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Hi! I'm Eve. This happened to me a while ago. I have not really kept count of when, but roughly 1 year, 9 months, 12 days, 7... or maybe 8 to 9 hours ago. I'm not sure since I had a hard time keeping track of time when all of this went down. I am writing this down as accurately as I can. But I am not doing it for your amusement! I do it to let it out of my system. I am in serious need to communicate my thoughts about it, but as you can probably understand from the tags that I have put on this story, it is not something that I can talk to my friends about. I am hoping that after expressing myself in this manner, I might be able to close this chapter of my life by accepting what happened to me and how it made me feel.

Alright, so where to start from? I am taking you back to August of 2021. I was still studying engineering at college. I had been working on my diploma work for the whole summer and I just wanted to relax before the final year kicked off. I still had a week before the semester started so I was visiting my parents and relatives in my hometown. I am a bit lazy when it comes to visiting relatives. But fortunately for me, almost everyone in my family lives close by, so it is easy to meet everyone during the same trip. However, this story actually happened during one of the days when I had the whole day for myself. Things would not have escalated as far as they did if I had not been alone.

The town where I grew up was not huge. I mean it's roughly 60k people. Let's just say that there are more than enough people so there was always something to do, but not so much that you would feel crowded. My parents had built their house a few kilometers away from the city center. It was a nice and peaceful neighborhood. It was so calm that people did not bother even locking their doors when they were away for a short period. In fact, I cannot even remember when the last time my parents closed the backdoor to the backyard. There was no AC in my parent's house, so leaving the door open during the summer kept the house cool.

Anyway, as I said before, I had the whole house for myself. My parents were away for a few days at their own mini-vacation. They were driving around the country and taking it easy. They usually travel outside the country during summer, but pandemic time was preventing all the more fun plans people might've had. Including my parents being away, the neighborhood was pretty much dead as well. I was even instructed to feed the dog from the next door and once in a while take him to walk. Brody was Anatolian Shephard's dog, and he was big. And when I say big, I do mean big. He definitely weighs more than I do. I have heard someone saying that he is about 70kgs. And when he is standing with two legs, he has no problems reaching to lick my face with his rough tongue. It is not something that I am too fond of anymore, but it is quite funny when he does it for others. He drools just enough so he can soak anyone who is not expecting him to jump. Anyway, in short, he is a big and loving animal.

I suppose I should tell a few words about myself to put things in perspective. I'm 24 years old, 172 centimeters tall, and weigh 52 kilograms. I try to stay reasonably fit, but I am not fanatic about it. I love my beautiful B-cups breasts and my slim body type makes my boobs look bigger than they actually are. I do not mind that one detail at all. I am still trying to find myself in this world, so I am making an effort to seek different things. Currently, I am testing certain elements from the gothic world. I would not say that I would identify myself as a goth, but I got fascinated with a few things. For example, I have colored my long hair black and use a little bit stronger colors with my makeup. Also, while doing some online shopping, I found some unique accessories like bracelets and chokers. It felt risqué when I tried the choker out the first time, but I found myself loving it.

But besides these few unique things about my appearance, I dress up just like everyone else. I don't want to over-sexualize myself, so I try to keep things mild. Well, mild, at least outside of the bedroom ☐ Just a few months ago, my then-boyfriend surprised me during one of our sexual endeavors. We were doing it doggy style and during the session, he pulled one of the two metal rings attached to

my choker. He did not yank the choker with all his might, instead, he slowly pulled me further and further until I could not even touch the bed with my fingers anymore. I remember orgasming so hard that I almost lost my mind. I know that it's not very feminist to say that I like to be spanked and taken by a man, but God damn it felt good. He moved to the other side of the country after last semester, so it is not likely that I will be seeing him again. But I do remember fondly of our time together and those thoughts tend to make me feel all tingly inside.

It was a hot August day, very close to 30 Celsius. I had nothing planned for the whole day, besides the chores that I was supposed to do. Everything could be done in a few minutes, so I was basically free for a whole day. I was just riding a bike back to my parent's house. I went swimming at a lake close by. Swimming feels heavenly during days like this. Not only it will instantly make you feel better but letting your hair dry on its own almost guarantees you being cool for the next few hours. I felt refreshed while riding back and ready to do absolutely nothing when I arrive back at the house. I was wearing a summer dress and underneath I had the bikini I wore while swimming. The beach does have places where you could change your clothes, but I did not mind riding back home with a wet bikini and changing at home.

I arrived at the front yard and put my bike in the garage. Before entering the house, I went to check up on Brody next door. I might as well feed him now and check that he has enough water to last until the evening. I'm planning to take him for a long walk when the day cools down. Brody had its own dog house in the backyard. "The House of Brody" was painted above the entrance in big red letters. A lot of love was put to create that house for him.

During this summer, Brody was chained to his dog house. But it is quite a long chain. He can reach every corner of the yard from his dog's house, so he has more than enough room for himself. Brody's owners had to think long and hard if they leave Brody outside during the summer days or let him stay indoors. I probably should mention that during the summertime, the neighborhood may have a few dogs which have been let loose outside. Their owners can do it because it is a quite safe area, and no one seems to mind. But leaving Brody outside for a longer period was still a big decision. In the end, they felt he is probably happier at his own house outside and it is unlikely that he needs to do much to defend himself. As said, he is a big dog.

I opened the gate to Brody's domain, and almost immediately furry rocket we like to call Brody started running towards me. It is intimidating when something so big is rushing toward you, but I knew that he would not hurt me. Just a few meters away from me, he put on his brakes and stops right in front of me. I reached down to pet him and said 'Who's the good boy? Yes! You are a good boy! Brody's the good boy. We have this same ritual every time I visit him, and we both love it.

After obligatory greetings, I go inside to get his food. While he eats, I make sure that he has enough water and I also check that the yard itself is fine. I did not expect finding anything to be out of place, but I wasn't in a hurry, so I took my time. Also, I am a somewhat curious person, so going through someone's property just feels fun. To my surprise, I did find that part of the wooden fence was slightly broken. It looked like Brody had been trying to dig under it and accidentally break part of the fence in progress. The other side of the fence would have been my parent's backyard, so it wasn't a big deal. It's not like he can get too far while being chained, and there was nothing at our side that would hurt him. But out of curiosity, I kneeled down to have a closer look.

Brody almost gave me a heart attack when he pushed his snout against my butt. I had not heard him sneaking behind me, so I jumped back up in panic. When I found out that it was just Brody, I "calmed down". 'NO BRODY! That is NOT what a good boy does. No Brody, no! Bad dog!' I scolded him. But I am not sure if he understood me at all. He looked back at me like business as usual. It was obvious that he could not care less about my scolding. Sure, fine, I guess. He just scared me, nothing

else. It was difficult to be mad at an animal. He is a dog who likes nice butts.

The damage to the fence was not serious, but after my parents get back home, I should probably mention it. After making a mental note about the fence, I decided to stay a few more minutes and play catch with Brody before I left. But just after a few throws, I started to feel the heat. I was becoming a little dehydrated since I had not drunk for a while. Luckily home is right next door and I started to head back in. I heard Brody whining for a moment after I closed the gate, but I'm sure he will be fine until I go take him for a walk later.

It was around 2 pm when I got back inside. I wasn't really hungry because I had eaten lunch before I went to the beach. But I still decided to eat an apple while hydrating myself. Originally, I had planned to change my clothes and went to shopping or something in the town, but I decided to stay in for a while. I was feeling a little tired, so I might take a nap before heading out for dinner. I went to the bathroom and got undressed. I was not planning to change my clothes, but I did want to get rid of the bikinis that I had been wearing. I stared my image from the bathroom mirror. Even while being naked and not using make-up, I was giving out a gothic vibe. My slightly wet raven black hair was partially hiding my breasts. It revealed enough to make boys crazy (if there were any around), but hid enough to leave something for your imagination. I was also rocking my now signature choker around my neck. The choker was made from black leather, and it was held together by two metal rings, one at the front and one at the back. I've always wanted to tie something to those metal rings, but I had not figured out what yet. There are just too many sexy choices to choose from.

Focusing on the choker, brought me back to the sweet memories of being ravaged by my ex. The memory excited me deeper than I even realized. I even felt my pussy becoming a little moist. I touched my smooth pussy mound and felt a thrilling tingle emanating from my loins. A few months ago, I decided to shave all my pubic hair. It would have been tiresome to make the carpet match the drapes, so I found it easier to shave it away. An additional plus side is that I love the smooth feeling every time I touch myself. I allowed myself to explore further to my labia. I was indeed getting wet. I glanced at the mirror and smiled to myself. I knew that I was too tired to pleasure myself right this very moment, but I was certain that at some point today I would be screaming from pleasure. Back then, I had no idea how right I was.

Before exiting from the bathroom, I put my dress back on. Sure, I was riding a sexual high, but it still felt wrong to be completely nude in my parents' house. My nipples were pointing right through the thin fabric, but it was good enough. It's funny how one can get some feeling of modesty even by having something on. Being "properly" dressed, I walked towards my old room. Fatigue, which was caused by the weather and activities I've had during the noon, was getting to me. I needed to lay down and close my eyes for a moment.

When I entered my room, a familiar scent filled my nose. I have a lot of fond memories of this small room, and it seems that those memories are triggered by the senses I experience. It must not have been more than 6 hours when I was here last time, but the pleasant flood of old memories seems to hit me whenever I step into my old room. I smiled and sat down on my old bed. My parents had not really changed much in the room after I moved out. Obviously, I did not mind. I loved that everything was exactly in the correct places. For example, my bed still had roughly a hundred pillows placed at the front of the headboard, just the way I liked it. If I had to study or work from my desk, I had just enough room for my chair. And most importantly, the TV was precisely at the correct height. If I wanted to watch TV before a nap, I could do it by laying at the end of the bed on my stomach or my side without getting my neck hurt. Just perfect.

I opened the streaming service and started watching one of my favorite sitcoms/dramas. I must have watched all the seasons at least 20 times by now. But I did not mind since even if I leave the show

open, I will not miss anything. In my opinion, there isn't a better way to fall asleep. I grabbed one of the pillows and then took a comfortable position on my stomach from the end of the bed. It took me mere minutes to reach the state where you are not really asleep but not really awake either. I was hardly able to identify the intro song of the show. My stamina levels were so low that it is quite safe to admit that I did not need the white noise coming from the TV. But it was nice, nevertheless.

I drifted to dreamland. At the back of my head, I was still hearing the television show. The scenes of the show got mixed up with the events that I had experienced earlier today. At one moment I was swimming at the lake and then the next I was kissing a character from the show. Then I found myself playing catch with Brody and a few seconds later I am undressing my bikinis alone in the living room from the show. Now I am staring at my naked body in the mirror, but I was not alone anymore. Once again, my lips are touching him, and my bare breasts are pushing against his strong chest. Except he is no anymore a character from the show, he is now my ex. For my sexual delight, this was the bus stop where my subconscious was taking me.

There was no need for words when it came to dreams. I knew that he knew what I wanted him to do to me. I had missed him dearly after we had split up, so it is only fair that he visits me when I slept. I needed him right now, hard. I wanted him to take me roughly, smacking my ass and pulling my hair. I could not wait for him to ravage me and make me his bitch. Suddenly and conveniently, there was a sofa right next to us. I kissed him once more before turning around and assuming my favorite position in front of him. When my knees were leaning on the sofa, I pushed my butt up and wiggled it in front of my ex. I was shaking from the anticipation of having his big cock piercing my tight little pussy. But he was taking things slow, teasing me. His hands touched me everywhere and I could sense the tension building up. But he did not penetrate me as I had hoped. To my not-so-unpleasant surprise, I noticed that he had a different idea. Instead of pushing into me right away, I could feel his tongue exploring my backside. He was such a tease and knew me so well. I do appreciate good foreplay before the main course.

I turned my body around on the sofa to see him eye to eye. He smirked knowingly that I had his full attention. I gave him a naughty smile and crossed my legs in front of him. Two can play this game. And oh my... I should have known that he was playing for the win. Without skipping a beat, he pushed his head toward the area I had just blocked from him. He was vigorously trying to attack my pussy and it was making me giggle in delight. His rough tongue was tickling my thighs and his gentle bites kept me wishing for more. He always knew how to make the girl feel wanted.

I was no longer sure if my teasing had a bigger effect on him or myself. I was quite surprised at how horny had I become already. My loins were dripping wet from all the bent-up pressure I had built during the afternoon. I could no longer wait anymore, I just had to spread my legs and allow my ex-lover to bury his face on my womanhood. Simultaneously as I was giving access to him, I reached the back of his head and forced his face right between my legs. The loverboy of my dreams needed no encouragement, but I still wanted to show my enthusiasm.

He attacked my pussy lips with such vigor that it caught me off-guard. He had always been eager in the bedroom, but now he was lapping my juicy cunt as he had never tasted something as wonderful before. I absolutely loved it. I especially enjoyed the feeling of him licking my sensitive clitoris. I was moaning from the sensation. No one had ever orally pleased me like he was just doing. There was something new and thrilling about him that I had not noticed before. And he did not forget other parts of my vagina. I could not understand how he could touch about every square millimeter of my pussy in a fraction of a second. But I did not care either as long as he did not stop. If it was up to me, this dream would never stop.

As the moments dragged on, he tirelessly kept licking and sucking me. If he kept this going, I would

explode in his face. I knew that I was fighting a losing battle, but I wanted to extend the climax as much as I could. When I finally would orgasm, it was going to be a shattering experience. While I tried to edge myself to oblivion, I got a sudden urge to suck him as well. I was sure that the second when I thought about sucking him, I was able to taste him on my lips. Or did I taste him first and then thought about it? Either way, in my dreams, my partner had already read my mind as well and was already positioning himself on top of me for classic 69. Well, at least quite classic. Usually, I'm the one at the top, but it is nice to mix things up.

I could not wait to have his huge, handsome cock in my mouth. He was standing next to the sofa, leaning over me, and balancing himself with his hands, so he would not crush me under his strong and heavy muscles. He was so considerate that I wanted him even more. His nimble tongue had already returned to lick my clitoris and pussy. I sighed loudly when he resumed his tongue tornado. He had upped his game since the last time we had fucked each other. I simply had to get my lips on his tool as well and return the favor. I tried to reach his loins, but he was standing a little too far. I found myself at the edge of the sofa, but I knew that I could stretch myself further. I grinned naughtily, grabbed his ass with both of my hands, gave a little squeeze, and pulled myself closer until I was close enough to return the oral pleasure he had already been giving for the last few minutes.

My head was now over the side of the sofa. While being upside down, I had an excellent view of my lover's package. Even more lustful thoughts were running into my mind while I stared at him. But soon I remembered that I had a job to do. I started to jerk him off and lick the top of his cock to make him harder. His dick tasted intoxicating and it was driving me nuts. The taste was a little bit muskier and saltier than I had remembered, but I could not care less. I had to have him. In a matter of seconds, he was becoming bigger and firmer. I tried my best to lubricate his cock with my saliva so my hand would slide smoother on the surface of his penis. While I licked the shaft, I also played with his nuts. The balls looked and felt huge. It must've been a lonely few months for him without me being there to drain him regularly. I promise I will make my dream ex empty his sack into me today. Hopefully more than once.

The tasty cock in front of me was now slippery from the blowjob that I was giving him. I took a firm grip on the pulsating member and my hand slid effortlessly at its surface. If I wanted him to blow his load around the same time as I was going to climax, I had to use every trick in my playbook to please him. I did not have much experience of being showered with cum, but at this very moment, I could not think of anything else than him shooting his sperm at my face. I started to jerk him as fast as I can while sucking and licking the tip of his cock. My efforts were having an almost immediate effect on my dream lover, I soon noticed how his loins started to twitch from the excitement. And if that wasn't enough of a sign of arousal, I was able to taste his precum which emerged from his cock.

I was on the right track, but I had to hurry up. I could feel my climax building inside of my heated loins. My lover had found a way to push his tongue inside my pussy and it was driving me crazy. It was a completely new technique, and I was not prepared for his latest trick. "You naughty naughty man", I thought while trying to accommodate more of his big cock inside my small mouth. I did not know how to deepthroat him, so I had to trust my jerking-off skills while doing the best I can with my mouth and tongue.

After a few minutes, I was nearing my orgasm. Loud slurping sounds mixed with moaning and panting filled the senses. His expert use of tongue was forcing satisfied sighs past my lips, so much so it was even difficult to focus on my job. I started using my free hand to pinch my rock-hard nipples to further my sexual high. Touching my boobs felt wonderful and got me wishing for an orgasm. I probably would have climaxed already a while ago, but I was slowed down by my lover who had figured out a rather rough way to enhance his experience. He was clearly thinking that

having my head hanging over the side of the sofa was an ideal position for face fucking. I did not mind pleasing him orally, but this was a little too heavy of an idea. What had started as innocent twitching, then turned into slow thrusts, had now finally escalated to semi-demanding humping. Although, I have to admit that even though he was being quite rough, the idea of being reduced to someone else's fucktoy did excite me on a primal level.

The dirty idea of being submissive combined with expert tongue fucking, opened the floodgates. My body started to shake when the strong orgasmic wave crippled any coherent thoughts that I had. I started to scream, even though I had my mouth full of steaming cock. My dream lover took advantage of my full-body orgasm and thrust his magnificent member deeper into my mouth. The sensation of having something forced down to my throat was more than enough to make me wake up from my slumber.

The dream ended so very abruptly, and I opened my eyes wide open. The only thing I was able to see was a huge set of balls being slammed at my face. Instinctively, I protected my face with my hands. "What the hell is going on?", I thought. I was in a panic, but I tried to figure things out. Slowly the puzzle pieces in my mind started to take shape. I had not completely dreamt everything that had just occurred. I was in my room and laying on my back on my bed. My head is hanging outside of the bed, and something is frantically fucking my throat with a huge cock. I could also sense the after quakes of the climax that I had experienced during my sleep. Those feelings were intensified by something nimble and strong which was drilling inside my pussy. It took me a few moments for my brain to catch up, longer than I was proud of. My dream lover was Brody from the next door! He was the one who had tongue fucked me into orgasm and was now actively fucking my face.

The realization that I was being violated by a disgusting dog was a lot to take in. Even more so when I understood that I had probably encouraged him quite willingly during my nap. When I had climaxed, Brody had been able to force the shaft deeper into my mouth. He had now gotten accustomed to a warm hole, so he had picked up the pace. I tried to vocalize my protest but the canine dick in my throat was an excellent silencer. I then tried to wiggle myself up from the bed, but a huge cock seesawing in my throat prevented those exit plans quite effectively. Finally, I tried to push my body to the floor, but Brody's weight and constant humping made that idea impossible. There was no escape, I was practically impaled to the bed by Brody's cock. My only hope was for him to pull it out.

Not even in my wildest imagination, had I thought it was possible to fit something as big as Brody's cock in my mouth. And not only that, but it was quite scary how smoothly the lubricated member went back and forth in my gullet. I kept feeling like I was about to gag, but for some reason, the gagging reflex never kicked in. For my well-being, it was fortunate that the canine cock found little resistance while violating me. However, I could not say that the situation was entirely comfortable. My throat bulged whenever Brody thrust his cock into my mouth. For added pressure, the choker I was wearing tightened against the bulge and cut me out from the air supply. I had to train myself to relax and to breathe through my nose at the right moment before Brody forced its cock back into me. But it did not matter how well did I succeed with this bizarre way of breathing, I soon found myself being lightheaded and not being able to focus.

Suddenly, another orgasm rocked through my body. Just for a brief moment, I had forgotten that the stupid dog was still digging into my moist vagina with his tongue. He was trying to lap all the tasty juices that I was producing, but inadvertently he was also making my loins explode from the pleasure. Even with the lack of oxygen, the constant steady stimulus felt so good that it was nearly painful. I thought about pushing his head away from my sensitive pussy, but I did not dare to remove the hands from my face. Brody was fucking my throat more forcefully by the second, and I had my hands full to shield my head. I had no choice, I had to allow him to fuck my face and humiliate me

further.

Now that I knew it was Brody whose dick I was depthroating, I found the taste repugnant. I had not realized it at first, but Brody was already jetting his precum all over my mouth and throat. I had no experience with the dog's anatomy or mating behaviors, so I was surprised and confused about the amount of precum he would produce. Since I could not swallow everything while the beast was forcing his cock in my throat, I found that my mouth was filling from the precum and my saliva. An excess amount of it dripped past my blushed lips. I could not even properly wipe the disgusting fluid away and soon it was covering most of my face.

My senses should have been dulled due to not being able to breathe properly, but I found myself going overdrive. For a while, I had tasted the precum puddling in my mouth, but now even my sense of smell couldn't escape the strong odor of canine sperm seeping past my stretched mouth. The slurping noises coming from the animalistic 69 were echoing in my head. And if that wasn't enough, Brody's tongue was keeping my body constantly on edge. "How can one dog humiliate me on such a degrading level?" I asked myself. But as I was about to find out, we were nowhere even close to being done.

Brody had slowed down his pace, but for the lack of a better word, he felt more demanding. He kept slamming his loins against my face with such force that it felt like he was trying to smash through me. Each time he thrust, the giant ball sack swung against my hands. I could not see anything through precum, saliva, and tears, but I could feel the testicles with my fingers. Even though the large balls had a soft feeling, the texture of the skin felt stretched. It was just like his nuts had been expended to a point where the surface felt smooth like pair of bowling balls. I had no idea if this was normal for dogs or not, but I could not help myself dreading the amount of canine sperm he was hiding inside his testicles.

After a minute or so, my jaw started to ache. It had not been very pleasant so far, but now Brody's cock was trying to expand my mouth to a size that I could not handle. The base of his cock had grown. It was like a ball of sorts that he was trying to force into my mouth. Later I learned that the large ball was called a knot, which male dogs used to tie themselves to the bitches to ensure insemination. At the moment I was quite clueless about the situation, but I knew that it was way too big. If that ball was allowed to enter, it would probably break my jaw. And more importantly, I would lose the little supply of air I still had.

Brody was adamant in his effort to fill my mouth with his knot. He no longer humped, but instead, he slowly and strongly pushed his cock into my mouth. I fought back with all my might, but I don't think it mattered at all. Brody was simply too big and too strong for a small girl like me. The last few minutes had been the most tiresome minutes of my life and I could feel the fatigue. And since Brody had been ceaselessly playing with my pussy, I could also feel being on edge yet of another climax. I was afraid that if I had to struggle through another set of orgasmic convulsions, Brody might be able to push the baseball-sized knot to my mouth. But fortunately, my fears were unfounded. The knot had already expanded too big to ever fit past my lips and teeth.

Soon even Brody noticed that he had no chance of knotting me. But it did not mean that he would not finish what he came here to do. He was readying himself to cum. I do not know how I sensed it, but even in my disoriented state, I knew that Brody was planning to fill my stomach up. The huge cock penetrated deeper into my throat, and once again the tightened choker blocked my windpipe. And to further my horror, I felt the distinctive pumping motion stretching my drooling lips. I braced myself as best I could, but as I found out, nothing could prepare me for the amount of canine sperm Brody released from his balls.

The torrent of dog semen covered the insides of my throat in an instant. It felt hot, so much hotter than a man's sperm. If the cock had not been embedded so far into my gullet, I could not have been able to handle even one-quarter of the total volume of cum. Just when I was about to pass out from the lack of oxygen, Brody readjusted himself and pulled himself back just enough for me to take another lungful of air. It was also enough time for him to fill my mouth with his sperm. I had not been prepared to swallow the cumshot, so most of it seeped out from the side of my mouth. The dog cum flowed down my face and painted my raven black hair a dirty whitish color. It would take hours to wash it out, but as you might guess, it wasn't my biggest priority right then.

Brody continued pumping his seed down to my throat and I had no other choice than to gulp it down as quickly as I could. I kept swallowing so hard that I was basically milking Brody's cock with my throat muscles. My face was turning red from the exertion of not being able to breathe properly and from the strong heat I was feeling due volume of hot dog semen. I was not sure how long would I be able to endure this experience. And to add insult to injury, my body betrayed me again. Cumming into my throat had not stopped Brody from sampling my vagina. So, in the lowest of my low points, I orgasmed hard when Brody's tongue was able to rub my clit just with a right angle.

The tremors started from my pussy and soon the waves of climax washed upwards. The heat I was sensing enhanced the experience to an unbearable level. I was trashing my body when the pleasure forced itself on me, but I could not escape the sensations. Brody's mission to churn out more of my pussy juices was a huge success when I orgasmed and blew up at his face. His tongue was lapping every drop he was able to find. And then the nightmare ended, as abruptly as it had started. With one hard pull, Brody withdrew his tool, not only from my throat but completely from my mouth. Simultaneously I gasped for air and coughed out a mouthful of semen. It seemed that Brody's interests had switched from my mouth to my pussy. Before I had even time to recover, he had already climbed onto my bed and was face-first digging into my pussy.

"This ends now", I thought. I will not let Brody violate me any further. Now that he wasn't pinning me against the bed, I immediately pushed myself down from the bed and then on my feet. The sperm was still dripping down from my mouth, when I screamed to Brody, 'I WILL KILL YOU, YOU FUCKING BASTARD!'. I did not mean what I said, but I was angry. He looked at me in confusion like he did not understand what was wrong. However, those innocent puppy eyes did not calm my anger. I moved towards him and tried to grip his collar, but he evaded me easily. His movements and behavior indicated that he thought that we were going to play a new game. I could have even sworn that he grinned at me before running out of my room.

Without much thinking, I ran after him. At the retrospective, I should have probably taken a minute for myself and simply think. But back then, I could not stop myself. My summer dress was a mere shadow of its former self. It was soiled with saliva, pussy juices, and dog sperm dripping from my mouth. Without even caring I wiped my face on my dress. The dress was going to the trash can anyway after I was done with Brody. It was nothing short of a miracle that I was able to walk, let alone run after Brody. My legs were a little shaky after climaxing three times in short order. And my stomach was so full of Brody's seed that there was a noticeable bump at my belly. My face was now red from anger and humiliation. While dashing after him, I thought, "I will make him pay for this."

I did not know how he had been able to break free, but I was determined to figure it out and correct the situation. I had left the backdoor to the kitchen open, so it was obvious that he had gotten into the house from there. Just when I entered back yard, I saw Brody squeezing under the broken fence I had found earlier. "You sneaky fuck!" I thought to myself. I tried to call after him, 'Brody! Come here, boy!' But he ignored me. Before I ran after him, I wanted to wash the disgusting taste from my mouth. I drank several cups of water, but the taste was not going away. 'Fuck it!' I said and started speed-walking to Brody's yard. I could feel the sun on my face. It was significantly hotter than it was

when I had taken my nap. It was a good call to have drunk water before coming outside. An annoying part inside of me reminded me, "And you also got a nice mouthful or two or three just 5 minutes ago. Does that count Eve?" 'FUCK!', I screamed by myself. Fortunately, no one heard. I must've been quite a sight walking in a quite revealing outfit and yelling by myself. I did not really want to explain my situation to anyone at the moment.

I arrived at the backyard of next door. I could not see him, so I called for him again, 'Brody!' He did not come, but I was now able to see him at the far side. He was sheepishly watching me but ignoring everything I yelled. There was no doubt how smart he was. I could not mask the anger in my voice, so he saw it better to wait and see than risk anything. It was not like I could just run and catch him. He had to come to me. "Guess I need to be smarter than him then", I thought.

I felt somewhat calm now, so part of me just wanted to return inside. But a bigger part of me thought that I had already walked here so I might as well finish this. And even bigger part of me did not want Brody to get hurt by running to the streets or something, but I was too angry to admit that last part to myself. So, I directed myself to Brody's dog house. I knew that I had to tie him down if I wanted to have any hope to discipline him. Normally Brody was tied to the dog house by a chain that automatically reels back to its origin whenever the chain is loose. So logically, I should find the chain from inside the dog house.

The dog house was quite standard. Brody's house was painted blue with some white frames and corner pieces here and there. The doorway was quite high, but not very wide. It was built so that a tall dog like Brody can walk in easily, turn around inside and lie down comfortably on the floor. I had learned from my old neighbors that you should always build your dog houses to fit the dog you have, and not a bit bigger. It was something about the house staying warm during winter.

I kneeled down in front of the dog house and looked in. As you might guess, it was darker inside than outside and it took a moment for my eyes to adjust. It was just long enough time for me to sniff the classic wet dog smell lingering inside. Ok, I admit that I did not smell like roses either and I had enough of Brody's DNA in and on me so that I should fit right in. 'FUCK!' I said again when I remembered what he had done. I resumed what I was doing and very quickly I noticed the chain reel on the floor of the house. The doorway was not made for humans, so even a small person like myself had to turn my body sideways to fit my shoulders in. Not a problem. I was able to reach the reel without much effort and pick it up. When I got back up, I sat on the grass nearby and started to study the reel.

It was evident that the reel had been disconnected from the anchor, which assumably was still fixed somewhere inside the dog house. But I could not figure out how Brody had been able to rip it off from his collar as well. There were a lot of bite marks and scratches on the leather part of the chain, so my only guess was that he had just gotten lucky. Anyway, I did not bother to think about it too long. The most important thing was that the reel and the chain part were fine. And as long as I connect it back to the anchor, it should do the trick.

Brody had gotten closer to me. I saw him becoming curious about what I was doing at his house. "Just you wait until I am done with this", I thought to myself. It's not like I planned to hurt him, but it was just something to think about to fuel my rage. I took the reel on my hands and checked which part I need to attach to the anchor. I was looking at a metal ring, roughly the size of a coin. I assumed the anchor inside the house was having its counterpart. 'Alright, let's get this shit done', I said now out loud. I kneeled to start crawling into the dog house again. I was hoping that the anchor was at the ceiling nearby, so I did not need to crawl fully in. I got my head inside and started to look around the ceiling. Like before, I had to adjust to the darkness. It did not help that my body was blocking the sole access to the sunlight. I tried to turn my head around, but no matter what, I could

not find what I was looking for.

Then I understood where the anchor must be, right above the entrance. The only area in my blind spot. Still having my head inside, I tried to squeeze my arm in as well so I could feel the area right above my head, but I had some difficulties doing so. As I said before, the entrance to Brody's dog house was quite high, but not very wide. "Never would have I guessed that I wouldn't be able to fit my shoulders through a door of any kind", but that was indeed the case with this tiny house. I gave up and decided to back out. It would be easier to just feel the anchor from outside. If it really was there, I would adjust my body accordingly and figure out the proper position to attach the reel. "No big deal", that is at least what I thought.

I tried to back out from the dog house, but before I was able to even twitch I felt a familiar snout at my backside. I shrieked from the surprise, and instinctively tried to leap out from the house. I felt a brief but sharp pain when something metallic pressed against the back of my neck, which was followed by an ominous 'CLICK!' sound. The anchor for the dog chain was indeed right above the entrance, and by a stroke of ill luck, the metal ring at the reel had a very similar size as the metal rings holding my choker together. By trying to escape in a hurry, I accidentally attached my choker to the anchor. It seems that it was now my turn to experience being on a short leash.

When I realized what had happened, I immediately tried to reach the anchor, but it was hopeless. Not even with my petite body, could I fit my shoulders through the smallish frames of the entrance. And the skintight choker did not allow me to bend my body sideways at all, which would have allowed me to sneak at least one of the arms inside. Even the slightest of movements was going to twist the choker which would then cut painfully into my skin. This ruled out any attempts to yank the anchor or the choker. The only thing I could do was keep my head up inside the dog house and try to stay calm while figuring out a way to unbind myself. In my effort to fix the situation, I had briefly forgotten Brody. But I was soon reminded about him when long, warm and sloppy lick savored every part of my backside from my clitoris to my virginal asshole. 'No! Not again!' I begged.

There was no fighting back this time either. I was on my knees, basically presenting my bottom to Brody, and there was no way out. Since I could not pull my head from the dog house or push my body in, the area in which I could move in was mere centimeters. Because I could not move away, I tried kicking Brody so he would stay away. But even that failed miserably when I missed and lost my balance for a short moment. I would have fallen if I wasn't "fortunately" tied to the anchor. The choker tightened around my neck and soon I was gasping for air. "Yeah, I am not trying that again", I noted to myself. As the final act of defiance, I simply tried to shield my pussy with my hands. But just like when I tried to kick Brody, I found out that it was difficult to keep my body in perfect balance without using all four of my limbs. After the choker had reminded me again of what happens when I do not stay level, I reluctantly moved my hands from my pussy. In defeat, I placed my hands on the frames of the door, and I braced for the inevitable.

Without anything or anyone preventing Brody's access, he was now probing my nether regions vigorously. And very soon it was starting to affect me. Even though I had done my best to lose all the memories of what had just happened less than 15 minutes ago, my body had not forgotten the experience. The warm and tingly sensation inside of me had started to build up at the very second when the tongue touched my private parts. I hated it. I could not suffer through being tongue fucked by a dog again. But after every passing second, it was becoming clearer that there was nothing that I could do. My body was in a perfect position to allow Brody to suck my pussy and sniff my ass until he was satisfied.

My backside was an open buffet for Brody, and he was able to satisfy his oral curiosity better this time than he was able at my bed. Back inside, Brody's primary focus was to relieve the pressure

from his balls. But now he could put his complete attention to savoring my taste. Or maybe I should say tastes. My current position gave Brody's tongue access to my asshole as well. And he absolutely loved to lick it and push his snout at it. For me, this was a new type of torture. No one had ever touched my buttock before and it was difficult to address those new sensations under duress. I knew what to expect when my lover is licking my clitoris and labia but having something eagerly toying with my ass was indeed unexplored territory.

The firm tongue explored the area between my honed buttocks with ease. I had thought that squeezing my backside would have given him a pause, but he dug in like it was nothing. The tip of his tongue was drilling against my asshole, and it took all my concentration to not allow him to penetrate further. Brody's mouth and tongue were like a slobbering mess. Every part he touched, became coated with his saliva. So, when he gained some space, he spread his drool everywhere to make the area accessible for his next assault. That meant that when I lost my focus for the tenth of the second, he would conquer another square millimeter of my body. I know it does not sound much, but in time it adds up. And Brody had all the time in the world.

I had not noticed how wet my pussy had become after a few minutes of oral violation. All the saliva which Brody had spread around my buttocks had distracted me from my heat. The canine saliva got mixed up with my pussy juices, and I could feel how the fluid trickled down my legs. Even though Brody loved the taste of my ass, even he could not resist my overflowing pussy. An involuntary moan escaped my lips when I felt the rough tongue once again lapping my juices. My clitoris had become even more sensitive while Brody had focused his efforts elsewhere. And now it was begging to be caressed. I tried to fight off the feelings I was experiencing, but I could deny the fact that my body wanted to be touched. Pleasure is the sole function of the clitoris, and it did not care if it was a human or an animal that touched it. I cared, but no one was asking from me.

Electric sparks flew from my loins and I could not help but whimper inside the dog house. The pleasure was simply too much for me to stay quiet and the sounds of my moans echoed from the walls. It was becoming evident to me that I was going to climax soon. That fact had not escaped Brody's mind either. The bitch at the tip of his tongue was tasting better and better. When he decided to drill his long and meaty tongue deep inside my vagina, I orgasmed. Back inside my old room, he had done something similar, but this time he was able to dig even deeper between the offered goods. This drove me deeper and deeper into the abyss. The heatwave originating from my vagina soon washed over my body. It would have been hell if anyone would have seen me being orgasming while the dog was sucking me off. But that did not stop me from screaming my lungs off when pleasure made me forget my surroundings.

The choker was especially excruciating. It was difficult for me to maintain my composure when my whole body is convulsing from a long orgasm. A couple of times, I lost my balance and I only noticed it just before I was about to black out from accidentally choking myself. Every time it happened, I was gasping for air while my face felt like it was burning up from the exertion. I do not have many coherent memories of my orgasm, but I do remember planning to burn all chokers in the world after that experience.

I believe that it was the first time in my young life that I had squirted when I had cummed. And it took me a while to calm down from it. Brody had happily slurped all the pussy juice that he was able to churn out from me. But even for him, the volume had been too much. To get it all, he had to leave my pussy alone for a moment so he could clean my legs from that tasty substance. This gave me a chance to regain some parts of myself. I was breathing heavily the hot and stale air of the dog house. I could not help myself to think about the situation. By my count, that was my fourth orgasm of the day. I had no idea how many I still had to endure before Brody was done with me. The thought scared me. I could not figure out a way to escape this problem and it did not look like the dog was

getting bored with his toy anytime soon.

So far for Brody, everything that had happened during his magical afternoon had been a prelude. Sure, he had been able to nut once already, but since he had not been able to seal the deal with the knot, he was not done. Not only that but it was clear that the bitch agreed with him. Why else she would have followed him to his den and presented her puppy-making hole for him? When I personally thought about the experience in later days, I felt incredibly stupid for not understanding the severity of the situation. The full grasp of the circumstances came clear when Brody mounted me, and I could sense his body weight on me. "He is trying to fuck me!"

'NO! Get off Brody!', I shouted. But he obviously did not care. I had always thought that having sex with animals was just a myth, but why else would he be on top of me? 'No, you cannot do this for me', I begged him. I recalled the moment when he had slipped out of my throat before. I was not able to assess the exact size of his cock, but I knew it was huge. My jaw ached just from the memory. And now this beast tried to ravage my pussy with that tool. Even though he kept missing the mark, he did it very forcefully. His thrusts were very powerful, and I had to do my everything to just brace myself. The first few jabs took my breath away since I had no means to prepare myself for them. It only took a few centimeters of movement for my leash to cut me off from the air. Brody's humping made sure that there was even less of a chance to protect my most sensitive of erogenous areas.

I had not paid attention to my tattered and destroyed clothes for a while. Let's just say that I had something else in my mind. When Brody jumped on my back, I could feel how the nails of his paws cut into the light material. I could not care less about the soiled summer dress, but for the following days, I had to hide the scratch marks on my back and at my sides. I did not need to see it to know that Brody ripped through the summer dress in his violent attempt to mate with me. He did not finish off my garment completely, but after the initial mounting, the dress felt like one of those hospital gowns that can be left fully open at your backside. There was no means for me to turn my head and see the damage, but the feeling of his fur against my bare skin spoke volumes of how exposed I now was.

I knew that my prayers would not be answered but it did not stop me from whimpering and begging him to stop, 'Please Brody, please no, no...'. Canine's penis was moving back and forth on top of my vagina. The movement felt smooth and effortless. It was evident that my pussy juices were lubricating the tool. Every time I felt him pushing the monster cock against my labia, I thought that this was the time he would slip it in. But then he would miss, and the dick moved past my wet hole to the direction of my bulging tummy. While traveling back and forth on my body, the tool rubbed my clitoris which made me shiver. I had just recovered from the last climax, so my clit was ultra-sensitive. The seconds ran by, and Brody's cock kept growing and hardening under my body. I could not stop myself from feeling dreadful when the monster cock touched my belly button, "If he ever pushed that into me, I will be split in two". But things had progressed so far that it was no longer a question of "if", it was "when".

My body was feeling the heat again. The constant rubbing of my pussy had awoken my arousal. The sorrowful whimpering had stopped, and I found out that lustful moans were once again echoing back to my ears. I had not forgotten how disgusting and humiliating the situation was, but that could not stop my body from responding to the stimulus. It was obscene. I was on the brink of being fucked by a dog against my will, but at the same time, I felt pleasure. The dumb brute was just trusting his instincts, there was no sensible technique in his effort. But for his fortune, his somewhat clumsy method had prepared my body for the invasion better than neither of us could have realized. Seesawing his cock on top of my labia had made me extremely wet and made my vulva open itself for penetration. So, when Brody finally thrust his dick at a slightly different angle, it did not move past the mark like before, instead, it was directed into my hot and tight passage.

My screams of humiliation, pleasure, and pain were only beaten by the howls of victory from Brody. Either it was the acoustics of the dog house or something else, but at the moment of penetration, I could hear the barking and howling louder than ever before. He had finally found my tight hole and he was enjoying every moment of it. What happened next could not be described as calm or sensual or anything of that nature. With one violent thrust, he forced his gigantic cock as deep into me as it was (un)humanly possible. He unintentionally gave me one to two seconds to get accommodated with his cock, but that was only because he had to adjust himself after sudden and forceful penetration. And then he started to move his loins... If he had been humping hard before, this time he was like a jackhammer.

No human could ever screw with such speed and power. 'AH! AH! AH!', I moaned when Brody kept violently fucking my well-oiled hole. He had a bigger penis than anyone I had ever met, and he was determined to reshape my pussy with it. It was amazing how much he has been able to stretch my fuck hole while fitting his very thick cock inside of me. I was afraid to think how much more could I handle. I suppose I should be grateful for all pussy licking and clitoris grinding that Brody had given me. Being so aroused and ready for him, definitely made the experience more tolerable... on a physical level. On a mental level, I was now ready to murder the dog.

Through my moaning, I could hear the loud squishing sounds when the massive canine cock pistoned in and out of my pussy. The excess lubrication consisting of my vaginal discharge and his precum was being squeezed out from me by the wild humping. I was certain that when he was done with me, there would be a puddle of our combined fluids on the ground.

Brody's every thrust was met with the tight canal that massaged the cock all the way to the deepest parts of me. When his long and thick tool reached the end of my passage, it retreated briefly, only to be smashed against my vaginal walls again. I was forced to start to move my body against Brody's violent fucking. It was not because I wanted, but because he was pushing my upper body too far into the dog house. At least that is what I told myself. It was indeed true that the choker did not give me much leash for me, but I cannot be certain if my body didn't use the choker as a convenient excuse to get screwed even harder. I kept telling myself, "This is not me, this is not me", but it is difficult to convince anyone when you are moaning like bitch in heat.

'Oh god, please no! Please don't do this to yourself Eve!', I whispered when I realized that I was about to cum again. During this afternoon, many disgusting things had happened already, but I did not want to climax while fucking a dog. I did not want to be fucking dog either, but that ship had already sailed at that point. Due to the raw fucking, my orgasm was building from deeper inside of me than the orgasm that would be achieved by "just" playing with my clitoris. When I became aware of the subtle (and not so subtle) markers of my impending rapture, I gripped the frames of the doorway so hard that my nails dug into the wooden boards. In case the indications were correct, I was about to lose all control of my body and the last time thing I wanted was to hang myself while being fucked to an orgasm by the dog.

While I was preparing myself for the ultimate humiliation, Brody's body was preparing for something similar. Unbeknownst to me, his knot was already forming at the base of his cock. At any other time, I would have been feeling the pain of what the big ball mashing against my pussy lips was causing. But at the edge of a huge climax, my body mistook the pain for pleasure. I am sure that, at any other time, I would have clenched down hard if something that big was being forced inside of me, but at that moment my love canal did its best to welcome the bulb at the base of his dick which would seal us together. Even though my pussy was about to give in, Brody's knot was growing at the same time. It meant that he was fighting against the time, he had to hammer his tool into me soon. My body trashed like a rag doll as he continued fucking me for what felt like eons. When he doubled his efforts, I absolutely lost it and cummed like never before.

'FUUUCK! NO! I'M CUMMING!', I shouted without caring who heard when my earth-shattering orgasm made my body convulsing mess. I could sense the pressure caused by the knot which was trying to enter my body, but I was so far gone that I had no chance to recognize what was happening. The pleasure forced my eyes to roll back at my head and incoherent screams were released from my lungs. 'OOOOH! AAAAH! NOO MOOOR...', I groaned when wave after wave of orgasmic bliss tortured my body and soul. I had never been fucked to so senseless state and I could not fathom how can something so wrong make me feel this way. At the moment when I was about to black out from overwhelming sensations, Brody filled me even further when the tip of his cock forced its way to my cervical canal. He had found a way to get deeper into me. An unfamiliar way of penetration even alerted my comatosed mind. Before I had time to think about what had occurred, Brody shoved more of his shaft inside of me. While the head of the piercing cock invaded my womb, the tight walls of my snatch opened up even further to accept the knot at the base of his dick.

The moment when the whole dong was embedded into me is unfortunately burned in my memories for the rest of my life. 'WAIT! WHAT?!? WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING??!!', I screamed. It is impossible to describe the sensations when my vagina was forced to open more than it ever had before. It was like an orange had been shoved into my gash. I should have felt the excruciating pain of being impaled like I was, but mostly I registered the pressure as an extension of my orgasm. I would pay the price later when the dopamine from my brain would wear down, but at the time the feeling of being filled just fueled my current climax which was rocking my body. 'HEE... HELP ME! I CAN... CAN'T ST... STOP CUMMING!', I kept yelling until I could no longer.

Finally, Brody had been able to knot his bitch. He tested the seal couple of times with tentative nudges to confirm that he was indeed tied to me. The ball had been the size of a baseball when it had been inserted into me, but in a matter of seconds, it had swollen to dimensions that it was physically impossible for him to exit from me. And it was not like he would have even wanted to. In my delirious state, I was still spasming from the floods of pleasure. I could feel my pussy involuntarily grip the thick invader with my strained muscles and massage shaft from the stretched entrance of my vagina to the uterus. From Brody's pleased panting, I assessed that he was enjoying the milking that I gave him.

Brody could not hold on any longer. He had been wanting to empty his ball sack to his bitch for a while now. Even after our previous session, he still had a lot to give. And this time he would make sure that the bitch was properly inseminated. The seal which tied us together would make sure that his seed was going to stay inside of me until he was ready to unmount. When the first bursts of thick white liquid were shot at the walls of my womb, I started to feel hot and sweaty. Even more so than before. The heat coming from my uterus made me recall the moment when Brody had nudded in my mouth. So many things had happened since then, that I had forgotten how hot I had found the canine semen. Now Brody was eagerly pumping the 2nd batch of his hot puppy-making batter past my cervix to my womb.

I was slowly recovering from the strongest orgasm that I had ever experienced. 'I just... just fucked a dog...' I gasped while trying to wrap my mind around it. Being tied to Brody gave me a moment to ponder the unreal amount of sperm he was able to push inside of me. I already had one load sloshing in my stomach, and now Brody was filling the empty space "next door". It was difficult to say for sure, but I could swear that the amount of cum was forcing my belly to swell even further. I was still feeling weak from the climax, so I did not dare to confirm my theory with my hand. The last thing I needed, was to mess things up even worse by losing my balance. I found it safer to wait and assess the damage later. And... to be honest, I really did not want to know right now.

I had no idea how long had I waited for Brody to be finished with me. Although, the intensity had been lowered by a couple of levels, even fifteen minutes later and I could still feel the pumping

motion from his spurting cock. It was difficult to say for sure, but I believe the knot was also shrinking. This ordeal would soon be over, and I could try to actively figure out a way out from the dog house. I had been thinking of a couple of options, but they are all no-go as long as Brody's prick was inside of me. Not to mention that I was getting annoyed by constant barking and howling. I understand that the bastard got what he wanted, but the non-stop noise which was reflecting from the walls of the small dog house was messing with my head. "How can one fucking animal make so much noise?", I was thinking.

A few minutes later, I felt him climbing off my back and turning himself around. I had no idea back then, but I took this as a sign that he was soon done with me. I was feeling sore all over from the experience and his moving like that made me scream, 'OUCH! AH! Watch it Brody!'. We were still tied to each other, but the aching I was feeling from my pussy told me that Brody was indeed trying to pull his disgusting thing out of me. I was praying that he would not rip me in two while doing it, 'Please... please...'. My vagina was opening up from the inside slowly. I sensed that Brody did not want to hurry the decoupling either, maybe he felt some level of pain as well. The ball inside of me had definitely shrunk to a more manageable size, but it was still the most unpleasant feeling that I had felt today. 'AAAAAGH!', I screamed when the largest part of the knot stretched my pussy and finally slipped out from me. The massive penis withdrew me almost instantaneously when Brody took a step forward. And with the penis came a stream of sperm that had been sealed inside of me. There was so much of it stored inside my vagina that it was gushing out from me. My pussy muscles were so strained that I could not stop the flood even if I wanted to. Some of the disgusting substance trickled down my body, but most just poured directly into the grass under me. I was breathing a lot easier when the pressure was finally releasing.

Brody started licking the cum out of my pussy. I should have expected that, but I still shivered when I felt the warm tongue again exploring my cunt. I understood why he was doing that, however, it did not make it any more welcoming in my eyes. 'Cut it out Brody!', I told him. Instead of stopping, he double down and started to lick my ass at the same time. "This dog is insatiable", I thought. I had experienced a lot worse today, but even gentle licking was sending shocks through my spine. It was safe to say that my sensitivity had been turned to maximum and it would take a while before I could calm down.

I was listening to the repulsive slurping sounds made by Brody sucking the semen from my stretched lips. Even more annoying was the barking, "Why can't he stop that senseless barking even while he is licking my pus...", a sudden realization hit me. "How can he suck me if he is barking at the same time?", I thought. Even though it hurt my neck and I could not breathe for a moment, I just had to turn my head to see behind me. Brody was not alone. There was a whole pack of dogs surrounding us. The dogs from the neighborhood had gathered here, in this fucking backyard. I could recognize Brody's head while he had his tongue slurping my pussy, but another dog was licking my virginal asshole.

I started to panic immediately. 'NO! GO AWAY! PLEASE GO AWAY!', I yelled inside the dog house. "Are they all going to try to fuck me?", I asked in my mind. I wasn't anymore in any illusions about what dogs can or cannot do. If Brody was able to have his way with me, what would stop them? The answer to that question was "nothing". That fact became abundantly clear when Brody and the other dog were pushed aside unceremoniously from my behind and I felt a new set of paws at my back. I was about to be fucked by the whole flipping neighborhood.

Tears flowed down my face when I felt the new beast start humping his loins against my bare backside. The more I thought about my situation, the more hopeless I felt. I had already thought that this crap would be over, but if the worst comes, those dogs would be violating me until the next morning. I was also quite afraid of feeling pain again. My body had been a lot, and my pussy

especially was very sore. But luckily (or unluckily depending on how one sees it), that was not an issue. Brody's massive cock had spread my hole during his violation and my body had not yet recovered from it. The new dog should also thank Brody for providing the lubrication as well. A great amount of white canine sperm was still coating my labia and vaginal opening. The only thing the new dog was missing was the red carpet. After a few attempts, I felt my lips opening up again and reluctantly welcome the newest cock into my dripping twat.

Just like with Brody, the new dog started to move his loins like an overclocked machine when he was able to penetrate into me. The tenderness from my cunt subsided quickly when my body started to warm up again. Thrust after thrust, the cock made me feel better. And only after a minute or so, I was once again vocalizing the physical pleasure I was feeling. 'No... no... fuc... aah... no... AAH!', I moaned. I may have not wanted to be fucked like a helpless animal, but my body had begun to crave it.

The canine sperm and my own juices made room for the cock which was slowly expanding inside of me. Our combined liquids sloshed inside of me before being forced to squeeze out from my pussy. The hardening cock pounding my poor cunt generated loud squelching sounds that I was forced to listen to in a daze. At any other time, it might've been extremely erotic, but at the moment it was twisted. I was essentially moaning from both ends of my body like a depraved bitch in heat. Which sadly was becoming quite an accurate description of me.

Due to time dilation, I had no idea how long I had been fucked by the second dog. But I could swear he was about to knot me way sooner than Brody had. It could be because I had given an involuntary blowjob to Brody earlier to ease his need, so wasn't in so much hurry to empty his balls into my vagina. The moment I started to feel the ball smashing against my lips, I did my best to relax. I knew by now that trying to clench would just hurt me and it was unlikely that I could prevent him anyway. It took him only a few hard pushes to make my cunt stretch enough for him to force his knot inside of me. I was glad the insertion was easy this time, but same time I prayed it was not because of me becoming loose in the process of being driven like a town's bicycle.

The new dog kept fucking me at the same pace even after knotting me. He was so forceful that for a moment I thought that he was accidentally going to slip his knot out from me. I felt my lips spreading a couple of times when he tried to pull out, but the fist-sized ball stayed inside. It did however have a surprising effect on me. While he kept humping me, the growing ball at my hot passage rubbed all the right places inside of me. I had never experienced a G-spot orgasm, so I did not know what to expect. Another ground-shaking climax made me weep and shake from the ordeal. My body had been forced to "enjoy" so many raptures today that my muscles were starting to tire. The only thing that kept me from collapsing and blanking out was the merciless leash that held me in my place. So even though my eyes rolled at the back of my head and I screamed, 'AAAH! NO! MOR...! MORE! OOH! OOH!', I was not allowed to pass out.

My orgasm was further enhanced when I felt yet another batch of sperm being shot at the walls of my vagina. It seems that my spasms had triggered the dog to suddenly empty his balls into me. He had planned to take his time and test the knot, but when my vaginal muscles started to massage the massive tool, he could not control himself any longer. Once again, a copious amount of canine semen was filling me up. Yet this time, I could sense that a great amount of it was flowing out from me. Either the seal between us was not as tight as when Brody had taken me or simply the pressure was too great, but the fact was that my body could not contain it all. I would have been none of the wiser about the leaking if the fresh and hot semen had not trickled down to my sensitive clitoris and caused me to squirm even harder.

At the height of my climax, I felt strong pressure emanating inside my pussy. At first, I thought that

my body was producing yet another orgasm, but then I realized that the knot was being pulled out from me. The dog was still in the process of pumping his seed into me, but that did not stop him from attempting to exit from me. The knot had not shrunk yet so it was still quite large. 'AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!', I screamed when my climax was interrupted by my pussy lips stretching as wide as humanly possible. When I thought that I could not take anymore, the massive cock retreated and left an empty space inside of me.

Suddenly I was like a shaken champagne bottle; the cork opened with a loud *PLOP* while white foam gushed out from my filled cunt. It was unbelievable how much semen two dogs were able to deposit in my pussy, especially since a great deal of it had already evacuated my body previously. A river of hot sperm flowed down my legs and started to pool on the ground under my knees and shins. "How in hell there can be so much of that stuff, that even the grass becomes slippery?", I asked in my mind. No matter how repulsive my previous thought sounded, I was too out of breath to think about it. My lungs did their best to make me recover from the previous trial. But as soon I found out, there ain't rest for the wicked. The third dog was already behind me. He did not care about fresh cum shooting out from me. He was already aroused from smelling the bitch and he mounted me almost immediately. My gaping, dripping, hot hole was an easy target for him. I could not believe how effortlessly I was impaled by yet another doggy cock.

'Please no...', I begged no one in particular when I realized that my fears were becoming reality. "They really are going to all fuck me one by one", I thought. I did not know what to do. I felt completely defeated. I was not religious, but I did pray by myself while I felt the folds of my vagina make room for the next huge dick, 'Please. No more. Please no more. I'll do anything to avoid being screwed by all of those dogs. Anything... Please.' However, I had no idea what was going to be the price of that promise. The prick smashed against the entrance of my cervix, and I flinched from the sensation. I had forgotten how it felt since it had been a while since Brody had conquered that tight canal. For reasons I do not know (nor do I care), the previous mutt who fucked me had not been able to penetrate that far into me. I instinctively tried to turn my head around to see my back. Maybe my brain wanted to see the one who was breeding me this time, or maybe my neck simply hurt from staying still for so long, I do not know. But before I was able to see my latest assailant, the cum coated grass under my knees made me slip and lose my balance. I felt how the choker tighten around my neck again, but instead of being stopped and choked by the leash which had tormented me for far too long, I found my upper body hitting the floor panels of the dog house. The connector which was holding my choker gave in and I could finally breathe freely.

The dog mounting me was not happy. He had just started fucking me, and when I fell, he slipped out from my warm and moist pussy. Even though my upper body fell on the floor, my shoulders stopped my body to dive into the dog house completely. That meant that I still had my butt upwards position and ready to be remounted. His hardened cock was throbbing from the excitement, and it was evident that he wanted to bury the bone back inside of me as soon as possible to finish the job. The bitch had been ready and willing, so he was not prepared for her to escape. He would not repeat the same mistake. The paws at my sides took a firmer grip on my body and he began to readjust himself. To my horror, he was not guided into my pussy, he was now aiming at my virginal asshole. My backside was now much lower than it had been when I had been leashed. Although the third dog was aiming at the correct height, there was nothing else there than my brownish star marking the spot that no one had ever touched before.

When I felt the pointy head of the canine cock shallowly pierce my anal opening, I clenched down like never before. That was the one barrier which was had not been defiled, and I wanted to keep it that way. However, it was a little too little, and a little too late. Had it been any other time of today, I probably could have fought him off. But at the moment, not only was I physically exhausted, but the hard the cock trying to force itself inside of me was already well-lubricated from the base to head.

The short time he had been exploring my pussy had given him the coating he needed. The dog was adamant about his task to drive himself into me and would not stop until he had claimed his bitch. The nails of his paws scratched my sides, leaving long red marks when trying to hold me in my place. I whimpered and tried to endure.

I could sense my sphincter opening slowly and allowing the beast behind me to reach further and further. He was compulsively shooting precum at my tight anus and thus lubricating the way forward for him. Second after second, the agony was becoming worse, but I was still staying strong. "Eve, you have to fight this!", I ordered myself. I clung to the hope that he would give up or at least have a go with my pussy instead. However, he had made up his mind. There was a warm hole at the end of his cock, and he would make that hole his. And bitch better respect his decision. In my current position, my neck was exposed. When I felt his heavy breathing at the back of my head and his teeth touching my neck, I froze in terror. He was reminding me that there was only his will and I better obey it. The moment was all it took. I was far from relaxed, but when I stopped clenching my ass for a second, he was able to pierce the head of his cock through my tight hole. 'AAAAAAAAAAAAH! NOOOOOOOOOO!' I screamed when my rosy ring gave up the fight. The next violent push forced the full length of him deep into my bowels.

Every single fuckable orifice of my body had now been violated at least once this afternoon. Before these events took place, I had given some thought about trying anal at some point, but those plans did not include having a massively thick cock shoved fully in one go. It felt like having hot poker pushed through my asshole. Threatening growls at the behind of my head reminded me to not try anything stupid. I could not stop whimpering, but I did lower my head in submission. I might've been in pain, I might've been fucked senseless, but still, something primal in my mind told me to take one more round like the little bitch I was.

When satisfied with my obedience, the dog mounting me made his move. To my surprise, he started slowly. I guessed that even he had some issues with my extremely tight sphincter. So, without any hurry, he started calmly moving his dick back and forth in my rectum. This fortunately gave me time to get accustomed to the thick cock. I did my best to relax since at any given moment he might pick up the pace and I better be ready for it. Just like his mates before him, he kept releasing a ridiculous amount of precum inside of me. This further lubricated the veiny tool, and it made every following thrust meet less resistance from my asshole. It was definitely not a comfortable experience, but with a proper amount of lube, it was at least tolerable. My once wrinkled anal ring had become a smooth opening which the dog took full advantage of. After a few minutes of my first anal experience, I could sense him speeding up. It is funny how much can our bodies handle given enough time, lubrication, and foreplay. Even though he was fucking me harder than before, my ass was able to take it. I would not say that it was effortless, but it was already easier than I had imagined it to be. Before I could fully realize it, he was humping me with a similar effort as the two dogs before him.

Since I was no longer leashed and forced to keep my head up, I took a look between my legs to get a better understanding of what was happening. The view that opened in front of my eyes was the wildest, the most perverted thing that I had ever seen. I stared in awe at how the big gray dog was making his giant shaft disappear into my rectum. How he was able to shove it so deep, so fast, was beyond me. At that moment, it was difficult to determine the actual dimensions of that cock, but what I could see was at least 20 centimeters long and as wide as my wrist. His massive balls swung in motion of his grinding and then smashed right at my pussy. For a while, I had been feeling that something was stimulating my clitoris, and now I knew why. While watching the abuse of my ass, I could not help to notice how every violent thrust was still pushing sperm out of my vagina. I knew that I was soaked by the canine semen, but it was another thing to see it with your own eyes. Lastly, I noticed how my tummy had bulged from all the spunk spewed inside of me and how my breasts rocked lewdly and erotically back and forth in the rhythm of his thrusts. I looked like a dirty whore.

However, the biggest shock for me was probably how hot I found it all. I do not know if I was suffering from Stockholm syndrome or something. I should have felt wrong and disgusted, but I did not. At that very moment, I found it all very arousing. And no, it was not something I am proud of.

Grayback, as I named the bastard inside of me, kept pounding my anus more violently after every second. Thundering *THUMP* *THUMP* *THUMP* sounds could be heard when our bodies clashed against each other in a savage rhythm. I was now able to handle him better, but nerve-endings around my now-spread asshole were telling me that the pressure was still building. Thrice today I had experienced the knot one way or the other, so I was very well aware that we were not done yet. "I just hope that I will be ready for him", I thought while being genuinely worried.

Now that my tight hole had gotten accustomed to Grayback's cock, continuous humping was starting to make me feel aroused. As I said, I had never tried anal sex, so it was difficult for me to describe the sensation. I had experienced clitoris and vaginal orgasms but getting turned on by being fucked in the ass was something very different. When I normally touch myself, I feel the heat building from my pussy, like it was localized in that one area. However, having a huge cock pistoning at my butt made me feel like my whole body was part of the action. Although, I have to admit that having your every hole screwed for a while, does crank up your sensitivity settings on its own.

Our session had reached the point where I was now panting and moaning like an animal. 'Aaah! Aaah! Aaah!', I wept whenever the full length of his cock penetrated me. For a while already, my body had accepted being a fuck toy and was craving it. But it had been my mind which had prevented me from descending to full depravity. Ever since the danger of hanging myself had passed and when the Grayback had asserted his dominance over me, I had been submitting myself more and more for being ravaged. Basically, my mind had been given "a pass" to take the backseat while my body dictated the lustful way to satisfy his and my animalistic urges. I did not know when I was going to climax, but whenever it was going to happen, it will break me down. Something was still screaming at the corner of my mind, but it was being silenced by the pleasure that was steadily taking over.

After a while, I needed Grayback to pummel my anus harder. My hips started to move on their own to try to match the tempo of his loins. He was mercilessly pounding my formerly virgin ass and I was now loving it. Pleased with my behavior and becoming an active partner in this ungodly copulation, he granted my wish and shifted in one more gear. With a blinding speed, he started a savage ramming. My moans were becoming louder and deeper as the moments passed on. Sounds of raw sex filled the dog house and the backyard. It would have been evident to anyone witnessing the act that I was willing and enthusiastically being fucked in the ass by a random dog.

'Oh god, oh god, oh god...' I whimpered when the knot was in the process of forming and was now prying my asshole wider. Every determined lunge pushed the knot a little bit further until it suddenly and surprisingly just popped in. But Grayback was not done. Right after my sphincter had closed the way out, Grayback forced it back open. He kept fucking my asshole with a still-growing knot. It had been years since he had just a nice bitch, so he would fuck her as long as law of the physics and biology allowed him. The next minute or so, the knot crashed through my asshole tens of times, always spreading me a little bit wider. The pressure I felt from the deed was a lot, but it was not yet anything I could not handle. 'Fuck... you are big... fuck, fuck, fuck...' I moaned when the final moments crept near.

Soon I felt him failing a few attempts. He tried harder, and the strain was about to become too much for me. My body reacted on its own. I pushed my body against his loins and relaxed my asshole to help him. But it was not enough for him. I could sense from his behavior that he was becoming frustrated and rough. Then I got an idea that I've been trying to justify to myself ever since. Back

then I kept telling myself that I did not want to have my ass torn or I feared what the big dog might do to me if he did not knot me properly. But I cannot shake off this feeling that I was lying to myself. I believe that on some primordial level, I wanted to be dominated and filled by him. Either way, I reached my hands at my back until I could reach my ass. I took a hard grip on the firm butt cheeks and pulled those globes apart. Grayback could feel my barrier giving in and strengthened his effort. 'AAAAAAAAAAAH!' I screamed when a fist-sized ball forced my asshole wide open and shoved itself fully inside of my rectum.

At the moment when I could feel his knot inside of me, I clenched my ass to make sure that he stayed inside. After experiencing how difficult it was to get in, I did not think that he could pull it out. "I've never felt this full in my life", I thought when Grayback had finally buried to the hilt within my bowels. But I knew there was still more to come. My spasming anal opening recovered quickly and soon it made a tight ring around the cock. I could feel it pulsating and my body knew what was going to happen next. I noticed that I had started to shake from the anticipation or something else. Grayback was still making sure that we were properly tied together, and those ever-so-slight movements were sending shivers through my spine. Even though he was no longer fucking me crazy, I could not stop moaning. It was like I had lost the ability to calm down when I understood the power of an approaching orgasm. My body was like homemade explosives that were waiting for the trigger. And that trigger was soon arriving.

The pumping sensation radiating from my quivering anal ring gave me a short notice that the last of my holes was about to be painted white. When the first jet of Grayback's sperm was shot at the walls of my rectum, it was like getting an enema of hot syrup-like liquid. He was unloading all the cum that he had stored inside of his balls. This made my body blow up. I exploded into an orgasm that made me forget everything. I was trashing my body and I could only produce incoherent grunts while more seed was being pumped inside of me. I could feel Grayback taking a firmer grip on the sides of my body, but that did not stop me from convulsing. The first anal sex experience gave me a series of mind-breaking orgasms and a few red scratch marks would not be enough to calm me down.

My helpless body had succumbed to a trance-like state where I had no control over myself. Every part of me acted of its own volition. My toes curled up and I dug my fingers into the grass. I could sense cramps all over my body when every fiber of me tried to stretch in different directions. With no escape in sight, I started to scream as loud as my lungs could take it. But no one could help. At that point, it would have been safe to say that he had fucked my brains right out of my head. Orgasm after orgasm rolled through my body. There was no way of knowing where one climax ended, and another begun. Soon I was crying since I could no longer take the never-ending waves of pleasure. Moments passed until finally, my body took the only option which was still available for me, passing out from the tormenting pleasure. The eternity of mind-numbing orgasms came to an end when I sighed and allowed darkness to take me. The last thing that I remember before my body went limp was the feeling of him still spewing his fluids to coat my insides even more.

When I woke up, it was already evening. I was laying on the grass, one meter from the dog house. The throbbing pain made me remember what had happened. I had been fucked by a bunch of dirty animals in the middle of my parent's neighborhood. I raised my head and saw Brody at his dog's house. "How did I get over here...", I thought to myself. That triggered comatosed memory of being dragged from my ass by Grayback who was still tied to me by the knot. Our seal had given in before he had gotten too far from Brody's home. I could not remember anything else. I had probably passed out again immediately after decoupling. Maybe that's better. I did not want to know what had been done to my body while being blacked out.

I noticed that I was completely naked. I could not even see the destroyed summer dress anywhere.

My boobs and face were covered with dried semen. Apparently, I had been dragged over the puddle of cum that had been leaked from me previously. I did not want to stay there any longer than I had to, but I still took my time. I was aching all over and it might be better to assess the situation. The last thing I wanted, was to get on my knees and find someone ready to mount me again. Fearing the worst, I gently touched the area between my legs. I did not find it surprising that there was still an ample amount of sperm in each hole. But fortunately, there was no blood. "At least there's that..."

I did not see any other dogs besides Brody in the backyard, so I decided to get myself up from the ground. Feeling soreness was slowing me down, but I was able to manage it. Brody kept his distance while watching curiously what I was doing. Even though I wanted to leave, I did one final check of my health. When my hands reached my swollen stomach, I just had to look down. I looked like I was pregnant. I gently pushed it, and I could feel how the vile substance sloshed inside of me and started to seep down from my holes. It would take forever before all of it was squeezed out from me, however, it was not something that I would be doing outside in the backyard. I was finally ready to go home.

There is not much more to tell. It took me forever to reach the backdoor of my parent's house, but I was able to do it without any further incidents. Every step made my body ache and more cum leak out from me. I won't lie to you, I was sitting under the warm shower for at least an hour before I was ready to go to sleep. No matter how thoroughly I cleaned myself, I felt dirty and soiled when I fell to my bed. I might've still been in shock, but the sleep came quickly. I kept reliving the experience in my sleep, so it's sufficient to say that my night was a tad restless. I woke up the next morning trying to convince myself that the whole yesterday was just some horrific dream. But I knew it to be true. It was made even more real when I came to the kitchen. Not only had been leaking everywhere, but I could also see from the window how Brody and a dozen of his friends were lining up in the backyard. 'Oh, my dear God.', I said by myself. They were not here to hang around. They were here to visit Eve, their bitch.

Thank you Headphone5 for your arousing idea. I had such a fun time of writing your idea. I honestly hope that you will enjoy the story I was able to manufacture. Cheers.