

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Cindy Radmore takes a deep breath as she surveys the slum neighborhood. The buildings are in various states of disrepair, car frames dot the street, and young black men assembled in groups watch the pretty redhead suspiciously. A wind blasts over her from the west, and instinctively she draws her coat around her with a shiver. Checking her notebook again, she knocks on the door loudly. Instantly she hears footsteps on the other side of the door and it opens to reveal a heavyset black woman with streaks of gray through her hair.

Cindy asks in a friendly tone, "Are you Tricia Brant?"

The woman's eyes narrow as she examines the pretty five feet eight redhead.

Tricia asks, "Who wants to know?"

Cindy pulls a badge from her pocket and presents it for Tricia to examine. The black woman sneers at the FBI credentials.

"I ain't got nothing to say to you," Tricia snaps and goes to close the door.

"I'm not here about any of your boys, Mrs. Brant, or your ex-husband."

Tricia hesitates, staring at the slim redhead with narrow eyes.

"OK, then what?"

Do you know two young women, Jennifer Rogers, and Monica Alger?"

Tricia gasps. "I've met 'em, long time ago officer."

"Oh? How long ago?"

"Hmm, let's see, must be two years ago," Tricia said scratching her chin. They came to me to, err, have their cards read."

"Cards?"

"Tarot cards, I used to do that to make some extra money."

Cindy writes what Tricia says in her notepad with a thoughtful nod.

Tricia asks with darting eye movements, "Are they in trouble or something?"

"Monica Alger is missing, has been for a while now, and we're trying to find her," Cindy said.

"What about Jenny?"

Cindy nods with a small smile, she never mentioned the blonde Ms. Rogers' preferred alias is Jenny.

"She's not in trouble, but if you know where she is, that would be a great help," Cindy said with a sweet smile to disarm the woman. "Former friends say the two were pretty tight before Monica went

missing." Tricia hesitates, and Cindy tries to reel her in. "If you have anything that might help, I'm sure I can offer a reward."

Tricia's eyes bulge. Cindy smiles inwardly, she knows people living in poverty will do almost anything for a few dollars, and Monica's family had given her some cash to pay for information.

"I don't know," Tricia said, glancing around uneasily.

"How does a hundred bucks sound?"

The black woman's lips press together tightly, before she says, "You gonna pay me now?"

"Yes, cash in hand."

The door suddenly closes and Cindy hears footsteps inside when eventually Tricia returns, and hands Cindy a piece of paper with writing on it. The FBI agent stares at the paper to see an address, Jenny's address. Taking the paper, Cindy pulls a hundred-dollar bill from her pocket and hands it to Tricia. The black woman shoves it in her pocket quickly, as she knows it's unwise to let the neighbors see you with cash.

"Thanks, Mrs. Brant, Monica's family is very worried for her, and this might lead to something useful," Cindy says as she hands Tricia a business card. "If you remember anything else, don't hesitate to call."

Tricia takes the card and glances at it briefly, before pocketing it also.

"Aight, Officer, is that all?"

Cindy nods and Tricia shuts the door quickly. The redhead turns and goes to her car circumnavigating the rubbish strewn around the place. As she drives away, she hits her Bluetooth phone button in the car and a female voice answers.

"Cindy? Get anything?"

"Yeah, Liz, can you run a check on address for me?"

"Ok, what is it?"

"One forty-five Lincoln Drive, San Francisco. Got it?"

"Yes, got it. Whose is it?"

"Jennifer Rogers last known address," Cindy said with a gleam in her eyes.

"Damn, and I thought the Brant lead was a long shot at best. Good work, Cin."

"Let's hope it gets us somewhere this time. Are you going to the State Pen today?"

"Yeah, I was just heading out."

"Good luck."

"Thanks, bye."

One of the parts of any investigation is chasing up related cases, and in the search for Monica Alger, a peculiar case occurred before she disappeared. A rape case involving two Greek men, and a dog committed against the missing woman. Elizabeth Dench, an FBI agent working with Cindy on this case remembers feeling sick when she read the case file. Both men received ten-years in jail for their crimes, which involved spraying several women's genitals with a dog mating pheromone to get their dog to have sex with her. They claimed the pheromone came from Ms. Rogers, yet lab tests proved the substance was urine from a female dog. The guards lead her to an interview room where she sits and opens the file of the rape case against Monica, skimming it as she waits for the prisoner. Eventually, the door opposite her opens and two prison guards escort a manacled man who sneers as he sees the smartly-dressed, brown haired woman. They sit him opposite without removing his chains.

"Mr. Demetriou, I'm Elizabeth Dench from the FBI," she begins, and flashes her badge. "May I call you Paul?"

The fat Greek man shrugs. "Like I give a shit."

The guard nudges the prisoner, saying loudly, "Show some respect, Paulie."

However, Paulie just sneers and stares at Liz coldly.

"I believe one of your victims was a Ms. Monica Alger, do you remember her?"

Paulie shrugs again.

"You claimed in your testimony that her friend, ah, Jennifer Rogers, had consensual intercourse with a dog behind your café and in her dorm room, right?"

He nods. "The cops wouldn't believe me, even though they saw the CCTV footage of it."

Liz flicks through some papers, and gets to one and sighs. "Yes, the prosecution argued Ms. Rogers was your first victim."

"Pffttt, she took that fucking Jack Russell without any help from me," he said. "Just dropped her pants and let the mutt fuck her. I had nothin' to do with it."

"And you claimed her urine was some kind of stimulant to the dogs?"

"Look, lady, it's all in the court transcripts. I ain't changed my story, neither has Spiros," Paulie said shaking his head.

"Your accomplice?"

Paulie nods.

"How do you think a woman's urine turns into dog bitch in-heat urine?"

"What?"

"Well, Paulie," Liz said, leaning back and looking at him evenly. "The problem with your testimony is the urine you claimed belonged to Ms. Rogers was proven to be dog urine, not human."

Paulie glares at her, pounding his fist into the table. The guard steps forward, however, Liz raises

her hands to stop him interfering.

"How the fuck do I know?" Paulie shouts. "I collected that piss from the toilet, she forgot to flush, it belonged to her."

"Tell me about the incident at Ms. Rogers dorm?"

Paulie sits back, and looks at the FBI agent, her pretty green eyes, and long brown hair masking her feminine face. It's been a while since he's even seen another woman this close, and his mood softens.

"Well, here's where all that lab bullshit falls to pieces," he said, smiling insolently.

"Oh, why?"

"We didn't spray anything on her, we just showed her a dog and the bitch went all nympho with us," Paulie said. "They said we sprayed the pheromone on her, but we didn't."

Liz writes some notes onto a legal pad. "So you're saying the mere sight of the dog aroused Ms. Rogers to the point where she willingly participated in bestiality?"

Paulie nods. "Fuck yeah, just like she did at the back of my café. She saw a dog, and fucked it. Nothing to do with us."

"So how did using the urine come about?"

"Spiros thought of it, and it worked," Paulie said, puffing his chest out.

"So you stick with your story that all you had to do was present a dog to Ms. Rogers and she would copulate with it immediately?"

Paulie nods. "Look, I know it sounds batshit crazy, but it's the truth. The blonde bitch was a fucking dog nymphomaniac."

She makes a few more notes. "OK, I think I have what I need. You can take Mr. Demetriou back to his cell now, officer."

"Yes, ma'am," the officer says with a curt nod.

"As Paulie is pulled to his feet, he pulls free of the guard and slaps the table making Liz jerk. "I promise I'm not lying about the blonde bitch," he said in a strained voice. "Sure, we did force those other women to do it, but not her. Something was wrong with her, something evil."

The guards drag him away, and soon after, Liz is getting into her car and heading back to the office.

Back in the office, Liz opens the CCTV footage taken at the back of the café and watches again. Jenny exits the toilets and comes an abrupt halt, looking at a Jack Russell terrier wagging its tail at the sight of her. Jenny freezes, staring at the dog. Her back is to the camera, so Liz can't see if she's saying anything to the dog. The dog jumps on her leg sniffing at the young woman coming, and Liz can see the animal's cock poking out in arousal. The video flickers from an edit, and resumes with Jenny lying on her back with her jeans half off, and her legs spread. The dog is licking her pussy with exuberance, and Jenny is twisting sensually indicating enjoyment. The little dog practically buries its nose inside her pussy. Jenny reaches under her blouse to pinch her nipples. Eventually pulling the

garment up to expose her breasts, so she can play with them while the dog's tongue explores her pussy. Whenever its tongue laps over her clit, Jenny nearly jumps off the ground and a squirt of wetness comes from her. The little dog goes into another frenzy of licking making Jenny almost contort with pleasure.

Suddenly, the Jack Russell Terrier mounts her, sliding its cock straight inside her pussy and pumps her madly. An orgasm makes her body quiver, and still the little dog pumps hard. Its tail wagging in excitement, the dog panting rhythmically to its thrusts, and drooling on her stomach. The dog settles after about ten minutes and Liz assumes the animal is ejaculating. Suddenly, dog and woman alike jerk, Jenny twists her head to see back into the café. Something spooks the dog making it pull out of her, though, it isn't finished pumping her full of cum. The small knot comes out without too much trouble and the dog runs toward the back fence and out a small hole into an alley. Jenny gets up, puts her pants on, and rushes into the toilet. The video ends.

Liz stares at her notes, trying to make sense of what Paulie said and the video. The missing time in the video was theorized to be where Paulie and Spiros intervened, yet maybe the prosecution was too quick to judge. Maybe the missing part is Jenny giving herself to the dog freely, she wonders? If true, why would she do that?

Suddenly, Cindy's familiar voice broke her reverie, saying, "Are you looking at that nasty video again?"

Liz turns and shrugs. "That missing bit really bugs me," Liz said, and sighed.

"Let me guess, Demetriou said she did it willingly?"

Liz nods, saying, "You know what, I believe him, too. There's something weird about this case."

Cindy laughs as she sits at her desk. "That's why they gave it to us."

"Anything come through on the address?"

Cindy's face brightens. "Yeah, we've got a hit. Seems our Ms. Rogers still lives there."

Liz slams her desk, shouting, "God damn, that's the best break we've had so far. Good work, Cin."

"We're going to San Francisco, Liz. Pack your bags."

"Open up that golden gate, California here we come."

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## **Chapter Two**

Lincoln Drive in San Francisco is like many other middle-class urban areas. The houses are similar looking, the front yards are well cared for, and most vehicles parked in driveways and on the street are relatively new. Cindy and Liz park their dark SUV outside the front of number one-hundred and forty-five, a two-story modern house painted gray with white trim. They knock on the door and wait, eventually a small statured blonde woman appears wearing a bright dress and a warm smile.

"Yes?"

"Jennifer Rogers?"

"Um, I was, I'm married now," Jenny said. "My surname's Wright."

Cindy flashes her FBI badge, saying, "May we come in, we need to talk to you about something important."

Jenny's face flushes red, still she steps aside to let the two agents enter her home. They head straight into a living room at the end of a hallway that overlooks the backyard. Outside, a Great Dane is sleeping under a tree.

"Big dog," Liz says in a friendly tone.

"That's Roller. He's a big goofy boy at heart," Jenny said with dreamy eyes.

"Please, have a seat. Can I get you anything to drink?"

"That's fine," Cindy said pointedly. "Let's talk."

The agents sit on a sofa, and Cindy sits opposite with a low table between them. Cindy produces her phone and brings up a picture she shows to Jenny.

Cindy asks, "Do you know this woman?"

Jenny leans forward and looks at the photograph of Monica on the screen. She nods, and sighs. "Monica Alger, I knew her when I lived in Sometown," Jenny said glumly. "I haven't seen her for a few years. Is everything alright?"

Jenny's tanned face went pale, and her chin starts trembling. The agents are struck with how genuine her concern is.

Liz asks, "You haven't spoken to her at all since you left Sometown?"

Jenny shook her head, then looks at her hands. "After the rape business, I just couldn't face anyone. Even Monica, whom I loved as a sister back then."

Tears roll down Jenny's cheek, and she grabs a tissue from a box on the coffee table to wipe her eyes.

"Yes, it must've been an awful experience," Cindy said.

"There's some strange stories circulating about the rapes," Liz said, watching Jenny closely.

The blondes head jerks, her eyes bulge for a moment and the agents don't miss it.

Jenny asks, "Like what?"

"We've spoken to Tricia Brant," Cindy said coldly. "She pretty much told us everything."

Jenny's face goes bright-red, and she stands and goes to the back glass door looking out at Roller who's still sleeping. The agents look at each other, and Liz nods with slight smile.

With her back to the agents, Jenny asks, "She did?"

Liz added, "The footage from the café clearly shows you gave yourself to that Jack Russell."

Cindy hated fishing like this, however, she's thinking the fish has taken the bait. Jenny turns and faces them, her face now hard and the tears gone. She pulls her phone from her pocket and pushes

the screen. Tricia Brant's voice suddenly fills the room.

"Jenny-girl, it's Tricia Brant from Sometown," Tricia's recorded message begins. "I just had some skinny ass redhead bitch here looking for you. She was from the FBI, so I had to give her your address. That's all I gave her. Sorry, Jenny-girl."

Jenny sits again, her body tense, and her gaze fixed firmly on the two FBI agents. She asks coldly, "So what did Tricia tell you?"

The agents glance at each other, they'd been caught trying to make Jenny think they knew more than they did to make her give them information.

Liz smiles weakly, saying, "Jenny, we're not interested in what may, or may not, have happened back then. That's finished. We're only just trying to find Monica."

Cindy added, "Her family are worried sick, and we fear for the worst."

Jenny asks, "Am I suspect in her disappearance?"

"Heavens, no, we know you left Sometown months before she disappeared," Cindy said.

"But we know you two were close during a turbulent period, and those bonds are hard to break," Liz said evenly. "So we were hoping she may have kept in contact with you."

"Her family are desperate to find her," Cindy adds, trying to guilt Jenny.

Jenny asks, "What if Monica doesn't want to be found?"

"Why wouldn't she?" Liz asks with narrow eyes. "Do you know a reason?"

"Um, err, well, as I said, I haven't seen her for a long time. So, no, I don't know anything in particular," Jenny said, looking away.

The agents sense Jenny does know the reason Monica doesn't want to be found, and their training kicks urges them to push the young woman.

"If Monica is OK and she doesn't want to return to her family, then that's OK," Liz said. "At least give her the choice."

"Monica made her choices," Jenny said.

Cindy shakes her head, "Monica's mom has cancer, and isn't expected to live much longer."

Jenny's eye's bulge. "What?"

"Finding Monica is important," Liz said.

Jenny stares at her hands, her lips press with a slight grimace. With a pensive expression she stands, and says, "Wait here."

Leaving the room, Jenny goes to her bedroom and opens a draw in a bureau looking for something. The two agents sit quietly, not wanting to jinx the moment, a break in the case is coming and they don't want to scare it away. They hold their bodies rigidly, sensing every sight and sound around them. When Jenny reenters the living room she's holding in her hand a postcard and hands it to Liz.

"I got this in the mail about two-months ago," Jenny said.



The agents look at the picture, it's a picture of the giant statue of The Christ overlooking Rio De Janeiro, Brazil. They turn the card to find nothing on it, just Jenny's address.

Cindy glares at Jenny, asking, "This is from Monica?"

Jenny nods. "It's her handwriting."

Liz asks, "Have you gotten other postcards from her?"

"I have, but I've thrown them away. This postcard is the last I've received."

"How does she know where you live?" Cindy asks.

"She contacted me before she left Sometown, and I offered her to stay here."

"And did she?" Liz asks.

"No," Jenny says, looking at her hands glumly.

"Have you heard from her any other time? Did she give you her reasons why she's done this?" Cindy asks, leaning forward assertively.

Jenny didn't answer at first, again appearing to hesitate, which the agents know means she does know the reasons.

"No, she just said she was going away to clear her head," Jenny said, yet not looking at them. "I really don't know anything else."

"Thanks for this," Liz said holding the postcard up. "At least we know she was alive two months ago."

Cindy adds, "If you hear from her again, you have to let us know. Here's my card."

Jenny takes the business card and glances at it briefly.

"I think we've troubled you enough, but we may have questions in future," Liz said, as the agents stand to leave.

"I'm sorry to hear about Mrs. Alger, she's a lovely person," Jenny said. "At least, she was to me when I knew her."

"Let's hope we find Monica before it's too late," Cindy said as the agents left.

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"If this woman's father wasn't a congressman, then we wouldn't be here," Cindy said wiping the sweat from her brow caused by the humidity of Rio.

"At least we get a trip to Rio, you can't complain about that," Liz said, with a shrug.

"Yeah? This place is the biggest shithole on Earth," Cindy said. "We'll be lucky not to get mugged, raped, or killed."

Liz laughs, as Cindy's pensive face. "Come on, the sooner we do this we can get back to hotel and

the pool.”

They get out of a police vehicle assigned them with a driver named Carlos who can act as a translator. They enter a post office and are ushered to the Postmaster’s office who has already been briefed about the visit. As they enter the office, they see a woman in her thirties sitting and staring at the floor.

The Postmaster stands, smiles, and says, “Good day, Officers, welcome to Rio.”

Liz and Cindy shake the man’s hands, while Carlos stands back with his arms across his chest. The Postmaster directs the agents to sit in two chairs already strategically placed. The office is clean, still the smell of Rio dances in the air. A sour smell encompassing the human struggle on the rocky slopes of the tropical city.

“Thanks for meeting us, Mr. Rodriguez,” Liz said formally. “We’ve heard the photograph we sent has led to some information.”

The manager nods, yet says nothing. He had hung the photograph with an offer of a reward, and expected reimbursement. Liz nudges Cindy who takes an envelope from her bag and hands it to the man, whom opens it to see a wad of American hundred-dollar notes. Satisfied, he opens a draw and places the envelope inside, then he pulls out the photograph of Monica and hands it Liz. The photograph is one taken when she was at Somtown University, over the image in messy handwriting is: A bruxa cco. Cindy looks at the photograph, then at Liz with a frown.

Liz hands the vandalized picture to Carlos, asking, “What does that mean?”

The Postmaster answered, “It means: The Dog Witch.”

“The what?” Cindy asks, raising her eyebrows.

“He’s right, it means ‘The Dog Witch’,” Carlos said. “I’ve heard of her.”

The FBI agents turn and look at the Brazilian policeman with deep frowns.

“You’ve heard of her?” Liz asks. “Why didn’t you say so?”

Carlos shrugs. “I didn’t know what she looked like, but we’ve heard reports of some crazy white woman and how the dogs protect her.”

Cindy turns to the postmaster, glaring at him. “What information did you get?”

The man grimaces. “A few have said they’ve seen her at Chatuba, near the river,” he said. “Apparently, she lives rough with a pack of dogs. No one can get near her, the damn dogs go crazy.”

Liz asks, “So why do they call her ‘The Dog Witch’? Is it because she lives with them?”

“More than that,” the woman sitting quietly suddenly said.

The agents look at her, prompting the Postmaster to say, “This is Consuela, she lives in Chatuba.”

“What do you mean more?” Cindy asks.

“A bruxa cco is possessed by a powerful demon,” Conseula said grimly. “Her body and soul belong to dogs.”

“I don’t understand,” Liz says. “Belongs?”

Consuela nods glumly. "She sleeps, eats, and even, err, fucks them. If you cross her, all the dog's in Chatuba, even your sweetest pet, will attack you. So we leave her food, to stay safe."

"Can you take us to her?" Liz asks.

Consuela doesn't respond, so Cindy says, "We'll pay you for your trouble."

The Brazilian woman gives a reluctant nod. "I can show where she's seen, at the river, but I don't know where she is," Consuela said.

The Postmaster says, "The outskirts of Chatuba is farmland that leads to forests, and mountains."

Consuela nods. "There's many caves and places to hide there, and she keeps away from the tourist trails."

Cindy asks, "So you don't know where she is, exactly? Just an area?"

"Sim, oficial," Conseula says with a nod, so the agents know she's agreeing by the tone.

Liz asks, "What about where you leave her food? Can you show us that spot?"

Consuela shakes her head this time. "Oficial, women are foridden to take her food because, ah, bad things happen."

Carlos suddenly asks, "But you know someone who can take us there?"

"Sim, oficial, I can arrange it." Consuela turns to the two agents, and gives them a pained stare, her skin blanching around her eyes. "Don't go near her, senhoras, let the homens catch her. Por favor, stay away from her."

Cindy and Liz glance at each other with slight smiles, and thank her for her help.

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Chapter Three

The flies are really bugging Cindy who forgot to put repellent on, and now they're hiding in the bushes near the river the mosquitoes had joined in. The river is flowing freely, and thankfully the smell of Chatuba is now downwind. Dotted around various places are local and national police, also squatting in the shrubs waiting for something to happen. On the edge of the river, about a hundred feet from the agents, is a box containing some fruit, chocolate, and preserved meat products. Bait to catch a woman the locals call *'The Dog Witch'*. Liz and Cindy had discussed in detail the likelihood this woman is Monica. They couldn't believe a woman of her background and upbringing could find herself living homeless in Rio with a pack of dogs. The stories of her witchcraft they tolerated as a necessary passage to get to the point of catching this woman. Even if she isn't Monica, the fact an American citizen is living this way needs to be investigated.

"It's obviously some woman with a mental illness," Cindy had said.

"There's no history of mental illness in Monica's family," Liz said flatly.

"Yeah, but there's always a first."

"I hope it's not her," Liz said and sighed. "I don't wanna make that call to the family."

Cindy laughs coldly. "Hi, Congressman Alger, we found your daughter and she's living with a pack of dogs in the wilds of Brazil."

"At least it's not, 'We found her working with dogs in Tijuana. She's in show business now.'"

"If the rumors are true, that might not be far from the truth," Cindy said, and grimaced.

Liz poured herself another scotch and takes a sip. "What is with these two and dogs? First we have Jenny and the video, now Monica is—"

She takes another sip.

"Consuela and her mother are adamant it's a demon," Cindy said with a smirk. "This job would be better suited to Mulder and Scully."

Liz snorts in good humor. "You always know how to cheer me up," she said to Cindy smiling. "You're the redhead so that makes you Scully."

"And you're Mulder."

They laugh again.

This conversation seems distant now as senses strain for any indication the woman or dogs are approaching. They had taken a position downwind from the bait so the dogs won't detect them. This isn't going to be an SPCA approved operation, these animals are wild and feral. The local police plan to shoot every dog they can. There's even a few local men, also armed, waiting for the signal to create canine carnage. The agents have a doctor with them, who's loaded with several syringes filled with tranquilizers for the woman.

Their radio squeaks, and a hushed voice says, "I see a couple of dogs coming this way from the north."

Liz said into her radio, "Hold, we do nothing until the woman's at the bait."

"More dogs approaching. Fuck, there's so many them," a police officer says on the radio.

Another voice, hushed yet excited says, "I see her—a bruxa cco—she's here."

Liz and Cindy strain to see into the scrub around them, until they eventually see several large dogs run into the shore of the river and drink from the flowing water. More dogs follow, and before long a dozen dogs of various sizes are milling about the bait, yet none go near it.

"That's weird," Cindy says. "There's goodies in the box and none of the dogs are after it."

"Maybe it's witchcraft," Liz says under her breath, making Cindy roll her eyes.

"Maybe it's aliens," Cindy said with an insolent grin, making Liz smile.

Then they see her for the first time, and both gasp at the sight of 'a bruxa cco' as her wildness catches them off guard. Her hair is dark, yet so dirty, matted, and disheveled the natural color can't be determined. At first they think she's wearing clothing, however, looking at her through the binoculars it's dirt and mud stuck to her body. A big trail of flies follows her, and soon her vile smell wafts over the agents waiting in the bushes. Liz, holding back her gag, stares through the binoculars at her face, yet the woman is too dirty to tell if she's Monica.

"God, what a smell," Cindy says in a hushed voice.

"We might need to throw her in the river before we take her in," Liz said.

"We'd be arrested for pollution."

"Yeah, OK, let's do this," Liz says with a grimace. Into her radio, she says, "Stand by, we're going in."

Liz and Cindy get to their feet, and brushes their clothes clean of dirt.

"Stepping out among a pack of wild dogs, we're hard core bitch's, Liz," Cindy said, with her insolent smile never wavering.

Slowly, they step through the bushes and into the clearing twenty feet downriver from the wild woman who's rummaging through the box. The woman takes out a chocolate bar, rips the wrapper off, and stuffs it into her mouth as if afraid she may get it taken from her. The dogs at this point are ignoring the agents, as the woman is throwing food at them, which seems their focus. They step closer, until eventually, one of the mongrel dogs begins barking at her, making the other dogs, at least twenty, turn and growl at them. The animals are all on high-alert now, and snarls and growls fill the air. The woman is staring at the approaching FBI agents too, while she chews the chocolate.

Liz shouts, "Monica? Monica Alger, is that you?"

The woman grunts, and backs away.

"Monica, we're here to help you. Please, let us help you."

The woman starts looking around, sniffing the air as if she too is a dog. The pack of dog's keep snarling and barking at the intruders, yet they remain motionless as if waiting for the signal to attack.

Cindy is holding the radio at her mouth, ready to give the command. A Rottweiler slowly walks through the pack to the front. Liz guesses this is the alpha dog of the pack, however, two more dogs appear, each subsequent animal standing slightly behind the other. The agents freeze, feeling the hairs on the back of their neck stand, and Liz questions her decision to try talk Monica down.

"What's wrong with their eye's?" Cindy whispers behind Liz.

Suddenly, Liz notices the dog's eyes for the first time and gasps, putting her hand over her mouth. Their eyes glow, an unearthly red, as if their eyeballs had been replaced by lights. What the fuck is going on here, she wonders.

"Monica, I want to help you," Liz shouts again, yet the wild woman is backing away now. Cindy feeling freaked out by the three dogs staring them down, radios, "Take-out the three dogs at the front, they're the leaders."

The sound of bullets suddenly whooshes through the air, and, in order as they stand, the dogs heads nearly explode on impact. First the Rottweiler, then a big black mongrel dog, and lastly a pit bull terrier. They fall dead, and the spell that seemingly held the place vanished. Dogs started running and barking and Liz pulls her revolver and kills a German shepherd about to leap at her throat.

The wild woman suddenly screams, "Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo."

"Open fire," Cindy says into her radio, and the two agents run toward the wild woman who's fallen to the ground sobbing.

The other dogs are now panicking, barking wildly, and several run toward the agents yet soon fall dead in their tracks from snipers.

Cindy shouts into her radio, "For fuck sake's, don't shoot us."

More dogs go down as the sounds of gunfire fill the air, yet away from the agents who finally reach the wild woman collapsed on the dirt, sobbing with grief, and whispering something repeatedly. Liz squats by her side, and taking her handkerchief, wipes the wild woman's face. As the dirt wipes away, wet from tears, Liz gasps as she sees it really is Monica Alger.

"Oh, fuck, it is Monica," Liz said looking up at Cindy.

"Holy shit," Cindy says wide-eyed and scratching her head.

Liz puts her hand on Monica's shoulder, and says, "Monica. Monica, you're OK now. It's all over, you're safe."

Monica is whispering something, as she sobs madly.

Cindy asks, "What is she saying?"

Liz leans closer, screwing her face at the smell. "I think she's saying, 'Come back, please, come back.'"

The Doctor approaches and wipes an area of skin clean on Monica's arm, then injects her. The rest of the dog's run into the scrub by this point and men pursue them, the gleam of the kill in their eyes. Dead canine bodies are littered all over the area. Two men approach with a stretcher, and they load Monica onto it. The two agents walk behind the now sedated woman, feeling satisfied they had done their job. Monica Alger has been found, and once they get her back to the States, the case can be closed.

The next day the two agents go to the Samaritan hospital in Rio to see how Monica is going, to find a considerably cleaner woman than they first encountered. The nurses had shaven her hair off, due to lice and to it being too matted to brush. A black bristle now covers her head, and they found her still curled into a ball on her bed. Despite having been washed, Monica still had a smoky smell to her.

Liz asks the muttering woman, "Monica? Monica? Can you speak to us?"

Monica looks at the two agents with beady eyes and suddenly laughs in way that makes the women shift uncomfortably.

A male voice says from behind them in a Latino accent, "Ah, hello, officers. I'm afraid you won't get much out of her."

The agents turn to see Dr. Sanchez standing there with a slight grin.

"Hi, Doctor, how is Monica going? Her family are keen for her to come home."

The Doctors nods, and says, "Yes, yes, I spoke to her father on the phone this morning. He has given

you power-of-attorney here.”

Cindy asks, “Has she said anything to explain any of this?”

“We’ve only made out two phrases, some of her words are gibberish, though. The depth of her psychosis is the worst I have seen in my career.”

Liz asks, “What about her physical condition?”

As they look at Monica, who seems in another world, he says, “Remarkably, she’s in fairly good condition. A little underweight, yet healthy.”

“That’s surprising,” Cindy said.

“They said she was living with a dog pack? Is that true?” Dr. Sanchez asks with raised eyebrows.

“According to the police at Chatuba,” Liz said, “they’ve killed forty dogs so far.”

“Remarkable,” Dr. Sanchez said.

“Disgraceful,” Cindy said with a sneer. “She’s been out there for two years and no one has helped her. What kind of country is this?”

“A poor one,” Dr. Sanchez said and grimaced.

“I’m sorry, Doctor, we know it’s not your fault,” Liz said, giving Cindy a dirty look. “But you said she’s repeating some phrases. What are they?”

He consults a file he had been holding, and says, “*‘I will wait for you’*, and, *‘the bitches will pay’*.”

A chill grips the women, and they turn and look at Monica, still whispering to herself with her beady eyes staring wildly at Liz and Cindy. The agents look at each other with a frown.

Liz asks, “She’ll be fit to fly then, Doctor?”

He nods. “The Congressman is sending a ‘medivac jet’ for her and physically she’ll be able to fly home.”

Cindy’s head snaps back. “And mentally?”

“I’m afraid if we wait for that, she’d be here another two years,” he said.

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## Chapter Four

Not far from her apartment in the downtown area, Liz gets home after a long day at work going through phone records of several suspects in a terrorism investigation. Pulling up outside her place, she wearily climbs out and goes to the trunk of her car to retrieve some groceries she stopped to buy on the way home. The night is cool, with a slight breeze, and the street seems mostly deserted aside from the odd car driving past. The streetlights cast an orange glow over her street, making the shadows seem deeper. Liz sighs as she takes the grocery bags from the trunk and sits them on the ground. I can’t wait for a hot bath and several glasses of wine, she thinks with a chuckle. Looking up from the car she spots a big dog standing twenty feet away watching her. The dog is a standard

poodle, mostly black and well-looking after, and she thinks she recognizes it as belonging to a family several houses away.

Liz decides to ignore the animal, and continue to unpack her shopping from the trunk. As she goes to close the trunk, she jumps and gasp's as the dog is now standing only five feet away, and something hits her fear switch as her stomach roils.

"Good, dog, don't make me shoot you," she says in a friendly tone, knowing the animal can't understand her words.

Suddenly, the dog lowers its head and growls at her. Not a warning growl, a menacing snarl with bare teeth and drool. The feeling she needs to flee overwhelms her as a shakiness in her limbs develops. Liz backs away, trying to act as if she's not afraid, yet the animal can smell her fear. As she goes to step onto the sidewalk, she trips, and falls backward onto her ass. The dog sees this as his opportunity and lunges at her, snarling and snapping. Instinctively she raises her arms to protect her face, however, the poodle bites into her groin, and twisting his head manages to rip her pants and underwear open, exposing her flesh.

"Noooooooo, get off me," Liz screams, and rolls instantly feeling the cool air on her flesh.

On her hands and knees she leaps forward as the dog jumps on her back, wrapping his legs around her waist.

"God, no, stop," she mumbles as she feels the dogs cock slam into her cunt with such force pain shoots through her body.

"Get off her. Get off her," someone shouts from nearby.

The poodle stops her from getting away, and the helpless woman reaches under her jacket and pulls her revolver from its holster. The dogs thick cock is slicing its way into her cunt, and she can feel it deep inside her. So she points the gun over her shoulder and shoots. The bullet penetrates the dogs brain, and instantly it stops fucking her, and falls to the ground. Liz rolls onto her backside and sits there looking at the dead animal and blood-splattered clothes.

An old man, panting heavily, reaches her and asks, "Jesus, lady, are you OK?"

Liz stares at him for a moment, wondering if she is OK. I've just been raped by a dog, she thinks staring at the poodle.

"I think so," she said, and forces a smile. "Do you know whose dog it is?"

"Yeah, I do," the old man said. "I'll call them and tell them what happened."

"I'm gonna go change my clothes and call the police," she said.

Getting to her feet, the old man kindly offered her his coat and after putting it over her exposed rear, she went inside.

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"Ah, come in, ladies," FBI Director Sam Fairbanks said with a wave of his hand and a smile. "I want you to meet Congressman Alger."

Standing by him is a man barely six feet, portly and balding, dressed in a gray suit, white shirt, and



red tie. His face is warm, fatherly, and his hair is nearly white. The man oozes confidence from every pore, and Liz recognizes his appearance and demeanor as the reason he's served a long time as Congressman.

Sam indicates Liz with his hands, and says, "May I introduce Agents Elizabeth Dench, and Cindy Radmore. They found your daughter and brought her home."

The Congressman didn't smile, just nodded and shook the girl's hands in turn. Liz knew the homecoming of Monica wasn't the family reunion the Alger family had hoped for. Especially since Monica was admitted straight into Somtown's mental-health facility, Parklands Hospital, straight from the airport. However, this was around a month ago now, and the two women had moved on to different cases.

"I'm sorry for leaving this so long," the Congressman said in a monotone voice. "It's been a difficult time for the family."

"Yes, we understand," Liz said. "I'm sorry about your wife, my deepest condolences to your family."

"Mine too," Cindy said glumly. "I lost my mother to cancer, so I know how awful it is."

"Thanks," the Congressman said flatly. "But I'm told the operation to rescue Monica from her, err, situation in Rio was planned and coordinated by you."

"The local police helped, we couldn't have done it without them," Liz said.

"Still—" the Congressman began, and turns his head away.

"How is she going? Monica, I mean," Cindy asks to change the subject slightly.

No one wants to talk about what Monica was doing in Rio, the idea of a highly educated woman becoming something so wild cannot be easily grasped.

The Congressman glances at Cindy with pained eyes, before saying, "Her recovery is slow, I'm afraid. The Doctors are extremely worried about her."

"Oh? I'm sure she'll get well cared for at Parklands," Liz said, trying to comfort the man.

Sam suddenly said, "Monica has escaped and is missing again."

"What?" Cindy asks, and grimaces.

The Congressman said, "That's why I'm here really, to ask if you two will find her again."

Liz and Cindy look at Sam, they're working on a serious case presently involving a possible terrorist cell. The hard looks on the Agents' faces soon tell Sam what they think of this idea.

Liz eventually says, "Congressman Alger, with all due respect, the local police are capable of finding a missing person."

The Congressman almost spat as he guffaws. "They didn't help when she first disappeared, only you two found her," he said in a shaky voice, his eyes darting between the two women. "I've had countless investigators looking for her over the last few years, and got nowhere. I need you. Monica needs you."

"Congressman Alger, I'm sorry Monica is proving so difficult," Liz said evenly. "But we're working

on an investigation important to national security.”

“The police will do all in their power to help find her,” Cindy said taking her cue from Liz.

“We’ll be happy to turn over our case notes to the police, it might give them some leads locally, but I doubt it,” Liz said, and crosses her arms.

The Congressman nods sadly. “I’m sorry for wasting your time, Agent Dench,” he said glumly. “But any help you and Agent Radmore can give will be greatly appreciated.” He turns to the Director, and holds his hand. They shake, and the Congressman says, “Thanks for your time, Sam.”

“I hope the police find her soon,” Sam says, and the Congressman leaves the room.

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When the door closes, Sam frowns and says, “What the hell are you two doing?”

“It’s a case for the police, not the FBI,” Cindy said, crossing her arms.

“Just because he’s a Congressman, doesn’t mean we drop everything just because he clicks his fingers,” Liz said with a pinched expression.

Sam shakes his head and rolls his eyes simultaneously, saying, “He wasn’t trying to abuse his position as a Congressman, he’s really desperate.”

“I just don’t think this is an FBI case,” Liz said with a downturned mouth.

“Hmm, one more thing. I gotta call from Captain Harris at the metro PD to tell me you shot a dog last night. Is this true?”

Liz blushes, swallows and tenses her body.

With a quick glance at Cindy, she said, “A dog attacked me as I was unloading the car. I defended myself.”

Cindy’s eyes bulge slightly, as she says, “Omigod, are you OK?”

Liz shrugs, trying to appear as if the incident is minor. The last thing she wanted to do is tell them the dog managed to rip her pants open, mount her, then start fucking her before she put a bullet in its head.

“I’ll be fine, the dog though? That’s another story,” she said, and grimaces.

“I want you to get checked out by a doctor just the same,” the Director said sternly.

“I promise, I’m OK,” Liz said looking briefly to the ceiling. “The dog didn’t show any signs of rabies or anything, and while it did bite me, it only tore my clothes.”

Sam stares at her with a frown, something about the situation activates his instincts as a cop. He knows Liz is lying about what happened, however, as it’s only a dog involved there’s no point pressing it.

“Alright, then take care of yourself,” Sam said, smiling officiously at her. “Now I have a meeting to go to, so we’ll talk later.”

He leaves the meeting room and the women alone.

Cindy asks, "Are you really OK?"

Liz looks at the concern in her friend's eyes and cannot hold back her emotions any longer, she starts crying.

"What happened? What's going on?" Cindy asks, putting her arm around her friend.

"The dog raped me," Liz said in a whisper.

"What? Raped you?"

"Yes, he tore my pants open at the crotch and mounted me."

"Omigod, and he—err—penetrated you?"

Liz nods, and takes a deep, quivery breath, stiffening her body. "You can't tell anyone, it was just a freaky coincidence," Liz said, wiping her eyes.

"But that woman in Rio told us—"

"Don't be silly, it has nothing to do with Monica," Liz snaps, drawing herself away from Cindy.

"I'm sorry, I know it's ridiculous. But with Monica missing, and now this—it just doesn't feel right," Cindy said. "She did vow revenge on us."

"How does Monica make someone's pet dog suddenly do something completely out of character?" Liz asks with raised eyebrows. "Don't be seduced by the superstitions of the ignorant."

"Yeah, you're right, I suppose. But what a shitty thing to happen. I'm sorry, Liz," Cindy said and the women hug.

"Nothing I can do about it now, Liz said as she holds her friend. "I just have to put it aside."

"Do you wanna get a cup of coffee before we return to work?"

"Sure, that'd be great."

As they leave the meeting room to head to the café on the ground floor, Cindy can't help feel disquieted by Liz's confession. What she didn't tell her friend is a few nights ago she was chased by several dogs, and managed to escape because she reached her car before they could attack her. *Is it a coincidence*, she wonders?

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Chapter Five

"A sudden spike in dog attacks has Sometown PD concerned," the female newscaster on the radio said as Liz and Cindy drive downtown. "According to our sources, attacks have been occurring by canines long considered human-friendly, and seem out of character for the pets. The police have put out a statement urging all dog owners to keep their pets away from children."

Cindy turns the radio off with a grunt. The feeling Monica is somehow behind these attacks is

something she can't easily dismiss, yet her partner is determined to ignore the connection. However, Cindy keeps replaying in her mind the night two dogs tried to attack her. Dogs who, at first, seemed unconcerned about her presence and playfully sniffed about the parking lot. Yet she knows she felt something weird that night, a presence over the parking lot. A heaviness weighing on her spirit with such darkness, it made her shudder. Then, as if a switch had been flicked, the friendly dogs are running toward her, teeth bared, snarling and growling. Her instincts told her to run, and she did, just getting into her car as the dogs reached her. They jumped at her driver-side door window, still snarling, growling, and barking. Then she noticed a red glare coming from their eyes, and the sight snapped her out of her shock where she quickly drove away. The dog's chased her for three blocks.

Cindy shivers at the memory, Liz's confession a dog had raped her in front of her apartment, and now these dog attacks happening randomly around town. Consuela, the Brazilian woman who helped them find Monica flashes into Cindy's mind, her long black hair, and cherubic face.

"If you cross her, all the dog's in Chatuba, even your sweetest pet, will attack you," Consuela's words make her shiver again.

Could Monica really do this, Cindy wonders? Looking at her silent friend, concentrating on driving, she understands Liz's reluctance to believe. The idea a woman can make dogs do anything is preposterous, superstitious nonsense. Yet Cindy sensed something in the parking lot that night, a presence of evil, and despite her best attempts at dismissing it logically as her fear, the memory of it remains. The silence in the vehicle becomes too much for her, so she speaks.

"If Sam learns we're chasing this lead, he won't be pleased," Cindy said, knowing she's repeating this concern for the third time.

Liz sighs and rolls her eyes. "What's wrong with you lately?" Liz asks disdainfully. "I've never seen you jumping at shadows before."

Cindy frowns, and says, "I'm not jumping at shadows, but going to this place without backup is dangerous."

"Relax, will ya, we're only going to check it out," Liz says in a tone indicating she's tired of repeating herself. "If we see anything dangerous, I promise, I'll call it in immediately."

Cindy turns and looks out her side window with her arms across her chest, wondering if Liz's stoic attitude is healthy. The car turns and parks twenty feet from a mosque where men in Muslim garb, and several women in burkas enter and exit the temple. Cindy is wondering what Liz hopes to see, as it's unlikely people won't be wearing their 'I'm a terrorist' T-shirt. They wait in the car for around twenty minutes, Liz is watching with a camera and zoom lens, and Cindy with binoculars. A car stops near the mosque and several men get out, all in common Muslim clothing, they focus on one man in particular, and see their suspect.

"There you are, Abdul," Liz says in an excited whisper.

"Look," Cindy said, pointing. "Isn't that guy getting the bag from the trunk, Muhammad Kasir?"

"Bingo," Liz says, and takes several photos. "I think our hunch has been proved correct."

"OK, so let's go before they see two FBI agents watching them," Cindy said. Suddenly, a coldness fills the car, making the women shiver and grasp themselves.

"Is it going to rain or something?" Liz asks.

They look out the window, and the sky is blue with barely a cloud, yet the coldness isn't abating. Cindy looks the mosque to see their marks have entered, then she scans the area and nearly jumps out of her seat when she spots a woman, with short black hair staring at her with beady eyes and a nasty grin.

"Shit, it's fucking Monica," Cindy says, grabbing Liz's arm.

"What? *Where?*"

Cindy points, Liz peers through her camera, and sure enough, the twenty-something woman is standing in an alley, beside a fence watching them. Her face is dirty, as is the rest of her, and by her side is a German shepherd whom also appeared to be watching them.

"What the fuck is she doing here?" Liz asks.

"Let's get her, we might get some brownie points with Sam," Cindy says, going for the door.

"No, we should call the cops and let them handle it," Liz said, her voice a little shaky.

"Come on, you're not scared of a crazy woman, are you?"

Liz remains still, watching Monica through her camera when suddenly the deranged woman drops behind the fence.

She sighs deeply. *What's wrong with you, she thinks. Cindy is right, it's only a crazy woman.* "OK, let's get her."

"Good, bring your Taser, in case we have to bring her down," Cindy said.

The women leave their vehicle and move quickly to the alleyway where they had seen the missing woman. At the other end, where the alley intersected with the next street, they see her, and start running toward the escaped mental patient. Monica seems unaware they're moving up behind her, as Cindy holds a can of pepper spray in the air, while Liz does the same with her Taser. Suddenly, Monica bursts across the street, the women hear the sounds of screeching tires and car horns blaring as Monica runs straight into the traffic.

An angry male voice screams, "Are you crazy, lady?"

Somehow, not a car touches the skinny woman, yet the agents are forced to wait as the cars move away. Monica is heading along the alley opposite, and suddenly turns to her left and disappears among the buildings.

"Shit, we're gonna lose her," Cindy says with a sneer.

The agents sprint across the road, as a small break opens in the traffic, and down the alley until they reach the place they think Monica turned left. Panting heavily now, they look in the direction Monica went to find themselves looking at the loading dock of a business. There's a yard before the loading bays, and high roller doors on a platform. The yard is dirt and stone, with long straggly weeds growing in many places, potholes, and scattered trash. Liz points to either side of the building to see paths that must skirt the building.

"You take the one on the left," Liz said in a low voice.

Cindy moves swiftly to the path, and placing her back to the loading dock, she peers down the side

of the building. The path only goes ten-feet to a door that's open, so Cindy jogs to the door and pushes it open. The inside is dark and silent, and the familiar heaviness she felt before when the dogs chased her almost making it hard to breathe. She puts her pepper spray away, and pulls a Taser from a holster on her side, entering the building. Inside is a warehouse, with pallets loaded with boxes and drums. Cindy moves quietly among them, straining with all her might to hear anything that might indicate Monica's locale. Something rushes between the boxes ahead of her, making her stop, and her heart pound loudly in her ears. Come on, Cindy, you can do this, she encourages herself. She hears a noise behind her, and turns to see a large dog, the German shepherd standing close, snarling and growling threateningly at her. She backs away, only to stop as a growling from behind her makes her turn to see another German shepherd.

"Oh fuck," she says in a whisper. Then gathering her inner-strength, she shouts, "Monica, I want to help you. Call off your dogs."

A female voice shouts, "Help me? *HELP ME?* Stupid bitch, I didn't need your help."

"Let's talk about it, eh?" Cindy said using a softer voice. "Your father is worried about you, we all are."

Monica starts laughing. A cold, almost maniacal laugh, that causes Cindy's to look around with a gasp. The dog's move closer now, so she raises the Taser, and as she decides to fire at one of the German shepherds, the other lunges knocking her to the ground. The Taser slips from her hand as she braces for the impact with the concrete floor. Her breath escapes with a 'harrumph' sound as her body bounces on the concrete. One of the dogs grabs her around the back of her neck with its jaws and holds her. As she goes for her weapon, the second dog snaps at her hands, making Cindy squeal in pain as teeth penetrate flesh.

"Don't fight it, you might enjoy it," Monica says from the darkness.

Cindy gasps, realizing Monica intends to have the dogs rape her. "Are you a rapist, Monica? Like Paulie and Spiros? Is this what you've become?" Cindy shouts.

She hears Monica hiss in disgust at the mention of those names, and hopes being reminded of them works.

"You're not being raped," Monica said coldly. "Rape implies no consent."

"But I don't consent," Cindy said, as she feels the dog behind her press its nose into her groin.

"Oh, but you do," Monica said, and Cindy feels her touch her pussy through her pants.

A strange tingling sensation grows from deep within her, bursting from her as a flower opens for the first time. A primal lust percolates in her pussy, a wetness grows as sexual urgency grows. Her body is shaking with a lust supernatural in origin, and the dog holding her by the neck let's her go and moves away. The desire for sex goes from arousal to wantonness in a few seconds, and Cindy climbs to her knees and undoes her slacks, pulling them to the floor with her now soaked panties. Without thought, she drops to her hands and presents herself. One of the dogs pokes his cold nose into her burning cunt, making her cum almost immediately. His tongue rakes and licks her festering womanhood, tasting her heat, and soon two tongues are ravishing her quivering pussy.

"Oh, fuck, ah, yeah, that's so good," the red-haired agent moans as canine tongues invade her most intimate place.

One of the dogs mounts her, and with supernatural precision, his cock rams straight into her pussy to the hilt in one forceful thrust.

"Oh God, yes," Cindy moans feeling the thick canine cock spread her pussy apart.

Even as the German shepherd's cock continues to strain at the still clenched walls of her cunt, Cindy encourages the beast with tentative undulations of her upturned ass cheeks.

"Oh, fuck me."

Again the animal needs no encouragement, and he moves in a primitive, quick fucking rhythm. His slick, pointy cock rams far into Cindy's dilating cunt on every instroke, then pulls out almost all the way to its tip on the outstroke, battering the woman's raised butt as he thrust forward again. The desire-shaken redhead is thrusting her round ass furiously back against the dog's relentless instrokes, dimly aware of her tits dangling wildly beneath her as she hunches to keep up with the dog's rapid fucking. Her cunt responding to how good the dog's cock feels, and her finger drubbing wantonly on her clit. The juice slicked dog-cock slides easily and smoothly in, and out, of Cindy's craving cunt. The pink, swollen labia of Cindy's pussy gave the impression of a mouth greedily swallowing the long, red piece of meat being fed it repeatedly.

"Oh, yes, I love your big cock." Cindy moans as her butt continues to thrust back and forth in a furious fuck-rhythm.

Looking beneath her body, she watches the long-red shaft of the German shepherd's cock fucks into her cunt. Cindy is possessed by the lewd image she and the dog are making, locked in an unholy union of animal lust. She imagines the picture of the dog fucking hard and relentlessly up into her clinging cunt. While she concentrates on the maddening rhythm of the long, hard cock invading her belly, and the incredible sensations it gives her whole sensually receptive body, it's driving her to the brink of explosion. Her body feels as a rag doll being buffeted by the dog's cock and the heavyweight of his body on top of hers. Every nerve is afire with the building titillation of this naughty rendezvous with the neighbor's dog.

Cindy feels the dog fucking slightly faster, and realizes he's probably about to cum. The thought takes her to a new level of lustful zeal. She's been fucked within an inch of her life by a dog and now it's going to cum in her cunt. The delicious depravity of the experience drives her wild, she loves it. She wants it, she wants his animal sperm inside her belly, and she grinds her ass backward more desperately to the pounding dog-cock. Something is hitting her pussy lips hard, something big, and Cindy desperately looks beneath her to see the orange-sized knot now trying to enter her already stretched pussy. She doesn't want it, yet is too far gone to do more than watch helplessly as the dog eventually forces it inside her body.

"Oh nooooooooo," she screams at the huge knot feels as if it's going to tear her apart.

The dog keeps fucking her hard, moving the huge knot inside her without care how it feels for her. He's obeying his primal mating instincts, and knotting his bitch is all part of the doggy show. Cindy is hitting the floor with her fists, her head moving wildly making her hair fly, and her eyes clenched tight. Then, to her surprise, as in that moment she regretted ever letting the dog take her like this, she came. Another loud moan escapes her as he body shakes, her face goes bright red as tumultuous ripples of physical nirvana explodes inside her. Her cunt and ass start squeezing, her stomach suddenly looks as if she's doing a belly dance as her abdominal muscles contract in paroxysm. Cindy's cunt is open to receive the whole world, the way it's so sensitive to every movement of the dog's cock shooting hot jizz into her welcoming cunt. Her body is soaring, with the force and power of a rocket ship and nothing can bring her down, she'll float back to Earth in good time.

The orgasm is the strongest she's ever had, even her various toys she uses to work her cunt and clit like a professional couldn't top this. The pressure inside her belly now as the dog fills her with his cum, some already leaking from her pussy lips and dripping onto the floor. Her mind is only dimly aware of her surrounds now as the growing pressure continues to make her cum.

The dog suddenly rips his cock from her, making her moan loudly as her pussy stretches around the knot as it pulls free. There's no respite for Cindy as the other dog mounts her and jams his cock into her on the first thrust making her cum again. Her tingling pussy grabs this invading canine phallus and milks the thrusting cock with all her worth. Cindy has never felt such pleasure, all her senses are overwhelmed by the feeling of the dog's cock filling her body and soul. She can't hear the pounding on the door, and Liz screams her name as the German shepherd takes Cindy into another soul crunching orgasm. The feeling of its cum shooting inside her, breeding her, completes her in a way she never knew possible, and as another powerful orgasm makes her body quiver, shake, and sweat, she passes out.

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## Chapter Six

Cindy wakes to find herself lying on top a pallet of boxes to the sound of gunfire, making her body jerk and head rise. The memories of the sex with the animals, and the toe-curling orgasms still fresh in her mind.

"Cindy, are you OK?" Liz's voice screams at her from below.

"Yeah, I'm alright," Cindy shouts, briefly looking at her waist to see she's clothed.

The redhead's hand hurts though, and she holds it up to see it still bleeding from where the German shepherd bit her. Looking over the edge of the boxes she sees Liz, her face etched with concern, a sheen of sweat on her forehead. On the ground beside her is two German shepherd dogs riddled with bullet holes.

"Oh, you killed them," Cindy said, tilting her chin down, and frowning.

"They attacked me when I got inside," Liz said. "Can you get down?"

Cindy nods, and proceeds to climb down the ten-feet high stacked pellet. Once on the floor, she noted, the bloody hand prints on the boxes, indicating where she climbed to the top. Liz hands her the Taser she dropped. *How the hell did I get up there*, Cindy wonders?

Turning to Liz, Cindy says in an uncertain tone, "What about Monica? Did you get her?"

Liz shakes her head. "She wasn't here, by the time I got in," Liz said, taking her handkerchief and wrapping it around Cindy's hand. "Keep it elevated, it'll help stop the bleeding."

"She wasn't here?" Cindy said, looking around. "But I saw her, I spoke to her."

"Yeah? What did she say?"

Cindy closes her eyes to think, yet all she remembers is the glorious feeling of getting fucked by two big canine cocks.

"I can't remember," Cindy said, staring at her friend wide eyed, her face turning ashen. "I think I told her we're worried about her, but that's it."



"It's shock, don't worry," Liz said, putting her arm around her.

Suddenly, they hear a male voice say from the door, "This is the police, we're coming in."

Liz shouts, "It's OK, officer, it's all clear."

As the police enter and see Liz's FBI badge, they holster their weapons. The women tell the cops, they chased Monica to this locale and lost her. The dog's turnout to be guard dogs in the loading bay area, and the gate should've been locked. Cindy tells the police she chased Monica into the storeroom and one of the dogs bit her when she raised her Taser. They soon allowed her and Liz to leave, allowing them to go to the local hospital so the bite can be properly looked at.

"That was a close call," Liz said as she drove her partner to the hospital.

"Yeah, this connection Monica has with dogs is weird," Cindy said, hoping her partner is feeling more open-minded about the situation.

"Well, let's leave it to the cops from now on," Liz said coldly. "We have bigger fish to fry."

Liz leaves Cindy at the hospital who's staying for the night as the wounds on her hand were deep and she requires intravenous antibiotics.

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When Liz gets home, she quickly showers and changes into her pajama's, and goes to pour herself a gin and tonic. As she sips the cocktail, she hears a noise coming from her backyard, so she goes to her kitchen and looks out the window. Not seeing anything in the darkness, she flips the light switch for the outside light. At the far end of her backyard, her two metal trash cans have been turned over, and garbage strewn everywhere.

"Oh, fucking raccoons," she mutters, shaking her head. "I'm sure I sealed those bins properly."

Putting on her slippers, she opens the back door and stands on the verge staring into her yard. A sudden heavy feeling makes her feel sluggish, and a chill runs through her making her shiver.

"Oh, come on, Liz," she tells herself, "It's only raccoons."

Yet she hesitates, the feeling of being watched is strong, and her body tenses. Determined not to give in to her primitive instincts, she boldly steps onto the path and goes to bins. However, as she reaches the trash cans a Doberman jumps from a deep shadow and lunges at her. She turns quickly and runs for her back door. Yet the dog is fast, and within seconds she feels the Doberman grab her pajama's in its jaws. The dog starts tugging on her pajama's with his jaws, and however hard he tugs, the flannel material holds for now. Instead, he pulls Liz, along the path, toward the trashcans. Her pajamas catch on something and she can hear them rip, and before long the dog has her pajama's off, exposing her from the waist down.

The dog tore through her thong with no effort, and all Liz can do is lie still, cry, and pray he won't tear her throat out. She sees her opportunity when the dog is preoccupied with sniffing and licking the thong. She gets to her feet as quietly as she can and starts running toward the house, to safety. She almost makes it when she feels his strong paws on her back, pushing her back onto the ground, she falls, screams, and lands heavily on the path. With her face against the cold concrete, she starts whimpering and crying again. The Doberman gets back to four feet and growls at her for running. Her ass is right in front of his face and he gives her buttocks a lick. He starts licking her between

her ass cheeks, making her whimper. He likes the taste of her ass, and continues licking, slowly working his way closer to her cunt.

The constant probing of his hot, coarse tongue makes her anus tingle in a way she doesn't expect, and while it feels wet and gross, it also starts to make her clit buzz. The lewd sound of licking fills the night, as she scans her surroundings to see where she is. The house, with lights on, looks so far away still. It's pointless screaming for help as nobody is going to hear her anyway. Liz is alone, and at her mercy of her attacker. The Doberman nudges his muzzle forcefully between her legs, making her open her thighs for him. The dog senses the heat coming from her groin and gave her pussy a powerful lick, from the clit to the asshole. Liz moans loudly as the sensation is so unexpected, so wonderful.

The Doberman continues licking her pussy and ass, occasionally slipping his tongue into her dripping cunt. At first, Liz kept scanning the driveway, watching and hoping people may approach. Gradually, as the Doberman intensified its oral attentions, Liz paid less attention to her surroundings, closing her eyes from time to time, tilting her head back as if to lean into the dog's mouth. Her legs are feeling wobbly, and her clit is buzzing, and she finds herself not wanting to pull her cunt away from the Doberman's greedy mouth anymore.

Liz sighs inwardly as she watches out of the corner of her eye the Dobermans muzzle fastens to her cunt, licking wildly, determined to get all her juices. Liz gasps for air, her eyes rolling back, her hands grasping the ground in front of her. Suddenly she begins bucking against the Doberman's mouth, as an orgasm seizes her and shakes her as a rag doll. She's trying not to make noise, so her cum is vocalized with a long hissing wheeze of breath. As the sensations fade, Liz wonders if the dog will ever stop molesting her cunt.

The dog suddenly backs off, and she can hear it licking its lips as it tries to get all her tastes into his mouth. She pushes herself to her feet with a big grunt, yet the dog knocks her to the ground with ease, winding her as she hit the ground, and she lands on her knees. Her eyes bulge as the dog jumps on her back and wrap tightly around her waist. No, not that, she thought in a panic.

The Dobermans jaws gripped her neck and he nudges her to part her legs more, as he humps his thick dog cock, stabbing her thighs and legs. The rubbery missile gets closer with each thrust until he finds her wet cunt and plunges his cock deep inside her velvet purse. Liz grunts loudly as his cock ram into her cervix, trying to force its way through. The dog's cock is so thick it stretches her beyond what she's known, hurting her, and making her squeal. The dog starts thrusting wildly, his hips hunching rapidly, fucking his bitch with resolve. Liz is in a world of hurt, as her poor pussy lips stretch around this huge invader, and she can feel the cock throb and pulsate in her stomach. His hairy balls slap against her clit with each thrust sending jolts of pleasure through her making her body jerk each time. Her grunts and groans seem so loud in her ears; it amazes her no one can hear her.

The big cock slips out of her cunt and she feels some relief and some disappointment simultaneously, yet the Doberman keeps hunching. Punching her ass cheeks and legs with his rock hard rod. All at once it slides along her slit, missing her gaping cunt, and straight into the valley of her anus. The dog thinking this is her cunt, thrusts with the force of Zeus, and his thick cock plunges into her ass.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Her screams are shrill and curdling as intense pain burns through her body from her anus out. Such pain she had never felt in her life, and as she tries to crawl away in pure defense the dog wraps his legs tighter, and bits on her neck harder to keep her still. Liz never liked anal, not even a finger in

her ass, and here she is with a cock the size of a large cucumber buried inside her. Thrusting, pounding, and ramming her through her anal sphincter with loud, wet, sucking blows. Liz can feel her pucker grip and stretch around the huge cock as the dog pulls out, then stretch and ripple as it plunges in.

The pain dies and is replaced by burning friction that makes her body tingle all over, and her pussy gush juices down her thighs. The pressure inside her belly grows, as the dog's cock pushes her insides around and after ten minutes of fucking he suddenly slows and stops, holding her in place. A new pressure grows as she glances between her legs, she can see her stomach growing larger before her eyes. A warmth radiates from her core that's foreign to her, that doesn't feel right.

"Omigod, he's cumming," she whispers and starts to sob again.

The dog grows tired of his position and climbs off her back, only his cock won't come out of her ass as she feels his giant knot against the inside of her sphincter. He pulls her along the ground with ease as she scrambles and scrapes until he reaches the trash cans, and lies down. Liz pulls against him to free herself, yet the big knot won't release her, and the harder she pulls the worse it hurts. Looking around to see if she can use something as a weapon, she sees the outline of a person standing near the gate that opens to the front of her apartment. She can't see who it is, yet something tells her the stranger is enjoying the show.

"Please, help me," Liz shouts at the shadow.

The shadow laughs, yet says nothing. Quietly, the shadow jumps over the fence in one powerful leap and is gone. Liz has to lie another fifteen minutes before the Doberman's knot shrinks enough for it to slide out of her abused ass. Once free, she climbs to her feet and runs to her open backdoor, jumps over the steps to land inside, slams the door shut, and locks it. Liz leans back against the wall, her ass hurting still with dog cum leaking from her still-gaping anus. She's panting heavily, tears rolling down her cheeks, and clutching her arms to her stomach. Suddenly, her cell phone rings, making her almost scream with fright. She goes into the living room and picks it up to see it's Cindy.

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Taking a deep breath, she answers, "Cindy? Is everything OK?"

"I'm OK, but you sound awful?"

"I was just, err, working off some steam on my treadmill," Liz said, her hands still shaking.

"Oh, don't overdo it."

"What's up?"

"Haven't you seen the news yet?"

"Um, no."

Liz can hear Cindy blow loudly. "There's been another dog attack."

Liz's stomach drops, and she thinks about the Doberman in her backyard.

"Really?" Liz says, her voice straining.

"A fatality this time, it was Tricia Brant."

The news hits Liz hard, and she falls back onto her couch in a half-faint.

Cindy shouts into the line, "Liz? Liz! Are you there?"

"Ah, um, yeah, sorry," she mumbles.

Tricia Brant has been killed by a dog attack, the woman with a mysterious connection to Monica before she disappeared. The phone falls from her grip, and slides to the floor with Cindy still shouting for her. However, Liz's mind just can't take anymore, and she passes out.

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Chapter Eight

Cindy arrives at Tricia's home early next morning to still find homicide and forensic police working in Tricia Brant's front yard. Large canvas walls now shield what Cindy assumes is a gruesome scene from the public, however, groups of the mostly black residents stand behind the yellow tape talking in hushed voices.

As she goes to step under the yellow tape, a cop steps to block her, saying, "Behind the tape, lady."

She quickly flashes her FBI badge, and the cop steps aside with a sneer.

She asks the burly black cop, "Who's in charge?"

He points to a man in a suit, saying, "Detective Holmes."

"Thanks."

As she approaches, she pushes her nerves aside. Recent events have rocked her, especially the storeroom incident. Detective Holmes sees her approaching, and smiles coldly at her as she draws near.

He asks, "Agent Radmore, what brings you to *my* crime scene?"

She raises her hand in a conciliatory gesture, saying, "Don't worry, I'm not here to step on your toes. I have some information for you."

His head jerks back. "Oh? What?"

"Tricia Brant may have been murdered, some kind of revenge," Cindy said, feeling her heart pound in her chest.

Holmes frowns, grabs her arm and leads her behind the canvas barriers away from public view. Cindy sees blood, lots of blood, and maybe some flesh. The bulk of the remains has already been removed, and the yard is littered with numbered tags where some important clue has been discovered. Holmes leads her along the driveway until they're standing beside the house.

"What happened to your hand?" Holmes asks, looking at bandaged hand.

"Dog attack."

"Shit, what the fuck has gotten into these mutts lately?" Holmes said and spits on the ground near Cindy's feet. "So what's this information, you have?"

"Tricia Brant was a connection to an international missing persons case we worked a few months ago," she said. "We brought this woman back to Sometown and deposited her in Parkland's Hospital."

"She was crazy?" Holmes asks, his face still in a deep frown.

"Batshit crazy," Cindy said, shaking her head. "So this woman, Monica Alger, escaped Parkland's a few weeks ago."

Holmes face softens, and his upper body relaxes.

"There's only one problem, the victim was killed by dogs, not by a person," he said.

"We found Monica living with dogs in the wild," Cindy said, "and the locals told us of her uncanny ability to make dogs do anything for her. Even domesticated one's."

Holmes laughs making a few men nearby turn and look at them.

"Is this what the FBI is about these days?" Holmes asks, rolling his eyes. "Voodoo magic."

His mocking tone made her shiver, and grit her teeth. "OK, then. What's your theory?"

He shrugs. "Not mine, honey, but there's talk of a virus going around making the dogs get aggressive," he said coldly. "Blood samples have already gone for testing at the CDC."

"It's not a virus," she said in a steady, low-pitched voice.

"Alright, I'll play," he said, crossing his arms across his chest. "So what's your evidence, aside from the ramblings of some foreigners?"

"I, ah, I—"

The words hang on the tip of her tongue. Monica touched her, and made her pussy burn with such unfathomable lust. Any human capable of doing such a thing can make dogs attack people, she has no doubt. However, standing here under the contemptuous gaze of a local Cop, she can't bring herself to say it. Instead, she turns and walks away, making the sexist detective laugh coldly at her. The mocking laughter makes her blush, and she leaves as quickly as she can. *I need to talk to Liz about it*, she thinks as she drives away.

Back at the office, Cindy goes to Liz's cubicle to find the stoic agent scanning more phone records of the terrorist suspect they'd been investigating. When Liz sees Cindy her eyes bulge momentarily and she smiles at her friend.

"Oh, Cindy? Why aren't you at home?" Liz asks, leaning back in her chair. "That hand needs time to heal."

"I've come to see Sam, to ask if I can help the police find Monica," Cindy said, sitting in a chair on the opposite side.

"Yeah? Why do you want to get involved with that crap?"

Now Cindy stares at her friend with her mouth agape. "Are you kidding me? You know Monica is behind these attacks."

Liz lifts a single eyebrow, saying, "Don't be stupid, they're saying on the TV they think it's a virus of some sort."

Cindy gasps. Her hand flying to her mouth. "Liz, you told me what that poodle did to you."

"Yeah, it attacked me and I shot it," she said, her head flinching back slightly.

"It raped you," Cindy whispered.

Liz starts laughing loudly, and seeing her friends deep frown, she makes herself stop.

"Who told you that?" Liz asks, smirking still.

"*You did*," Cindy said and grimaces.

"Oh, stop it, this joke isn't funny. I think you might have a concussion if you believe that."

Cindy can't believe her ears, yet there's something about Liz's reaction telling her she really believes she wasn't raped by the poodle. *Maybe it's too much for her to face*, Cindy thinks. Whatever is wrong with her, I don't have time for this.

"OK, but I'm going to help the police," Cindy said standing. "You can do—whatever."

The Director agreed to allow Cindy time off the terrorist case, and he congratulated her for helping build the partnership between the two forces. Given how Detective Holmes treated her, she didn't think such ingrained distrust is going to be solved by her helping missing persons. However, she does have a contact who might know something, and sitting in her car, she calls Jenny.

"Hello?" Jenny's voice explodes from her phone.

"Jenny, it's FBI agent Cindy Radmore here, we spoke a couple of months ago about Monica Alger," Cindy said.

"Oh, yeah, how could I forget. Did you find her?"

"Yes, we brought her back to Sometown for treatment," Cindy said evenly.

"Monica escaped, and now some strange things are happening."

"I saw what happened to Tricia on the news," Jenny said, her voice breaking and she starts crying.

"I'm sorry for your loss, I know she was a friend."

"She saved my life, *once*."

"I think Monica did it." Silence. "Hello, you there?" Cindy asks.

"They said on TV it's a virus," Jenny said in a low voice.

"Monica touched me, and made my vagina tingle strangely," Cindy blurted.

Jenny gasps. "You felt—the tingle?"

"I don't want to tell you what happened next, but I suspect you know."

"Oh god, I'm so sorry, Agent Radmore."

"Has she been in contact with you?" Silence again. "JENNY."

"Sorry, she called me last night," Jenny said, her voice shaky.

"What did she want?"

"To tell me she's going to get someone who hurt me. Omigod, I can't believe this is happening again."

Jenny starts sobbing uncontrollably.

"Did she mean Tricia?"

"No."

"Who?"

"Fred Matthews."

"Do you know where this man lives?"

"Um, W-West Street, I think. It was long ago."

"Thanks. One more thing, do you know any place Monica might hide?"

"Um, Ikeman's Park maybe, or that big culvert of storm drains near Martin's Park," Jenny said. "There's many stray dog's there."

Cindy wrote the information into a pad.

"If she rings you again, please call me," Cindy urged Jenny. "People are getting attacked here by Monica and her dogs, and it has to be stopped."

"The Police?"

"No one is going to believe Monica can do this," Cindy says shaking her head.

"It's not her, it's the demon that possesses her," Jenny said. "It possessed me once, and I couldn't stop it without help."

"What Demon?"

"Cerberus, the demon dog of hell."

Cindy feels her stomach suddenly roil and a wave of nausea makes her gag. Consuela had said it was a demon too, and she thought it superstitious nonsense, just as Liz did.

"So we can free Monica?"

"**NO**," Jenny shouts, making Cindy pull the phone away from her ear. "She chose this life. She chose to give herself to Cerberus. Nothing can stop her now. No priest or witch doctor. Nothing."

"Then how do I stop this?" Cindy asks.

"You can't," Jenny said. "If I were you, I'd stay away from her. That's what I'm gonna do. Good-bye."

Jenny ended the call abruptly, making Cindy's body jerk in surprise. Sitting in her car, she goes to her phone's web browser and looks up Cerberus to see the three-headed dog is the guardian of the gates of hell. *Oh shit, those three dogs in Brazil*, she remembers with a gasp. When they caught Monica, there were three dogs with red eyes that stood defiantly in front of her. They were also the first three dogs killed, and Cindy recalls how Monica was distraught about it. *I wonder whether those three dogs were Cerberus*, so she sends a text message to Jenny.

Cindy: *Jenny, sorry, just one more thing. Are the three dogs that protect Monica some kind of physical incarnation of Cerberus?*

A few minutes later, Cindy gets a response.

Jenny: *OMG, yes. Stay away from those dogs. Don't let them fuck you or you'll become like Monica. Heed my warning. STAY AWAY FROM THOSE THREE DOG'S.*

Cindy blows hard, her heart is pounding. She calls the FBI switchboard and asks them to connect her to the missing persons section of the local police.

"Detective Day, speaking," a male voice said.

"Oh, hi, I'm Cindy Radmore from the FBI, and I'm going to be helping you find Congressman Alger's daughter."

"Oh, hi, I'm Jim. I'm told you've had some experience locating this woman?"

"Yeah, and I have some information for you from an old friend of Monica's who no longer lives in Sometown."

"What?"

"Apparently Monica contacted my source and told her she's going after a—Fred Matthews—who used to live in West Street."

"Fred Matthews, OK, we'll get to it when we can," Jim said.

Cindy gasps. "When you can? This man is in danger."

"This bloody dog business has taken half my department, sorry," Jim said.

"Look, if you look up his current address, I'll go watch his place," Cindy said.

"What's your number?" Jim asks with a promise to text her the address once they've found it.

Cindy runs into the FBI building and checks out a camera with night vision ability. She's now determined to stop Monica, at least that's what she tells herself. The memory of the sex in the storeroom with the two German shepherds preys on her mind. Cindy has never cum so hard fucking a man, and part of her would welcome another chance at it. However, she pushes those feeling down, as the possibility an ancient demon is terrorizing Sometown is more important. When the

equipment clerk hands her the gear after she signs the slip, Cindy turns to find Liz standing nearby watching her with a slack expression on her face.

"You're really doing this?" Liz asks coldly. "Leaving a career defining terrorist investigation to find a crazy woman who doesn't want to be found."

"You know Monica is behind all these dog attacks," Cindy said, her posture stiff. Liz laughed with an ugly tone, making Cindy blush.

"Cin, I wish you well, I do. It's your career," Liz said, waving her hand dismissively.

Cindy's phone beeps, indicating a text, and she looks at it. The text reads: *Forty-two West street. If you see her, call my phone, and I'll send a squad car there to help you apprehend her.*

Cindy makes a harrumph noise, as she thinks: *Help me apprehend her, lazy bastard.*

"Trouble in paradise?" Liz asks, rolling her eyes.

Cindy glares at her, and leaves with Liz watching her with a big smirk on her face.

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## Chapter Eight

Liz can't believe Cindy wants to help the police find Monica, leaving her to chase several leads alone. Something about Monica scares Liz, yet she can't remember what it is. So, as all people do, she pushes it from her mind, dismissing it as illogical and ridiculous. What bothers her the most is she has gaps in her memory, last evening, for example. She woke on the couch, naked from the waist down, head throbbing, and a painful butt. Yet she can't remember how, or why, she got this way. She remembers coming home and having a shower, however, the rest is a blank. When Cindy alleged she had said a dog raped her, her mind recoiled so much, she had to dismiss the claim immediately. So she finds herself in Ikeman's Park trailing Muhammad Kasir after intercepting a phone message about a drop-off of some sort.

Kasir is tall, thin, dark face with a black beard. He's dressed in regular street clothes, yet wearing a blue Kufi scull-cap. He stops at a park bench, after buying an ice cream and sits to eat it. The park has many people in it today enjoying the beautiful lawns and gardens. Picnickers, joggers, moms with strollers, kids playing, and to her surprise not one person walking their dog. *I guess this dog virus thing is taking its toll,* she thinks.

Suddenly, her earpiece crackles, and a male voice say, "Suspicious male of Muslim appearance has just entered the south side carrying a package."

"Roger that, Kasir is waiting on a park bench near the flower clock," Liz says. "This must be the rendezvous point."

"Stay frosty everyone," Sam, the local FBI director, says.

Sure enough the man with the package sits on the same bench as Kasir, placing a box between them. The two men don't speak, Kasir eats his ice cream until its finished. Suddenly he stands, only he picks up the box and walks off, leaving the other man alone.

"Kasir has the box and is moving west," Liz says into her radio.

"Follow him, let's see where he takes us," Sam orders.

"Roger that," Liz responds, and heads down a parallel path, looking every bit as part of the menagerie of people in the park in her summer dress.

Liz follows Kasir down a path that leads into a copse of trees, a sign reads a meditation space is ahead, and she feels herself going up a rise, with Kasir twenty feet ahead of her. She came to a hollow cut into a hill, and surrounded by tall pine trees. This place had a strange, almost eerie feeling to it making her shiver. The tree's formed almost a perfect circle, and seemed too close to each other to be any good for them. Branches interwove, forming a high wall that opened to the blue sky above. There's several bench seats inside the hollow, and Liz can't help thinking this would be the last place she'd want to come. The light in the hollow is dim, the air cool, and the place silent. Kasir sits on one of the benches, and acting quickly Liz hides behind some trees.

"I've followed Kasir on the meditation path, he's stopped in some hollow," she said into her radio. All she got in return is static. "Sam, do you copy?"

Static again. Suddenly, something large hit her back and knocked her forward into the ground headfirst. She grunts loudly as she winded herself on the hard ground, rolling but not seeing where her attacker is in the undergrowth. It took too long in her mind for her to breathe again, but once she can, she rolls to her hands and knees to escape. A painful sting took her from her ass and she turned to find a large dog had her ass in his jaws.

"Let me go, fucking dog," she whispers, slapping at the animal while looking if Kasir is still sitting on the bench, *he is*.

The dog backs away, but tears her dress and panties in two in the process. The cotton material had protected her to a degree from those sharp teeth, but sacrificed themselves in the effort, and now her ass and pussy feels the cool air caress them. Hearing a snarl in front of her, she turns and put her arms up in time to stop another dog from biting her face. However, after a few snaps he manages to clasp down his jaws on her right shoulder. Strangely, he didn't bite into her tender flesh, he holds her firmly in place. Liz tries hard to punch the dog to get it to let go, but it remains stubbornly attached to her shoulder.

"Let me go, you fucking asshole," she whispers at the beast.

Liz jerks when she suddenly feels a cold nose poke into her tender loins and sniff her sex. A tongue soon begins to lick along her slit, tasting her womanhood, her scent. The dog starts licking furiously, swiping her from clit to anus, spreading her labia to lick inside her lips, and occasionally entering her cunt and making her shiver.

"No, stop that," she whispers as the rasping dog tongue sends quivers of pleasure through her body.

She moved her hand back to block the offending animal, however, he only tries to bite it, then went back to licking when she withdrew. With the dog holding her tightly in his jaws, she feels another jump on her back. A glance backward, she sees a Coonhound, and soon feels its rubbery cock jabbing her from behind as he searched for her cunt, his legs wrap tightly around her waist. She can feel his hind legs dancing behind her, in close, and jumping over her legs as he searched for the best position for himself. The first touch of his hot, swollen penis sliding over her trembling thighs makes her a jolt, flinch even. Slipping and dancing, the sharp tip of the dog's dick slides tantalizingly over her exposed clit, searching for its hot, moist goal. The dog holding her sensing his comrade's difficulty, bites hard on her tender shoulder, warning her also with a low snarl.

The act makes Liz spread her knees wider, and suddenly, with a harsh jolt, the Coonhounds hot cock slams inside her cunt with a force that makes her squeal and grunt. The strays furiously hunching hips make his thick cock slides into her deeper with each stroke, until his balls start slapping against her clit sending a concussion of sexual heat through her. To Liz's dismay, she begins to feel her stomach tighten, and her legs feel wobbly and weak as the animals continue to fuck her wildly. She closes her eyes, trying to force her body to stop its natural reaction to sex, hating herself, she could feel pleasure at such a moment. However hard she tries; her body continues to build to orgasm as the hot doggy cock slides loudly into her tight cunt.

"Oh god," she moans softly.

The dog pants loudly in her ear, as he rapes her soft pussy with his big cock, blissfully uncaring of the woman he's using. To him, she's just another bitch in the wrong place at the wrong time. Feeling her velvety folds stretch and contract around his rock-hard cock as he rammed it into her abdomen the most delicious feeling his doggy brain understands. Suddenly, Liz feels his cock getting even larger, and she knows what this means.

"No, not that," she whispers desperately.

Now when the stray withdraws, she can feel the outer lips of her pussy train and pull with him, then, when the dog thrusts again the growing knot pushes through her making her grunt as it stretches her cunt wide. The mutt bulldozes her cunt with his knot that keeps growing larger with every thrust. Liz has her eyes clenched and she groans rhythmically with the probing cock slamming into her.

"No, no, I can't," Liz moans again.

Yet despite her protestations, her body is telling her 'you can' and as the heat grows in her loins, her body tenses, and an orgasm is released surprising her with its intensity. Her muscles surge into paroxysmal spasms, making her stomach look like rolling waves crashing onto the beach. Liz's cuntal walls convulse around the Coonhound's cock, which continues to pound into her without respite. An intense heat glows at her core, making her soft skin turn red, and beads of sweat drip from all over.

As she rides this surge of orgasmic fury, the Coonhound slows his punching cock and with a small whine, he starts to pump his cum into her. The heat and extra pressure cause by his semen pushes her orgasm along and with a twisted, burning face she moans loudly. A strange sound, a mixture of a grunt and squeal. After a while, he loosens his grip and hung on her back. She took advantage of this and tries to push him off, but this nasty coupling keeps them linked. His knot is swollen large enough to prevent its removal, yet pulls constantly on her pussy lips as he fell off her back to one side. Taking advantage of this position, the dog holding her let's go and moves behind her to lick at the juncture of the union. His massive tongue lapping what juices escape where the Coonhound's cock disappeared inside her cunt. His tongue is rough, and soon her labia became inflamed and swollen. She starts crying, yet the dogs don't care as movement is greeted with a growl or nip.

After what seems an eternity, she feels the Coonhound moving and a slight shrinking of his knot. Then he becomes active and keeps pulling and jerking away until his knot, still half inflated, pulls from inside her with a painful, stretching, plop. He drags his frame a couple feet away and starts licking his prick. That's the first time she has seen it, veiny and red, at least seven inches long and a knot about the size of a peach. Liz is shocked back to reality when a glob of semen runs from inside her and over her irritated labia and onto her leg below.

The dog that held her, a crossbreed of sorts with Mastiff in it is keen to mount her for a go, yet Liz has the sense to jump to her feet and run out of the bushes. Kasir is gone. She didn't see which way he left either. He could have gone back the way they come, or gone further along the track. In a panic, she runs through the hollow and along the track to find Sam and several agents waiting. They look at her disheveled appearance and torn dress wide-eyed with concern.

Sam grabs her arm, and asks firmly, "Where's Kasir?"

"Didn't he come out here?" Liz asks, slapping her hands to her cheeks.

"I've got agents watching both ends of this path, he hasn't emerged anywhere," Sam said, shaking her. "What happened in there?"

Liz froze, her body goes stiff as she tries to remember what happened. "I was following him, and he sat on a bench in this hollow," she said.

"Then what?" Sam asks, his frown getting deeper by the moment.

"Um, ah, I tried to radio you, but you didn't respond," she said, her face going pale.

"We didn't receive any message from you," Sam said, his face getting red. "So what happened after that?"

Tears are rolling down her cheeks now, her mind seems to have stopped working.

"Liz, what the fuck happened in there?" Sam asks, shouting at her.

"Um, I don't remember," she said, and faints.

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Chapter Nine

Cindy knocks on the door of Forty-two West Street, to be greeted by an old man with white hair, a tight face with crow's feet and wrinkles at the edges of his mouth. His eyes are blue, yet have a coldness that makes Cindy instantly alert to the possibility this could be a bad man.

"Fred Matthews?" Cindy asks officiously.

"Who wants to know?" Fred says, then sneers at her.

Cindy holds her badge for him to look at, and he nods with a grunt. She asks, "Can I speak with you about an important matter?"

"What?"

Cindy looks around to see people on the street, and says, "Do you want me to discuss personal matters here in public?"

She raises an eyebrow as Fred considers her statement, opening his mouth to say something then thinks better of it. Eventually, he steps aside and lets her enter his house.

As he leads her to his kitchen, he says in an irritated tone, "I have done nothing wrong, officer, so I don't know why you think I can help you."

"I'm here to help you, Mr. Matthews," Cindy says.

He stops, and turns to face her with a deep frown on his face. "Help me? What the Dickens?"

"Please, let's sit," she says as warmly as she can, yet something about him makes it hard.

They sit at his table, and she notices him, clasping his hands so tightly the knuckles are whitening.

He asks, "So what's this all about?"

"Do you know a Monica Alger?"

He shakes his head. "Never heard of her."

"Well, she knows you and I have reason to believe she's coming here to hurt you," Cindy said evenly.

Fred cocks his head and lifts a single eyebrow, saying, "Why in the hell does she want to hurt me?"

Cindy takes a deep breath, and says, "Because she believes you hurt her friend a few years ago."

"Who?"

"Jenny Rogers, does the name mean anything to you?"

Fred blushes, yet clenches his jaw and narrows his eyes. "Never heard of her," he said, looking away.

"I know about the demon possession with Cerberus," she said. "I promise no one else does, not even the police and I plan to keep it that way."

"Why?" Fred asks with a frown.

"Because, who'd believe me. Yet it's for this reason Monica is coming for you, she's possessed with Cerberus."

"Fuck, all this dog crap going on, it's her isn't it?" His eyes bulge as Cindy nods. "The FBI knows of this shit?"

"No, only I do," Cindy said glumly, "and I wish I didn't."

"So she's gonna make some dog's attack me, like that woman on the TV?" Cindy nods. "So the dead woman knew about '*Bitch Hollow*' too?"

"Um, what? *Bitch hollow*, what is that," Cindy asks, her head jerking back.

"It's a place in Ikeman Park, where Cerberus attacks women and turns 'em into dog sluts," Fred said. "My wife was taken there, so was Jenny. But I never knew of this Monica woman."

"Where in Ikeman park?"

Fred scratches his chin as he thinks. "Um, they call it '*The Meditation Trail*' now, I think. On the west side of the park between a copse of tall trees."

"Your wife was taken there?" Cindy asks, jotting notes in her pad.

"Yeah, three dogs did her in Bitch Hollow, turns out they were Cerberus," he said. "After that, every time she came within sight of a dog, she had to fuck it."

"How did you know they were Cerberus?"

"Some black woman told me, I forget her name now."

"Tricia Brant?"

"Oh, the woman on TV?"

"Yes."

He shakes his head. "No, not her. I think this woman is long dead now," he said. "Come to think of it, I remember a child with this woman named Tricia. I wonder whether it were her?"

Cindy shrugs, and jots it down. "Why does Cerberus use three dogs? Is it because he's a three-headed dog demon?"

"Yeah, each dog represents one of the heads," Fred says, "but only the last dog cums and from what I've been told that's what seals the deal."

"What do you mean?"

"Well the first two dogs fuck the victim, but don't cum, it's the last dog that cums and the other dogs feel it. Three dogs, one demon."

"So the dogs, err, have sex with the victim, and after the last one orgasms, that's what puts this, ah—*curse*—on them?"

"Yep, and after she has to fuck any dog she sees, until the next full moon."

"What happens then?"

Fred laughs coldly. "Monica," he says with a smirk.

"Can't the curse be broken?" Cindy asks.

Fred nods. "Kill the dogs at Bitch Hollow on the full moon, that's how Jenny got free I suspect," Fred said. "I remember reading how a bunch of dogs were killed around that time."

"Then how did Monica become this—*dog witch*?"

Fred throws his head back, rolling his eyes, and blowing loudly. He said angrily, "How the fuck do I know?"

"You seem to know everything else," Cindy shot back coldly.

"I only know this stuff because of my wife," Fred said with a frown. "I only met Jenny briefly when she was cursed. I offered to help her, but she refused."

"OK, OK, let's get back to more pressing matters," Cindy says and sighs. "How secure is this place?"

"Pretty good," he says with a shrug. "I have high fences at the back, and the gates padlocked. The house windows are locked too."

"Weapons?"

"A revolver and a hunting rifle."

"Carry your revolver, if a dog comes near you, shoot it."

He nods. "What about police protection?"

"I'm it," Cindy says. "I'll be outside watching your place in my car. The only way into this place is from the front."

Fred stands and goes to a drawer and retrieves a key on a chain. "Here," he said, handing the key to Cindy. "In case you need to get inside in a hurry and I can't open the door."

"Let's hope I see Monica before it comes to that," Cindy said, taking the key and putting it in her pocket.

Parked across the road, a house down from Fred's house, she sits and waits for something to happen. The idea of doing a stakeout alone made her insides drop, as it means she'll have to stay awake the whole night. She sends a text message to the missing persons cop to tell him she's settled in for the night. The detective she knows as Jim texts back to call if anything happens. *He must be laughing at me*, she thinks. *He probably thinks he's got me out of the way. I don't know why the cops hate us FBI so much*. She sighs deeply, and pulls a bottle of water to take a drink as the sun sets on the day. Street lights come on, and children playing outside gradually drift back into their homes for evening meals, and the traffic on the street becomes more intermittent.

Cindy scans the area with her night vision binoculars, and sees nothing. *I hope this isn't a waste of my time*, she thinks as she eats a candy bar. She calls Fred a few times and despite his obvious irritation, he's OK. Stakeout's are the most boring job in law enforcement, as nothing happens for long periods, and some people notice strangers sitting in a car for hours on end. *If only this is a movie*, she thinks and laughs. *I'd be in a van with state-of-the-art surveillance monitoring equipment and an endless supply of chips and coffee*. Leaning to get something from her glove box, something moves in the corner of her eye, and she turns to see a dog trotting past her car directly toward Fred's house.

The dog goes to the side of his house and is sniffing, lifting his leg to mark the place. Cindy scans the street to see if she can see more dogs, or Monica, approaching. Two large dogs appear from houses nearby, followed by more, pets from the neighborhood, big and small, are summoned. She feels a heaviness in her stomach, and a chill makes her shiver.

"She's here," Cindy whispers, as she takes pictures of the dogs gathering outside Fred's house.

Her phone rings, it's Fred and he sounds panicky. "Can you see all these fucking mutts?" Fred shouts, making her pull the phone away.

"Calm down, I can see them. The place is locked, right?"

"Yeah, but—"

"Then go to your bathroom, as we talked about, and barricade yourself inside."

"What about you? You can't get through this many dogs."

"I can't do anything until I can confirm Monica is here, then I'll call for backup and wait," Cindy said calmly.

"Confirm? Confirm? Can't you *feel* her?"

This comment stings her, she can feel Monica, however, she had no idea Fred can sense the demonic presence. Fred's comment confirms the dog's gathering around his house is caused by supernatural forces.

"I can feel her, but I can't do anything until I see her," she said.

"When you see her, the best thing to do is put a bullet through her brain," Fred said angrily. "If you don't, I—"

The phone suddenly goes dead. "Mr. Matthews? Mr. Matthews?"

No answer. She raises the camera to her eye, and uses it to scan her surroundings. There's around twenty dogs now gathered on Fred's front lawn, wearing collars, well-fed, and no obvious stray among them. Suddenly, the street goes dark as the power goes out, and Cindy jumps. Her hands and chin are trembling, and her heart pounds, making her chest feel tight. In the night vision setting on her camera, she sees a figure approaching from down the street. In the gloomy green, the figure appears as if it's a shadow, moving. A shadow with bright-green eyes in night vision, but red without. The shadowy figure appears to be gliding or floating, and by its side are a dozen dogs. The night vision can make out the dogs almost clearly, yet the figure among them is a shadow. Her arms look like sinewy tree branches with twisted twigs for fingers.

"Fuck," Cindy curses softly. "How can I prove this shit is caused by Monica if I can't get a decent photo of her?"

Cindy ducks low as the shadowy figure approaches. She has never been this afraid in her life, her body trembles as the unholy feeling grows within her. Poking her head over the ledge of the window, she sees Monica disappear down the side of Fred's house. There's a sudden loud noise and the gate to his backyard goes flying across the front yard, and lands on the street, sliding loudly until it hits a car.

"Shit," Cindy says, and reaches for a large can of pepper spray.

She checks her side to feel a Taser and her revolver, puts on her night vision goggles and turns them on. Then taking a deep breath, she gets out of her car and runs toward Fred's house. The first dogs to come at her get a face full of pepper spray and runaway whelping in pain. More dogs get hit, and the stinging, burning of the pepper spray is enough to override Cerberus's control on them. The animals flee when the spray hits them. By the time she reaches where the gate once held sway, many dogs out the front have left. Cindy had sprayed so much, that even her mouth and nose burned with pepper. Only the night vision goggles protected her eyes.

She stops at the gate and peers into the yard, seeing the back door is open, and several large dogs nearby. The sound of banging came from the house.

She can hear Fred screaming for someone to get out, or he'll shoot them. The growling and snarling coming from the house makes her body tense and shiver. As she steps into the yard, and has the fence to her back, a shadow slinks close to her from behind. Cindy gasps loudly as she feels something touch her butt.

When the touch occurred, Cindy's pussy tingled.

Chapter Ten

A nasty hiss comes from Monica as the power of Cerberus transfers into Cindy's pussy. The tingling is merely as the cocking of a gun, however, once the trigger is pulled the explosion of lust inside her body makes her orgasm instantly. A strong throbbing orgasm, an indication of what's to come. Cindy finds herself dropping her trousers, panties and all, in Fred's backyard as several dog's push noses against her to smell the heat coming from her cunt. The shadowy figure of Monica recoils, wringing her hands as Cindy goes to her hands and knees to be mounted by a Labrador. The cock slams into her pussy, making Cindy grunt loudly as the pleasure radiating from her clit and cunt fills her body with ungodly delights. Monica goes beside Cindy and takes her gun.

"He wants you," Monica says in a low voice.

All Cindy can do is grunt and moan as the Labrador cock pounds into her, the wet, nasty noise of fucking reverberates around the yard. The dog's heavy panting, and Cindy's girlish moans. Monica places pressed the gun against the side of her head.

"He wants you to take my place," she says almost in a hiss.

Cindy stares up at Monica, and seeing the young woman's finger move toward the trigger, she shouts, "No."

"He wants *YOU*," Monica shouts, and slaps Cindy hard across the face.

The Labrador grips Cindy's waist tighter as he fucks her, her body trembles as an orgasm takes her, trying to pull her away from Monica. She fights Cerberus's hold, shaking her head to clear it, even as her pussy spasms around the big canine cock fucking her.

"I c-can help y-you," Cindy manages to say.

Monica laughs coldly. "I don't need your help."

The shadowy figure pulls the gun from her temple and moves into the house. The Labrador's knot slams into Cindy's cunt, making her squeal. Another orgasm makes her rattle, and sweat drip from her face. A burst of gunfire comes from the house, yet the power of Cerberus is taking its hold on the agent, and it barely registers. Cindy has known a few cocks during her life, however, she had felt every inch of the fleshy pole as it stretched her to the bursting point as this one did. Digging to depths no man had ever reached inside her before.

Gradually, Cindy's eyes glaze in a blind stare of passionate acceptance as she crouches in helpless submission before her canine lover. Without warning, her hips begin a mindless automatic motion back against the lewdly invading dog-cock. First in little circles, then in hard jarring thrusts, straight back into the Labrador's straining loins, while she mewled and moaned in lascivious pleasure. Oblivious now to Monica and Fred, she feels the dog pounding into her with the vigor of a lust-driven nineteen-year-old, yet with the strength of a tiger.

The well-filled woman tries to look beneath her kneeling body to watch the penis pound into her twitching cunt, yet all she can see is the dog's hairy balls swinging lewdly between her legs. Each sharp slap of his balls against her clit giving her additional jolts of wild pleasure. Reaching between her thighs, Cindy circles her fingers around the dog's hot slippery penis as it flashes between her sensitively throbbing cunt lips. Feeling it slide far up her shuddering pussy effortlessly.

Simultaneously, the lewdly excited woman grinds her knuckles gratifyingly into her moist cuntal flesh, savoring the meeting of her genitals, and the powerful dog's cock.

The sweating, panting, moaning woman feels so alive as the demon plays her body with the skill of a maestro. Her helpless small body sways beneath this madly humping furry canine, his long tongue lolling from between his fangs as he fucked her as the bitch she is. Just the thought of the forbiddenness of what she's doing adding new dimensions to the erotic signals radiating from Cindy's plundered depths. Cindy grunts each time she moves her buttocks against the dogs hard-driving loins. Never had she felt so passionately involved in getting fucked, the half-crazed woman, dimly realizes, enraptured by the wonderful canine-fucking.

She can feel her soft pink inner flesh pulling out of her pussy with the dog's cock on the out-stroke, only to be pounded back inside as he again thrusts his hips. Dazed, she's lost in lust, her mind wandering, and the only reality in the world becoming the huge dick thundering into her eagerly accepting cunt. The cock is all that mattered now; the huge dog-cock becoming an incredible giver of pleasure. Sensing her arousal, the dog doubles his efforts, encouraged by her acceptance, jolting her each time he thrust into her hotly clinging cunt.

"Ung, Ung, Ung, Ung," she grunts, each time his powerful loins thud against her flexing ass-cheeks.

His huge fleshy pole penetrating her body until it feels as if it were going to pierce her stomach. Bracing herself as best she can, Cindy opens her thighs wider, stretching her whole pubic area until she thought she would split open. Spreading herself to the degree she has never, or thought possible so she can gain the full benefit of the canine's enormous penis. Reveling in the feelings of his heated hardness smashing past her tender pussy lips on its relentless journey into her most secret depths.

The woman's beauty slowly turning into a raving sex-starved maniac, moaning and cursing, and pleading with the slaving canine to fuck her as she'd never been fucked. Orgasm after orgasm rocks her body, leaving her in constant quivery spasms.

"Fuck me, fuck your big cock into me. Cum in me, fill me with your cum."

The twitching, writhing, panting woman is unrecognizable now, her face distorted into a twisted yet somehow oddly beautiful mask of pure lust. All her sexual fantasies are fulfilled in this one fuck. She's being used, degraded and enslaved beyond her wildest imaginings. Strange forgotten masochistic emotions well from her unconscious, making her flesh shiver with forbidden delight while her mind dwelt on the terrible nature of the act she's performing. Never has sex act seemed so lust-filled, more carnal with her as she made her body a willing receptacle for the thrusting red penis of a brutish canine, whom fucked into her as if she were a dog herself.

Cerberus has triumphed today, she thought dizzily as she humped before her furry lover as any bitch in-heat would.

Driven by the pummeling of her clitoris by the dog's balls, Cindy reaches back desperately with one hand to soothe the wonderful agony between her legs. The tip of her middle finger pressing hard on the swollen nerve-button. The final trigger had been pressed, and the inflamed woman suddenly feels as if a heavy fist has thudded into her stomach as her muscles contract in a wild delightful spasm. Her buttocks begin flexing and hollowing as her clenching pussy sucks and pulls on the dog's throbbing cock.

"Oh God," she moans, half-blinded by the power of the most powerful orgasm yet.

The shaking woman is only dimly aware of her canine-lover's blood-engorged cock swelling to

greater dimensions under the obscene stimulation of her powerful milking pussy.

Suddenly, the dog's searing canine cum begins to jet into her innermost depths, flooding her with an obscene warmth. With one long powerful squirt that seemed to tunnel a molten path right through her quivering insides, her mind explodes in a great flare of colored lights as she starts to cum again. The dog holds tight to the bucking woman as she gurgled out a long moan of sensual pleasure. All the time emptying his sperm-bloated canine testicles into her gyrating body as she kneels before him in unashamed depravity.

Cindy wails and thrashes as she presses her hungrily milking pussy-mouth back against the spurting canine cock as if afraid to let one precious drop of the fluid escape. The thick white liquid gushes from around where her madly working cunt clasps tightly around the dog's jerking member, running in sticky trails down her convulsing thighs to drip onto the grass below.

Finally, as another powerful shudder passes through the sobbing woman's exhausted body, she falls limply forward onto the ground to lie in a sodden heap, still impaled on the cock now knotted inside her cunt. The sheer force of her many orgasms causing her to black out and when she woke, she twists her head to see another dog through her night vision goggles. The Labrador is gone, now a Great Dane pounds into her buzzing pussy, immediately the sensations take hold and another orgasm ripples through her. Cindy is delirious, the pleasure is extreme. An orgasm that goes on, and on. A powerful supernatural force of lust, driven by a demon, buffeting her as if she were no more than a piece of paper in a tornado.

The dog shivers and trembles, trying to bury the blood red tip into her luscious body. Her mind reeling in a confused daze of sexual need and debasing humiliation, she looks at him through her wide eyes watching him. Then, as Cerberus has taken over her will, she thrust hungrily up with her buttocks in a mechanical motion to take the shaft of canine flesh into her swollen pussy lips. The lust-driven dog fucks her with all the barbarousness of a Tartar, savagely humping her white-hot pussy. Inch after inch of his long, thick cock disappears into her with each new pile-driving thrust of his hairy flanks.

Suddenly, her breath hisses out of her body in a high whistling sigh as the great cock slams into her cunt. The Great Danes forelegs drop on either side of her smooth curved hips, trapping her, and she undulates her quivering body. Her tightly clenched buttocks grinding in lewd circles, abandoning herself to the wonderful animal-fucking she's receiving from the Great Dane. Her face is twisted with ecstasy and her full taut breasts jiggle lightly, moving in time to the throbbing dog-cock as it spirals upward into her pussy, as if a rampant drill made of hot flesh.

"Oh, God," she moans, relishing every vicious slam of the Great Danes prick into her hotly raving cunt.

She's getting screwed senseless by a Cerberus, the huge dog cock filling her slim belly and pushing her inner organs higher and higher until she's afraid they'll rupture, and be pushed all the way out of her mouth. It's tearing the soul from her body, driving it out of her with every power stroke. She's begging him to fuck her harder and faster, to shoot his hot cum into her pussy, aching to be filled with the dog's lewdly building sperm.

All that mattered to her now is reveling in her defilement, uncaring, no longer capable of thinking about Monica or Fred. The tremendous shaft of hard animal flesh pistons inside her wide-stretched pussy, causing her to hump back hungrily against the dog's furry, jerking body as if a female animal herself. Small droplets of moisture are forming in the juncture of Cindy's erotically rotating thighs, trickling over her smoothly gyrating buttocks. Sometimes sticking to the dog's sperm-laden testicles

as they slap wildly against her upturned anus with each stroke.

Her round ass-cheeks contract uncontrollably, signifying her ongoing climax, and she screws up greedily against the beast. Cindy's crazily grinding buttocks pitch and toss wildly as her thrilling climactic upheaval explodes deep in her belly with another searing burst of canine cum. The Great Dane settles, to let his seed fill her womb. The growing pressure inside her triggers more orgasm's. *How many orgasms' can one woman take, she wonders, before it becomes torture?*

She hears a scream, a woman's scream, and is at first thankful it isn't her. Someone or something brushes past her, knocking her the Great Dane to the ground with great force. The huge cock pulls free from her still-spasming cunt, and Cindy sighs as the loss opens a great cavern of emptiness within her. She rolls over the lawn several times to end on her stomach, panting, almost gasping, as if something is smothering her. Something grabs her by the hair and yanks her head up sharply, making her Cindy groan.

"He wants you, but I'm not ready to leave," Monica shouts into her ear, making Cindy wince.

More gunfire, and some dogs whelping in pain. Monica lets go of her head and flees as Fred emerges from the door with his revolver outstretched.

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## Chapter Eleven

When the door opens, FBI Director Sam Fairbanks glances up to see Liz, and gestures with his hand for her to enter.

"How are you feeling, Liz?" Sam asks as she sits opposite him, his paper filled desk between them.

"I'm OK, the doctor gave me a clean bill of health," Liz said with a vacant stare.

Sam notices the dark circles under her eyes, the gaunt appearance of her face, and how limp her black hair is. He sighs, knowing what he has to do is harsh, and might do more damage to her while she's this vulnerable.

"You really had us worried yesterday," he said, his eyebrows drawing together.

She nods glumly. "I know; I just can't explain how Kasir got away."

"Well, we've answered that question."

She stares at him wide-eyed, and says, "Oh?"

He nods, smiles gently at her. "We got CCTV footage from a gas station on Joensen Road that flanks that side of the park, and he escaped through the trees using a hole in the fence."

Her head drops, and she closes her eyes as she blows hard from her mouth.

Sam asks, "Do you remember *anything*?"

She shakes her head no, and sighs. Looking at him, she says in an emotionally charged voice, "I have tried to remember what happened, but it's a blank."

Tears run down her cheeks, as her face turns red.

Sam leans back, and keeping his voice even, he asks, "Has this happened before?"  
She nods. "Recently, it's happened about four times."

"Recently?"

"For the last few weeks. I have these gaps in my memories," she said, rocking in place.

Sam consciously forces himself to relax, he doesn't want her to upset her more.

"I'm sorry, Liz, but I have to put you on '*medical leave*'," he says.

She nods. She had been expecting it.

Sam hands her a card, and says, "If you want to come back to work you'll have to get clearance from Dr. Wiseman."

Her eyes bulge as she says, "The shrink? I'm not crazy, Sam."

He nods, yet continues to hold the card out until she takes it.

Sitting back again, he says, "I'm not saying you are, Liz. But you know the regulations."

*How easy is it for middle management to hide behind the regulations*, she wonders as she looks at the card? "What about the task force?" Liz asks.

He shrugs. "They'll have to manage without you, and I expect Cindy will be back soon."

"Have you heard from her?"

"No," Sam said. "But I got a call from the police earlier, it seems she's proven Monica was behind that black woman's death."

"What?"

"Yes, helped some man fend off another attack," he said with a gleam in his eye. "She's a helluva agent, that one."

Liz stands abruptly. "Can I go now?"

"Your badge," Sam said and holds his hand outstretched for it.

She gives it to him.

He asks, "Is your gun FBI issue?"

"No, this one is mine. My FBI issued gun is here, locked away."

Sam nods. "OK, I'll let you know the results of the blood and urine tests when they come in," he said.

"Call Wiseman, and make an appointment immediately."

"I'm not taking drugs," she said, and sighed.

Sam raises his hand to placate her. "Get some rest, talk to Wiseman, and come back to us the Liz we have always admired and respected," he said. "We need you, Liz."

She glances at the card briefly, and says, "OK."

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"Jesus, this is some weird shit," Detective Holmes says, as he watches Cindy's footage of the evening before. "Fucking '*Freddy Krueger*' shit."

"You'll see she's accompanied by a pack of dogs, the same animals that killed Tricia Brant," Cindy said, twisting her mouth in a soured expression.

"Hmm, I owe you an apology," Holmes said, with a hard face.

Cindy laughs coldly. "I don't accept apologies from assholes, Detective Holmes."

"I had that coming, I guess, so why did she want to kill Matthews?"

"She thinks he hurt a friend, same with the Brant woman, I suspect."

He shakes his head and grimaces. "You're lucky you weren't killed. Why didn't you call for backup?"

"My phone had no signal when the power went out."

"There's many angry neighbors out there saying their pooch was sprayed with pepper spray," Holmes said with narrowed eyes.

She shrugs. "For some reason, all these dogs came out when Monica got here," she said evenly. "Some of them tried to attack me as I ran to the house and I sprayed them. I guess a few got caught in the crossfire."

"A few?" Holmes laughs coldly. "There's something screwy about this whole situation, Agent Radmore," he said, maintaining his hard stare. "You had better hope I don't discover what it is."

Cindy sighs. "An asshole only knows how to speak shit," she said spitefully. "I'm tired, and I'm going home."

"I'll be in touch," Holmes said, watching her leave the house through the front door.

Fred is sitting in a police car, as they're taking him to the station for questioning. A female officer stands near the car door to keep neighbors from talking to him. There's many people standing beyond the tape, looking more an angry mob than concerned or curious citizens. Several press vans are parked nearby too. Approaching the car holding Fred, she asks the cop if she can talk to him and the female police officer nods, moving away.

"How are you, Fred?" Cindy asks in a low voice.

He looks at her with a pinched mouth, arms across his chest. "This is a risky game you're playing, Cindy," he says angrily.

"Just stick with the story, and you'll be OK," she urges.

"The cops may shoot her, you know. Then what will you do?"

"No, they won't."

"What makes you so sure?"

Cindy looks around to see who may be watching or listening, to see no one is taking any notice of her. "She's evaded capture for weeks now, no, we stick to the plan."

Fred shakes his head. "You'd better hope it works."

"Call me once Holmes and his goons are done with you," she said. "If they get heavy, ask for a lawyer, that'll scare them off."

"Are you kidding? My lawyer's waiting for me already. I know how these assholes work."

Cindy nods. "Good luck," she says, and goes to her car carrying the FBI equipment.

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Later that night, Liz is in a funk, and as she drives around Sometown trying to understand why her career has gone wrong, when she arrives at the northern side Ikeman park. She pulls over and gets out of her car and walks into the park, feeling a shiver rattle her as she did. *What's wrong with me*, she wonders? Her mind feels dull, heavy, and her movements are robotic. She's walking, yet not knowing where her feet are taking her, or why she is even there. Another memory blank spot, and still she moves toward *'The Meditation Trail'*. As she enters the wooded trail, the shadows get darker with fewer lights.

Overhead though, the clear night sky twinkles and a full moon casts it's slivery glow over the path, making it feel otherworldly. A silvery slither of light ahead, marks where she needs to go. Why she needs to go here, she doesn't know. The air feels heavy, and her legs feel as if they're wading through water. In her hand she holds her revolver, she isn't even aware she's holding it, yet it's cocked and ready to fire.

Walking about ten-feet behind Liz is three dogs in single file. A Bloodhound, a Giant Schnauzer, and an Irish Wolfhound. All three have the same dull-red eyes, and move with a fluidity that isn't natural. Each dog moves the same way, as if synchronized. Liz is oblivious of their presence, and onward she goes to Bitch Hollow to meet a destiny she doesn't understand.

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Cindy's car pulls up at the southern side Ikeman park, and she turn's to her passenger and says, "We're here."

Fred grunts. "I think your nuts," he said in a low voice. "If it goes wrong, you'll be the next cursed woman."

"That's why you're here," she said. "To make sure it doesn't go wrong."

Cindy knows there's a chance Monica may inflame her lusts again, making it impossible for her to stop Cerberus. So Fred's part is probably the most important, everything hinges on it. She wishes she didn't have to rely on him, yet he proved himself last evening, and the way he helped her when he found her half-naked body sprawled on his lawn. Dog cum running from her abused cunt. He knew the drill all too well, and helped her recover herself enough to set this plan in motion.

Fred stares out the window into the park, then at the sky. "Full moon, shit, we're playing right into his, err, paws," Fred said with a sneer. He turns and looks at her, saying, "This changes things."

"How?"

"His greatest strength is at the full moon," Fred said ominously. "If he gets you tonight you'll skip 'cursed', and go straight to 'Monica'."

Cindy frowns, and feels her body tremble. Remembering Monica in Rio, the dog witch of Chatuba, surrounded by a pack of strays who probably spent most of their time fucking her. She so wishes she had never known Monica or Cerberus. Part of her wants to feel sorry for herself, however, her body stiffens and she resolves to push on despite the risk. If they succeed, they can stop Cerberus' evil plans for a while, maybe even years. Maybe then they can figure out a way to close the link between hell and Bitch Hollow once and for all. *IF we succeed*, she thinks as she gets out of the car. Fred meets her holding his rifle case, with his revolver attached to his side. They look into the park silently, when Cindy points to several dogs disappearing into 'The Meditation Trail'.

Fred flinches, and says in a quiet, but harsh voice, "Dogs."

Cindy asks, "Are you sure you can get in from Joensen Road?"

He nods. "I checked it out this afternoon, the gap in the fence is still there."

"OK," she says and takes a deep breath. "I suppose we'd better begin."

Fred faces her for a moment, staring at her face sternly in the dim light. "Take care, Cerberus is no idiot, he's not gonna just let us do this."

"I know."

"Good."

Then Fred turns and jogs away toward the intersection with Joensen Road.

Cindy watches him for a moment, sighs, and walks into the park toward 'The Meditation Trail'. She spots more dogs running into the bushes and it makes her body tremble. As she crosses the threshold to the trail, a coldness descends upon her making her shiver. Nervously she checks her sidearm's, a Taser and her revolver. Pulling her revolver free and releasing the safety. Holding the weapon in front of her, cop style, she slowly proceeds along the path appearing as a silvery thread in the moonlight. The closer she gets to the hollow, the heavier gravity becomes, and she feels as if she's walking through water. *What the hell is happening*, she thinks, *it's like I'm walking up a steep hill, not a rise*. Steeling her resolve, she pushes on.

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Chapter Twelve

The silence on the path adds to heaviness created by Cerberus's evil presence. This place is his territory, and Cindy can feel him around her, pressing his evil against her body and making her heart race and stomach roil. She's breathing heavily, trying to push through the unseen barrier inhibiting her. As she approaches the actual hollow, she falls to her hands and knees and crawls forward until she can see over the rise. Bitch Hollow is an oval-shaped valley between the paths on either side. A silvery glow lights everything, as if the moon's light is magnified, and a low white mist over the ground gives a ghoulish twist. Cindy crawls behind a tree, and gets to her feet, staring into the hollow, shaking all over. Inside are many dogs, maybe thirty or forty, of many breeds. However, in the center of the hollow she sees Monica, naked, on her hands and knees, and fucking her, a Pit Bull terrier. The dog's cock is sliding into Monica's pussy fast, and the brunette is moaning loudly.

The savagery of seeing another woman getting pounded by a dog amazes Cindy, the furry body

gripping tightly to the smooth pale skin of Monica. The furious way the dog pumps his cock into her, with little care for her well-being. The guttural moans coming from Monica clearly indicating her enjoyment. Monica grabs a nearby dog, presumably waiting its turn, and pulls his cock out from behind and she sucks on it. Taking the red meaty cock into her mouth with an enjoyment one only sees in porn. With a hand-holding the cock steady, her head bobs over it while the dog looks back licking its chops. *Is this the life of Cerberus's dog witch*, Cindy wonders? Every night a gang bang with forty of his closest friends? Cindy shivers, and again scans the animals present to find none have the red eyes she's looking for. *Where is he? Show yourself, dammit.*

Suddenly, Liz appears from the northern side of the hollow staring through the debauched scene Cindy is watching.

"Liz? Liz? NO! You cunt, Cerberus," Cindy whispers, and slams her hand into the ground.

Liz's gun still in her hand, however, Cindy notices her lack of reaction to Monica having sex with the dogs. To Cindy's eye, Liz appears in a hypnotic trance, and a wave of nausea rolls over her, and her mouth goes dry. She scans the area to see if there's a way she can get to Liz, yet the darkness and dense planting of trees makes it difficult. The only way to reach Liz is through the hollow. *A trap*, she thinks, now visibly sweating. *He's set a trap for me.* Then, as she nearly runs into the hollow, a Bloodhound, a Giant Schnauzer, and an Irish Wolfhound step in front of Liz. Each dog has bright red eyes, making Cindy gasp.

Staring ahead, Liz can only see silvery light and mist, her mind is empty of thought, and her emotions blunt. All she can hear is the sound of her breathing, a rasping sound that seems too loud. She feels something brush her leg and sees three dogs go past her and sit on the ground side-by-side. Something about the dogs upsets her and she tries to look away, yet she can't. Her body is frozen, and she's forced to stare at the dogs though it pained her. Something unseen grabs her head and forces her to look into the hollow, and for the first time she sees Monica copulating with a dog. A pain grows in the back of her head until it becomes unbearable and she screams. Her mind is opened and memories return to her. Liz's body twists and convulses, she throws her hands to the side of head and shakes it.

"Noooooooooooooooooooo," she screams, as her tormented faced and glaring eyes stare into the darkness.

Carnal images flood her mind of angry dogs, snarling, barking, and biting her, yet worst of all, she feels the pressure of their legs gripping her, and their searing cocks pumping into her. She remembers how scared she felt, as dog's held her neck in their slobbering jaws. The violation of her ass and pussy, making her feel small, as if her soul had shrunk to a point of almost blinking out. The overpowering lust of the animals using her body mercilessly, the never-ending thrusting and sliding of their large cocks, the loud panting of their heaving bodies, and the gallons of watery, slimy cum they left inside her body. That feeling as the huge knots spread her open with such force sending spasms of pain, and making her bleed. Such memories filled her mind, Cerberus has been stalking and torturing her. Yet Liz doesn't see the supernatural force behind these acts, she only sees Monica. Her hands shaking, yet the gun is still outstretched.

In the hollow, Monica rises and faces Liz, stretching her arms on either side into a cross. Staring at Liz with wide, almost psychotic eyes as the dog's crowd around her still licking her cunt.

"**YOU**," Liz shouts. "You did this to me."

Monica only smiles, both women driven by forces too strong to resist. Liz's body stiffens, and Cindy watching from the opposite side gasps as she knows her friend is about to kill Monica. *Oh fuck*, Cindy thinks, and drawing her Taser, she bursts into the hollow running toward Liz.

"Liz, *STOP*," she screams.

The dog's part for her, and the three dogs that rare Cerberus growl. Cindy runs for Monica, and hits her hard in the side, sending her falling to the ground. Liz, urged on by Cerberus, fires her weapon, yet only manages to hit Cindy in the arm.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh," Cindy screams as she hits the ground, the bullet has grazed her arm and she's bleeding.

The dog's surround her, and as she regains her senses, she sees Liz moving toward Monica who lay sprawled on the ground. The gun is poised, and ready to fire again. Cindy looks at the ground, through the various canine legs to find her Taser that had fallen from her grasp when she hit the ground.

"I'm going to kill you, *WITCH*," Liz screams at Monica, who lies still staring at the approaching woman calmly.

Suddenly, Cindy spots her Taser and grabs it, rolling onto her back, she aims the weapon and fires. Two wires shoot-out and hit Liz in the chest, digging into her flesh. Liz starts shaking and convulsing as the electricity is delivered to her body. She squeals, and her gun falls to the ground, followed soon after by her. Liz convulses on the ground until the electricity is drained, then lies still with foamy saliva around her mouth. Monica watched Liz get Tasered wide-eyed, and when the shock of seeing Cerberus's plan thwarted, she turns her head and glares at Cindy whose grasping her arm to stem the blood.

An unholy, gurgling scream fills the hollow as Monica jumps to her feet with supernatural ease. She takes an aggressive pose, her body arched forward, arms outstretched, and fingers bent as claws. Monica is baring her teeth, which seem amazingly white around her dirty face. Around them, the dogs form a circle, staring at Cindy with lustful intent, and Monica laughs.

Suddenly, Cindy's pussy tingles, and she gasps as pure lust explodes from within her.

"Fred," she shouts, before dogs fall on her from every side.

Teeth bite into her, ripping her clothes off her body, leaving bleeding bite marks all over her body. Cindy screams with pain, yet the powerful lust she feels forces her to her hands and knees to be mounted. She feels tongues drive into her cunt and ass. Tongues much stronger than any man's she's felt. They easily spread her outer lips and she can feel many tongues diving deeper, and deeper, into her pussy. The feel of the roughness is nasty as numerous tongues wriggle inside her pussy and anus. She sobs noiselessly, and her body sags as she gives-in to the hopelessness of her situation. These tongues assault her cunt and ass relentlessly, and swipe across her clit with each movement. She tries not to believe what's happening, though her body is reacting beyond its limits.

"Ahhhhh, no, Omigod, ooh," she moans.

The tongues leave her pussy and ass, and while her mind feels relieved, her pussy screams in frustration at the loss of the wonderful sensation. Suddenly, she feels the full weight of a big dog on her back. *Damn this dog must be huge*, she thinks. His powerful front legs wrap around her waist and she can feel what must be his dog-cock poking at her thighs, trying to find her entrance. Her

mind cringes at what's about to happen, while her pussy aches to be filled. She's starting to revel in the debasement, though, and realizes deep down, this is what she's come here for. Part of Cindy wants to be used and debased, she wants to be fucked as a piece of meat by a pack of dogs, and this is what this dog is about to do. Thoughts about the reality of her situation leave her mind as the supernatural lust takes control of her mind and body.

The big dog hunches forward a little closer and now she can feel his cock stabbing around the entrance to her pussy. She wiggles her ass around trying to capture his cock, her pussy so wet she can feel her juices running down the inside of her thighs. The dog's cock is sliding in her pussy lube across her cunt lips as it searches for the entrance to her cunt, and she prays for him to fuck her hard. Suddenly, the canine cock pushes past her pussy lips and enters her cunt, she tries to scream again, yet only a garbled noise is heard. His cock is huge, twelve inches long and as thick as the blunt end of a baseball bat. When the dog feels his cock slide into her warm, wet pussy, he thrusts in one powerful motion and fills her aching cunt. Once he knows her depth, the dog thrusts his cock into her at a pace she's never experienced, and she can feel his cock slamming her cervix.

Cindy has never had a dick as large as this before, and it feels like his cock is slicing all the way through her abdomen. Her pussy is stretched wide around its girth exposing her clit and leaving it bare to rub along the length of his hot cock. Everything is wiped from her mind as she feels herself again building to an incredible orgasm. Cindy pushes back into his thrusts, trying to get more of him inside her, and she can feel the knot swelling at its base. Cerberus is laughing in her mind, though she's only dimly aware of it now. The persistent feeling of the dog's huge cock (or his knot) is like a metronome as it bounces against her clit, each thrust harder than the last, making her feel such a whore. A delicious feeling.

The speed and power of his thrusts builds as he relentlessly fucks her tortured pussy until she finally feels his knot force its way into her pussy. The feeling is incredible, it hurts worse than anything she's known, yet simultaneously she cums hard. Her whole body convulses as if a large earthquake has taken her to the greatest orgasm of her life. Her pussy clamps tight around the dog's cock, and with this, the knot swells to a size she hadn't thought possible.

Suddenly, he shoots his cum deep into her pussy, and her orgasm continues for what seems forever as she feels his hot cum jetting against her cervix. Cindy has never felt so much cum before, it's as if a gallon of cum has been pumped into her body. The dog's cock is packed so tightly into her pussy it allows none of it to escape. He slowly stops thrusting until he just stands there as he fills her. Monica grabs her by the hair and forces Liz's revolver into her hand as the big dog continues filling her womb with hot cum.

In an evil, harsh voice, Monica says, "I knew you'd come, my sweet. Now kill her and take your place as my bitch."

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## **Chapter Thirteen**

The red glare from Monica's eyes are shining into Cindy's soul, as she slowly raises the revolver to point at Monica's head. The big dog's cock has filled her pussy with cum, and it's dribbling out from around the thick meat. Other dogs are poking their heads beneath and licking the cum as it sprays from her cunt, making them pound her as they search for cum juices. The bleeding bite marks are getting licked too, and Cindy can feel tongues all over her body, over her erect nipples, and wobbling breasts. The desire to belong to Cerberus is growing greater with each breath, yet only one thing stands in her way, Monica. Knowing Monica's death means she can join with Cerberus in

an unholy union, consumes her.

"Good. Good," Monica says in a demonic voice. "Give yourself to me."

The revolver is now pointing right between Monica's eyes, and Cindy is about to pull the trigger when the dog on top of her suddenly goes limp, followed by the crack of a rifle firing. The big dog's cock instantly deflates and slips out of her cunt as the animal slides off her slippery body, dead. The death of the animal loosens Cerberus's hold on Cindy for a moment and she hesitates.

"Shoot. *SHOOT*. **SHOOT!**" Monica screams.

Another scream hits Cindy as if she had been slapped, and her head turns toward the sound.

"Noooooooooooooooooooo," Liz shouts.

Liz flings herself at Monica, and hits her in the side of her stomach and they fall to the ground. A German shepherd jumps on her back and wraps his legs around her firmly. To make it worse, he grabs her neck in his jaws and holds her so she can't move. Cindy watched Monica and Liz wrestle and fight as the dog holds her. She can feel the dog's rubbery cock jabbing her from behind as he searches for her cunt, his legs tightly around her waist. She can feel his hind legs dancing behind her, in close, and jumping over her legs as he searches for the best position for himself. The first touch of his hot, swollen cock sliding over her trembling thighs makes her a jolt, and cum. Slipping and dancing, the sharp tip of the dog's dick slides tantalizingly over her exposed clit, searching for its hot, moist goal. The dog bites harder on her neck, pushing her so she spreads her legs wider. Liz punches Monica in the face, making the young woman squeal and roll away.

Suddenly, with a harsh jolt, the dogs hot cock slams inside Cindy's cunt with a force that makes her grunt. His furiously hunching hips make his thick cock slide into her deeper with each stroke, until his balls start slapping against her clit sending a concussion of sexual heat through her. Cindy feels her stomach tighten, and her legs feel wobbly and weak as the animal continues to fuck her wildly. She closes her eyes tight as another orgasm smashed through her writhing body.

"Oh god, help me," she moans softly.

The dog pants loudly in her ear, as he rapes her soft pussy with his big cock, blissfully enjoying the woman he's using. Feeling her velvety folds stretch and contract around his rock-hard cock as he rams it into her abdomen, the most delicious feeling his doggy brain understands. Suddenly, she feels his cock getting even larger, and she knows what it means, and braces herself. Now, when the dog withdraws she can feel the outer lips of her pussy train and pull with him, then, when the dog thrusts again, the growing knot pushes through her making her grunt as it stretches her cunt to the limit. The German shepherd bulldozes her cunt with his knot that keeps growing larger with every thrust. She has her eyes clenched and she groans rhythmically with the probing cock slamming into her.

"No, no, *I can't*," she moans as another orgasm assaults her.

Her muscles surge into paroxysmal spasms, making her stomach look like rolling waves crashing onto the beach. The woman's cunt convulses around the dogs cock, which continues to pound into her without respite. An intense heat glows at her core, making her soft skin turn red, and beads of sweat drip from all over. As she rides this surge of orgasmic fury, the dog slows his punching cock and with a small whine, he starts to pump his cum into her. The heat and extra pressure caused by his semen pushes her orgasm along and with a twisted, burning face she moans loudly. A strange sound, a mixture of a grunt and squeal that echoes in the darkness of the hollow.

She hears the rifle fire several times, it sounds distant to her as her body still pulsates on the dog cock wedged inside her. She opens her eyes to see dogs and women fighting, there's barking, growling, and even howling. A dog in front of her, a Mastiff stops and shakes its head as its eyes turn red. Suddenly, its head explodes as a high-caliber bullet slams into it. Cerberus's hold loosens on Cindy as it struggles with Fred's attack. Cindy turns to see two of the demon possessed dogs, the Giant Schnauzer and the Wolfhound lying dead on the ground. More gunfire, and dogs drop around her, making Cindy fear she'll be shot next. She pushes the dog off her, and forces the cock out of her pussy with a loud grunt. Hot cum runs down her inner legs as she gets to her feet. Seeing the revolver, she picks it up, and spins as the final dog is hiding among the others. She sees it, a Bloodhound with red eyes. The dog growls at her and jumps, as if a tiger attacking. Cindy fires the gun just before the Bloodhound crashes into her knocking them to the ground. Dogs scatter in a panic now and cold scream fills the hollow.

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Liz is getting hit by Monica, when her body stiffens and she starts have a seizure. The young woman falls off Liz and continues her convulsions with a gurgling cry that chills Liz to the core. Monica's mouth is soon covered in foamy saliva as the spasms go on, until eventually she stops. Liz shakes her head, and rubs her eyes. For the first time in weeks she can think for herself again, and as she looks around the hollow she sees many dead dog's and Cindy with a Bloodhound lying on top of her. Liz gets to her feet and goes to Cindy, pulling the dead dog off her friend. *She's alive*, she thinks as she sees the bitten and battered naked woman's chest rise. Kneeling by her head, she gently slaps the redhead on the face.

A male voice asks behind her, "Is she alright?"

Liz turns to see an old man, white beard and hair, holding a bag. She looks at the dead animals and realizes he was the shooter.

"She's alive, but I don't know whether she's alright," Liz said, tears welling in her eyes.

Fred goes to Monica and checks her. "This one's alive, too. That's good."

"Good? What's good about it?"

"It's what Cindy wanted," he said. "I'm Fred, a friend."

Liz nods, acknowledging the man. "I'm Liz, her FBI partner."

"Come on, we gotta get outta here. I've already called the cops," Fred said. "Grab those revolvers, and the Taser with the wires. We have to leave nothing here that'll link us to this."

They collected everything they can find belonging to either Cindy or Liz, and put it in a trash bag Fred gave her. He also pulled out a blanket and wrapped Cindy in it, before he picked her up and they walked south toward Cindy's car.

"What about my car?" Liz asks.

"I'll drop you off. Don't hang around, though," he said.

"But—but—what happened here?" Liz asks, her face pale in the moonlight.

"Honey, you just fought a demon, *and won*," Fred said.

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Cindy opens her eyes in her apartment to her phone ringing, and her head thumping. Her body aches all over, and as she lifts the covers she sees bandages everywhere on her pale, freckled skin. The smell of dog cum wafts up at her making her gag and close the covers. The phone is still ringing, so she grabs it, answers with putting it on 'speaker', to hear an angry Detective Holmes.

"Why the hell haven't you answered my calls?" Holmes shouts at her.

"Sorry, err, my phone was dead," she said feeling herself blush. "Is something up?"

"We got her, Monica Alger, she's in custody."

Cindy sighs. "That's good. She needs to be locked away."

"We found her in that hollow on *'The Meditation Trail'* in Ikeman park," he said, "with a bunch of dead dog's that'd been shot."

"What? Shot?"

"Yeah, and I wanna know where you were last night," Holmes said in a low voice.

"She was with me all night," Liz suddenly said from the door, making Cindy look at her wide-eyed.

"What? Who's that?" Holmes shouts.

Liz smiles at Cindy as she moves closer and takes the phone from her.

"Detective Holmes, is it?"

"Yes, who are you?"

"I'm Elizabeth Dench, an FBI agent like Cindy," Liz said.

"And you say you was with Radmore all night? What are you, a couple of lesbians?"

Liz clears her throat. "No, I got suspended yesterday, and we had a bit of bender last night because of it," she said. "But I can't wait to report your unprofessionalism to your boss."

"Oh, harden up, *luv*, I was only jokin'," Holmes said trying to sound conciliatory.

"So we drank until we passed out, pretty much."

"I see, well, I expect Radmore to come to Ikeman's park and help us," Holmes shouts gruffly.

Liz moves the phone closer to Cindy, who says, "I was helping 'missing persons', Detective Holmes. Once Monica became a murder suspect, my involvement was over."

"Don't talk—" the call is ended by Liz, and Cindy laughs.

"What an asshole," Liz says, and sneers.

"I agree."

"Are you OK?" Liz asks with a warm smile. "I've never seen so many dog bites on one person."

"Did you—"

"Yeah, don't worry, I cleaned you up and put those bandages on you," Liz said.

"Phew, is he here?"

"No, he went home hours ago," Liz said, sitting on the bed. "He explained everything, although I still find it hard to believe."

Cindy grabs her hand and squeezes. "I'm sorry, Liz, I didn't know Cerberus had you caught up in this."

Liz shrugs with slight grin. "Neither did I, until he revealed it to me in Bitch Hollow," she said. "Any wonder Sam thinks I'm crazy." Liz gets to her feet and turns away from Cindy, sighing heavily. "Can you believe he got a dog to rape me while I was tailing Kasir?"

"Yeah, I know how you feel, don't worry about that," Cindy said, making Liz turn to face her and nod.

"But what I don't understand is why didn't you want me to kill Monica?" Liz asks, her face suddenly hard.

"I know you wanted to," Cindy said with a quivering chin. "But Monica needs to live."

"After what she did to you?" Liz said, baring her teeth. "I'd have thought you'd want her dead."

Cindy sighs realizing Fred told her about the night at his place. "Sit," Cindy says patting the bed, and Liz does with a deep frown etched on her face.

"Cerberus can only trap another woman if there's a vacancy," Cindy said. "So he wanted you to kill her, then he could take me, or you, as his new dog witch."

"But letting her live will mean she'll just attack us, or other women in future," Liz said shaking her head.

"Not if she's locked away for life in a supermax prison for murdering Tricia Brant," Cindy said evenly watching her friend to see the penny drop.

"Oh, I see. But she'll die eventually, and Bitch Hollow will be open for business again."

"Yeah, unless we find a way to stop it," Cindy says with a grimace.

Liz leans back and asks with a raised eyebrow, "We?"

Cindy shrugs. "Scully and Mulder, *remember?*"

They laugh.

*The End*