue in my mouth.

"French him, Livvy. He's not just some stray dog. He's your lover for the evening and wants to show you a good time. You should do the same."

When put that way, I did my best, both to please her and to please Loki. It was tentative initially, but I started to think of him as my lover. After all, he'd licked my pussy and made me come earlier, and I was pretty sure Scarlet was going to have him fuck me before the evening was over. Soon, I was licking his tongue while he licked mine, my mouth, my cheeks, and my chin. He wasn't exactly refined, but he was enthusiastic. I started to lose myself a little, feeling my nipples hardening both due to anticipation and the so very wrongness of what I was doing, making out with a dog.

I spared a glance over at Scarlet. She'd untied her robe, but it was still closed, and she was taking a sip from her wine as she watched us. She caught my eyes and smiled, then bared her teeth and ran the tip of her tongue along the edges. Shivering, I went back to kissing Loki, occasionally pulling at the poles that secured my wrists to no avail.

When she gave the next command, my face was dripping wet. So was my pussy.

“Loki. Pussy.”

Loki abandoned me, responding to his owner’s command immediately. I swear I could hear an eager rumble in his chest as he circled behind me, his fur brushing against my hip at one point. Scarlet laughed when I let out a moan at that simple contact.

“Someone’s turned on.”

My only response was a stuttering moan as I felt his head pushing between my parted thighs and his eager hot breaths heating my cunt. I moaned even louder when he began using his tongue to lap up my juices. Unable to help myself, I tried to push myself back closer, wanting to feel his tongue inside of me again.

“Oh, god,” I gasped and sighed as he found my swollen and sensitive clit. He had me on the verge of coming again in just a few minutes. I could feel the heat rushing through me, my pulse pounding as I felt myself getting closer and closer.

“Loki. Sit.”

I wanted to scream in frustration as he obeyed the command almost immediately, leaving me hanging, teetering on the edge of a massive orgasm, unable to do anything to push myself over.

“Poor thing,” Scarlet teased, my distress obvious. “Tell me what you want, and maybe I’ll give it to you.”

I turned my head towards her. She’d pulled open her robe, giving me a partial view of her tits. The nipple I could see was as swollen and pussy as mine were. As she caught me staring, she slowly uncrossed her legs to reveal a nicely trimmed landing strip above her pretty pink pussy.

“While you’re cooling down a little, you should watch this.”

She picked up her phone and played with it until the screen behind me lit up. I couldn’t see it, but I could see the images it displayed in the mirror. I was chained to the poles. I was kissing Loki. Loki was licking me. She’s recorded it all. Of course, she had. I should have been embarrassed and humiliated, maybe even angry. Or scared. Instead, all I could feel was lust as I watched her dog tease me with his tongue. It was obvious I was enjoying it, too.

“Loki. Nipples.”

I didn’t even have a chance to register the words before he made a short leap over my calf and stuck his head under my suspended body. His tongue was warm and wet against the side of my tit. Once in a while, brushing my nipple and then concentrated on my hard nub until I began to writhe helplessly, begging him to stop, her to make him stop. He nipped my breast with his teeth, and I let out a breathless scream.

“He wants you to stay still, Livvy. Don’t fight him, or he’ll start getting rough. Or maybe you’d like that. A nip here and there. Your tits. Your nipples. Your tender little pussy. I don’t think he’d break the skin, but I can’t make any promises.”

“Fuck fuck fuck,” I replied, panting as he gave me a respite and trotted to the other side, pausing to give my face a lick.

He started again, drooling as he assaulted my other nipple, driving me closer and closer to ecstasy,

but never close enough.

"You look so fucking sexy, Livvy. The two of you. You and your lover. I'm so glad you decided to come over and play. Maybe, if you ask nicely, this could be a regular playdate. Would you like that?"

Unable to speak, I shook my head stubbornly. I wouldn't give her the satisfaction of knowing how much I did want that. At least right now, I did.

"Fight it all you want. It's your nature. Now that you've had a taste, you'll want more. Loki. Sit."

Again, I was silent. I could have protested to my heart's content, but It didn't change the facts. She was right. Before, it had just been a longing, a deep-seated fantasy. Now? Now I knew I wouldn't be able to experience just this once. I was hooked.

"Now It's your turn, Livvy. I want you to show Loki how much you appreciate him. Loki. Blowjob."

It took me a few minutes to figure out the new command. It took some prompting on Scarlet's part before I understood what she, and her dog, expected of me. The command was meant for me. She wanted me to blow him.

"I can't," I whimpered, looking at his bright red cock extending five or six inches from his sheath.

It was bobbing up and down beneath his belly as he raised his forelegs and set his paws on my shoulder blades, giving me a good up-close view of his cock, which seemed to be growing bigger by the second.

I gripped the poles, anchoring myself, fascinated by the sight. Scarlet replied with a loud chuckle, and no more, while Loki let out what I hoped was a playful growl as he started to walk his paws slowly forward, seeming to know what he was doing. Pretty soon, I got my first good up-close and personal look at a dog's penis. It was kind of weird. The head was sort of flat with a sort of tip on it.

Other than that, it wasn't different than a human cock, although it wasn't. And now, it was close enough that if I stuck my tongue out. I licked him. He was already oozing precum. It wasn't much different than a guy's. Salty, slick, only it was different. It wasn't a guy's. It was a German shepherd's cock.

"That wasn't so bad, was it, Livvy? Don't try to suck him yet. Just kiss it. Tease his tip with your tongue."

I let out a soft whimper as I stretched myself forward and kissed the tip of his cock, my tongue playing over the weird-shaped tip, sucking my breath in as he pushed forward, forcing me to take about an inch or so of it in my mouth. God, I wanted badly to reach between my legs and touch myself or maybe just jam my fingers into my soaking wet pussy and fuck myself as hard and as fast as I could.

Instead, I explored his cock with my mouth, taking a little more of it, using my tongue to tease and tickle since, by the sounds he was making, he liked it. I did too. It was so dirty. I was so dirty. He moved a little forward, his claws rough against my bare skin. I didn't dare complain, though. Besides, my mouth was busy. I mostly licked him while he was in my mouth. I felt him twitch a couple of times, and it wasn't long before I had saliva and precum dripping from the corners of my mouth.

"Loki. Sit."

I groaned as he pushed himself off my back, his claws scraping against my shoulders, scratching me.

"Fuck," I groaned as he sat suddenly on his haunches, tongue lolling out as his attention went back and forth between Scarlet and me, wanting to obey his owner while eager to use me as his bitch.

"Enjoy yourself, slut?" she asked, startling me.

I hadn't noticed her standing, so engrossed in what I had been doing to Loki, taking his cock in my mouth, kissing and licking and sucking it. She bent over to pet his head and then did the same to mine, scratching me playfully behind one ear.

"Would you like to stop now? We can if you'd like. It's your last chance to back out, little dog slut."

Breathing heavily, I weighed my options. Maybe this was all a mistake. Would I regret it afterward? While she didn't say the words, I knew what would happen if we continued. She'd let him fuck me. He'd stick his cock inside me and use me as his bitch. He'd probably knot and fill me with his cum, and I'd have crossed a line I could never re-cross.

I'd have fucked a dog. Willingly, since she was giving me a choice. I could say no. She was offering me that chance. I could, but again, I couldn't, not because she wouldn't honor her offer, but because something inside me needed this to happen. Something deep inside of me, something dark, maybe, or maybe not, but certainly, something much too powerful to deny.

"No. Don't stop. Please," I told her, my voice shaking. "I want this."

"What is it that you want, Livvy? Tell me."

Her smile was cruel but sympathetic as well. She understood, all too well, what was driving me. She knelt directly in front of me and kissed me softly on the mouth, her tongue pushing past my lips and sliding along my tongue while she cupped one of my tits and teased my nipple with her thumbnail before leaning back again, staring expectantly at me.

"Tell me."

"I want him to fuck me."

It was barely a whisper but loud enough for her to hear.

"Again, Livvy, tell me."

Swallowing, I looked over at her dog. He was also staring at me, too, with an eager look on his face as he panted softly and cocked his head as if waiting on me.

"I want Loki to fuck me, Scarlet. I want him to stick his cock in my cunt and use me like a bitch. I want to feel his knot, and I want him to fill me up with his cum."

"Good girl," she told me, and then, my fate decided, she gave Loki another command.

"Loki. Mate."

My heart skipped a beat as I watched the beast, the dog, Loki, push off his back legs and, tail wagging, trot past me. At the same time, Scarlet returned to her chair, disrobing as she sat, leaving me an interrupted view of the mirror in front of me. Her legs spread as she leaned back and watched her dog mount me, hopping on his hind legs. His front legs were around my waist, holding tight as

he began to thrust. I felt his cock hitting the back of my thigh and then my left cheek, then my right.

"His aim is not always perfect. You probably don't want him in your ass. At least not the first time. Guess we'll see what happens."

A sense of great shame washed over me. Shame and humiliation as Loki kept trying while I watched him in the mirror, growing frustrated as he kept missing. It wasn't like I wasn't wet enough. And then, he got his prick in me, thrusting deep with a triumphant bark. After that, it felt like a jackhammer against my backside as he started pounding me with no regard for my comfort, his cock swelling up inside my tight pussy.

I let out a loud moan. God, he was rough, but it felt so good. A glance to my left showed Scarlet playing with her pussy. Her legs were now over the arms of the chair, so I could get a good look at her. God, she was gorgeous. I'd always thought so, but this was the first time I'd seen her naked.

After that, it became all about me. Me and Loki. He kept at it, driving his cock into me without seeming too tired. I started to feel a climax coming on. The physical sensation, as well as the realization that I was being fucked by a dog while its owner watched, was too much. I shook violently before letting out a rasping cry, coming hard while he kept fucking me. And then, I came again, or maybe it was all the same orgasm.

I was too lost in ecstasy to tell. I felt his cock growing inside me, pushing apart my walls as he knotted me, and I came a third time, tears leaking from my eye, my mouth hanging open, drool running past my lips and dripping from my chin.

"No, no, no," I gasped as his knot grew inside me, trapping him inside me.

I felt another climax coming. Close, so close. I just needed something to push me over the edge. I felt his legs tighten around me, and then I felt him pumping his semen into me. It wasn't like anything I'd ever experienced before. It felt like a warm jet, and there was so much of it. He wasn't even done. I felt another splash of dog cum inside me, tipping me over the edge.

"He's cumming inside of me," I gasped, my body overloaded with intense pleasure as an even stronger wave of ecstasy washed over me.

She shot his load a third time and then seemed to relax. All I could do was hang there, exhausted, his knot locking us together. Eventually, I felt him shift. I watched as he sort of stepped over me, turning away, his cock still lodged in my pussy, his ass against mine. I heard another sound. Soft applause as Scarlet clapped her hands slowly together.

"That was so fucking hot, Livvy. Glad I was able to record the entire thing."

I blushed hard, my face burning as I looked away from her, staring, once again, at the mirror and my canine lover who, for the moment, was content to stand there, his prick embedded in me. Eventually, the swelling went down enough for him to slip out. With the knot gone, his cum started leaking out of me. Pouring out might have been a better description. There was just so much of it.

Hanging my head, I just hung there, too spent to move, until Scarlet took pity and released me from my bonds so that I could sink to the floor and lay on the soaked carpet. I think I cried a bit while she ran her hands over me, soothing me with her touch and with her words, calling me a good girl and dog fucker and a slut, and I lost track after a while.

"So?" she eventually asked.

I wasn't sure how to answer her. God, it had been beyond my wildest dreams, and, at the same time, I wished it had never happened. I knew, suddenly, how Pandora must have felt when she'd opened up the box. I didn't think I'd be able to forget this. Ever. Nor would it be a one-time thing.

Already I was thinking of the next time, wondering when that might be. With Loki again? While Scarlet watched? Or maybe Mistress would be there next time? And who else did she know who had a dog? Or dogs. Right now, though, I could only lay there and enjoy her touch as it grew ever more sensual and then sexual, her fingers teasing me slowly towards another orgasm.

"You want to cum again, Livvy?" she asked softly.

I simply nodded.

"I thought you might. Loki. Pussy."

*The End.*