

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Life had been hard over the past eighteen months.

My husband, John, had fallen from a roof whilst his company was engaged in building a new housing estate in Gloucestershire, UK, where we live. He was now a quadraplegic and needed regular attention from a visiting nurse. Like a bloody fool, he had been working on the roof, "getting his hands dirty" when he should have been in the office, managing the men, NOT doing their job for them. I still loved him with all of my heart, but I resented the fact that he had gambled - and lost - our future.

Stefan, our eldest boy, was finishing his "A" levels and had just about recovered from the fact that his father was never going to be going running with him again, or having a kickabout on the park or going snorkelling on family holidays. At eighteen years of age, he was the spitting image of his father, tall, muscular, with a shock of dark hair which never seemed to want to stay in place.

Stefan's twin sister, Stephanie (we weren't very original with names, but the shock of having twins when you were simply dealing with the fact of being pregnant was a bit mind-numbing for a 17 year-old mother-to-be) was the best of both of us. She was tall, had dark hair (like her father, mine is chestnut) but she had my weird "young boy" hips and bum, with legs which are just short of looking odd on our frames, almost too long.

I say, "weird" because I've never had much in the way of "booty" as she calls it. She had long wanted a butt like Nicki Minaj, but she has become accustomed to her shape in recent years. I keep telling her that, back in the 'Nineties her boobs would have been a real draw for all the boys, because mine were at the time. I have a 32F bust, as does Stephanie. They are gravity-defying, partly due to my mother's genes and partly due to the fact that we worked out as a family until John's recklessness put paid to that. Stephanie and I still work out, still talk, still share moments and she knows how sorrowful I have been about the future, stolen from us.

John's insurance paid off the house and put a few quid into a fund to cover his nursing for the foreseeable, but I needed to work. I hated the fact that I was feeling more anger with every passing day about John and his stupidity. My heart yearned for MY John, not this guy who needed toileting and cleaning. I still loved him, but - familiarity breeds contempt.

Don't get me wrong. I would never cheat on him. Marriage is for life and, no matter how embittered I was, he sometimes looked into my eyes and the world dropped away and we were young, in love and the world was ours. I knew that my love would win out over the anger and frustration. It was all just a re-adjustment. Time heals all wounds...

This leads me to where I am today.

Six months after the accident, I felt the pressure of the world on my shoulders and I panicked about getting a job. I was in a daze when I found a job at an insurance brokers in the village next to ours. It felt good, to be working, to be dressing in a business suit and offering professional advice. Or... What I thought was professional advice.

I made so many mistakes. Derek, the chap who owned the business, was nearing retirement and just wanted to inch the business through until he could sell it and retire to Bournemouth, to be by the sea. I must have landed like a 'professional hand grenade' in his business as he always seemed to be saving me from my stupid, daze-induced errors.

"Now, Helen," he would say, "We both know you have a brain in your head, so why did you do that?"

I would apologise, profusely and mentally kick myself for screwing up.

"I'll repay you - I'm so sorry!" I would reply.

Now before anyone thinks that I'm some whimpering submissive, I wasn't going to BEG to keep my job and he never made any sexual overtures, like in some of the accounts I read on various forums. I would have told him where to shove it.

It was getting near to Christmas and we had the "Work's night out" which was a dull affair in a local chain pub. Me, Derek and Chanel, the tarty girl who worked as a receptionist and always treated me in quite a snidey way. She would be wearing mini-skirts and tight tee-shirts, flirting with the men and doing very little else. She was an expense I thought the business didn't need. Maybe whoever bought the business would get rid of her.

Anyway, as these things do, the night wound down and Chanel left with her boyfriend, who had come to pick her up to go into the city (Gloucester) for a night out, leaving me and Derek to sip our drinks and make fairly uncomfortable small-talk, both of us unsure of ourselves away from the office.

I hadn't had a confidante.

I told Derek everything. In my partially-drunken state I even told him that I was bubbling with sexual frustration.

Derek turned beet red. "Er... Huh... Mmmm... Hel-Helen... I don't think I can help you there, I'm afraid..." he stammered. I knew his wife, Emily, from when she popped into the office on occasion and they seemed happy.

"Oh god, Derek! I'm sorry - no... No, no, no! I didn't mean..." And then... I turned beet red.

"Have you... Have you tried to 'relieve' yourself?" he blurted out.

"DEREK! How can you ask that?!" I replied, shocked.

"I'm so sorry, but you brought up the subject, Helen." he answered.

I sat and thought. Yes... I had. I had - what's the new expression for this? - "over shared".

I felt deflated.

"I'm sorry, Derek. I'm just so sexually frustrated. I've bought toys," I confessed, now the ice was broken, "And, whilst they scratch the itch, it's not the same..."

"You want to feel someone cum inside you, don't you?" he asked, softly.

"I hadn't thought of it that way," I muttered, unsure, "But I suppose so... But I won't cheat on my husband with any man - or woman" I added quickly.

I thought Derek had changed subject when he asked, "Do you know Bob Pettifer? The guy whose livery stable we insure?"

"Bob - the guy with the huge American jeep thing?" I asked (I didn't know cars much at all, I just knew it was American and was a gas-guzzler).

"Yes, the same," replied Derek.

"Yes, why?" I replied, redundantly, having established that I knew him.

"Well... Bob runs a 'sort of' social gathering on occasion, and he is always looking for participants."

I sat rigid. "Do you mean - swinging?" I asked, slightly shocked.

"Noooo... No, no, no. Not quite." Derek answered, slowly.

"What then?" I asked, mystified.

"He has women come to one of his stables at the back of his office and..." he raised his eyebrows, offering a totally opaque suggestion.

"And..?" I innocently asked, having no clue what he meant.

"And... 'perform' for an audience..." Derek answered.

"Do you mean like, striptease or something?" I asked, incredulous.

Derek spat out his drink, laughing.

"No... No - not stripping," he stammered between gasps of breath and laughter.

"What then?" I asked, indignantly. It wasn't my fault he was being so vague and I was so unaware.

"With dogs..." he muttered.

"With dogs?" I asked, "With dogs? Doing what exac... OH! Do you mean...?"

"Yes." Derek answered, seriously.

I was speechless. I'd only ever heard of it once, something to do with the woman out of the movie "Deep Throat" and I thought it was exaggeration piled on top of wishful thinking.

Derek continued, emboldened by my silence, "Bob puts on a show, where willing - and I mean WILLING - women 'do it' with his dogs. You'd be surprised at the women who go for it. Young, old, fat, thin - there never seems to be a shortage."

"How the hell could they show their face in public afterwards?" I asked, slightly freaked out at hving such a conervation with a man whom I hadn't considered 'a pervert' previously.

"Oh - they wear an eye-mask when 'performing' for the audience," he replied, "Bob has been known to turn away women with obvious tattoos because he doesn't want anything coming back on him or his audience," he continued, "There could be ten women in this pub who have mated with dogs and I wouldn't be able to point them out if my life depended on it."

"So YOU'VE been to these... 'things' then?" I blurted out and then lowered my lips to my drink, to cover the outburst.

"Yes," he replied. "Emily and I have been to a few. It turns her on, more than me."

"So - why bring it up with me?!" I asked, indignantly.

"Well..." Derek sighed, "I thought it might give you a way out. A way to 'scratch that itch' without

cheating on your husband. You DID say that you wouldn't cheat on your husband with a man or a woman...?"

"And you immediately jumped to the conclusion that I'd shag a dog, from all of that?!" I hissed.

"Well," Derek responded, shamefacedly, "The dogs can't get you pregnant and there is no common sexually transmitted diseases across the... er... species, so it wouldn't break your vow and you wouldn't be exposing yourself to any physical risk which might be difficult to explain..."

"So - you want to see me fucking a spaniel, is that it?!" I demanded.

"Well... I hadn't exactly thought of that. Emily might be lining up to buy tickets if she thinks that YOU are going to be, er... 'performing' for the audience."

"Bloody hell..." I smirked, "I would never have thought that of Emily! How do you know SHE hasn't done it, eh?" I nudged him (the drink still working wonders on my reserve).

"She prefers to watch the women, the 'whores' as she calls them." he muttered, conspiratorially.

"Whores? That's a bit nasty, isn't it?" I stated, slightly offended on behalf of women I'd never met, and who screw dogs.

"Well," Derek continued, between sips of his drink, "Bob offers payment. Some women take it, some don't."

I was shocked. "The ones who DON'T take it - they just do it for the fun?" I asked sarcastically.

"Yes. They love it. Some come back occasionally. The 'regulars' as Bob calls them. They develop a bit of a 'following' like having fans," he said. "Bob will let club members know when 'Canine Kate' or 'Dewclaw Debbie' are due to appear and people turn up."

"Is that their real names?" I spluttered.

"Well, obviously - no one is called 'Canine Kate'. I'm sure they just pick an alliterative name. Rolls off the tongue, sort of thing" he mused.

"How could someone possibly get fans from fucking a dog?!" I exclaimed. "That's ridiculous!"

Derek ignored my dismissiveness. "Some of the women put on a helluva show. They love it that much that they either ignore the audience or get off on the exhibitionism. Emily says that it's a show of pure passion, pure ecstasy, as only a woman knows it."

I sat, stunned.

"Wow..."

I returned home, feeling bemused. John was in his specialised bed in the lounge, fast asleep. I wandered upstairs, missing the days when we would get back from his work's Christmas 'do' and behave like teenagers, shagging all night. I missed his cock. I missed holding him. I missed the feeling of closeness. Comparatively, stuffing a rubber dildo inside me was like eating toffee with the wrapper on.

I wasn't too drunk, so I fired up my laptop in bed to read the BBC news. It was later on that I went into Google to search. We torrent movies, so John had set up my laptop with a VPN to protect my

identity on line (as much as humanly possible). I signed into Romania and opened an incognito browser session, "porn mode" as Stefan called it, cheekily. I had only thought it was used for buying presents for someone with whom you shared a laptop... Light had dawned very slowly on me, but in the past six months since the accident, I had been surfing for porn in order to 'get myself off'.

I searched for dog sex. I had search results from sleazy tabloids exposing people for 'bestiality' and that frightened me somewhat. I added the word 'porn' to the search criteria and then this new world opened for me.

I watched movie clips of women with dogs. Fucking them. Sucking them.

I had a twitching feeling in my groin. I reached to my breasts and my nipples could have cut glass. I slowly reached down to my pussy and confirmed that I was as wet as I could ever remember. I slipped the hood of my clitoris back and gently brushed the pleasure zone. I had caught myself unawares, but as I pushed three fingers inside myself an orgasm hit me like a freight train! I pumped my hand back and forth, my pussy juices making the passage as easy as anything as I watched a woman being jack-hammered by some sort of big dog - not sure what breed, but it was big.

I came. Big time.

In embarrassment and shame, I snapped my fingers out, wiped them hurriedly on the bed sheet and slammed the laptop shut. I quickly turned out the bedside lights and pulled the duvet up to my chin, to hide from the world.

My sleep was disturbed by images of women, fucking all types of dog. Large, small, short-haired, long-haired. Image after image flashed before me in my dreams.

I woke at 4.30am and logged back into the VPN. I searched again.

I put the laptop on the bedside table and lay flat on my back. I reached down the side of the bed to where I keep my toys, underneath.

Pulling out a vibrator, I clicked the 'play' icon on a movie.

This movie was a compilation. Young women, some in masks, some without, some were Latino, some apparently Eastern European and some obviously English (I was amazed!). All of them, being fucked, being overpowered by the raw sexual energy of a beast who just wanted to impregnate his mate...

The first day after Christmas, having watched SO many dog pron movies over Christmas, I walked into Derek's office.

"About Bob Pettifer..." I muttered.

My eyes were signalling my defiance.

"I'm not some silly little girl looking to play 'submissive' and seeking a daddy figure..." I spat. "Who the fuck do you think you are?"

"Helen. You came here, as we arranged, for the reasons we agreed in order to pursue the thing you OBVIOUSLY want to undertake. I can help you to achieve that. The price is that it happens with an

audience. If you can't undress in front of me alone, how the HELL do you think you will undress and mate with one of my boys in front of the sort of numbers of people I get together?"

He had a point.

Pettifer had told me to go to his livery stable on Tuesday afternoon. Today was Tuesday. My boss, Derek, had happily given me the afternoon off work without having to use any holiday entitlement. I hadn't told him why, but I presumed that Pettifer had told him.

I reached down to the side of my skirt, unhooked the clips and pulled down the zip. The skirt fell of its own accord. I picked it up and draped it across the arm of the leather winged-back chair in Pettifer's study. The blinds had been drawn and I was illuminated by the fire in the hearth and a couple of wall uplighters. The January air was held at bay by the strong flames of the fire, but a chill passed over me. I hadn't been naked in front of a man, other than my husband John, on a one-to-one basis before. Of course, on our camping holidays in the South of France I had gone topless on the beach, much to the embarrassment of Stefan as he reached puberty. Mom with her boobs out in public on a French beach! Oh the horror!

This was different. More intimate. More unlikely. Less 'de rigueur'

I started to unbutton my blouse and Pettifer sipped his drink. I had a brief thought that he might be savouring the view as well as the Glenmorangie in his tumbler, but I dismissed the thought as quickly as it had arrived. Derek had said, the women - the "whores" - were "Young, old, fat, thin" and I might not be his type!

What did I care, in all honesty? If he tried to touch me, I'd break his hand. I didn't find Pettifer attractive and I loved my husband. I wasn't in this for a sordid affair.

Sordid affair! I wonder what type of affair it would be, if I 'slept' with one of his dogs?!

The blouse slipped away from my shoulders, to be folded and placed over the skirt on the arm of the chair, and I was left in my thong and bra. Black, lacy and the waft of a memory from when John and I were sexually active. It had all been too long ago...

Pettifer sat, regarding me with - disinterest?

Was he gay?

Was his "stud", as he called the gathering, just a money-making enterprise? He looked like a "Man's man" in every sense of the phrase, but was he a "MAN's man?!"

He was older than me by about twenty-five years. I'd put him at sixty, but still tall, muscular and with the ruddy complexion in his cheeks from years of working on a farm. I presume he was once ginger-haired, as his skin-colouring suggested that, and the hair which circled his bald head was spun silver.

"And the rest, or put it all back on..." he waved with his free hand.

I reached behind me and unhooked the bra. My perky boobs sagged only to a more natural position. This bra brought back a memory of John, cupping my breasts as I got dressed one morning and singing as he lifted them into this bra, "Love lift these up where they belong, where the eagles fly, on a mountain high..." I winced, inwardly. That memory made it feel as though John had put my breasts into this bra, for me to present to a stranger. I dropped the bra onto the neatly-folded blouse

on top of my skirt.

"Nice tits, Helen," he said, with no hint of admiration. I wondered if he had some sort of script. "And now the knickers..."

I reached down and slipped the thong down my legs.

"Turn round, let me see you from behind," he said.

I slowly turned, my back toward him. It wasn't cold in the room, but my nipples were hardening.

"Your arse is a bit like a couple of apples in a bag, girl," he said, "I prefer my women to have something to sit on, but you and I aren't going to be dating and some blokes might like a woman with slim hips and a small bum. One man's meat..." he chuckled to himself.

I turned round as he stood up from the chair.

"You touch me, Bob, and I promise - I'll break your hand!"

He looked coldly at me.

"I was getting another drink, Helen. Don't flatter yerself."

Well - that was me put in my place.

"So?" I asked. "Do I pass muster?"

Pettifer sat down again.

Impatiently, I looked over my shoulder, "Well?"

"Bend over at the waist. Touch your toes." he stated.

"Er... Why?!" I asked, indignantly.

"Helen - if I have to explain it again, you can fuck off home to that spazza of a husband."

What a complete cunt. He was insulting my husband whom he had never met. He was insulting me. I felt my face redden with anger. I was just about to defend my husband when he stated, "If you can't show me everything here, you won't do it in the stud. I don't need women who 'bottle it' when I have guests."

I had to remind myself that he was right. In a perverse way, I could understand it. This was my test. Or the first test? Or something - I wasn't really sure any more.

I bent over.

You know that feeling when you feel someone looking at you and you just know it, but have to check and then panic when you make eye contact? I didn't need to check. My pink pussy lips, framed by chestnut pubic hair was the focus of his attention. I looked between my legs and saw him passively looking. He looked down and met my gaze.

"Peel your cunt open. You should get rid of the fuzz." he commanded.

I bit my tongue. I knew what this was for.

I reached behind me and my index and middle fingers on each hand pulled back my labia, revealing just how wet I had become.

“Wider” he stated, in a passionless drone.

I pulled further, starting to feel quite turned on.

“Wider, Helen. Put your fingers in and really open your pussy wider.”

I slipped my fingers inside and pulled myself open. It was difficult to maintain a grip, so slick was my vaginal passage.

He stood up. I snapped upright, hands to my front, covering my tits and pussy as I span to face him... almost as though he hadn't just been looking deep inside of me.

“I told you – no touching!” I hissed.

“And I work with livestock. I need to see what is on offer and I don't need to touch you to do that. Look – this is getting boring and I have other stuff I could be doing. We can either agree to ‘hands off’ and complete what I need to do, or you can get dressed, fuck off home and try to get a wank out of your crippled husband. Okay?”

The way he spoke really showed that this was more of a goods inspection than some submissive/dominant fantasy engagement. In a way, that felt quite erotic, if that makes sense? It didn't to me at the time, to be honest.

I turned my back to him, bent over and slid my fingers back inside of me. I opened my pussy and saw him approach. I was coiled. If he so much as touched any part of me I would have hit him.

He bent over and we were face-to-face, looking between my legs.

“A bit wider, please, Helen.”

I obliged.

I didn't know whether to laugh or shriek when he pulled out a pen-sized device which was a pocket torch! He wanted to look up inside me!

“I'm just inspecting your cervix, Helen,” he said, in the sort of tone one might use to report that they were going to pop down to the shops.

“Okay,” he said after what seemed like an hour but was probably no longer that twenty seconds, “That'll do from this angle. Stand up straight.”

I stood up and arched my back, throwing my shoulders back. My tits looked like they were about to hit the ceiling!

“Sit down, Helen, and masturbate. I want to see you cum. I want to know what you look like, sound like and whether you will be a ‘good show’ to my guests at the stud.” he dismissively proclaimed.

I sat down. This must surely soon be over.

"Do you have a dildo or something I could use?" I asked, embarrassed.

"Helen, why the fuck would I have a dildo? I wouldn't use it on myself or my dogs, would I?"

I realised the stupidity of my request.

So, I decided to give him the full show. I reclined in the wing-back chair and draped my legs over the arms of the chair, showing him my pussy, showing him how wet I was and trying to get a rise out of him.

My hands slid up to touch my nipples. Running my index fingers around the pink aureola, I felt the tingling sensation which I loved. I cupped my boobs and lifted my left nipple to my mouth. I made a point of showing him that I was holding the nipple in my teeth as my hands slid down my body and my fingers reached inside me to open myself up to him.

My right thumb pulled the hood of my clitoris back. Some women find direct stimulation of the clit to be too much of a sensation, but I loved it. Sliding the fingers of my right hand from my pussy, I used the juices on those fingers to lubricate my clit. I started to slowly stroke myself. The fingers of my left hand started to probe inside of me.

I retained my nipple in my mouth, but began to suck... and suck...

In my head, I saw myself as if from above, but the teeth on my nipple were the teeth of a labrador. The fingers pounding into me was the cock of the labrador. The fingers tickling my clit was the fur of the sheath.

I came in no time flat!

I was in the throes of cumming when I heard him say, "Good... Don't hold back..." and I moaned in ecstasy. As I moaned, my tit slipped from my mouth and bounced into place on my chest. In this previously undiscovered situation, I was trying to push my hand deep inside me, trying to imagine what it would feel like to knot.

"I can't... get... my... hand... inside me - HELP ME!!!" I cried.

I felt his hand touch my elbow and push.

Years of manual labour gave him a strength which John had never possessed. With ease, he pressed down on my right elbow, forcing my hand into me. I rolled my fingers under, tucked in my thumb and clenched my teeth as my pussy lips parted slowly, feeling like they were on the point of tearing. In an instant, the pressure fell away and I felt like my right wrist was at an uncomfortable angle.

I came.

Heavily.

I probably screamed the house down.

I was a thirty-five year-old woman. Wife, mother to twins, office worker.

Sitting in a stranger's study with my hand crammed, for the first time, in my pussy. Sitting naked in front of a stranger, for the first time.

And I could feel the telltale signs again.

"Back off, Bob - I don't need your help any mo..."

My pussy clamped on my hand. My fingers were pressed into my g-spot and when I adjusted my sitting position, the pressure made me cum like a rocket. My legs flailed. I shook my head, trying to shake the craziness from me. My mouth opened into another scream, this time a silent one. I stared straight into the eyes of Bob Pettifer, my sweat-dripping face looking like a portrait of madness with my hair matted across my forehead as my chest heaved, jangling my tits in time with my spastic movements, riding the orgasm like a demon.

"I'll leave you here to satisfy yourself, Helen. I've seen enough. Can you be here next Monday at six o'clock in the evening? We'll need to get you sorted out with a mask..."

Monday was coming too soon, but Monday couldn't come soon enough.

Every time I felt my resolve failing, my fear of becoming a part of "The Stud" was washed away as I watched the various videos I had "favourited" in my browser.

Stephanie had asked me at the gym on Thursday evening, "Are you alright, Mom? You seem a little jumpy?"

I couldn't tell her that I had agreed to "perform" with a dog. "A" dog? It might be more! I couldn't tell her that my weird psyche was looking around the gym, wondering if any of the guys there were members of "The Stud" and also wondering if I might be showing enough flesh for them to recognise me on Monday night! I felt the same at the local minimart, the post office, the butchers... Who would be watching me? How could I tell who might recognise me afterwards as one of the "whores" as Emily called them?

I had an itch I couldn't scratch. I contented myself with the idea that I would do it once - but not again. Once the mountain had been climbed, why go back again?

Sunday lunch with John and the kids was spoiled by me over-acting the happy housewife.

"More gravy, John?" I beamed, like a Stepford wife. "More potatoes, Stefan?"

Stefan would be returning to Uni after the particularly long Christmas break that evening, so I was "mothering" him more than usual.

"Mom - are you sure you're alright?" asked Stephanie, "You're acting well weird..."

I drank wine to calm my nerves. Tomorrow would be the beginning and the end of my little adventure. I was sure of it.

That night, after putting John to bed in the lounge, I raced upstairs, started the VPN, loaded the webpage and then - stopped myself from playing with my pussy. "Build the anticipation, gal!" I thought. God, it was sweet agony...

I'd love to tell you what happened on that Monday morning and afternoon, but it was a blur. Derek would occasionally look at me and smile, but when I asked him if he was going "out" that night he said that he and Emily were visiting her aunt in Worcester, some miles away. I was relieved. Can you imagine Tuesday morning in the office? "Hi, boss. Did you like the look of my pussy?"

My pussy. Bob Pettifer had told me to “lose the fuzz” so I had gone for a Brazilian wax, leaving a little strip of pubic hair, surrounded by smooth skin. It was odd, to begin with, but I was growing to like it.

I rang Bob Pettifer.

“Hi Bob, what should I wear this evening?”

“What for?” he replied dismissively.

Shocked, I stammered, “You... you know?!”

“Oh that!” he replied, “It’s cancelled... Lack of interest.”

Deflated, I sighed, “Cancelled?”

“Don’t be stupid,” he laughed, “Of course it’s on. We have a ‘virgin’ tonight and my members love to see a ‘virgin’ in action. Oh – that’s you, by the way. A dog virgin. As to ‘what to wear’ – whatever you want, to get here. You won’t need clothes for The Stud.”

I hissed, “Ha, bloody ha, you cruel bastard...” and put the phone down.

At six o’clock prompt, I knocked the side door. I had been parked in the lane for twenty minutes, arguing whether or not to actually attend, but I was as horny as I could ever remember.

“Come in, Helen,” Pettifer said as he waved me through the typical farm kitchen into the annexe which led to his stables. “We’ll be heading to the offices in Block 3. The office has been turned into ‘makeup and hair’ for the evening. Did you get rid of the fuzz?” he asked, as an afterthought. I replied in the affirmative.

On entering the office, I was greeted by a girl whose face I didn’t recognise.

“This is Alice.” She pops up from Bristol to do makeup and hair. Yes... You won’t bump into her in the street, so don’t worry. Alice is a lezza, so she loves watching women in the nuddy getting their kicks. Ain’t that right, Alice?”

Alice smiled. She had dyed black hair in a pageboy bob, thick, dark-framed glasses, a striped sweater and Capri pants. She had a nice enough figure, but it seems that Nature had given her my share of hip. Pear-shaped, I think it’s described (she said cattily, ha, ha!)

Alice sat me down.

“Would you like a hair wash, to change the colour a little?” she asked.

“Oh my god – yes! I’d never thought of that, Alice!” Relieved that one of my identifying features was being obscured. I was only too glad that I hadn’t followed the fashion for having a tattoo which would identify me all too readily...

My makeup was next. I sat with black hair and very faint makeup, almost ghostly. It wasn’t a look I’d tried before, but it looked clean and pure... Yes... virginal...

Pettifer came in and said, “Wow... Great makeup, Alice!” and handed me a long chemise, in white. On top was a simple, black mask.

"That's your outfit for tonight. I thought it was too cheesy to play 'Like a Virgin' as your intro music. We used that for one of the other girls who certainly didn't look like she hadn't fucked everything in a ten mile radius! I've got some different entrance music for you, just go with it, okay?"

I undressed - he'd seen everything I had, so modesty was no longer an issue - and slipped the white gown and mask on. "Holy hound dog, Batman!" I wisecracked, in my nervousness. It was lot on Bob and Alice smiled a patronising smile back. Obviously not a fan of Robin...

"Come on then," he said, "They're waiting."

I hadn't heard a peep from the stable. As Bob opened the door, I could see why. It was about a foot thick, looked like it was sound-proofed. The old stone walls had done their job, too. I had no idea that in the next room there was a bunch of comfortable seats, drinks tables and - in the centre - what looked like an Arabian rug on the floor. That must be where I would be "de-flowered"...

The stable, probably 15 yards wide by 20 long, hushed as we entered. The lights dimmed. A spotlight shone, illuminating the path to the rug.

I folded my hands in front of me, walking barefoot to the rug as Vivaldi's "Spring" started to play.

As I got to the rug, I saw the dog.

It was a labrador. I was scared and on the point of turning round and running, but my horniness kicked in.

"Laydeez and gennelmen!" the speakers roared, "We are here tonight to witness the taking of this damsel's doggie virginity, the damsel we will come to know as..."

I was blushing.

"...Helen Hound!!!"

Applause erupted, enough to cover my gasping. I flashed a venomous stare at Pettifer. The bastard had used my real first name!!!! He smiled back at me and winked. Bastard.

The dog trainer advanced on me and whispered, "Come on Helen, off with the gown."

I stripped off, hesitantly.

I heard whistles of appreciation - obviously guys who liked tits were in the audience - and was told by the trainer to kneel down.

I knelt on the rug and put my hands on my thighs, looking down at the rug.

"Get into the doggy position," said the trainer, almost redundantly.

I collapsed forward.

Kneeling beside me, the trainer asked if I needed any lubrication. God no. I was as wet as I could ever remember. My body was betraying me. My nipples were like bullets and the swaying of my tits was something which made me feel ready to be fucked.

"Laydeez and gennelmen! For your pleasure, Helen will be mated with Achilles this evening. Please, silence, please..."

"Mated". For some reason, that gave me a delicious thrill. This wasn't just sex. This was primal. I was being bred by a dog. I couldn't have puppies, but to all intents and purposes I was offering myself as a lover to an animal.

A shuffling behind me told me that Achilles was closing in on me. The anticipation was at a peak!

I would love to tell you how he mounted me immediately, but the daft dog just kept trying, sniffing, backing off and then sniffing again.

FRUSTRATION!!!!

Finally, the trainer came over. Unceremoniously, he lifted Achilles onto my back. The dog started humping thin air, but - this. was. it.

"Lower your arse, Helen," the trainer whispered. I complied.

As I was getting comfortable I was jabbed around my pussy. Before I could register what was happening, I felt a hot prick slide into my sex. I gasped, followed immediately by the audience, gasping together.

"Oh, god, oh, god, oh god!" I yammered. The dog was pistoning inside me, gripping my hips with his front paws and really trying to get deeper inside me. His cock never seemed to stop growing. He was jumping around on his back legs, excited and trying to mate fully with me.

In that moment I made a mental note that this was the biggest cock I'd ever had inside me. If you believe that - you'll believe anything...! I was too busy fucking this animal or, at least, letting him fuck me. Like a jackhammer.

In hindsight, his cock was massive and filled my pussy more than my husband's ever had.

I was grunting and urging Achilles on. "Fuck me. Uh... fuck... meeee. C'mon - fuck me - harder. Harder! HARDER! Unghh..."

Some women who indulge in this talk about how they "sensed" the knot and felt it slide in. Achilles hammered his into me - no airs or graces.

He continued to buck on me. His knot was hitting me in all the places I had never been. The sensation was incredible. My arms were weak and I nearly faceplanted the rug as they began to give way.

Eventually, Achilles slowed down. I had been cumming almost non-stop and didn't want it to end. It hadn't.

I felt him push off me and swing his front legs over my back. It felt like someone was trying to wrench my pussy lips and pelvis out. I yelled. Some bastard in the audience shouted, "Achilles - drag her by her pussy. Drag her by her pussy."

The damn dog tried to comply and I found myself shuffling back on hands and knees to remove the pressure of my pussy lips being pulled around his knot. Fortunately, the trainer dived over and grabbed Achilles' collar, saving me from an embarrassing trip to the gynecologist at some point the next day.

We stayed, ass-to-ass, Achilles' fur tickling my bum cheeks.

I felt the pressure change in my pussy and his watery cum started to trickle past my pussy lips and down my leg.

"Drink it, drink it, drink it..!" chanted the audience, but I shook my head, "No". I didn't even swallow for my husband - I wasn't about to start for a dog I'd only just met. The audience groaned in disappointment.

As Achilles' knot popped out, our combined cum splashed on the rug.

Pettifer helped me to stand and walked me back to the office whilst the PA announced "Laydeez and gennelmen - a round of applause for Helen Hound! No longer a doggie virgin!!! A round of applause for Achilles, the stud!" The sound of applause and cheering stopped once the door to the office closed.

I sat, naked, on an office chair.

"Before you say anything," Pettifer said, waving his open palms in my face, "Helen Hound is a play on 'Hell Hound' and it's a case of using your name as a double-bluff. No one will equate 'Helen Hound' with you, don't worry. I know these people..."

The damage - if there was any - was done. I was in post-orgasmic bliss, so I didn't care now, anyway.

I looked at the clock. The whole affair had taken 35 minutes. I didn't realise that I was tied with Achilles for so long and that he had been jumping around trying to mount me for so much time before the handler stepped in.

I had carpet burns on my knees which were going to sting like hell tomorrow, but I was content. I had been fucked, properly, for the first time in far too long. I felt like a real, passionate, sexy woman again.

"So - do you want paying, Helen?" Pettifer smiled.

"Paying? Wh - er... I hadn't thought of that! I'd entirely forgotten" I stammered. "What's the going rate?"

Pettifer replied, "Two grand...?"

I developed the fastest, best pokerface anyone has ever seen. "Two five..?" I asked.

"Erm... That's more than I offered..?" he replied.

"Well," I responded indignantly, "Make it two thousand five hundred a time and you'll know exactly what to budget for and charge the members for next time..."

I returned home and placed my house keys in the drawer by the hallway mirror. I looked into my eyes and blushed, blushed at my own naughtiness. Depravity? Whatever, I had a nasty little secret, all of my very own.

I realised that I had spent so long being a mother, wife to a disabled man and even the breadwinner that I had given myself very little "me" time. I had now given myself some "me" time and fulfilled a wish that I had only had since the other side of Christmas.

I also had black hair...

After showering and washing away the hair dye and makeup, I was Helen again. Not "Helen Hound" but plain old me, Helen.

I had washed my pussy and reluctantly washed away the doggy cum. This was my treasure from the evening and I was loathe to let it go. But, go it must. I had read somewhere that a woman will hold her partner's semen for a few days afterwards and it gave me a naughty thrill to know that when I was dealing with my husband, with Stephanie my daughter, Derek, Chanel and the local shopkeepers, I would be carrying dog cum inside me. Naughty me!!!

I put the two thousand, five hundred pounds in my bedside cabinet. Pettifer had almost raced to add the additional five hundred in my hands when I had tacitly agreed to appear again.

So... The long wait until the next Stud. Seventy-two hours. it seemed that Mondays and Thursdays would be work days, but at five grand a week, I would be happy to work. Bob had told me that it wouldn't be every week because members liked to see a mix of girls, but after tonight's "performance" I would be okay to come and "perform" on Thursday.

I stood and looked in the full-length mirror. Then I saw them... Scratch marks down my sides and by my navel. Not deep, red welts, just signs that something had run along my skin. The Stud must clip the dogs' nails, possibly? I should have expected far worse...

Tuesday at work was interesting. Whenever Chanel wasn't in earshot, Derek would whisper, excitedly, "Well? How did you get on?" I would smile and be evasive until eventually I replied, "I LOVED it!"

Wednesday passed by in a daze, as did Thursday.

I made my way directly to the office and Alice performed the makeup and hair duties. I was provided with a mask and left naked. There was no ceremony and gown this time. Pettifer told me that I would walk out, liaise with the dog handler and then... do my thing.

"We need to have a talk, Helen..." he sighed.

"About what?" I asked, evasively...

"About the money... I expect 'more' for the two and a half grand..." he mumbled.

"More?" I replied, "Look - I'm not fucking you or any other bloke, okay. Get that right out of your mind."

"No. No, no, no..." he responded. "More 'show' for the members."

"Bob... Be explicit. Tell me what you want." I demanded.

"Well Helen," he wavered, "Other 'stuff' between you and the dogs... Oral. Anal - that sort of thing. I'm paying you more than Mary Muttlove, and she does EVERYTHING with the dogs. Stuff you wouldn't even think of..."

"I've only ever sucked my husband and anal is RIGHT out of the question," I replied, offended. "What do you think I am?"

"A whore..." he whispered, sheepishly.

My god. He was right. I had been paid for sex. I had 'put it out there'. My mind was in a whirl. And then, light dawned on me... What if I took up the persona of "Helen Hound" and then everything I did would be her, not me? That could work?

I winked at Pettifer. "You will refer to me as Helen Hound every time I wear this mask. When I take off the mask I am Helen, mother, wife and colleague of your friend, Derek. Understand?"

Slightly mystified, Pettifer nodded and replied, "Er... okayyyyy..."

The door to The Stud opened, and I walked out, naked as the day I was born, except for the mask. I strutted.

"Laydeez and gennelmen!" the PA rang out, "Back from her de-flowering, I preeeeeesent you.... Helen Hound!!!!"

There was applause. Helen Hound, - I - bowed and walked to the rug.

The dog handler was the same guy from Monday.

I whispered to him, "I spoke to Bob. Can you pretend to force me to keep the dog in my mouth when I suck him?"

He nodded, grinning.

"Tonight, folks, Helen Hound will be mating with Toro, the bull mastiff!" continued the PA.

Oh shit. He was huge. His cock was already peeping from its sheath as he sat and drooled, tongue lolling from the side of his mouth. I swallowed, gathered my courage and walked, sultrily towards him, shaking my arse as I walked. My tits bobbed in the opposite direction and my nipples were rock-solid.

I slowly knelt on the rug and started stroking Toro's neck. He pulled forward and started to lick my face. His tongue rasped my nipples and I almost swooned. The audience had fallen into a hush.

Sitting back, I spread my legs, like a whore, and guided him forward. His nose twitched and he immediately went to my pussy. His first lick caught my clit and I instinctively flinched, drawing my knees up sharply, blocking his advance. Toro snarled at me and I felt subdued by his power. I complied with his wishes and opened my legs again.

Toro lapped my pussy as my orgasm built. His tongue slipped between the folds of my engorged pussy lips, snaking deep inside me and tickling so sensually. I could feel the orgasm approaching. The audience seemed like it was suspended in time. No one was moving and all eyes were on our lovemaking.

I fell into an orgasm. It was fantastic, based on stimulation I'd never felt before. Fortunately, my clit doesn't seem to mind a little "rough-housing" so Toro's continued ministrations simply rode me into my next orgasm. I groaned and panted, pulling him by the back of his head to try to get his tongue even deeper into me. I was riding wave after wave of pleasure until Toro decided I had received enough. He obviously wanted to fuck - his cock was sticking out further and further.

I rolled over and pulled him down to me. He lay on his side and I reached for his sheath. Pulling the sheath back and gently wanking his cock, I was rewarded with a growing, purple-red veined monster emerging. It seemed bigger than Achilles' cock, but it wasn't going in my pussy. Not now I was

Helen Hound.

I leaned forward and my tongue reached the tip of his cock. It was clean and tasted slightly salty. I allowed my saliva to drip the precum out of mouth. I wasn't going to be swallowing - I might do it one day for my husband, but not a dog.

I felt a hand on the back of my head. Before I reacted, I realised I had asked the dog handler to pretend to force me.

I ran with the action.

Bobbing my head, with the handler's hand behind me, I was fellating a dog! I was sucking a dog's cock. A HUGE dog's cock. The HUGE cock of a HUGE dog!

Toro started to pant. I was starting to get a stiff neck. His knot was growing and I knew he was close to cumming. I let his precum fall from my mouth, mixed with my saliva.

Then, Toro started to spasm. His cock was jerking in my mouth. Instinctively, I pulled back to let him cum, but my retreat was blocked by the hand on my head. The handler!!! No! I didn't mean...

So...I found, at that point, by accident, that I could deepthroat...

As the cock slipped past the opening to my throat. I could feel my neck bulge and, although I was panicking and trying to pull back, the handler was misguidedly keeping me to my word. And then I felt it.

Toro was cumming. His cock was lodged in my throat. I was trying to pull back, scrambling on my hands and knees, but the handler was stronger than I.

I had never swallowed my husband's cum. John had often begged me to, but I dismissed it as "dirty" and "not nice".

Here I was, in front of an audience, a dog cock buried to the hilt in my face as a dog emptied his balls in my throat.

Toro pulled back, leaving the tip in my mouth, shooting watery, salty cum into my mouth. I couldn't move back and my mouth was filling.

"Look! She's swallowing!" shouted one audience member as I instinctively took Toro's cum down my throat. It was either that, or drown. Imagine the autopsy for that?!

The audience groaned its approval. Toro was still cumming. How much does a dog fucking shoot?!

I had to swallow again.

"What a fucking dirty bitch!" shouted another audience member, "First time with a dog on Monday, drinking another one's cum on Thursday!"

The handler let go of my head. I thought, "Oh well - in for a penny, in for a pound" and continued to suckle on his cock, licking it clean.

It didn't taste so bad. I couldn't say that I'd "had worse" but it wasn't too bad. I wasn't going to vomit, let's put it that way.

That night, I lay in bed and played with my pussy all night in a frenzy of sexual excitement and lust. My stomach was full of dog cum and there may still be another dog's cum in my pussy. I had five thousand pounds in my bedside cabinet and I had a pussy which was begging for more attention all night. I so wanted to be fucked by Toro...

My only worry was that Bob Pettifer had asked to see me tomorrow evening. No one else would be at the stables. He had something serious to discuss with me. It sounded ominous.

I hoped my career as a "professional woman" wasn't over before it had really started.

Friday evening. I would learn my fate.

I turned up at Pettifer's stables as the last of his staff were leaving. Thankfully, none paid me any attention.

As I walked up to the front door, it opened. Pettifer waved me in with a grunt. I replied, "Good evening, Bob."

I won't bore you with the smalltalk, because it began boring me until I said, "Bob. You asked me here for a reason? Spit it out..."

He sighed. I frowned - maybe my worst fears were coming true and my new adventure had ended.

"Helen," he sighed, "You know how some of the members refer to the women who perform as 'The Whores'?"

"Yes," I replied, "It has taken a little time to defuse that in my mind."

"Well..." Bob continued, "There's a reason for that..."

"Go on," I encouraged.

"Well, we have some members who don't often come to the The Stud. The Stud 'sort of' goes to them."

"How do you mean?" I asked, attentively.

Bob stopped and stoked the fire in his study.

"Look, my manners are failing me. Would you like a drink?" he asked, evasively.

"I'm fine, Bob," I replied, hoping he would get to the point.

"Okay," he replied, "Some of our ladies go out on assignment to some of the big country houses, some of the larger city houses and... Er... provide 'services' to some of the wealthier members."

"Bob... Look - I've told you that -" I blurted, before he interrupted me.

"Helen. I know. I'm not talking about services to the members. They have dogs that they want serviced. They may watch, but they never touch. They would be dismissed from membership. If the lady offers such services, she's finished, too. It's entirely like the two nights you have already done. Except..." he trailed off, trying to bring himself to say something I would probably struggle to

accept.

"Except..?" I prodded.

"Look Helen, we offer none of these services to local members. The more 'long distance' members, the ones who live in places like Birmingham, Swansea, Bristol and across the M4 to London, don't get here for most nights in The Stud. So, for them, we offer the same service, but the pay is only a thousand for the night. That's all I can get you. You turn up, provide the, er, 'service' and then return here the next day - or as soon as you can - and the cash is waiting. You can't perform at The Stud every week, but I can get you two, three four 'gigs' a week. Often, during the daytime. I know you need to have SOME time with your family," he grinned, "So, hopefully, this would work. There is one small caveat, though..."

"Yes..?" I replied, intrigued.

"No mask." he answered.

I started to voice concern until he waved his hands and said, "Look, I provide you with those self-erecting banners you see at conferences to surround the 'service' with a draped covering over the top. It makes the whole thing more intimate, but it also prevents anyone from filming you in action. I want you to enter into this knowing that I have your best interests at heart. The nearest client is in Worcester and you're massively unlikely to bump into them because he works in Paris most of the week and she has an apartment in London where she works. It's only very occasionally they're back in Worcester, so you're not going to see them on the street. Or they, you."

"Look, Bob," I sighed, "It's not really the money. If this got out, I'd never be able to show my face again. I have to admit, I have loved what I have done for you - and for me - but... Someone seeing my face? Someone who might know me, or see me out shopping? I'm not sure I could..."

"Helen, Helen, Helen," he cooed, soothingly, "I have no interest in exposing you, because that would expose me and I would have a helluva game trying to explain all of this to my livery clients and to the tax man. Seriously, we are bound together by secrecy. I have - potentially - more to lose than you have. Besides, my clients don't need that kind of exposure, either. They wouldn't want to be exposed for hiring a woman to come and perform 'personal services' for their animal."

"Look, Bob," I wavered, "I'll try one 'gig' (as you call it), but it will have to be miles away. Do you have anyone in mind?"

Bob beamed. "Yes! I have just the guy! Him and his wife are in their sixties. He made a small fortune from central heating installations. They have a huge house on the outskirts of Reading. They own a Dalmation called Ziggy. They have used the service before, so they know the drill. He likes to see busty women under his dog. She likes to see oral. There MAY be a little role play involved, but nothing too weird. They like to 'humiliate' the woman providing the service - name-calling, obscene words, that sort of thing. Can you do that?"

With my pussy starting to tingle, I nodded.

"Give me the details and the equipment..." I replied.

Bob and I went through what would be my first 'outside gig' and I made sure that I had all of the details.

I would be driven by the guy who worked as the dog handler in The Stud. Gary had a full-time job working for Bob and The Stud, fuelled mostly by decent wages and Gary being “an inveterate pervert”, as Bob put it, with a devilish smile. Gary’s job would be to go into the venue (the member’s home, or hotel room, whatever) and erect the screens and overhead awning, working with the member to deck it out with whatever furniture or – ominously – ‘tools’ they may desire for the session. He would also find out the details of any potential scenario, as some members viewed this as a necessary service for their dog and wanted to just see their dog get a good fucking, whilst others used it to get their ‘jollies’ and Gary’s job was to ‘make the reality’ to come match the fantasy.

I was told to wear knee-length boots and to buy a tough corset or waspie, preferably leather, as Bob couldn’t ensure that the dogs’ claws would be as smooth as those in The Stud. He didn’t want me to get scratches as some of the long-distance members liked to hire the new girls and pretend that they were doggie virgins. It’s hard to look like this is all new to a girl when she turns up to a gig with scratch marks on her calves and sides...

We were due to meet the Calloways at 2pm. We set out around 10.30, as the M4 motorway to Reading is a nightmare at the best of times, being the main route into London from Bristol, the Cotswolds and Wales. We barely spoke during the journey. Bob told me to sit in the back of the Audi A6 and try not to engage Gary in any conversation beyond the purely functional. It helped to protect my identity and his. The only thing I knew was that Gary lived near Swansea in Wales and commuted to Gloucestershire for his job. That’s why I’d never seen him around our local town.

We arrived at the Calloways at around 1.15pm. This would give Gary chance to erect the screens and awning, find the details of any roleplay and get back to me to prime me so I could arrive on their doorstep and begin.

At ten to two, Gary came back. The Calloways wanted me to pretend to be a degenerate dog lover who would ask to pay Mrs. Calloway to allow me to mate with their Dalmation, Ziggy. From there, they wanted me to fuck their dog and suck his cock. Not necessarily in that order. Gary handed over £250 for me to offer to ‘pay’ to mate with their dog. This scenario had happened before, so whenever the Calloways called, Gary had some money ready just in case this scenario came up again. It was apparently a favourite. I was to beg to fuck their dog and to let them insult me to “within an inch of my life” (whatever that meant) and to go along with it. The more I debased myself, the happier they would be.

Okay...

I walked down their long, gravel drive to a neo-Georgian house, what the Americans seem to call a ‘McMansion’. It was definitely proof that “money doesn’t buy good taste” but it wasn’t offensive. I knocked on the front door, using their metal, dogs head door knocker.

The door opened with a gasp. “Who are you?!” demanded a woman who looked like Hyacinth Bucket (Americans, feel free to Google this BBC sitcom character to get a better idea).

I stammered, “I..I-I-I’m from Gloucestershire?” I added weight to the word “Gloucestershire” to try to indicate where I’d come from, without giving anything away. Just in case there had been a terrible mistake.

“My goodness, my dear, DO come inside! You quite gave me quite a fright!” When people try to social climb in the UK they will often pronounce words differently to try to appear to be wealthy or from the aristocracy. “Fright” will be pronounced “fraight” and instances of the letter “i” in words will be pronounced “ai” because, to the truly uninformed or blinkered, it sounds “posh”. I smiled to

myself, still mystified.

I stumbled into the hall. Mrs. Calloway clasped my face in her hands and studied me.

"Charles! Oh - Charles!" she bellowed up the stairs, "We have a visitor!"

An elderly gentleman appeared at the top of the stairs and bent to look down. "Jennifer!" he smiled and then his face darkened. He looked through what I presume was a window onto the drive, "Er... What brings you here?"

"It's NOT Jennifer!" replied Mrs Calloway (we weren't on first name terms), "But isn't she the spitting image of Jennifer? Hair colour, body shape, facial features, even hair style... Well, this girl's hair is a little longer, but not so you'd notice!"

Charles beamed. "Dottie... Are you... thinking... what I'M thinking?"

"Dottie" looked at me and smiled. "Change of plan!" she announced, before leading me to a side room and sitting me down.

The scenario had changed.

A few minutes later, I found myself standing outside their door, took a deep breath and knocked.

"Jennifer!" exclaimed Dottie as the door opened, "Come in, come in," she fussed.

"Dottie," I replied, "You said you wanted to see me and that it was urgent?"

"Come in, come into the drawing room." she motioned me towards the room-within-a-room behind the screens. As Gary had suggested, I double-checked the 'room' in case any cameras had been surreptitiously added to the room between when he left and I arrived. There were none.

"Charles!" I exclaimed, feigning cheerfulness, "How lovely to see you again... Dad..." I added. He hugged me in a fatherly manner, stood back, looked me up and down and asked me to take a seat.

I had walked into a new, weird situation. It transpired that if their daughter-in-law, Jennifer, had a doppelganger anywhere - it was me. My eyes were brown whilst Jennifer's were green, but other than that... Twins, separated at birth.

"Now, Jennifer," began Dottie, in a serious tone of voice, "What's this we hear about your money-making sideline?"

"I don't know what you mean?" I replied, following the scenario we had agreed.

"Jennifer! Don't take us for fools!" exclaimed Charles.

"We know that you are earning money by having... er... 'relations' with dogs at a place in Gloucestershire. You're being paid to do this, aren't you?!" posited Dottie.

I pretended to break down in tears. "Yes, yes - it's all true!" I whimpered. "Your son, my husband wasn't satisfying me. He has such a powerful, important job that he has little time for me. He should have married better..." (I was told to add that to my 'story' - this couple had issues outside of just bestiality).

"That's pathetic!" shouted Dottie, "ANYONE can pay to watch you be fucked by a dog!" she

continued, dropping all pretence of middle-class niceties. "Fuck" doesn't go down too well in everyday usage by the upper classes.

"Imagine," she said, "Little Bryony or Tom seeing their mommy on the receiving end of a dog's cock? And LOVING it?"

I was a little uncomfortable with this. What ages WERE these children? I preferred to think of them as eighteen and nineteen and prayed that Dottie and Charles didn't tell me any different.

"Get undressed, you filthy bitch" hissed Charles.

"No!" I replied, following their scenario.

"You'd better get undressed, young lady, or we'll get the person who told us about your depraved behaviour to tell your husband, our son, David, all about you!"

"No! Please! I'll do anything!" I pleaded, searching for my Oscar nomination.

"Yes. Apparently you WILL do 'anything'. So... Get undressed. Ziggy has heavy balls from not seeing a bitch. You're going to relieve him. We might as well use your 'talents' to help our beloved Ziggy..."

I pretended to look defeated. I dropped my head and started to unbutton my blouse. I shook my shoulders in mock tears and pulled away my blouse, exposing the corset and my tits, sitting on top of the cups like they were being offered to the Calloways.

"And your skirt!" insisted Dottie Calloway.

"Oh... No knickers, eh? You dirty little bitch. Ready for ANY cock to fuck you, eh? Ready, willing and not bothered about species, it seems?"

Dottie advanced towards me. I had given her permission to touch me once in the scene setting. She ran her finger from back to front of my pussy. I was drenched. My knees buckled. It wasn't lost on me that, apart from my gynecologist in totally different circumstances, this was the first woman to touch my pussy. And I was shocked and turned on to find that I enjoyed it. I nearly collapsed when she put the finger in her mouth and cleaned it with her tongue.

"Not bad..." she smiled. "I'm glad I've done it now, because there's NO way I'm licking my fingers after Ziggy has mated with you..." she added, dismissively.

"Get on your hands and knees" ordered Mr. Calloway.

"Ziggy - oh, Ziggy!" called Dottie.

In lumbered a huge Dalmation who went straight to my pussy and licked. I could feel my orgasm building, mostly from the scenario, rather than any direct stimulation. I was LOVING this!

In no time at all, Ziggy jumped on my back and started jabbing at me with his cock, gripping me tight with his forepaws and scratching the leather of the corset.

"Mom, Dad," I gasped, following the scenario, "Can I fuck Ziggy, please? Pleeeeeease?" I begged. Was I still acting? I wasn't sure.

"What do you think, Dad?" Dottie asked her husband, "Should we let our dirty cunt of a daughter-in-law fuck our dog? Should we let his sperm go on and invade her eggs - eggs which MIGHT have

been our grandchildren if she hadn't let us all down so much?"

"I think we should," replied Charles, licking his lips, "She looks hungry for it!" (perceptive, that man).

"What's happening, Jennifer?" asked Dottie, "We want commentary from you."

"He's trying to get into me, he's prodding, he's nearly - OH MY GOD!!!" I had NEVER felt such a huge cock in my life. I felt Ziggy's cock 'bottom out' in me, punching into the top of my vagina, sliding over my cervix. It was gorgeous and uncomfortable at the same time.

"He has filled... me... up... He's fucking me... Your dog is fucking me... I'm on the verge of cumming. Can I cum, Mommy? Can I cum, Daddy?" I implored.

"Not yet..." said Dottie, sadistically, "I want to hear more..."

"He is squeezing me so hard. Using me, mating me, BREEDING me!" I gasped, "He is fucking the hole where Bryony and Tom came from. Your dirty daughter-in-law is... CAN I CUM?! PLEASE?!"

Ziggy was pushing in his knot and it felt massive. With a slight relaxation of my labia he pushed in and somehow found extra space in my pussy. He couldn't fuck me any more. There wasn't enough space to move. I thought I was going to black out. All of my nerves were firing at once and my pussy was spasming. My clit seemed like the centre of my existence. I could feel Ziggy pumping his thin, watery cum inside me. I was in heaven.

Dottie and Charles Calloway got up from their chairs and stood behind me. One of them lifted Ziggy's tail to see where we were joined.

"Look at her pussy lips!" said Charles, "They're so stretched - there's no blood in them!"

"I know, darling. And Ziggy is loving it. He has mated with his bitch, put his seed into her womb. I feel almost proud..." said Dottie, wistfully.

Surprisingly, Ziggy started to deflate quite quickly. I think the tightness and lack of space might have been painful to him.

"Jennifer. You need to prove how much of a dog slut you are to your father-in-law and me." stated Dottie.

"How?" I asked, feigning ignorance. I knew what was coming (as well as me).

"We want you to clean his cock with your mouth" replied Dottie.

"No!" I implored, "No - please?!"

"Yes. When he pops out we're going to gather his cum in this glass - Charles, get it ready - and you are going to clean his cock with your mouth before you take his sperm inside you for keeps," she commanded.

At that moment, I felt the glass between my legs, just in time. Ziggy 'disembarked' and his cock sprang from my pussy. I heard the splash of his watery cum hitting the glass, but I was across the floor like a wrestler. I homed in on his cock and stuffed it into my mouth, greedily. My neurones were firing like crazy and I felt for all the world that I had been drugged. I reminded myself that I'd been offered nothing to eat or drink by the Calloways, so this must just be me getting high on my

depravity.

I relaxed my throat and let Ziggy's huge member slide down.

"Oh my god!" exclaimed Charles, "She's 'throating' him! Her lips are rubbing round his knot! Do you think she'll get it all in?!" he asked. like an excited child at a toy shop.

"Don't be silly, Charles," she sniffed, dismissively, "The poor girl would choke. If he knotted with her mouth she wouldn't be able to breathe..."

I was happy for the concern, because breathing was proving to be difficult now, but I soldiered on...

Ziggy kept trying to move my head out of the way in order to clean himself, but I was steadfast. I reached down and started to finger my pussy, the gooey mess of our combined juices making stimulation of my clit an absolute doddle. I have to confess - I came. My whole body shook and my chest flushed. I sighed and opened my mouth, only for Ziggy to jump up and scuttle under the screen wall, almost pulling down the entire edifice.

I rolled onto my butt and elbows, panting.

Mrs. Calloway scuttled behind me and allowed me to rest against her ample stomach as she kneeled behind me.

"Oh look, dear," she cooed, "You've allowed some of Ziggy's cum to land on your chest!" she said, as she used her right index finger to gather up the liquid. She brought her finger to my mouth and I immediately knew what to do. I sucked her finger. She repeated the action many times, telling me what a dirty slut I was, that I was the sort of girl to fuck anything, that she wanted me to be "fucked by a troop of huge cocked niggers" (I suppose they could afford to be racist cunts) and that from now on my Christmas eggnog would feature Charles' cum as a 'gift' from them both. God knows whether the poor, REAL Jennifer would suffer that. Not really my problem - how could I explain the circumstances of finding this little nugget of information to a complete stranger? One I had no idea how to find anyway?

I stood on shaky legs and gathered my clothing. I was just about to leave after having dressed.

"Er... Jennifer...?" Mrs. Calloway sing-songed. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

Charles Calloway held out his hand, in which he held a tumbler of dog cum.

I took the tumbler, put it to my lips and threw my head back. I swallowed.

I swallowed.

I remembered that it wasn't the first time I had received dog cum and swallowed it down into my belly.

I remembered that I had never done it for a man, least of all my long-term husband.

But... It wasn't Helen doing this. It was "Helen Hound" pretending to be "Jennifer" so - that made it all alright.

Didn't it?

I had apparently become very popular. Bob reckoned it was the jarring mix of wholesomeness and sluttiness, but my nights at "The Stud" were selling out almost as soon as they were announced. My schtick was deep throating. The members loved to see my throat swell as I took a huge cock deep inside me.

Bob had found a way to manipulate me. I was a willing participant.

One Thursday night, as I was on all fours, knotted with an alsatian, Gary had brought in a labrador and "forced" me to suck his cock. I was filled from both ends and you could have heard a pin drop with the members. Me? I was panting, moaning and slurping as much pre-cum as possible.

It's difficult to get a dog to cum by sucking. It seems that they need to set their own pace (which is why they have no interest in what the bitch is doing - they just want to cum and they concentrate on that). Someone else, trying to set that pace, will struggle. I drank what seemed like a quart of pre-cum until the alsatian slipped from my pussy. The glass which was held by my pussy was reasonably well-filled when it was brought to my mouth and I drank it in one draught, just as the labrador mounted me to finish off his mating, at his own pace.

I was almost delirious. My pussy was taking a hammering tonight and I knew that by the end of the night I would have swallowed two measures of hot, slippery dog cum.

I predicted well...

The following Monday, I was strutting around all day. I was due for more sex that night at The Stud. I was tingling, I felt slutty and I wanted to push myself. Three dogs? Not a problem. Four? Bring it on. I spent most of the day with knickers that were glistening wet. I slipped into the toilet at work and was just on the verge of masturbating when I realised that I wanted to build the pent-up pressure, the frustration, the desire. I wanted to cum - but not yet.

I drove to Bob's on auto-pilot.

Alice quickly dyed my hair and Bob presented me with a wrapped up bundle.

"Put this on" he said, looking around the office. "And these."

I unwrapped the bundle and found a really frumpy skirt and terrible blouse. The shoes Bob handed to me were flat moccasin-type things which were as sexual as dirt.

"I'm going to look like a bloody librarian!" I protested.

"Ha!" exclaimed Bob, "Funny you should say that. One of the members tonight has a thing about plain women coming out of their shell and being filthy. He's an old friend and I told him you'd be up for it."

"Oh you did, did you?" I mocked. "Want me to put on a show?"

"What else do I pay you for?" smirked Bob, in an uncharacteristic good mood.

I walked through the door into the "theatre" area, filled with members, male and female.

"Shh!" I hissed. "Silence in here, please! People are trying to read and study!"

I saw some confused faces until I appeared in my tweed skirt and nylon blouse with the flat-soled shoes. I looked just like a librarian. Alice had even put my hair up in a bun at the back.

"We don't allow dogs in here!" I roared, when I saw the Weimaraner. "Who brought this dog in?!"

Gary raised his hand, sheepishly.

I could see one guy in the audience, about Bob's age, on the edge of his seat, staring at me intently. This was the "friend" then...

I walked over to the Weimaraner, centre stage.

"What's his name, then?" I asked, adding, "It is a 'he' isn't it?"

"Yes," Gary answered, "His name is Willi."

"How appropriate!" I replied, "He certainly has a good willy!" and tittered at my sub "Carry On..." joke.

"May I stroke him?" I asked.

"Of course" replied Gary, relieved that his acting would no longer be required.

I petted Willi's head, scratching around his ears. His short, thick fur was luxurious.

I started to scratch down further, down his chest, towards his sheath.

Willi twitched. I made my move.

"Oh - you DIRTY boy!" I exclaimed, as hot pre-cum splashed the sleeve of my cheap blouse and across my hand. I brought the hand to my mouth and licked it clean, slowly, savouring the taste for the audience.

"I should do something about that!" I stated, starting to unbutton the blouse. I wasn't wearing a bra. Bob's friend audibly gasped when my tits sprung free and I removed the blouse.

My skirt came loose and fell.

I acted surprised and embarrassed, but I was EXACTLY where I wanted to be.

I dropped down onto my hands and knees to theatrically gather my skirt.

Willi saw his cue.

He jumped at me, trying to fuck my face!!!

I struggled. He struggled. The audience collectively held their breaths.

I moved around so that Willi could get behind me, but he was playing. I was moving around, displaying my obviously soaking pussy to everyone in the room. I felt like a cheap whore. I LOVED it!

Willi danced around for a while.

"If you come over here, Willi," I purred, "I promise you a treat..."

We played "musical chairs" for a little longer.

I could hear people saying things like, "Jesus - that dirty cunt wants that cock! I mean - really

WANTS it!" (one wag said, "Well, if the dog doesn't want her, I'll bark and give her a good seeing to!")

Willi FINALLY got behind me. I felt wanton. I felt depraved.

I moved my hips until I got him just where I wanted him and gently pushed back, easing him in. When the pressure was too much, I'd move forward, only to gently slide back again.

Finally, he was in. Finally, he started fucking me. Fucking me like a piston.

I was in ecstasy. He fucked me and I felt pleasure anew. I was wary about his knot, but in one push it went inside of me and he just started to cum. As did I.

I was animalistic. I was cumming, I was making noises of pure passion and joy.

A smile of satisfaction for the impact of my show fled across my lips when the first person yelled to a hushed room: "She's knotted with him and she's cumming like a real bitch. She's loving it - look! He has knotted with her! In her arse!!!!"

Bob laughed in disbelief when I told him that he had witnessed me losing my anal virginity to a dog.

"You silly woman," he murmured, "We could have sold tickets! It would have been a 'name-you-price' deal for you, within reason."

I told Bob that if I'd thought about it, I probably wouldn't have done it. It was the spur-of-the-moment thing that had caught me in the sluttiest of moods and the drive to give myself to Willi had been almost beyond any sense of reason.

Willi and I were tied for about fifteen minutes. In the dim light from the staging area I could see and hear the members relieving themselves. Focussed on me! I had never felt like an article of lust before, but with the unmistakable sound of men wanking themselves to completion - plus the odd female sigh, too - I was their reason. I was their fantasy. I was a mother of two with a large dog cock embedded in her rectum, on stage.

It was a messy dismount. I felt embarrassed as, er, 'solids' came out with the dog cum. Gary passed me some towelling and I hurriedly picked up the clothes, wiped my behind and scurried back to Bob and Alice.

"Next time," said Bob, "If there IS a next time...?"

I smirked and shrugged my shoulders, causing my boobs to bounce deliciously, much to Alice's interest...

"Well, " said Bob, "Next time, have an enema before, eh? Alice? You'd give Helen an enema, wouldn't you?"

Before I could offer any comment, Alice blurted out "Oh yes! Not a problem, yes. I'll do it!" So, I was working my 'charms' on an avowed lesbian, too. Hmmm...

I'll be honest. I found it uncomfortable to just plonk myself down on a chair for a couple of days afterwards. Every time I felt the dull throb of discomfort, I felt my pussy twitch deliciously.

Bob knew his business. I had no gigs for a week and – to be honest – it was starting to make me go a bit jumpy. I was a sexual being (as I had recently discovered) and I was always on the edge of frustration.

Stephanie caught the brunt of it when I snapped at her for no reason. I apologised and offered to take her to the gym with me. I needed to burn off this sexual tension.

“MOM!?” demanded Stephanie, in the changing room after our workout. “Are you looking in the mirror and ‘touching yourself’?” she demanded, incredulously.

I didn’t even know I was doing it. I jerked my hand away and uttered a non-committal, “Just an itch.” which wasn’t entirely a lie.

I phoned Bob the next day.

“Hello Helen – what do you want?”, he answered, back to his ‘miserable swine’ self.

“Do you have any gigs?” I asked.

“Nope, fully-booked with girls out at members’ houses this week.” he replied.

“What about Thursday or Monday?” I asked, almost pleading.

“Can’t risk you getting over-exposed, m’dear,” he said, dismissively.

“But Bob,” I whined, “I need something, anything...?!”

“Look,” he hissed, “I’ve only got one couple left who want service, but you won’t do it – you’ve made yourself clear.”

“Why...?” I asked, “I’ve done everything you’ve asked with the dogs? Things I haven’t even done with my husband? Deep throating, anal..? What’s the taboo?”

“Well,” Bob murmured, “The lady of the couple expects ‘service’ too. ‘Oral’ service...” he emphasised.

“She’d want me to lick her pussy?” I hesitated.

“Her biggest fantasy scenario is watching a girl get sucking and getting fucked by a dog and then – if the knot happens – the girl eating her out and thanking the woman for letting the dog fuck her. It’s a power trip.”

“So, she’d want me to debase myself?” I asked, slowly, slightly perturbed.

“Oh yes,” replied Bob. “She expects the girl to beg to be fucked by their dog, Astrella – a Rhodesian Ridgeback – and she helps to insert the dog’s cock. Oh – and her husband stands in the corner in the nude and watches. She puts some sort of device on his cock so he can’t get a hard on. I know them both in a business setting and it never ceases to amaze me how different they must be when they are in their ‘scenario’. I... uh...” He stopped, abruptly.

“What, Bob?” I asked, mystified.

“No – you can’t see them. They can’t see you, or whatever.” he blabbered, almost tripping over the words.

"Why?" I asked plaintively, "Why not... Did you say 'Astrella'? The dog?"

"Yes," Bob sighed. "Atrella. Derek and Emily's dog. It's all a bit too close to home and I feel that I have betrayed a trust - theirs. Forget it. It's too close to home."

I knew Emily, vaguely. Derek was the reason I'd got into this, indirectly. I had no way of knowing whether he and Emily had seen me doing what I now loved. To be honest, there was nothing stopping them coming to see me, anyway.

I wasn't sure about devouring another woman's pussy. Not at all. I had turmoil inside, as I had never cheated on John, ever. I wasn't sure of this at all.

The scenario was making my pussy moisten, though. Begging to fuck a dog. Showing my face in front of people who knew me - employed me! It was all so dirty and nasty and it appealed to me in a way I couldn't describe.

"Bob?" I asked.

"Yes, Helen?" he replied.

"I'll do it."

"No!" he answered. "I won't allow it".

"Arrange it," I stated, matter-of-fact, "Arrange it for your usual fee, or I'll go and do it for free."

I could tell you all about the "Yes! No!" second thoughts which had led up to me pulling my car into the long driveway of Emily and Derek's home.

I had spent days, red-faced when Derek had spoken to me, even including the Friday evening when I was due to attend. He was a brilliant actor. He never let on that there was an event due and I thanked him, inwardly, for not embarrassing me in front of Chanel on reception or the various visitors.

I shut the door on the car, safe in the knowledge that John was asleep and Stephanie had gone to her friend's house in Exeter for the weekend. I was free to come and go as I please. Preferably with more emphasis on "come".

I rang the doorbell. After what seemed like an eternity, the door unlatched and I stood waiting to be invited in. No one called me in, so I gently pushed the door. "Hello?" I asked of an entrance hallway with marble floors and beautifully ornate plaster mouldings everywhere. The entire room was white and very Italian in style. "Hmm... Excellent taste..." I thought, "That must be Emily's doing."

"Come!" rang out a female voice I recognised from the few times I had met Emily in the office. "Upstairs. Now!!!"

I ran upstairs as fast as my 5 inch heels would allow.

The arrangements had been made via Bob and were different from the usual.

I told Bob that there was no need for Gary to attend. Bob worried about filming, but he was informed by Emily that she hated video because she preferred how her memory embellished the events and it

allowed her to fine tune the evening for posterity.

I followed the voice to a large bedroom on the left at the top of the stairs.

"You will remain silent, slut. No words, unless told to speak. Nod!"

I nodded, trying not to giggle. This was like some daft porno that a teenager would watch to get his rocks off. I kept a straight face, despite trying not to laugh out loud in Emily's (beautifully made-up) face.

I walked into the room in a measured manner.

"Coat?" It was more of an order than a request. I slipped the coat from my shoulders, leaving me standing – as agreed – in fishnet stockings, a black lacy suspender belt, black lacy thong and a push-up bra, black, lacy – you get the picture.

"I believe that you have come here to fuck my dog. To be bred by my dog?"

I nodded, cheeks reddening in shame.

"He has a high sex drive, Estrella..." she muttered, ensuring that I noticed that I had been pronouncing the name wrong, as had Bob.

"He can cum several times, if he has the right bitch..." she trailed off, questioning.

Was I the right bitch? Could I make him cum several times. I was definitely going to try...

"Come to me, slut..." she reached out her hand, clothed in black silk opera gloves, almost to the shoulder. These complemented the red velvet evening gown she was wearing. Again, I had to stifle a giggle as I immediately thought that she would look odd at the local supermarket in that outfit!

I walked over to her and, through the shadows, I could see a figure in the corner, almost entirely concealed by shadow and the curtains.

It was a naked man, naked but for a black sack over his head, hand restraints in front of him and some sort of plastic codpiece over his cock. It looked really tight and the figure was – oh my god! It was Derek! Same height and build and obviously here for the show. But he couldn't see anything?!

Emily placed her hand on my shoulder and bade me to kneel. Okay, this was it. My first, tentative steps into Saphisim...

Emily reached behind her and obviously undid her gown, allowing it to drop to the floor like the reveal of a statue at an art gallery. I gasped. She had a very athletically trim figure, completely shaved and with a lightly-definted six-pack that I was immediately jealous for. Her tits were small, but perky and her nipples were hard. She shuffled her legs apart and reached down between her stocking-clad legs. Hold ups – very practical, I thought.

She pulled her labia apart and she was glistening. She was getting off on the power trip!

"Oh, slave..." she spoke towards Derek.

"Yes, mistress?" his muffled words came back.

"I'm showing this slut my cunt. I'm naked but for my gloves and stockings. She is looking deep inside

me. I'm feeling very wet and dirty. Would you like to fuck me?" she purred.

"Oh yes, mistress!!" he asserted, eagerly.

"Well.. you will have to be a good slave and I might let your pathetic pecker near me. If not, no wanking for you for... oh... a week..."

"No mistress, please?!" he replied, hurriedly.

"Slut - service me." she ordered.

I crawled forwards on hands and knees, raising myself so that my face was crotch height. It was now or never. If I felt like hurling after trying this then the whole thing would be over. At least Derek wouldn't see the show.

I reached out my tongue. Gently, I touched her open labia with my lips. She smelled like a luscious far-eastern spice, cummin (how appropriate!) and I wanted to try her, to taste her. I slipped my tongue between the folds and swiped it across her clitoris.

"Oh... Good slut... Just like that..." she cooed, her right hand reaching round the back of my head to support it as she directed my ministrations to where she wanted them. I was struggling to breathe as she pulled my face in close, but I was enjoying the sensation and I slipped my tongue inside, trying to fill her.

"Yes! YES! YESS!!" she bellowed as she forcefully humped my face. My nose and mouth were covered in her slick juices and I was trying my hardest to lick her dry. I felt sinful. I felt fantastic.

She gripped my head with both hands and rode my face as she reached her orgasm, thrusting her hips against my mouth the ride every last ounce out of her orgasm.

She stumbled back.

"Well done, slut. Now to please the other party in this relationship..."

I panicked - did she mean Derek? He had taken a small step further when Emily shouted, "Get back, slave - not you, you pathetic piece of shit. We need a REAL cock in here, not your pathetic micro penis." Derek didn't have a micro penis (it looked about average, say five inches - despite what you may read in porno mags)

Emily opened the bedroom door.

"Estrella!" she called.

In padded a Rhodesian Ridgeback. A powerful dog, used for hunting lions in Africa. The atmosphere changed in the room as the real power in the relationship walked in.

"Look what mommy has bought for you, Esty!" she sing-songed to the beast. "She wants you to fuck her, as only you can, my darling."

As quick as a flash, she turned to me and snarled, "Get in the position, slut. He wants to fuck you now."

I got on all fours and waited. Emily threw a leather sheet over my back and fixed it with a couple of straps. I was grateful, as I had completely forgotten to wear a corset. As this wasn't a standard

assignment, I had approached it in a non-standard way and I nearly got scratched to hell because of it."

She ran her hand between my legs.

"Oh... you're running wet, slut. You obviously want to be fucked, don't you?"

I nodded furiously. I was sooo turned on!

"Estrella - MOUNT!" she demanded.

In a bound, Estrella was across my back and rocking his hips forward, frantically. I was trying to meet his thrusts when, suddenly, he was in. He went at me like a thing possessed.

I was about to moan, when an opera glove covered my mouth to stifle my utterances. The control made me more turned on and I was inwardly begging for release.

Estrella fucked me hard and pushed his knot into me. You know how people say "I saw stars" and you think, "Yea, right..." well - don't. I saw stars. I was in ecstasy and I had never felt so full in my life. I was being swung this way and that by a powerful dog as he tried to dismount whilst still connected. Emily saved me. She grabbed Estrella's collar and shouted, "Stay!"

As if by magic, Estrella stopped. Well, all except for his pumping cock.

"Slave?" cooed Emily to Derek, "Estrella has fucked our new little slut. She SO wanted to scream the place down, but that would have turned you on too much and I can't have you getting involved in this action. Would you like to know what has happened, now that the REAL cock in the house has had his satisfaction?"

"Yes, YES mistress!" Derek grunted. His cock in the plastic codpiece (chastity belt?) was trying to burst out of the device.

"Estrella took her, slave. He fucked her hard. She was being thrown around and I was stifling her moans because she came without my permission. Bad slut! She is now on all fours with Estrella's cock lodged in her tight little pussy and she is waiting for him to dismount. I am going to collect his superior seed so that I can impregnate her properly at the end of the night..." I was confused - what did she mean?

Estrella was starting to shrink and I felt a cold glass tumbler between my legs. I'd done this before, so I wasn't shocked. I was probably going to be "forced" to drink this later on. No biggie - I'd done that before.

"Impregnate" though? What did she mean? It wasn't possible for a dog to impregnate a woman, and then I saw the plastic syringe on the bedside cabinet. So... Emily wanted to play "doctors and nurses" then?

The night was due to get a lot weirder before then. I will continue, next time...

Emily had taken me to her "play room", another bedroom in the house and, interestingly as I noted, the only room on the entire floor (other than the bathroom) with a lock, but to prevent entry when locked from the outside. Despite the intensity of what had just happened with my first taste of a

woman and being fucked by my boss's dog in front – but not in sight – of him, I had to smile to myself when I thought about the practicality behind the lock on the door.

Emily and Derek had regular guests for dinner and the lock was obviously there to prevent peeking by people who were being nosey. On seeing inside the room, I could understand why. On the wall was what I had come to discover was a St. Andrew Cross for securing slaves against a wall, standing up. There was a height-adjustable bar with rings attached to the floor either side (I had to look that one up later and realised that Emily REALLY loved disciplining women) but – in pride-of-place – under four spotlights, was a gynecologist's table. Stirrups for the woman's feet and a comfortable cushioning from bum to head, but – unlike when I had been for my smear tests – this had manacles for wrists and ankles.

I shuddered involuntarily. I wasn't entirely sure that I trusted Dennis, never mind Emily, enough for this. My horniness won over me.

Dennis had been left in the other room, whimpering and obviously desperately wanting to cum.

Emily bade me sit on the gyno chair. I complied.

In silence, she lifted my left leg and secured it to the stirrup with the manacle. She repeated the action with the right leg. Taking both my hands, she stretched my arms above my head and clsped my wrists in handcuffs I hadn't noticed. She adjusted and stretched my arms over my head and I could only move my butt and head. I relaxed, until the cold leather belt was passed around my waist and adjusted until I was strapped in, immobile. At her mercy.

"Slut," she said in cold tones, "I am now going to impregnate you with Estrella's seed. You have no say in this matter and you are at my mercy."

I shivered. Not through fear, not through cold, but through a growing excitement that she wanted to play with my pussy and there was nothing I could do. It was so sluttish and a source of excitement I had never visited before.

From seemingly nowhere (although my field of vision was limited, admittedly) she produced a stainless steel speculum.

"I won't need to lubricate this, slut, you are so wet already... Dirty slut. You just want me to use you, don't you?"

I nodded, vigorously, remembering not to talk.

Slowly, she introduced the cold steel inside me. I shuddered again, a mixture of seemingly ice cold steel placed into my core, and the growing excitement. I tried to rock my hips to use the speculum as a steel dildo, but Emily had secured me too well.

The syringe she produced before my eyes was long and wide in diameter. The mixture of mine and Estrella's cum was quite small in comparison to the size of the syringe, which was the size of a hairspray can. Emily placed it against her opera-glove clad arm and the tube went almost from wrist to elbow. The "business end" was about the size of the end of my pinkie finger and I was unsure what the purpose was. Flood my pussy and fill it with syringe?

Emily spread my pussy lips and gently grazed my clit. I almost swooned.

Slowly, she inched the huge syringe inside of me, pulling it back slightly on occasion to adjust the

path (or just to tease me? "Column A/Column B...") and then she started fucking me with it. The blunt end was jabbing at me inside and the surrounding tissue felt the dull thud. If you want me to tell you that the blunt end tickled the walls of my pussy then you need to read some basic anatomy. If there were nerve endings in the pussy walls that were so sensitive then childbirth would be even more painful than it already is. I could just feel the pressure of the injection-end of the syringe as movement inside me.

Then, I felt something "give" inside me and I knew. Emily wasn't fucking me with the syringe for my pleasure. She was assessing where to aim. She had hit the target. I can only presume that the business end had forced its way inside my cervix. I knew, from my porn reading, that a lot of stories talk of cocks going into wombs. In the real world, my world, this would be an act of incredible accuracy (to find the small opening), ability to overcome precum and pussy juices to allow enough purchase to get inside the womb and for the womb to be dilating. Emily played on this with a small syringe head which was just small enough to get inside my womb.

Then, she made great show of adjusting an overhead mirror, with the syringe supported inside of me by her left hand. She asked me, "Can you see your pussy, slut?" and I nodded, wondering just what the hell I needed to see this for..?

She brought both hands together on the syringe, looked at the mirror to make eye contact and evilly smiled.

I saw what she was doing. She was pressing the plunger. I was being injected, into my womb, with Estrella's cum. Slowly, slowly she moved the plunger. I knew that I would be "impregnated" with his cum more directly than any other of my canine lovers. If it had been at all possible for me to conceive a puppy, this would have been the time.

"Slut," she continued, if your ovaries have released an egg, Estrella's seed will find it. The sperm will go for your egg as it would for a bitch's egg. The sperm will join with your egg, embed itself in the egg..." she looked like she was on the verge of cumming, "And attempt to fertilise it. Fertilise you. Impregnate you..." Her right hand went down to her pussy and she started to stroke her clit. I was thinking, "Get your kicks, girl. There's no way I'm having puppies, you idiot!"

"Of course," she continued, "The egg won't be viable. You will pass the attempted fertilisation out of your body because Nature won't let you have human and dog babies, but - " she raised her hand and pointed at the mirror, at my face, "But... For a short period of time, you will be sharing your DNA with Estrella's as a mark of your bond from this evening... Ahhh..." She came. Her legs buckled slightly and her eyes closed, but the signs were obvious. She came from the idea of me and Estrella being indelibly linked forever, with me having no control over this matter. She was having a power-trip WAY over that she shared with her husband.

She slowly inched the syringe from my pussy and, perhaps unsurprisingly, very little sperm came out. I must still be carrying it.

Emily removed the opera gloves and looked at me coldly.

"I think that you need to have some quality time with Estrella's cum" she said, ominously.

Reaching below the gyno chair, she cranked a handle and the upper part of the chair started to lower. Adjusting the manacles above my head, she returned to lowering the seatback.

My pussy was still on show, but my shoulders were being lowered and then the entire chair rotated so that my legs were higher than my shoulders. Looking at the mirror, I looked like something made

of just limbs and tits (the angle made my boobs stand out proud on my chest – I was quite proud of that!).

The chair was on a sort of turntable, so she rotated me and the chair until I was side-on to the door to the room. Emily walked over to the door, opened it and sing-songed, “Estrella! Estrella, come here boy. Therrre’s a good boy!”

I genuinely had no idea what to expect next. Unless Estrella was a gymnast, there was no way we would be fucking in my current position. I wanted to, but Emily seemed to have other plans. I could only IMAGINE what was going through Derek’s mind at that time!

Emily led Estrella in and closed the door. She backed him up to my head and I realised what she wanted. After massaging his sheath a little, Emily introduced his growing cock to my lips. Greedily, I sucked and was rewarded with a cock which was growing more engorged. Estrella started to fidget, but Emily had him well trained. “Estrella! Stand firm!” I almost giggled – he was certainly ‘firm’ – standing or not.

I started sucking and got into a rhythm. If nothing else, this was going to be a good workout for my neck muscles.

I then felt cold lubrication applied to my pussy by Emily’s fingers.

Followed by two of her fingers.

John (my husband – remember him?!) had been the only person to finger fuck me. I tensed, slightly, at the thought, but then realised that – on the scale of things – being finger-banged by Emily was the stuff of elementary school. She slowly, gently prodded me whilst I swallowed Estrella’s spurting precum.

Another finger was introduced. I couldn’t see what was going on because I had a dog between me and the mirror, but I felt my orgasm stirring.

A fourth finger... Okay – this was starting to feel tighter now, but not uncomfortably so.

Emily started to finger me with gusto, flicking my clit softly and I was climbing the crest of an orgasm.

She stopped. Abruptly.

“Not yet...” she chided.

I carried on sucking Estrella’s cock.

Emily left the room and I seriously expected her to come back with Dennis in order for him to see his employee in possibly the lowest humiliation one human could suffer (dog in mouth, wife’s fingers in pussy, that sort of thing), but she returned and wen back between my legs.

Two fingers, thrusting.

Three fingers, thrusting.

Four fingers, thrusting. I was close to cumming.

She withdrew and then, almost splitting me apart, for the first time in my life I had another human’s

hand inside my pussy and she was violent fisting me! I sucked hard on Estrella and reached the violent peak of my orgasm, having heard Emily say something but not registered the fact. Estrella's cock slipped from my lips and my head thrashed from side to side as a mind-blowing orgasm racked through my body. My head shook from side to side because Emily was showing no mercy as she thrust her fist up to the wrist inside me.

As my head thrashed, I caught sight of something and turned my head to focus.

In the doorway, with cum dribbling from the chastity device, stood Derek, his mouth agape, his face ruddy in complexion.

I had made him cum without him having to even touch himself. It must have been uncomfortable with his cock in the restraint, but the sight of me with his dog's cock in my mouth and his wife's fist in my pussy, with my tits and nipples at bursting point..?

I was past caring. I was post-orgasmically blissful.

If I thought that night was over, however, I was wrong.

My pussy was more sore than I could remember. Stephanie and Stefan had been born via Caesarian and so I'd never had anything bigger than John's cock in me... No... That had all changed and only recently. I had received nothing bigger than a dog's knot inside my cunt.

So sore... I was coming down from my orgasm and my stomach muscles were twitching involuntarily as Emily began to remove the restraints.

"Slave!" she ordered, as she wrestled with the manacles, "Get out - NOW!".

Derek scampered away from the door until Emily shouted, "Stop! Stay where you are!"

I wondered if that order was directed at me, but for some reason I froze. I was looking at her face and saw her looking at the doorway, but she looked at me, realised that I had complied with the order and a slight, wry smile, appeared on her face. She had another slave, for tonight.

She had told Derek to stop. I could hear no movement, so he must have been on the landing, dripping cum and standing still.

"Okay, slut," Emily whispered to me, "I have thoroughly used your mouth and pussy..." I knew what was coming next, "But I think Estrella can go again, I -"

"Please, Miss," I exclaimed excitedly, "Please, can Estrella fuck my arse?!"

God - sore pussy or not - I was sooooo horny!

I shrieked as a bolt of pain shot through my right tit. Emily had grabbed and twisted the nipple.

"Do NOT interrupt me, slut - who the FUCK do you think you are?!" (I could have sworn I heard Derek sniggering on the landing).

"Get on all fours, slut".

I complied, although I was on "all threes" as I rubbed my nipple to try to disperse the stinging pain.

"Estrella! Estrella" sing-songed Emily.

The dog came loping in, pausing only to sniff my pussy.

"Slave!" Emily shrieked, "Slave – get in here!!!"

Derek sprinted in, gazing at me, his employee, on all fours, naked, my tits dangling and my arse shaking in anticipation.

"Slut, what do you want Estrella to do to you?"

"Fuck my arse, please..." I implored.

"Fuck my arse please – what?!" demanded Emily, slapping my arse cheek to emphasise the point.

"Fuck my arse, please, Mistress. I want – I would like – Estrella to fuck my arse, please, Mistress." I replied.

"Good, good, slut," she replied. "Now, I'M not going to touch a dog's cock, so someone will need to make sure that it goes into the right hole...Hmm..." she paused, melodramatically, "I wonder whom..."

"Me! Me! Me!" danced Derek, like a schoolboy being offered a chocolate bar.

"Is that alright with you, slut?" asked Emily. Any pretense of an offer for me to make a decision was snatched away when she grabbed my hair, twisted my head so that we were face to face and snarled, "You are LOWER than my slave, slut. He is pathetic, but you – YOU – arrive at people's houses and beg them to let their dog fuck your backside. You absolute degenerate. You ask your daytime boss to put Estrella's cock in your backside... Or else..."

I must be a sick cow. I loved the humiliation. It was like Helen Hound was being depraved and I was getting to fuck dogs because someone else was commanding it. Pettifer, Emily – everyone in my new circle wanted me to fuck dogs and I had no say in it. The mind is an incredible thing. I could convince myself that that was the case, but deep, deep inside of me, I knew that I was loving this new part of my life.

Loving it.

"Derek," I intoned.

"Yes, Helen?" he replied in the same tone of voice as he would use in the office.

"I have a bit of a problem – can you help?" as though we were talking 'insurance'.

"What's that, Helen?" he replied.

"Well," I decided to go for it, "I want your dog to fuck my arsehole, but I don't want him to fuck me in the cunt because I'm so sore because your wife has been fisting me..." I nearly swooned just saying the brazen words.

"Oh... Okay..." muttered Derek. I could sense he was wincing. Then it registered. He was hard again and the restraint on his cock would be cutting into his penis.

I felt Estrella land on my back. He weighed quite heavily, and I could feel his cock bouncing around

my pussy as I twisted to avoid his penetration.

Then, crossing previously unexplored boundaries, I felt Emily pull my buttocks apart and Derek aiming Estrella's cock. I hadn't seen him do it, but Derek had lubrication on his hands - thank god! - and was applying it to my bumhole. Then, inside my arse. Another man was finerbanging my arsehole. I was embarrassed, ashamed and... Loving it.

Derek removed his fingers. I felt Estrella lurch forward and his cock slide into my arsehole.

Immediately, Estrella was pistoning into me with full force, trying to insert his knot. Warm liquid engulfed my arse as Emily poured olive oil over our union. The lubrication for the oil made Estrella's attempts gather purpose and I purposefully relaxed my arse. I WANTED this.

After a short struggle as Estrella claimed purchase on the rug and pushed his cock forward, I felt my sphincter open enough for him to try harder. His knot forced itself inside me and my anus closed around the base of his cock. We were locked and I could feel him cumming.

Thankfully, Emily grabbed his collar as he tried to dismount. He would have ripped my intestines out.

"Slave!" Emily ordered, "Stand in front of the slut, facing her!"

Derek shuffled round. I could see that his cock was being bent out of shape by the restraint.

"Stay there!" Emily demanded.

"Slut - what do you say to your boss?!"

I was tipped over the edge by the filthy situation I was in.

"Thank you for letting Estrella fuck me, fuck my arse. Thank you so much for..." I was cumming like crazy.

"Derek, he's huge in my bum. Massive. I can still feel him spurting his seed inside me..."

Derek cried in anguish. The pain must have been tremendous for him.

Then I saw it. The telltale drip of fresh cum from his chastity device.

I dropped to my chest, my arms languidly falling away. My arse was stuck in the air and stuck on Estrella's cock.

We were joined for about twenty-five minutes. I must admit that I was a little worried that the constriction of my anus muscles was stopping Estrella's cock from deflating, but I was more worried with the conversation I heard whilst Estrella, tied by a leash to the gyno chair, pumped hot cum inside of me.

Emily and David had stepped out of the room and had adopted their normal roles. Emily was calling him by his name and they were chatting happily.

My ears pricked up when I heard Emily ask David, "She has a daughter, doesn't she? How old is she?"

That weekend was “me” time. I spent so much time in the bath, soaking away the soreness. I had been thoroughly used by Estrella and, whilst I loved that, Derek and Emily’s conversation concerning Stephanie had put me slightly on edge. I felt like I didn’t want to be seen outside with her. I had avoided going to the gym, partly through needing to recover from the mammoth session with my boss and his wife (“A bit of muscle soreness” I had intoned, when I actually meant “sphincter muscle soreness making it difficult to walk, never mind jog”) and partly because I wanted to protect Stephanie by not being seen with her out in public.

This whole new world was MY choice. I certainly wasn’t going to hand over my daughter on a plate to these people. I decided to never work for Emily and Derek again. Work? Being fucked by their dog? Well... They HAD paid me. £1500 for a “job well done” and – I’m sure – a perceived downpayment (in their minds) on Stephanie. Nope – that wasn’t going to happen...

I was also recuperating because Bob had me down to perform twice in the following week. It was £5k and the money was nice, but I seemed to feel like a bitch in heat! I was sore and I ached, but the physical ache was nothing compared to the yearning I was getting for satisfaction from my nether regions. I always seemed to have a frisson of sexuality about me. People had noticed it only as far as commenting on my general demeanour. The guys at the bakery said that I seemed more cheery these days. They probably assumed that I was coming to terms with John’s injury and the life-changing circumstances which had developed. Meryl at the hairdressers asked me what was my secret? She tried to insinuate that if I had taken a lover I could share some gossip with her as – “on her life” – it would go no further. I wasn’t about to tell her what I was doing!

I had made a considerable amount of money from my “professional” life with dogs over the past few months. Bob Pettifer had mentioned one or two more “extreme” job offers, but I had turned them down. As I sank further into my comforting degradation, I had begun to warm to the ideas. A couple in Cheshire raised stud dogs for the European market. These dogs were trained and sold for home protection – the usual stuff – but one or two discrete enquiries (which had led to nothing at the kennel) were about training dogs to “entertain” women. I had been offered a training gig – a week for £10k, getting five dogs to become accustomed to inter-species sexual relations, but I had baulked at that. Getting time away from John would be expensive (twenty-four hour carers aren’t cheap) so Bob had said that he would go back to them and look at the offer to see whether they would cover my expenses as well as the ten thousand pounds. One or two farmers at The Stud had asked if I would perform with horses, but I’d heard that people had died as a result of being penetrated by horses and was put off by that. Bob was doing some “health and safety” research on that, because that commanded “REAL money” (as he said). I was still unsure.

It was, however, nice to be in demand.

Monday night led to a stilted performance by me at The Stud. No scenario, just me being fucked by a husky. The soft fur tickled and it was as much as I could do not to shriek the place down with laughter, but – little did I know – that a sub-genre of zoophilia was people who enjoyed tickling. Such a niche group of people, I can only presume that every possible kinkster in that vein from across the UK was in the barn that evening. Bob complained that there was more cum than usual on the viewing area and that his pressure washer and steam cleaner would be working double-time to get the place ready for Thursday, my next appearance.

Tuesday and Wednesday was uncomfortable, working with Derek. He was overly-friendly, took all of my work off me, telling me to “relax” and smiling as he made comments about me being a “valuable employee” – it was quite creepy. I knew why he was doing this, but if he thought that buying me a cream cake at lunchtime would lead directly to him seeing Stephanie under Estrella he could fuck the fuck off.

Thursday came around quite quickly. Alice dyed my hair black again and I chose a simple black mask to cover as little of my face as possible, but still protect my identity. I was ready.

I listened to the scenario and felt a bit of a thrill. A new scene, a new idea and a thought which I didn't even know could turn ME on!

I was dressed in a mid-thigh skirt and a tee-shirt, with flat-heeled shoes. My hair was tied back into something approaching a ponytail. I looked "suburban".

The door opened and I entered the room. It was packed. The scenario must have struck a nerve with members.

"Mom?" came the shout from the stage area.

"Mom? I don't think Buster is feeling too well?" the voice continued.

My "son" was Adam, one of the younger helpers. Eighteen years old, but with a fresh, ruddy complexion, he looked about fourteen. For the purposes of the scenario, no age was mentioned, but everyone was letting the "No Under-Age Performers" sign in The Stud drift away in their fantasies. I had only agreed to the scenario because it wouldn't be Adam I'd be involved with. Even though he was of legal age, it looked "odd" for a grown woman and a young-looking man in a barn and also - I wasn't indulging in human infidelity. "Human infidelity" - I was already modifying my language to try to preserve my marriage vows...

"What's the matter, Adam?" I asked, like a concerned mom.

"Mom," he replied, "He keep jumping up me and shaking his backside!"

"Show me..." I replied.

Almost on cue, Buster - a very sleek Boxer - jumped up, grabbed Adam around the chest and started obviously humping the air.

"Oh, the poor dear!" I said, sounding sorry for the dog (my acting was getting better, at least!)

"I know what he wants!" I stated.

"What does he want, Mopm?" asked Adam, looking at me imploringly (okay - he should have been on stage with HIS acting abilities...)

"He wants a girlfriend, Adam!" I replied.

"But mom - that's how we get puppies! I can't find him a girlfriend and - even if I could - no one wants puppies they can't sell!"

I put my finger on the corner of my mouth, "Hmmm... What can we do, Adam?" I asked, conspiratorially.

"I don't know mom..." he replied, dejected (he was really good at this).

I knelt down and reached for Buster's sheath.

"Wh - what are you DOING mom?!" exclaimed Adam.

"Well, dear," I replied, "You know how when your 'tiddles' gets tingly?" (I used the word I had used all through my children's early years so that they wouldn't look odd using the correct terms at school).

"Er... Yes... mom" came the stilted reply.

"Well, dear," I answered, matter-of-fact, "What do you do to your tiddles?"

"I... I rub it, mom..." came the gift of a response.

"So, Adam," I answered, "I'm going to rub Busters tiddles to see if that works!"

Buster's cock was out of its sheath and he was fucking thin air. I was wringing wet and knew that my skirt would need to come off quickly.

"It's no good, Adam," I acted deflated. "Poor Buster's tiddles is still tingly. I think I can help him."

"How Mom?"

I stood and dropped the skirt. I was in flat shoes and a tee-shirt. Under the bright lights of the performance area, it would have been obvious to even the most casual observer that I was sopping wet, ready. I could see no one in the audience bar a few faint outlines, but I could sense movement. Hands would be heading to groins, ready to relieve themselves when I got down to what was coming next.

"MOM!" shouted Adam, "Mom! What are you doing?!"

"Adam, Adam, Adam..." I soothed. "You want Buster to be happy, don't you?"

"Y-Yes..."

"And you know we can't get him a girlfriend, yes?"

"...Yes."

"And I'm a girl, as well as being your Mom..?"

"Yes, Mom..?"

"Well, I'm going to be his girlfriend tonight, but you have to help me, okay?"

"Er... Okay Mom" (get that kid an Oscar!)

I pulled the tee-shirt over my head, explaining to Adam that I didn't want it covered in fur. The implication that the members wanted to see my tits jiggle when I was being fucked wasn't in the plot.

I got on all fours.

"Now Adam, lift Buster's front paws onto my back."

"Yes Mom."

I felt the weight of Buster land on me.

"Now, his tiddles – let's call it his 'cock' and act like we're all grown-ups – needs to go inside me." I explained. "You'll have to hold it and push it into me."

"In your bumhole, Mom?!?!" Adam exclaimed – excellent improv!

"No darling, just below, where you can see a slit. Push it there and Buster will do the rest."

"But Mom, it's really big? It might hurt you!" he said, wrestling with a horny bulldog, trying to keep the scenario going.

"But that's the hole you came out of as a baby, darling, so if I can have a baby, I can have Buster's cock, can't I?"

"I suppose, Mom," he answered, reluctantly.

BANG! Straight in. Hole-in-one.

Buster was ramming me like his life depended on it. My tits were bouncing. I started to utter phrases and words which only a woman being dfucked to within an inch of her life would involuntarily say.

"Oh god – yes – fuck me. FUCK ME! Do it! Oh god... My cunt is on fire!"

And then... a boxer's punch to my pussy knocked the wind from my lungs. Buster had knotted me, really, really quickly.

I reached a crescendo of orgasm. I mouthed and screamed words which would make a sailor blush. I was loving it.

"Mom..?" I heard. I didn't care. Adam could get lost. I was loving this.

"Mom..?"

The house lights had been raised slightly so that the members could see all details.

"Mom..?"

I was still cumming and loving it. I lifted my head in satisfaction.

"Mom...?"

In the audience in front of me, cum still dribbling from his cock, was Stefan, apparently back from uni early.

"Mom..?"

I was home first.

My hair dye was washed away prior to leaving Pettifer's place, my thick eye makeup too. I sat in the kitchen with a mug of herbal tea, fidgeting, worried, regretting the life choices which had happened at break-neck speed (terrible phrase, considering John's situation).

What had I become?

A sex worker. A prostitute. A whore.

For dogs.

My strange morality had insisted that it was okay with dogs because they weren't human, ergo - I wasn't cheating on my husband. I had performed cunnilingus on a woman. I had been fisted by a woman, but I kept rationalising it away that I wasn't cheating on John.

The shame of what I had done, the shame of allowing myself to appear, for show, being fucked by a dog - and loving every second of it - and my son being able to watch me, regardless of whether I knew he was there or not..?

I was about to reach for a bottle of something stronger when the front door opened, revealed only by the security chain jingling against the door frame.

"Stefan..?" I asked, tremulously.

I heard footsteps as he ran upstairs.

Purposefully lowering my mug of tea to the work surface, I seemed to glide to the stairs and began my ascent.

I tapped Stefan's door.

"Go away, HELEN..." he hissed.

Shit. He was convinced. He knew. Well - why wouldn't he?

"Stefan - I need to talk to you."

"Why, HELEN?" he sneered.

I opened the door and slid into his room.

"Darling, I'm not going to pretend th-"

"That you're NOT 'Helen Hound' who I've just seen fucking an animal?!" he interrupted.

"I'm sorry you saw that, darling. I thought I had made a good stab at protecting my identity - not that it's any excuse - how did you know it was me?"

"Who else calls a boy's dick a 'tiddles' mom? All of my mates at school thought I was an idiot for calling it that and I was the only one who used that word, because YOU and Dad - remember him?! - used that word. You used it tonight and the kicker was, I knew your sex 'noises' because of the amount of sex that you and Dad used to have behind thin walls. It doesn't take a genius to put it all together, HELEN" he sneered again.

"You can't tell your father, Stefan, it would kill him. I've been so low and lonely - you went to uni... N-not that I'm saying you shouldn't, please understand! - and Stephanie has her own life. I had needs and-"

"So you decided to fuck dogs?! I'm supposing that you don't do it for free? 'Selling' your services..?"

he hissed.

"I had needs," I continued, "And I didn't want to start an affair with a man which could get out of hand. That's why I perform the show, it fulfils the need in a woman - me - to feel warmth, to feel passion, to feel energy and to not worry about the partner talking to anyone else..."

"You're doing a really poor job of saying, 'I'm not a whore for dogs', HELEN..." he spat, sarcastically.

I was losing my temper now.

"You saw me cum on stage. You saw me enjoying being used by a dog. YOU were the one holding his cock - his 'tiddles' - having shot a load all over the floor. If you hadn't worked out it was me lying on stage with a dog's cock stuck inside me, having orgasm after orgasm, then I would be none the wiser that you were getting your jollies from watching a woman and a dog together. At least I'm not a hypocrite. I OWN my activities and that's why I'm trying to have a rational, adult conversation with someone who is presumably intelligent enough to study at university..."

"But Mom-" he began, a note of contrition in his voice.

"But Mom nothing," I replied, quickly. "I perform with dogs. You have paid to see women perform with dogs. When I say 'perform' we BOTH know what I mean, before you try to be clever. I just prefer to use that word with my son. Who is the worst of us?"

Stefan started to do something I hadn't seen for years. A tear rolled down his cheek. He hurriedly brushed it aside and muttered, slowly, "Mom, when Dad had his accident, I fell apart. God knows how I passed my exams to get into uni. I spent night after night in here - do you remember?" I nodded, sympathetically, "Looking at porn. First of all, I'd look for models who reminded me of people I knew at high school, fantasising about them. Then, that wasn't enough. The porn got more and more extreme over time, just to get that rush. Bondage, torture - some of the things I've seen you wouldn't believe, mom - all to get to the point where..." He trailed off and I covered his hands with mine.

"Then I found a bestiality site. The shock of seeing women fucking dogs, horses, sucking them, doing anal... It blew my mind. I couldn't get enough. I joined an online forum for pet lovers, a place called 'Beastforum' and through virtual word-of-mouth found out that a hotbed of live sex shows was pretty much in my home town! I was amazed and HUGELY curious. I've been saving money for weeks in order to get here a night earlier, see a 'show' and then arrive late tonight and have my 'Ta da!' moment, arriving home early. It all came to a crashing end when you were being fucked by a dog, making sounds I'd heard through early adolescence - when I knew what they meant - and then saying that one word that I think only MY parents used..."

"How much does it cost, you know, to enter The Stud?" I asked, my curiosity moving beyond the immediate relationship issues.

"It's five hundred per seat. That's why I was saving."

"How did you know that the women 'performing' were any good? What were the photos like?" I asked, a leading question to find out whether my privacy had been further compromised.

"What photos?" he asked, "It's all done on trust. The guy I contacted in Bristol said that the women were just ordinary housewives, however the week I wanted was something of a superstar. He called you a 'filthy, fit MILF with huge tits' Mom," he said, with concern.

"Well," I replied with a sigh, "I think we can agree on the 'filthy' part, can't we?" I admitted, shamefully.

"Mom - you have fantastic tits and-" Stefan clammed up. "I'm sorry," he added, "Not really a comment a son should say to his mother, really."

"No," I replied, "Go on... 'Fantastic tits and...'" I asked, almost coquettishly.

"Fantastic tits and a MILF..." he mumbled.

I laughed and patted his hand, "So, I'm a 'Mother you'd Like to Fuck'?!" I giggled.

"If you weren't my Mom, I wouldn't say 'No', Mom..." he answered, almost a question.

"Well Stefan, I'll take that as a compliment," I beamed, "But I think my one taboo is enough for anyone and so I won't be breaking another with you. I AM faithful to your father as far as human beings are concerned," I stressed.

"No - no - I didn't mean... I, er..." he stammered.

"That's okay, darling," I gripped his hand.

"So... You've seen me - as 'Helen Hound' - performing with a dog. I can tell that you enjoyed it."

"Yes Mom. So did you, ha, ha!" he laughed, softly. At least his animosity had disappeared.

"Did it REALLY turn you on?" I asked, gently.

"God, yes. WAY better than the porn!" he answered, more animatedly.

"Well... I feel like we have crossed the Rubicon, here. Did you know that I also perform at private homes - admittedly, miles away from here - for paying customers?"

"You mean, a Great Dane with a bank account?" he asked, giggling.

I pushed his shoulder, gently laughing. The relief was incredible. A shared kink? Certainly gave us a new environment to talk...

"No, people pay me to come and 'be with' their dogs in front of them." I had no idea why I was being coy after what he had seen, less than two hours ago.

"Wow... Do they see your face and everything?" he asked, almost feverishly.

"Of course," I replied, "But the house is always checked over and prepared for hidden cameras (I won't go into detail), so my identity isn't revealed. That's why I do it far from home. I don't want to bump into my clients at the local butcher shop, do I?" We both giggled softly.

"Jeez, Mom. So many questions... How long have you been doing it?" he asked.

"Oh, since about the time you went to uni, so - three months now?"

"How many dogs have you f... 'serviced' in that time?" he asked, all attention on me.

"I can't remember, darling, fifteen? Something like that?" I deflected.

"Do you just have sex with them?" he asked, earnestly.

"No," I waved dismissively, "Sometimes I take them out dancing, we go on the boating lake... What else do you think I would do with the dog, silly?!" I laughed.

He laughed quickly, but was straight back on the questions, "Is it just, you know, 'normal sex'..?" he asked.

In a flash, I made a decision. I told him to sit still for a second as I went to my room.

I came back with two thousand pounds in my hand.

"Here. Book a place on AirBnB that you can have entirely to yourself for a night next week. I will arrive with a dog, you will pay me whatever is left from this. I will give you a show, as adults, both pretending to be strangers and I will do exactly what I do for paying clients. The rule is, no cameras, no touching and no 'happy endings' provided by me. Pick somewhere nice, somewhere remote. I'll show you everything I do, no mask, no restrictions on what I do with the dog, no third parties, no recriminations. Deal?"

His mouth hung, gaping. I had shocked him.

I might be his mother, but I'm also still a woman who can spot when a man is sporting a massively uncomfortable erection...

The next morning, I regretted everything I'd offered. Naked, with a dog hanging out of the back end of me, performing for my son?

God alone knows how I'd come to be so depraved and I was trying to work out the best way to get out of the situation. I had offered to perform as a way to hastily brush over the issue, little knowing that Stefan would be so quick to agree.

At breakfast, Stefan was his old, smiling, cheeky self - no intimation of the perverse contract we had agreed the prior evening. Whilst I was 'there' in person, my mind was running through all sorts of propositions to alter or remove the agreement.

John's medical visitor, Sandra, had left, with John falling asleep. I sat at the kitchen table, mug of tea in my hand and stared intently at Stefan.

"What's up, Mom?" he asked, happily.

"About last night," I started, "I -"

"Mom - you don't know how happy, relieved and excited you have made me. I had dreams all night of you - does that make you my 'Dream Girl', I wonder?" he asked, cheekily.

"Hold on, fella..." I said, "I told you that one taboo was enough!"

Slightly crestfallen, Stefan fixed his attention on the bowl of cereals he was ploughing through.

"You want to cancel, don't you, Mom?"

I have absolutely no idea why I didn't grasp that opportunity to get out of the situation, but my

strait-laced upbringing had taught me never to renege on a deal. As soon as I said, "No - of course not!" I inwardly screamed at myself.

I rose, turned to face the kitchen sink, lifted my mug to my mouth and took a draught of the hot tea, whilst I looked out over the countryside.

"Darling," I said, "I'm just worried that it might destroy our relationship as mother and son. I can sense that your opinion of me has altered, and if - when - we go through this, I don't want you to think of me as a cheap whore, losing any respect you have for me."

"Mom, Mom, Mom," he cooed, in the same tone of voice his father often used to settle my nerve, "You have maintained your wedding vows to Dad and I'm proud of you for that. That breakfast was paid for mostly by what you earn and I doubt that Derek pays you enough to keep this house running. You're paying for top-up treatment for Dad and I've noticed a few hundred pounds materialising in my bank account when I've been at uni. Thank you for that. Thank you for all of it. I did some searching online last night about our situation and the nearest I could get was a song I found. It's bloody ancient, but do you wanna hear?"

I looked puzzled. "Yes... Okay..?"

He took out his smartphone, loaded the song (Youtube, I guess) and started playing it. I 'sort of' knew it.

Yes. "Ancient". I wondered how old Stefan thought I was. It was "The Son of Hickory Holler's Tramp" by Kenny Rogers. I listened. It brought a lump to my throat. Stefan was gooning around pretending to be a Country singer and I laughed. He laughed. We hugged, like a mother and son should hug. He kissed my cheek and said, "Don't worry about me, Mom. I think you're amazing! Nice boobs, too!" I swatted him gently and called him a "cheeky swine" but my fears had dissolved.

And so, it transpired that on a rainy Wednesday night, I arrived at a stone cottage in Gloucestershire. I had dropped Stefan off earlier in the day to meet the host and I had returned with supplies for dinner and a couple of bottles of wine.

I went to see Pettifer. He looked a little bemused when I asked to borrow Clancy, the Great Dane, but I fobbed him off with a story so flimsy that I can't remember it even now.

On arriving at the cottage, the interior lights in the car flashed over my face as I stared into the rear-view mirror. My hair was shiny and conditioned. My makeup was a work of art, with smoky eyeshadow and a deep red lipstick, a little blusher to enhance my cheekbones. I was wearing a full-length raincoat (because it was raining, duh...), under which I was wearing a black minidress, black lacy balconette bra, Dior stockings, black lace micro-thong, black lacy suspender belt, ("garter belt" as the Americans seem to call it) and a pair of way-too-expensive five inch heels I had bought myself for a treat.

Clancy had been in the passenger seat, imperiously surveying the landscape as we drove. He obviously wanted to stick his head out of the window, but it was too cold and wet.

Talking of wet...

Anyway, I arrived at the front door with Clancy on his lead. I was beginning to worry, because I had not been with Clancy before and Alice had said on more than one occasion that his knot was a "pussy ripper". I had a perverse desire to go the full hog with Stefan, so I had chosen my biggest challenge in Clancy.

I'd barely tapped the door when it flung open, greeted by Stefan with a peck on the cheek and a "Hi, Helen!" (we had agreed to drop the "son" and "mom" as that would be quite weird). He looked so fresh-faced and excited. His trousers couldn't hide how excited he was, either.

"Hi, Stefan," I replied. "I hope you don't mind, I've brought Clancy with me. He's a little excitable and I've offered to help his owner by giving Clancy some training."

"Training?" asked Stefan ,diving into the scenario we had briefly discussed.

"Yes, Stefan. I train animals. I can show you if you'd like?"

"Please!" said Stefan, eagerly, taking my rain coat. His eyes bugged out on stalks and he couldn't resist saying, "Wow, Mo- er, 'Helen' - you look terrific!"

I blushed slightly.

I'd placed my clutch bag on the floor as I'd walked in. I turned around and bent from the waist to inspect the contents (for no other reason than to show my legs and stockings). After a few seconds fidgeting in the bag, I stood up, turned round and saw Stefan sitting in an armchair, drinking in the view.

"Stefan, don't be surprised or shocked, but I teach dogs how to satisfy women." I stated.

"How do you mean?" asked Stefan, another surprisingly good actor.

"Well," I began, clasping the tiny strings holding my thong in place and lowering the skimpy material, "Some women have needs, and a dog helps them to fulfil those needs..."

I pulled the hem of the minidress up, exposing my fully-shaved pussy. I edged to the sofa and sat down. Clancy was alert.

On sitting down, I raised my legs, exposing my wet pussy to the two males in the room.

"Feel free to relieve yourself, Stefan..."I purred, "No need to hide if you're enjoying yourself," I teased, as my right hand slid down to my pussy lips, the fingers parting the lips and trailing my pussy juices all over the palm of my hand.

I maintained eye contact as I slid three fingers inside me. Stefan was staring intently at my pussy as I slowly began to finger-fuck myself. The atmosphere was so intense that I nearly came on the spot.

"Here boy!" I called. Clancy loped across the room and, with no guidance required, swiped his huge, soft tongue up the length of my pussy. I bit my bottom lip, trying to hold myself from orgasm and succeeding - just.

"That's it, Clancy, lick me there. Stefan?"

"Yes, Mom?" he asked, focussed on my crotch and the dog's head.

"Would you like to come and have a closer look?"

He rose from the armchair and came to my side, kneeling on the floor by the arm of the sofa, resting his forearms on the side and just staring intently at Clancy licking my pussy.

"He can get quite deep inside of me, Stefan. Would you like to see?"

"God - YES!" he replied, intensely.

I peeled apart my pussy lips and Clancy's tongue snaked inside. I could fight no longer.

"He's making me cum, Stefan. Clancy's tongue is deeper than any tongue has ever been inside of me. Oh god... Oh god..." My orgasm was stupendously intense. The mixture of the stimulation, the perversity of cumming in front of my son, the tongue seemingly lashing my cervix and the slutty wantonness all made the orgasm a total climax in the truest sense.

I pushed Clancy's head away so that I could recover.

"Can you get me a glass of red wine, please, Stefan?" I asked.

"Yes Mom," he replied, apparently having forgotten our original plan regarding names.

Clancy sat by the fireplace. I gawped when I saw his cock out of its sheath. It was huge. I regretted the deal I had made with myself about tonight's performance, but I had vowed to see it through, whatever.

I drained the wine halfway and then asked Stefan a stern question.

"Have I been unfair on Clancy?" I asked, leading the conversation.

"How do you mean, Mom?" asked Stefan, staring at my pussy, lwdely open and wet.

"Well - he has brought me to a fantastic climax and I've done nothing for him..."

"Like what, Mom?" he asked, idiotically.

"Well... What do you think, Stefan?" I purred, half-smiling, suggestively.

"Wanking him off, Mom?"

"No Stefan, dogs don't really like that too much" I replied, waiting for his penny to drop.

"Er..." he waivered, "You could... OH! Mom?"

"Yes?" I replied, waiting for the comment, "Order me to do what you think I should. Order me."

"Mom - suck Clancy's cock. NOW!"

I slid off the sofa and got to my knees. I raised the dress over my head and flung it to the sofa. I wouldn't be needing it again this evening.

I crawled to Clancy and licked my lips. He had obviously been trained well, because he rolled onto his back, with his huge cock pointing to the ceiling. I looked at Stefan and maintained eye contact as I grasped the base of Clancy's cock and guided the tip to my mouth. Stefan groaned audibly as the tip entered my mouth. I took Clancy to the back of my mouth and then pulled my head back. I scooched round so that I was facing towards Stefan.

Feeling tremendously slutty, I made eye contact with Stefan as I took Clancy's cock deep into my mouth and then... Down my throat. I pulled my head back and repeated. And again.

I looked back up and saw Stefan, staring intently as he fiddled with the belt on his trousers, not

daring to take his eyes off the sight before him. He almost ripped his jeans open and I saw he had decided not to wear boxers. His cock was a testament to his father, long, fat and seeming to be at bursting point. Three, possibly four tugs and he was shooting his load all over the carpet.

Smiling wickedly, I let Clancy fall from my mouth as I threw my right leg over his torso.

"He wants his cock in me, Stefan. He really does. Do you want me to ride him?" I asked, mischievously.

"God - yes Mom!" he stammered.

I reached back for Clancy's cock and moved the tip between my pussy lips. I slid back into an upright position and felt his huge cock rise inside me. I started to grind my hips.

"Oh Stefan, he wants to use me. He wants to cum inside me. Shall I let him?" I demanded, passionately.

"Yes Mom - fuck him hard. Harder!" he demanded.

I reached behind myself and unhooked my bra. I let it fall forwards as my perky tits jiggled into place on my chest. Throwing the bra to one side, I planted my hands either side of Clancy's head and leaned in. I opened my mouth. My lover snaked his tongue into my mouth and - to all intents and purposes - we were French kissing, his tongue in my mouth, his cock deep in my cunt.

"Get off him, Mom" demanded Stefan, "I want to see you pounded, fucked and bred by this dog."

Ooh... "Bred" eh? My stomach did little flips at the dirty suggestion.

Climbing off Clancy, I stayed on all fours. Clancy sprang up by my side.

Unlike other dogs, Clancy had been trained well. He threw his front paws over my back, grasped me tightly round the waist and before I knew what was happening, his cock went even DEEPER inside me (I must have been overcompensating whilst riding him).

I let out an involuntary "Huh!" as the wind was knocked out of my lungs.

Clancy certainly pounded me. I felt my orgasm rising as he hammered his huge member into me. At the point of my climax, I felt like someone had punched me with two hands in my pussy.

"Mom! Mom! He's knotted you!!" Stefan exclaimed, "He has his knot all the way inside you!!!"

The pain was excruciating, only matched by the pleasure. I reached back and held his hind leg as I didn't want him to rip out of me. Imagine having something like a baby's arm inside you, with a canteloupe at the end. That's how it felt. Pressing on my G spot? It was more like it was trying to push my G-spot out via my navel.

I yelled through my orgasm, "Look Stefan. Your mother is a dirty slut! This dog's cock is so deep inside me. He's filling me with cum. Get - get a glass or something..."

Stefan handed me a tumbler. I reached back, resting on my chest and put the tumbler to my clit. Drops of cum were running out, but I knew there would be a gush.

There was. Twenty minutes later. Twenty minutes of "border skirmish" orgasms, gentle and exhilarating until Clancy pulled away from me, his knot slipped out and the cum splashed into the

glass.

Tired and cramped, I got back onto my knees and sat up. I raised the glass to Stefan and asked, "What shall I do with this?"

He looked non-plussed.

"What shall I do with this glass, Stefan? It's got a mixture of dog cum and my pussy juices in there. What should I do with it?" I demanded.

Light dawned in Stefan's eyes.

"Drink it, bitch. Drink all of it you dirty fucking dog whore..."

Without touching himself, Stefan came all over the floor again. My climax happened at about the same time...

I drained the last of my wine (this was all thirsty work!) and then raised the tumbler with Clancy's and my combined cum in.

"Drink it, bitch" growled Stefan, becoming more dominant as the evening continued to develop.

I raised the glass and drank. I had none of this pornstar "showiness" about swirling it round in my mouth and showing a full mouth to my son. I drank it, matter-of-factly, like it was the most natural thing in the world. It was becoming natural to me - and I loved it.

"Oh, Stefan," I panted, having swallowed it all, "Clancy and I taste SO good..!"

I collapsed back on the sofa, legs spread wantonly. My stockings had runs in them from Clancy's climbing all over me, but I didn't care. My pussy was red and quite sore, but it was worth it.

Stefan sensed that the spell was broken, but he wasn't aware that we hadn't finished.

"Shall I run you a bath, Mom?" he asked.

"Why?" I asked, "We haven't finished yet! Clancy isn't drained yet. Or do you want to stop now?"

"God - no, Mom!" he replied, enthusiastically.

"Well, Stefan, you might as well get out of your clothes, make it easier for yourself. I'm not going to be helping you in any way, but you look all 'hot and bothered' with your clothes on and, well, I'm not exactly wearing a lot..." I illustrated by waving my hands down my body.

Clancy lay on the hearth, licking his cock. I slowly slid from the sofa and joined him on the hearth.

"Hello, Clancy. I chose you to be my lover tonight," I cooed. I wet my finger in my mouth and ran it down the length of his cock.

Looking at Stefan, I licked my lips and asked, "Do you want me to suck my lover's cock, Stefan?"

"God - yes, Mom!" he replied, excitedly.

I went through the process again.

Encircling Clancy's cock with my lips, I bobbed my head slowly down the length until my throat relaxed and I took him deep. Pausing only to slide his cock out of my throat in order to breathe, I worked on Clancy's cock, slobbering like I was desperately in need of food and sustenance. I licked, sucked and paid attention to his cock whilst absentmindedly wafting my fingers over my clit. My pussy was too sore to finger myself, but the slightest touch on my clit was having the desired effect. I felt my climax building. But. Not yet.

Clancy started to fidget and I could tell he was getting ready to mate me again.

"Stefan," I asked, "Please, can you pass me my clutch bag?"

"Yes Mom, " he replied, walking over to the clutch bag and apparently never taking his eyes off me. He returned with the clutch. Upon opening the bag I retrieved a little bottle (about the only thing I could get in such a small bag!), unscrewed the lid and put some of the viscous liquid into my hand.

"Is... Is that more cum, Mom?" Stefan asked, innocently (innocently?!)

"Don't be silly, Stefan" I chided, good-humouredly, "I just need to prepare myself so that my lover can take me in another way..."

Stefan looked totally confused, until I took my hand behind me, turned round and slid my fingers between my butt cheeks. I was unashamedly putting on a show for my son.

I slid two fingers into my bumhole.

As a part of my preparation for being a professional woman I had taken to wearing a butt plug on regular occasions. Partly for the thrill of walking through the weekly shopping at Tesco with a huge smile on my face and a massive secret in my arse, but partly to ensure that I could take a dog "in that way" when I fancied something a little more naughty. And tonight? I was going to be VERY naughty!

"Oh... my ... god..." I heard Stefan intone.

"Stefan, darling, is this a surprise to you? Clancy owns me tonight, I'm his to breed and my sole purpose this evening is to satisfy my lover." I was laying it on a bit thick, but the perversity in what I was saying was turning me on, and by the rate at which Stefan was taking off clothes, it was having the desired effect on my audience-of-one.

I looked over my shoulder at my son as I put four fingers into my hole. My preparation had included a lengthy enema, so there was nothing nasty happening back there. I had heard about "scat" but that didn't 'float my boat' so I made sure that I was scrupulously clean before tonight's tryste.

All the while I was staring over my shoulder at my son, I could see him watching intently as my hand moved inside my anus. With some effort, my hand slipped inside me up to the wrist, being bent at a slightly awkward angle.

Looking down, I could see that Stefan was rock solid. Precum was sitting at the opening to his cock and his member was pulsing involuntarily. Was he about to cum?

"I'm going to need your help, darling," I said, breaking his spell, "In fact, WE'RE going to need your help. My lover and I will need you to help us."

Stefan's jaw dropped. "I thought you said..?" he stammered.

"No, you're going to help Clancy and me, nothing else..." I replied.

Slowly pulling my hand out of my arse, I lowered myself to my knees. Clancy was looking excited and his cock was jumping, too. Two males, two jumping cocks!

Assuming the classic "doggy position" I waited for Clancy to do what Nature ordered as he climbed onto my back. With my right hand, I reached back and covered my pussy opening.

"Stefan, I need you to GENTLY take Clancy's cock... Yes, in your hand - you can wash it afterwards - and, yes, that's it, now... push it towards my bumhole, guide it in..."

He was a quick learner. Gently, slowly, he controlled Clancy's cock and pushed the tip into my relaxed arsehole.

The merest touch of my sphincter around Clancy's cock was the trigger.

Stefan threw himself back onto his butt, sitting with his cock at full-mast as Clancy gripped my waist and thrust into my hole.

"Oof... Oh... Ahhhh..." I yelled, unintelligibly.

Then... the piston started.

"Stefan... He... He's fucking me... Fucking your mother... in her ass... I'm having... anal... sex... with a... dog... in front.... of my.... SON!" the emphasis on the last word matched the exact moment that Clancy had somehow pushed his knot past the sphincter muscle and was cumming inside me, still thrusting.

You hear the cliches about fireworks exploding and the world swirling, but that is exactly how it felt. A warmth spread through my belly and I was being held tighter than I think I've ever been held before. I was more joined with a Great Dane than I had even been with my husband. We were one, joined in an act of perverted Nature where a coupling which couldn't generate offspring through vaginal sex was taking it one step further by fucking purely for the thrill of it. This wasn't Nature - this was pure lust.

I felt a wrench in my asshole and Clancy moving purposefully.

"Oh, god - please hold him back!" I implored Stefan.

Stefan was too mesmerised to act immediately, but by the point he could react, Clancy had thrown his leg over my back and we were now butt-to-butt. I had the strangest feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"Stefan, come over here, darling..." I asked. Stefan crawled over to me.

With my right hand I grabbed his right hand and drew it to my abdomen.

"WHAT'S THAT?!" he exclaimed as I smoothed his hand across my belly.

"It's Clancy's cock, inside me!" I replied, excitedly.

"But... but - it's a lump in your stomach?" Stefan stated, incredulously.

"I know - THAT'S how deep he is inside me, darling. He's still spurting too - have a feel!"

Stefan's hand pressed my stomach and he could feel the cock jerking inside of me. He groaned (I'd raised a proper little pervert, ha, ha!)

Clancy was getting bored and tried to walk off. He dragged me and my hands collapsed below me as I was being hauled across the floor by my arsehole. The pain was excruciating.

"STEFAN!!! STOP HIM!!!"

Stefan grabbed Clancy's collar with his left hand and patted my butt cheek with his right hand.

"Are you okay, Mom?" he asked, concerned.

"I am now..." I sighed, the pain dissipating.

"Mom..?" Stefan said.

"Yes, honey?" I replied, panting.

"Your arse looks really sore and stretched..." he replied.

"Well - it is, honey. But I did it for you, so I don't mind. I wanted you to see what I do, so there are no secrets between us." (the fact that I was having a conversation with my son whilst I had a dog stuck in my bum didn't strike me as weird at all. This was almost like a conversation one might have at the breakfast table!)

I shifted my weight on my arms and inadvertently put a glancing touch on Stefan's rock-solid cock with my forearm.

"Oh - I'm sorry honey!" I blurted, embarrassed.

"That's okay Mom," he answered, quickly.

I had cum several times this evening. As had Clancy.

I slowly lifted my hand from the floor and tentatively reached across. I took Stefan's cock in my hand and slowly started to stroke it. He started to gently rock his hips and then I felt his hand on my tit. He squeezed, softly, then started toying with the nipple. I was on the point of admonishing him for touching me up, but - I was doing the same to him? I was in no position to make demands concerning morality. I closed my eyes, revelling in the moment as I stroked my grown-up son's cock.

That's when I felt his hand leave my tit and felt a soft, feathery touch on my clit. The touch got stronger. My son was wanking me off, as I was wanking him.

"I'm getting closer, Stefan..." I panted.

"Me too, Mom..." he breathed.

I could see the concentration etched on his face as he strove for his release. I loved him so much at that moment, as only a mother could love a son. I wanted the best for him, I wanted to make this night complete for him. I was on all fours, with a dog's cock in my arse, being masturbated by my son, whilst I stroked his cock. What could possibly top this?

As I felt his cock start to jerk, I knew what I should do.

For the third time tonight, I had a cock in my throat...

“Real life” is going to get in the way for a few days (some of you will know that I’ve had a run of terrible things in my personal life), so this will be my last update until next week.

It’s not sexual, but it lays the groundwork for further developments and will, hopefully, give context to what I aim to start writing next week. xxx

The following morning, I woke in a strange bed and groggily realised that it was Thursday and I was in the cottage that Stefan had rented.

After the events of last night, I had finished the bottle of wine, a warm, satisfied glow spreading through me. I was shocked at myself for fellating my son and I will admit that I was frightened that I had destroyed our relationship. The first few moments of this new day would be telling...

“Mom?! Breakfast!” I heard from downstairs.

I slipped on a robe over my pyjamas and wobbled my hangover downstairs. I hadn’t drunk so much in a very long time and my body was telling me that I was no longer a teenager.

I opened the door into the traditional cottage kitchen and gingerly stepped across the cold, stone floor to the farmhouse table.

In front of me was a student’s attempt at a full English breakfast. Burnt bacon, over-fried eggs, warmed bread masquerading as toast, mushrooms dripping in burnt butter and orange juice from a carton. My heart leapt with pride and love for my caring son. I couldn’t have been happier if I had been at The Savoy or The Ritz. Thanking him, I dived straight in to a piece of toast. Marmalade was in the jar with the blade of the butter-knife projecting from the jar.

“Mom... Thanks for last night,” he stated as he came around the table and hugged me from behind. I noticed that his hips weren’t touching my back and his arms were at my shoulder height. Nothing sexual at all. I was both relieved and disappointed, strangely.

A quick peck on the cheek and then a rush to his seat, Stefan piled bacon, mushrooms, toast and eggs on his plate. Like a teenager, not a Dominant, he had decided how much I would have for breakfast (because he had left me what he believed he wouldn’t be able to eat). I smiled, looking at the three rashers, the three or four mushrooms and the solitary egg, as Stefan ate voraciously.

I ate my toast and took the remaining food onto my plate.

“You sure you can eat all that,” asked Stefan in an obvious attempt to satisfy his hunger.

“Go on, have the egg and mushrooms – I’ll make myself a toasted bacon sandwich...” I smiled, knowing full well that this was typical “Teenager”, nothing else.

I ate the bacon sandwich, listening to him talking about his plans for the holidays and what home study he needed to complete. It was like the events of last night had been washed away, the only physical reminder being Clancy slobbering away at a mountain of dog food by the back door and the stinging scratch marks down my flanks.

I dropped Stefan off at home and returned Clancy to Pettifer. There was a show that night, but I wasn't performing. I was in no shape to perform and my next appearance was for a week's time.

I got home to an apparently empty house. John's medical help had finished her work and I walked in and kissed John's forehead, like a friend. It occurred to me that I still loved him, but I was no longer in love with my husband. I still harboured resentment that his foolishness had led to the events that you, my friend, have been reading. There was no chance of a "normal" married life and so we were starting to simply co-exist. Too early for lunch - after my "hearty" breakfast, thanks Stefan, you gannet! - I went upstairs and took my second shower of the day.

My pussy twitched deliciously when I realised that I was still carrying the seed of my lover, Clancy and my son. There was no way I could relieve myself as my pussy was so sore and my arse was painful - but in a good way - and so I smiled wistfully and looked to the bedroom, deciding what to wear.

The door flung open and in marched Stefan.

"Shit - sorry Mom!" he said, covering his eyes and backing out. After what he had seen last night, I thought it a little strange, but cute. Grabbing my gown, I asked him what he needed.

"Just a word, Mom, please?"

I sat on the bed as he towered over me. I was completely covered, but I was intrigued and ready for anything.

"Mom... I loved last night, but..." he stalled.

"But what?" I asked, concerned.

"But... I'd rather you were just my Mom, if that's okay?" he stated, quickly.

"Oh... okay..." I answered, mystified.

"No - no, no - It's not that I didn't enjoy last night, Mom. It was every fantasy EVER come true. It's just... I don't need a girlfriend at the moment and if we were to go any further I'd hate the fact that we couldn't be like a normal couple, going out, that sort of thing. I need someone of my own, when the time is right..." he explained, stiltedly.

"Well, Stefan," I sighed, "I'm glad, in a way. You're right. We broke a taboo last night which is something I'd sworn never to do, but I was just 'caught up in the moment'. It was unfair and wrong to gamble with our relationship in that way," I confessed.

"Mom - you're the best, and I DO love you, you know that, don't you?" he asked, concerned.

"Yes, darling," I replied, "And I love you."

"And dogs, too, ha, ha, ha!" he blurted cheekily. I smacked his leg and chided him, half-seriously, "That's OUR secret, okay?!"

"Er... Yes, Mom." He didn't sound convinced. A little alarm bell was going off in my head.

"Stefan...?" I asked, seriously.

"Nothing, Mom. It's all cool" as he skipped out of the room like a kid.

The rest of the morning until mid-afternoon was household chores. All the time, I was doing my Kegels. I wanted to ensure that I was still tight. I'd heard stories of women whose pussies became "loose" over time and - whilst I reasoned that it was just misogyny and a tool to denigrate women - I wasn't taking any chances. I couldn't go to the gym (how to explain the scratch marks?) and so my home was my exercise centre.

At around three, Stephanie turned up, wanting to see her dad. I put on a pot of coffee and left them in peace to talk.

Nearly four o'clock and Stephanie came into the kitchen.

"Hi Mom!" she smiled.

"Hi darling. How are you? Coffee?"

"Yes please, Mom."

Stephanie wasn't the academic type and wanted her own life. She had got a job as a clerk in a small firm nearby, enough to pay her rent, food, utilities and a few quid left over for a little fun, occasionally. The up side was that she got Thursday afternoons off work, the downside was that she had to work Saturday mornings to complete any work from Friday, ready for the next week.

"Mom...?" she asked.

"Yes, sweetheart?" I answered cheerily.

"I've just been having a chat with Dad."

"I know," I replied, "Everything okay?" I asked, concerned.

"Well..." she breathed, "I'm a little confused."

"How so?" I replied, wondering what Life was throwing at her.

"Well... Dad's insurance paid off the house, didn't it?"

"Yes...?" I replied, unsure of where this was going.

"And pays some of his medical...?"

"Yes."

"So... We were wondering where the rest of the money is coming from? Derek's company can't pay you that well and he seems to be 'free and easy' with your holiday entitlement - that's why you're not there today, isn't it?"

It's true, I had booked the two days off as leave, one to collect Clancy and one to recover. I wasn't entirely sure of how much annual leave was in my contract. Or if I even HAD a contract.

A cold chill ran down my spine.

"What's your 'side hussle' then, Mom?" Stephanie asked, in the same manner as a cat playing with a half-dead mouse.

"I... I haven't GOT a side hustle, Stephanie. I don't know what you're talking about?!" I flustered.

"The 'help' showed Dad the bank statement and he reckons that you haven't touched your salary in weeks. No withdrawals for anything other than utilities, nothing." she mused, sipping her coffee and retaining eye contact with me.

DAMN! I had been so foolish!

"I... I changed the direct debits to another account to help me m-manage the money," I stammered, trying to create a convincing story on the spot.

"Mom. You have a 'side hustle'. I need money - my job doesn't pay enough and I sometime skip meals so that I can have a life. I want to find out what your side hustle is, and I want in."

"There's nothing, darling..." Remembering the conversation after I had performed at my boss's house, I asked, "Have you been talking to Derek?"

"I've never met him," she replied, "I only know the name because you always refer to the business as 'Derek's company' so no - I haven't spoken to him. Why?"

"Stop with the interrogation, lady!" I demanded.

"Mom. I want in to the side hustle. I know you've got one, so I want in."

My stomach turned. I couldn't explain to my daughter that I fucked dogs for money. She wasn't even out of her teens, she hadn't come across this type of thing like Stefan had.

"You can't honey. Look, I can give you money. Call it a loan if you're too proud to take it. I can't get you into the line of work I'm doing. It's 'hush-hush.'"

"Mom?" she sighed.

"Yes honey?" I replied, frightened for once.

"I should tell you that I want in on your side hustle. From what Stefan says, it's not like it's hard work, is it? Y'know - fucking dogs for an audience..."

"NOT hard work?!" I blurted out, angrily, "NOT hard work?!"

My knuckles turned white. I wanted to slap her face - what did she know?

Then... Resolve settled upon me.

"You - you know what, Stephanie? We'll see. You're not needed anywhere for the next couple of hours, are you?"

"No mom," she answered, in trepidation.

"Okay - stay here. I'm popping out. I'll probably be forty minutes. Get your father a drink, or watch TV or something."

I almost ran from the kitchen to my car. I'd show that ungrateful girl...

Nearly an hour later, I opened the kitchen door from the driveway and enquired, "Stephanie? Stephanie?"

"Yes mom?" I heard her say as she came sauntering back into the kitchen.

"Can you go upstairs to your room and wait for me, honey?" I asked, all sweetness and light, "I'll be up in five minutes."

"Er... Okay, mom...?" she said, turning to go upstairs.

I followed in her wake, having allowed her time to get to her childhood bedroom, a room which was largely untouched since she left.

Stefan was in his room. I knocked the door.

"Stefan - can you come into Stephanie's room, right now, please?"

"Mom..." he moaned, "I'm playing Xbox..." he whined.

"Now!" I demanded. My tone was short and sharp.

"Oh, okay mom...!" he replied, perturbed.

Stefan came from his room and his eyes bugged out. I put my finger to my lips, shushed him and nodded to him to enter Stephanie's room.

"Stephanie, I'm sending in your brother. We need to have a chat together."

"Okay Mom" Stephanie answered, a hint of hesitation and concern in her voice.

Once Stefan had entered and I'd heard them mumble their greetings, I threw the door open and stood there, defiantly.

"Right, young lady, all of this talk of 'easy money' and my performances? You want in on my 'side hustle'? Okay - this is Tiber. He's a Ridgeback/Mastiff cross."

"Er... Okay, mom...?" Stephanie responded, "So...?"

"Well," I replied, "There's only us in the house - at least only us who can get upstairs - so you're going to fuck him." I was using what Pettifer had done to me when I first went to visit him - major-league bluff-calling.

"WHAT?!" exclaimed the twins, simultaneously.

"I'm not fucking a dog in front of you two!" hissed Stephanie, worried that her father might hear her.

"Well then," I replied, triumphantly, "You'd be no use at The Stud if you can't perform in front of an audience!"

"B-but - you're my mom!"

Jerking her thumb in Stefan's direction, "And he's my twin brother!"

"So?" I replied. "He's seen me fuck a dog - twice! And give a dog blowjobs. And take a dog anally."

"REALLY?!" blurted out Stephanie.

Turning to her brother she hissed, "You didn't mention the 'anal' bit, you loser!"

"Okay," I stated, "I'll take Tiber back and we can forget all about this, okay?" with an air of finality.

"Mom?" asked Stephanie

"Yes?" I replied, momentarily taken out of my stride at the softness of her question.

"I haven't done anal before, but I'm ready to do this. Let me get undressed and get used to the idea of fucking a dog in front of my twin brother and my mother."

Anyone looking into that room would have seen a mother and son with their jaws hitting their chests. They would have also seen a dog beginning to "show".

Stephanie stood, pulled her top over her head, wrestled with the buttons on her jeans, stepped out of them and crossed her arms.

It was obvious, from the state of her panties, that she was turned on.

"Are you sure that Dad won't hear anything downstairs...?"

My bluff had been called.

Was I really going to sit and watch my daughter have sex with a dog, with me and her twin brother as the audience? I must admit to a frisson of excitement, but my resolve strengthened when I thought of what had just come to pass.

"I'm not going to make you have sex with the dog tonight," I began.

"But Mom - I want to prove to you that I can do it. I want to earn some serious money for what seems like a reasonable gig" Stephanie interrupted.

"Let me continue," I continued(!). "I need to know that you won't bottle it when you have an audience, so the test doesn't need to include the dog. What I want you to do is take off your bra and panties, sit back on the bed..."

Stephanie stood, quickly removing her bra and peeling her damp panties away from her crotch, her cheeks turning redder when she caught sight of her brother trying to keep his chin off the floor.

"Bloody hell, Steph," her brother exclaimed, "You're built just like Mom!" he said, incredulously.

She reddened to her chest - but her nipples looked like they could cut glass. She sat down - collapsed, almost, onto the bed.

"Stefan, kneel on the floor beside me." I commanded. He shuffled down to the floor - mystified.

"Right, Stephanie, open your legs and part your pussy lips so we can see inside." I said, as if I was asking her to put the shopping away.

"MOM!" she exclaimed, shocked, but - having seen my face - she realised what was happening. This

was the test.

With her long, slender fingers, Stephanie lowered her hands and inserted her index and middle fingers from both hands and pulled apart her labia. Her WET labia. She was on display and her face was generating heat, such was her discomfort and embarrassment.

"Oh look, Stefan," I sing-songed, like we were looking at a wildlife documentary, "She's all wet and her 'little man in a boat' is sticking up. She must like it!"

"You mean her 'clitoris' mom..." Stefan chided me (like I didn't know what it was called?! Kids...)

"You're going to have to make yourself cum for us, Stephanie" I intoned, like a school mistress.

"How?" she asked, stammering.

"As you would when you wank yourself off at home, of course!" I replied.

"Are you both going to watch me?" she asked, forgetting herself. She sighed. This was all a part of the test.

Tentatively, she started to stroke her clit with her right thumb, keeping her pussy lips apart.

"Come on Steph! It's not much of a show! Make me feel like I want to to cum! At the moment, you're making me feel like I'm watching a David Attenborough wildlife documentary!"

She gathered her resolve and stroked harder, to no avail.

"Need help?" I asked.

"Not from YOU - or HIM!" she blurted, nodding at her brother, who was massaging a hard cock through his trousers.

"Oh Stefan," I sighed, "Take off your trousers and give yourself a good seeing to, darling. Don't make yourself uncomfortable rubbing through your trousers..."

In a flash, Stefan had his trousers and boxer shorts down and was tugging away at his cock whilst his sister tried to look like she was attempting to cum. Stefan just started at the beautiful young woman in front of him like she was a stranger... He was enjoying himself, even if his sister wasn't.

I pulled Tiber over to where the action was. He was sniffing the air and his tail was wagging. He knew pussy when he smelt it. I led his nuzzle to my daughter's pussy and instinct did the rest.

Stephanie sucked in air when she felt Tiber's tongue rasp across her pussy. She went to push his head away but realised why this was happening and put her hands beside her on the bed, gripping the duvet.

"Let him help you, Steph..." I cooed.

Tiber was licking her, building to a frenzy. Steph's breathing was getting shorter and she was mewling like a slut. She was getting close to cumming. Stefan's hand was almost a blur. I told him to try to time his orgasm to coincide with his sister's.

Steph was writhing now, her feet pushing fruitlessly against the carpet floor, her hands tensing and gripping the duvet.

“Oh god! Oh god!” she wailed, “His tongue is.... Inside me... Licking me... Deeper...”

Her hands flew to Tiber’s head, almost putting him off his stride. I thought she was going to push him away, but instead she gripped his head and started to hump his muzzle. My god. Like mother, like daughter – dog slut.

She almost screamed as her orgasm hit her. I wanted to see if I could break her concentration, so I stood next to Stefan who was on the verge of cumming and whispered in his ear. He looked at me incredulously. I nodded solemnly. He smiled and re-doubled his efforts.

At the point where he was cumming, he aimed his cock at his sister’s face and let fly. Gobs of spunk hit her forehead, her cheek, a small droplet hit her lip and some went in her hair. I expected her to break the moment and take issue with her brother and his issue, but instead, the true slut came to the front as she continued to hump Tiber’s face and let her tongue slip to her lips to lap away the drop of spunk. I reached over and lovingly slipped the spunk from her cheek with my finger. She swallowed my finger and the spunk, apparently not realising that she was drinking her brother’s semen.

And then, the deal was set.

She freed one hand, reached over, grabbed Stefan’s cock and guided it to her mouth.

I knew then what needed to happen at The Stud. My worries about Stephanie bottling out of a show were long gone. Now, I had something on which to focus, something which would give her an “out” if she wanted one, even after her first performance for a paying audience...

Unfortunately unfinished due to the closure of the Beastforum...